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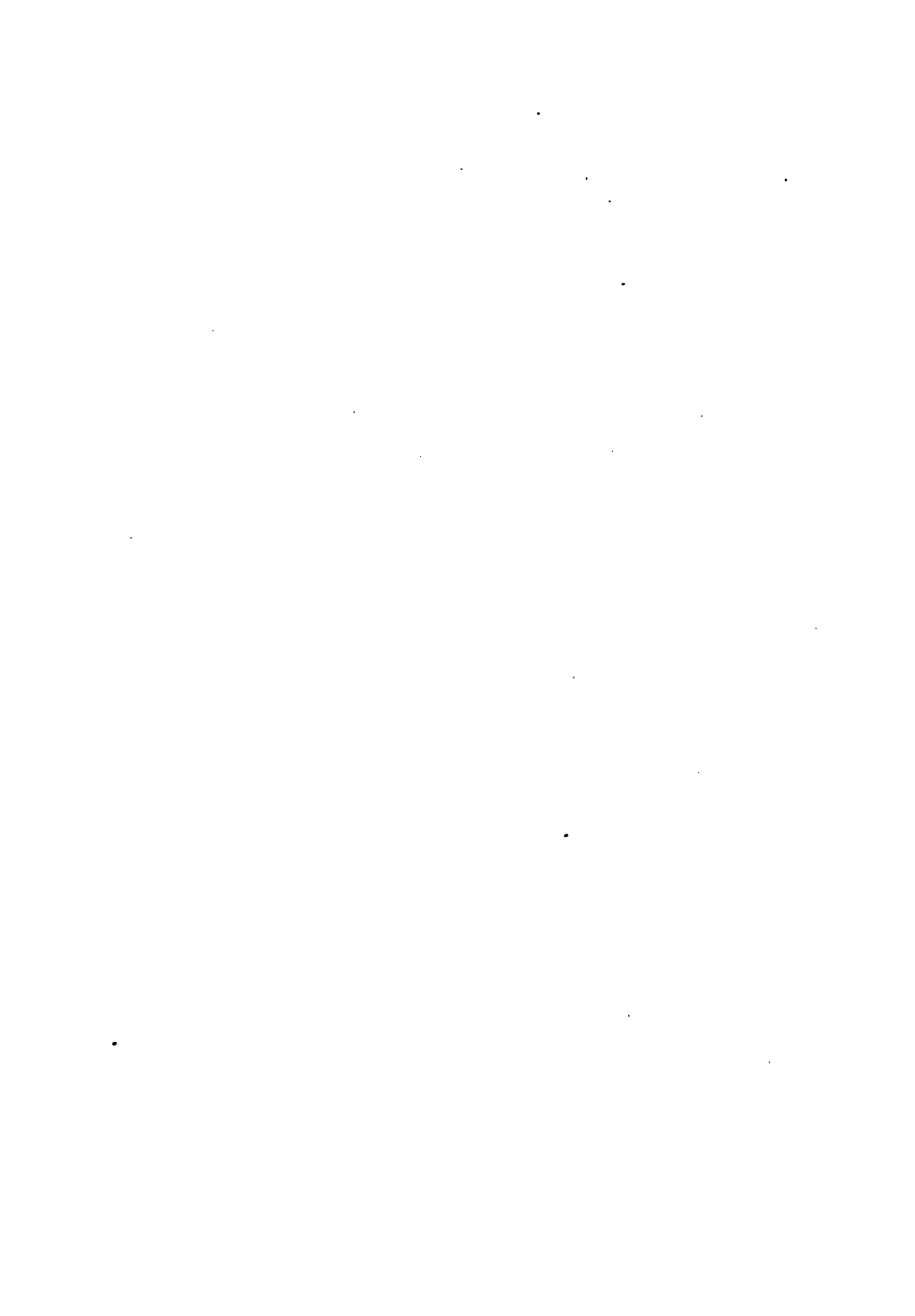
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LITTELL'S

LIVING AGE.

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"Various, that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

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## THE COUNTRY SERMON.

It was a shining Sunday morn,  
Out of a week of thunder born ;  
And soothing bells their summons peal'd,  
For country-folk, o'er farm and field.

I sought the church that on the hill  
Towered in the sunlight pure and still ;  
I sat upon a grave-slab grey,  
To breathe the balm of that bright day.

I watched the people gathering slow  
From the far parish spread below,  
From gabled grange, historic hall,  
From many a cottage, rude and small.

They came in choicer Sunday guise,  
With Sabbath peace in patient eyes,  
As those who doubtless looked to find  
Some holy boon for life and mind.

I had not thought to leave the stone  
Whereon I sat and mused alone,  
But something in me seemed to say  
That theirs might be the better way.

I rose, and joined the church-bound train ;  
My voice blent with their chanted strain ;  
And my dry heart drank freshening ease  
From streams of pleading litanies.

And one spake words not ill in tune  
With beauty of that summer noon :  
" How all of brightest, best, we see  
Must shadows of the heavenly be ;

" How the blue dawn, and morning's glow,  
And the vast sunset's fiery show,  
Soft pearly moon, and stars of night,  
Are shadows of the heavenly light ;

" How all the sweetest sounds of earth,  
Music of winds, birds, infants' mirth,  
Anthems that float church-aisles along,  
Are shadows of the heavenly song ;

" How mother's fondness, rich and fair,  
Large trust of child and father's care,  
The selfless loves that deepest move,  
Are shadows of the heavenly love ;

" How the delights that kindle here,  
How gay heart-laughter ringing clear,  
How ecstasies without alloy,  
Are shadows of the heavenly joy ;

" How blessed moods of quiet deep,  
How placid dream and death-like sleep,  
How sleep-like death in snow shroud drest,  
Are shadows of the heavenly rest ;

" And how, if leal — through suffering, loss,  
And thrift more perilous, to the Cross,  
In our inferior measure, we  
May shadows of the heavenly be :

" Until at last, when Time is o'er,  
And its vain visions vex no more,  
All the pale shadows we shall miss  
In sheer supreme substantial bliss."

The simple words, with feeling fraught,  
A warmer faith and juster wrought ;  
And forth I went, with brighter eye,  
To find a fairer land and sky.

For things about, within me, wore  
Divine new meanings hid before ;  
And unto life, thought, work, was given  
The sacred light of final Heaven.

JOSEPH TRUMAN.

— *Good Words*.

" SORROW AND SIGHING SHALL FLEE  
AWAY."

## THE PROPHET ISAIAH.

SORROW and sighing, sorrow and sighing,  
How can it happen that these should pass  
Out of a world where the flowers lie dying,  
Out of a world where all flesh is grass ?  
Sorrow and sighing, sorrow and sighing,  
Dear as the Autumn, and fair as the rain.

Sorrow and sighing, sorrow and sighing,  
Will they then cease, and our souls grow dull ?  
Sluggishly somnolent, torpidly lying,  
Lapped in the calm of a deep sea lull ?  
Sorrow and sighing, sorrow and sighing, —  
Should we not long for the thundering main ?

Sorrow and sighing, sorrow and sighing,  
All to be done, and our tears gone dry ;  
Never a thought o'er the boundary flying,  
Never a grasp as the clouds swing by.  
Sorrow and sighing, sorrow and sighing,  
All faded out, nothing left to restrain.

Sorrow and sighing, sorrow and sighing,  
What would our days be cut off from these ?  
If, at the fairy mart, we were life buying,  
Should we not choose them, past things that  
please ?

Sorrow and sighing, sorrow and sighing, —  
Take what you will, only leave us our pain.

S. A. D. I.

— *Sunday Magazine*.

From the Sunday Magazine.

LAURA RICHMOND.

BY JEAN INGELow.

"ARE the spoons and forks in the basket?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And the cold fowls, and the two jellies, and the custard pudding, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, ma'am; I carried them down, and put them all into the basket myself."

"That's right, Elizabeth. There is nothing else to do but to carry down my cloak and Miss Richmond's. We expect to be back about sunset. Let the drawing-room shutters be closed before the sun comes round, and remember to water the hydrangeas."

"May I go out this afternoon, ma'am, for an hour or two?"

"Yes, certainly."

This little dialogue took place in a pretty garden, between an elderly lady and her young housemaid. At its termination the latter went back to the house to fetch the cloak, and the former pursued her way along a gravel path between beds of stocks and carnations, till she reached her orchard, which was divided from the garden by a wicket-gate, and bounded by a clear river, small and full of water.

As the old lady emerged from among the fruit-trees, she was greeted by joyful shouts from four boat-loads of people, mostly young, and all in high spirits. They had just reached the little landing-place: two more boats presently came up, and there was a cheerful babel of voices.

"Boys," cried Mrs. Richmond, who was as joyous as the youngest child present, "boys, respect my water-lilies; don't knock them about more than can be helped."

"Oh, they'll all come up again when we are gone by, Mrs. Richmond. But, grandmamma, which boat are you going in?"

"What a noise they do make!" exclaimed the gentle old lady, as the boys, backing their oars, brought their boats' stern into the fringe of yellow flags, and fathers', mothers', friends', and children's voices all assailed her at once.

"Mrs. Richmond, are you sure we have got salt and mustard on board?" — "Mrs. Richmond, the Vicar says he has trusted entirely to you about the ginger-beer." — "I say, grandmamma, you said you would go with us this time. Ours is the best boat." — "Charlie, if you don't sit still, you must be put on shore." — "Where's the

bread? — who knows where the bread is? Call over all the things we've got." — "Boys, be quiet." — "Oh, Dick, you splash us." — "Papa, oh, dear papa, will you gather a lily for me?"

A good deal confused by the noise, Mrs. Richmond wished she had not promised to join the pic-nic.

"I never will go again," she thought, as she stepped into her place, for this was an annual pic-nic, and a very large one; but every year her objections were overruled by her son and daughters, her grandchildren and her friends.

A young lady now appeared, and was greeted with cries of "The late Miss Richmond!" — "Hurrah! here's Aunt Harriet. Now we're off!" — "No we're not." — "Now, let every one sit down." — "Is Miss Richmond seated?" — Then let the 'Watersprite' take the lead."

The "Watersprite" was accordingly rowed clear of the white and yellow lilies and the forget-me-nots which fringed that little river; and, under a blue sky and between rows of fruit-trees, her five companions followed.

The boats were all large, and not very light; but that did not much matter, as they were going down with the stream.

In the first four boats there was a great deal of talking and laughing, often, also, there was singing, and sometimes a little scolding. In the last two boats there was silence, or only whispers; but this quietude by no means showed that the last two boats contained less happy passengers. On the contrary, every face beamed with joy, every eye shone with expectation; for was not this a holiday? Was it not a reward for good behaviour? Yes, indeed! The last two boats were the most important of all; — the pic-nic was given expressly for them — given by the committee to the scholars of "The New Philanthropic School."

A little pennon floated from the hindmost boat, and on it was emblazoned the name of the institution. The mistress, proud but anxious, sat under it, hoping that all would pass off well; the Vicar sat in the next boat. He was also anxious — anxious about his own many boys and girls, hoping to get them and all the other children safely landed and safely home again. Mrs. Richmond sat in the "Watersprite," and she was anxious, too, for the weighty matter of provision was her care. Were there fowls enough? Was there beef enough? Had the plates been remembered? She was not certain; but she hoped all was right.

Nobody else, excepting a mamma or two



— who did not like to see the least movement in the boats — had the least shadow of care at heart that day. In a triumphal procession the six boats went down the glassy river, turning and winding, sometimes between level pastures full of cattle, then through a wild heath covered with flowering lings then through a long wood, where smooth-trunked plane-trees leant overhead, and the water was quite green with the reflection of their leaves.

“A jolly place for nests in the season!” said the young rowers; for hawks and owls, and jays and stockdoves built there.

And now at last the boats emerged from the shadow of the trees, and on the left hand, looking white and bare in the sunshine, stood the place they were to dine in — the ruins of a castle and a chapel, roofless and rent. Trees of ivy pushed themselves over here and there, between the battlements, and ferns feathered and adorned the shattered carved work of the arches.

“Hurrah!” cried the boys, “how grave and still the old place looks to-day.”

“And O! look at the foxgloves, and look at the snapdragons!” exclaimed the girls.

“Now boys, now girls,” cried the Vicar; “don’t be in a hurry. Steady; hand the little ones first. You have all the afternoon before you; the castle will not run away.”

In spite of this assurance the eager crowd sprang out over the bank, as if every moment was of the greatest consequence, and ran up the little hill to the ruins with shouts of exultation, leaving their elder guardians to follow more quietly, while the scholars came up in an orderly body, and two menservants gradually emptied the baskets of their savoury contents.

It was commonly believed by the principal consumers of that great feast, that its equal never was spread. It was an annual exhibition of all that was delicate, abundant, and delicious. Jelly of the most cunning shapes and of the brightest colours; piles of raspberry tarts and cheesecakes, pies, strawberries, a whole ham, cakes of all sorts, and curds and cream, and chickens and pigeons, to say nothing of beef and bread and such common things, and not to mention orange-wine and ginger-beer in abundance.

A place was chosen just within the shadow of the castle, and where the old donjon tower had once been raised. Then the table-cloth was spread, and the tempting viands were displayed. My poor unfortunate reader, you never went to that pic-nic, at least it is not probable that you ever did. Such raspberry tarts, so crumbling, so flaky, so altogether desirable, never were

baked for you; their fame has survived some things better worth remembering, for they are often talked of to this day in every quarter of the world.

While the cloth was spread, and the provisions were got ready, there was a general retreat for play, the joyous voices of the children were soon heard all over the old ruin, and their active steps in the scramble after nests and flowers and ferns. At length the whistle sounded, the signal that they were all to appear at the board, which they soon did, the guests in groups and the scholars in procession, two and two, with the mistress at their head.

They sang a grace before they sat down on the short dry grass, and then, under the direction of the committee (four bustling ladies), the feast began — the scholars, flushed and happy, taking out their handkerchiefs and spreading them over their knees to protect their new green gowns.

Gradually but surely the viands disappeared, and when the Vicar — having given each scholar a glass of orange-wine — told them to drink the health of the committee, not a raspberry tart was left.

Partly because all the scholars were seated in due form, and partly because he did not wish them and the other children to begin any active sports immediately after their dinner, the Vicar then addressed the assembly, and speaking to all, he first reminded them what blessings they derived from education, remarking that he was sure there was not a boy or girl present who was foolish enough to wish for continual holidays. “Nor, delightful as is a festive occasion such as this,” he continued, “would any of you wish it to be frequently repeated at the risk of interfering with those lessons in which you are all able to take an intelligent interest?”

It is possible that here the Vicar did not carry the feelings of the meeting with him, for though he was listened to with due decorum, there was a puzzled and doubtful look upon many young faces, and the mistress coughed faintly as though she should be sorry to see her scholars put to the proof.

The Vicar did not observe this, and he went on, —

“But especially, my dear children, must those of you who are scholars in this excellent school, rescued from poverty and neglect, you being orphans or friendless, — especially must you feel grateful for the good education which is teaching you those things ‘which belong to your peace,’ and fitting you to earn a respectable living in this world —

grateful to those good ladies who set on foot 'the Philanthropic School,' and to that worthy mistress who labours so conscientiously to carry out their benevolent plans." Here the meeting was entirely with the speaker. The boys began to cheer, for this was a proper and even a laudable occasion for making a noise; the scholars joined with right good-will, and they all cheered together, till at last, when the heads of the committee ached, the Vicar called for order, and the mistress ran behind the ruin to dash away a few happy tears.

In a few minutes she stole back again. The Vicar had concluded his address, and her scholars were reciting psalms. After that they sang a ballad and a part-song, while the other children listened and were very glad that they were not called upon to take their turn.

"Now," said the Vicar, "you may all go to play till you hear the whistle again."

Joyful words! The ground was cleared almost instantly, the boys ran off to climb and run races, the girls joined the scholars and went off to play at blind man's buff, and all the grown-up guests followed, with the exception of the Vicar, Mrs. Richmond, and two members of the committee; these sat together in the shadow congratulating each other that all had hitherto gone off so well, talking of the new subscribers they had got, and lamenting that some of the old ones had withdrawn, till the Vicar strolling away, they came from generals to particulars, went into the prices of the chief articles of food and clothing, and came back at last to their regret that they had lost some of the old subscribers.

"But I cannot wonder at it," observed Mrs. Randolph, the youngest of the ladies; "for as Mrs. Gresham was remarking to me only yesterday, so far from the subscribers deriving any benefit from the school, servants leave their places oftener now, and ask for higher wages than they did before it was set on foot. Jane Harris has just left her place."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Richmond. "Jane seemed to suit so well, I am so sorry she did not remain."

"Yes, she only stayed six months—suited exactly; but heard of a place where more was given and there was less to do, so she gave warning. 'Now,' as Mrs. Gresham said, 'we understood that this school was to rear destitute children, fit them for service, and inculcate good principles; but it is evident that your plan does not suit the occasion, for your young servants will not stay with us, or if they do they want high wages,

which is not what the committee contemplated when they first supported the charity.'"

"No, certainly not," said Mrs. Chamberlain, the third member of the committee; "and this state of things gets worse and worse."

"But, my dear, no one complains that the young servants we send out are not good ones," observed Mrs. Richmond.

"That is true," answered one; and the other proceeded.

"Now, as Mrs. Gresham said, very justly, there must be something omitted in their education. Contentment with their own station, and a desire to do their duty by their employers, cannot be properly inculcated, for instead of attaching themselves to the families they go into, they are generally eager to rise, and bent on bettering themselves."

"And they succeed," said Mrs. Richmond: "that is, because we supply, as it were, a superior article, and a superior article is sure to command the highest price. We cannot pretend to regulate what wages they shall receive. I, for one, should not wish it."

"But I assure you," said Mrs. Randolph, "that the new members of the committee think something really must be done to remedy this state of things, and at the next meeting they mean to bring the subject forward, therefore we had better be prepared; some of them say the girls are taught too much."

"Yet it is what they are taught which in a great measure makes their value," observed Mrs. Richmond.

"But if they were taught a little less on some points, if—I hardly know how to express myself—if they were taught what we want them to know, in order to adorn their station; and, in short, left to find out the rest for themselves"—

"Why then they would not be tempted away as they are," said Mrs. Chamberlain, taking up the sentence.

"Very true," answered Mrs. Richmond; "but neither would they be so well worth keeping."

"And then," continued the former speaker, "there is another thing that I much regret. Consider the expense we are at to make servants of them, and how few remain servants long! Some make good wives, some make good tradeswomen, some good teachers; but hardly any remain permanently *servants*—they think themselves fit for something better."

"Deep in conversation, ladies?" said the Vicar, joining them. "Well, this is a happy

day for you. It must be a great comfort to you to see how well your school answers."

"You think it does answer?" asked Mrs. Richmond.

"To be sure, to be sure! No doubt of it!"

"That is the very point we were discussing."

"I should not have thought there could be a doubt. The girls are orderly, healthy, cheerful. At my weekly examinations I find them intelligent. They conduct themselves modestly after they leave the school, and they all earn a decent livelihood. Is that compatible with failure?"

"Why yes," said Mrs. Randolph, "for we educate them expressly for servants. Servants are very much wanted, as we all know; and it is vexatious that they will not continue to be servants when we have taken such pains with them."

"Were they to be servants, then, for our sakes or for their own?"

"For their own, assuredly. This is a charity school."

"Then it answers. Your charity has done all the good it contemplated; for these girls, though matters have not turned out exactly as you wished, are earning quite as comfortable a living as if they earned it in the way you intended."

"We wished them to adorn their own station," said Mrs. Randolph, "not to rise out of it."

"Why, my dear madam, you took them out of it yourselves. You raised them from a state of rags and dirt, neglect and ignorance. As far as in you lies, you give them all the knowledge requisite to make them intelligent Christians and excellent servants. You accustom them to cleanly habits and civil speech. What wonder, then, that their next desire is to raise themselves?"

"We have a right to expect something from their gratitude."

"But you made no agreement with them that they should serve you after they left school?"

"No. And though I feel hurt at their leaving us as they do, I should be the last to wish for such an agreement; nor should I have mentioned the subject if I had not known what some of the subscribers think — which is, that the want of good servants was pleaded to them as a reason why they should support the school, the intention of which was to provide such. And now the very circumstance of our keeping these girls so long, and teaching them so carefully, makes it more difficult than ever to have and to keep good servants; for they can

command such high wages, and are so intelligent, that they know exactly what they are worth; and if we will not or cannot give it, they go elsewhere."

"Could we have a better proof than this that the charity (to those who support it with a single heart, and all for the glory of God and the good of these girls) is a perfect success? Your best and most thorough charity is that which tends to make, and ends in making, its object independent of charity; which, in fact, works to its own extinction; which takes from the ranks of those who hang on it for assistance, and adds them to those who can exercise it."

Now all this time Mrs. Richmond sat silent. She thought her two friends took rather a low view of the matter, and was vexed that they should bring interested motives to bear on it. Mixed motives never answer when charity is in question. If people will not give money for the love of God and their fellow creatures, it is cruel to them to let them think that what they give under a promise that some good to themselves will come of it, is charity at all. "However," she reflected, "I have not a large young family to bring up, nor have I small means, as these have. I could afford to raise my housemaid, Elizabeth's, wages to any sum that she is likely to ask without inconvenience; so, perhaps, I ought not to say anything. But if all the members of the committee take this view it will be very awkward; and I do not see how the funds of the school can be kept up."

"It really is most difficult," pursued Mrs. Chamberlain, "to get and to retain tolerable servants."

"So my wife says," observed the Vicar, "but this is not a new complaint; I can remember hearing my worthy mother make the same when I was in the nursery. Now, if the complaint is a just one, it must have a cause, and I think that cause is not far to seek. It is, that our interest and that of the servants clash: we want good servants and low wages, they want good mistresses and high wages."

"But no wages will induce them to attach themselves to families as they used to do in the good old days," said Mrs. Randolph; "I mean, no wages that we should think of giving."

"Then," observed the Vicar, "I suppose we shall have to do more for ourselves. I have never doubted that as knowledge was spread and emigration went on, we should not have so many servants; what we have are superior and are more costly luxuries. In some things, therefore, we should learn to be

independent of them. Suppose we start a philanthropic school for young gentlewomen, and teach them how to practise various feminine arts neatly and becomingly."

At this moment pretty Miss Richmond, drawing a long tendril of woodbine after her, came wandering by, and stopped to listen to the conversation. An expression of great surprise and a certain disapproval appeared in her face when she heard the Vicar's answer; probably she thought it very wide of the mark.

His eyes fell upon her as he concluded, and she thought he was addressing her in particular. She did not look as if any kind of domestic art was at all in her line, and she replied, with a quiet smile, "I do not see how what does not become our station could possibly be done becomingly."

"You play with my words, Miss Richmond, and beg the question too! But if you went as much as I do into the classes below us—into small tradesmen's families, for instance, and there saw the one little drudge serving the hardworked master's unpalatable dinner, while his daughter sat with feet on the fender reading novels, you would wish as I do that it was still the custom for young women, whose fathers are not rich, to do the more delicate parts of the family cooking, and ironing, and so forth. Now suppose we have a school to teach these things—at least for such folks as I have mentioned it would be useful."

The ladies of the committee were not prepared to entertain this new proposition; so, like the prime minister in the poem, they "smiling put the question by." The difficulty was not solved, nor likely to be; and after all, what do men know about house-keeping, and all the trouble it causes, and the thought it demands? So thought the two younger members of the committee. The elder, Mrs. Richmond, sat placidly enjoying the scene, but then she was at that time in total ignorance of some little events with which I am about to make you acquainted, and with a scene which had taken place in her own orchard that very day.

It has before been mentioned that when Mrs. Richmond stepped into the boat which was to convey her to the pic-nic, her housemaid Elizabeth was left at the brink of the little river, looking on.

"Don't forget the hydrangeas," said the mistress, repeating her desire that her flowers might be watered, and the maid answered—"Oh no, ma'am, I shall be sure to remember them."

But the boats had been slowly rowed away, and the rocking lilies had swung into

their places again, and the widening rings on the water had spread out and lost themselves among the flags, and the figure of Elizabeth was distinctly reflected on the water, before she roused herself from her meditations and thought about returning to the house.

"I will just watch them till they are out of sight," thought Elizabeth, and then she stepped a little nearer, and counted over in her mind how many times she had made one of that happy party, and how long ago it was, for she had been a scholar in the Philanthropic School, and a very good scholar too.

"Well now they are out of sight at last," she said, "but I have nothing to do in-doors—cook will answer the door-bell if any one rings. It feels so pleasant and free out here, I think I'll take out my work and sit on the bench a bit."

So she drew from her pocket a pair of wooden knitting pins and a ball of scarlet wool, which her mistress had just given her, and began the operation that knitters call "casting on."

"Now the thing is," said Elizabeth, talking aloud to herself, "which gives these little shoes to the charity sale, missis or I? Missis buys the wool, it costs ninepence; she says, 'Here, Elizabeth, you can knit this up at leisure times.' Very good; when they are done they are worth two shillings, and missis sends them and all the other things I knit to the sale. Well, I am a charitable person, that's certain! To be sure missis pays for my time; in fact, one may say she hires all my time of me. Yes, I see! Why, it's not my charity then at all!"

This conclusion did not seem to distress the young woman, for she presently began to sing; and very pretty she looked, and very cheerful and contented, as she sat under the laden apple trees, in her neat print gown.

After awhile she stopped suddenly, from a fancy she had that somebody was beating time to the song. She shaded her eyes with her hand and looked back into the orchard, but she did not see any one, and the sound had ceased.

So she began again, and the sound began too. It was not like beating time, she now thought, but like slow, doubtful footsteps, drawing nearer and nearer.

"Surely I do hear somebody coming," said Elizabeth, turning again.

"It's only me. I beg pardon, I'm sure," said a voice almost at her elbow.

"Bless me! Mr. Tompkins!" exclaimed

Elizabeth, jumping up and colouring; "how you did frighten me."

Mr. Tompkins was a young man who served in a corn-chandler's shop. On being thus accosted he blushed even redder in the cheeks than Elizabeth had done, and said he hoped he was not in the way; that knowing her mistress was out he had just called as he went home to his dinner, to ask how she was, and cook had sent him down the garden.

"I am very well, thank you," said Elizabeth.

"Which is easy to see, I should say," replied the young corn-chandler; "for if ever there was anybody that looked — that always looked" — here not perceiving how to finish his sentence, he paused, and Elizabeth sitting down and beginning to knit again, he sat down on the bench beside her, and continued for some moments to gaze on the little river. Whatever Elizabeth may have expected him to say next, it certainly was not what he *did* say; his words were, —

"Was you ever at sea, Elizabeth?"

"Why, no, William," she replied, "you know I never was."

"I should say," proceeded Mr. Tompkins, nervously, "that a sea voyage wouldn't hurt you a bit. In short I think it would do you good."

A silence followed. If Mrs. Richmond had heard this said to her active, good-humoured, and clever little housemaid, she would have known very well what it meant, and would have begun to look out for a successor; but Elizabeth was so taken by surprise that she could only look confused, and answer slowly, —

"I don't want any sea voyage to do me good; I never had a day's illness in my life."

"Only nobody wants to be a servant that can help it," said the young man; "and I should like to set up shop for myself. I want to be independent, don't you?"

"I should like it very well," answered Elizabeth, demurely.

"Well, there is nothing but a sea voyage between us and independence, as far as I can see," proceeded the young man, gathering courage.

"I thought you were very comfortable where you are," said Elizabeth.

"So I am while I stop as I am," was the reply; "but my wages would be a poor living for a wife and family. So Elizabeth, my dear, if you would but consider that you have lived a good while in service" — Here again the bashful lover stopped, and though he was in general a straightforward

and downright young fellow, he now went a long way round before he came to the point; his grammar got all wrong, his sentences came out head first, and at last he heaved an audible sigh, and heartily wished this terrible business was over; but he had begun by astonishing his companion so much, that she was not quite certain as to his meaning yet, nor did she thoroughly master it till he gave her a letter to read, which set forth that the writer, who was his brother, was doing uncommonly well in New Zealand, and if he, William, would marry and come out to him, he thought it would be a fine thing for them both.

"Which," said Mr. Tompkins, "is the very identical thing that I should like to do, provided, Elizabeth, my dear, you would get over the disadvantage of the voyage, and would marry me."

The end of the conversation which followed, proved that Elizabeth could get over this disadvantage, and as the vessel in which young Tompkins proposed to sail was advertised to start in six weeks, and she was to leave her place and be married in a month, it was not very wonderful that she forgot to water the hydrangeas.

The day which followed the picnic was as fine and clear as possible, and the sun was streaming in at the windows when Mrs. Richmond entered her drawing room, and was struck by the sight of some drooping flabby leaves, and faded bunches of flowers.

She rang the bell.

"There is the bell," thought Elizabeth; "now, if mistress is alone, I'll do it." She entered, and Mrs. Richmond, all unconscious of what her housemaid had to say, pointed out the flowers, and Elizabeth, with a look of vexation, said, "O, dear me, ma'am, how sorry I am! I clean forgot them."

"That was careless, Elizabeth," replied the mistress, "for you had nothing else to think of, nothing whatever."

What a mistake!

Elizabeth closed the door and went to fetch the watering-pot; she watered the plants carefully; her mistress was reading, and Elizabeth made her task last as long as she could, hoping she would look up. She did at last, and thereupon Elizabeth began: "If you please, ma'am" — and stopped.

"What did you say, Elizabeth?" asked Mrs. Richmond.

"If you please, ma'am — if it's not inconvenient to you, I should wish to leave this day month."

To judge by the countenance of the mistress it was very inconvenient.

"You quite surprise me!" she said; "Have you any fault to find with your place or your wages?"

"No, ma'am, I have been very comfortable with you, and I am very grateful for all your favours."

"Then, why do you wish to leave?"

The blushing housemaid looked first one way, then the other; at last, she answered, "I promised I would give warning."

"You promised!—whom did you promise?"

"William Tompkins, ma'am."

"Why could you not say so at first," said the mistress, unable to repress a smile; "you mean that you are going to marry Tompkins."

"Yes, ma'am; this day month."

"Well, he bears the best of characters, Elizabeth, and I wish you joy, though I shall be sorry to lose you; you have been with me for years, you have got accustomed to all my ways."

"Yes, ma'am, I have been with you ever since I was sixteen, the same age that my sister is now."

It was not very easy to misunderstand this little hint, and Mrs. Richmond answered, "It has not generally been my plan to take a very young girl, Elizabeth."

"No, ma'am," pleaded Elizabeth, coming nearer to her point; "but Sarah is taller than I was at her age, and I thought as the ladies have been so well pleased with her that perhaps you might consent to try her; the place is very light, and she could easily do the work, if I was here just at first to put her in the way of it."

"Why, you seem to have arranged the whole affair for me," said Mrs. Richmond, unable to repress a smile.

The housemaid blushed yet more deeply, and answered, "Sarah is the only relation I have in the world, ma'am. And William said yesterday that if we got on tolerably well, he would have her out as soon as he could afford to pay her passage."

"You are not very worldly-wise to tell me that," said Mrs. Richmond. "I am afraid that in this little plan you have been considering your own benefit solely, and not mine."

"Ma'am?" said Elizabeth, not understanding her.

"You wish me to take your young sister, that you may know she is safe and well cared for. Of course you are aware that it will give me some trouble to teach her my ways, and to look after her; but it appears that I am not to have the advantage of

her services when I have taught her, for you mean to send for her."

"Ma'am, I beg your pardon, I am sure," said Elizabeth. "It seems as if William and I had planned to make a convenience of you; but I am sure I never gave it a thought that such was the case. I only thought that Sarah's time at the school was up in ten days, and that when I left you you would want a housemaid. Of course I knew you could do better for yourself than to take her, but somehow"—

Elizabeth stopped here, and occupied herself in picking up such leaves as had fallen under the flower-stand.

"But what, Elizabeth?" asked her mistress.

"Why, ma'am," replied the housemaid, speaking more freely than she could have done but for this sudden prospect of marrying, and never after that seeing her mistress and benefactress, "I have been so used to hear you talk of the girls as if it were an advantage to you to do them a charity, that I made up my mind you would try Sarah, just because it was plainly the best thing possible for her."

The housemaid looked as if she could hardly help crying, for she felt that her conduct must appear selfish and neglectful of the interests of one who had always been the best of friends to her. The mistress, on the other hand, felt that a compliment had been paid, which was sweet because it was so unconscious.

"Well, Elizabeth," she answered gently, "I will try Sarah."

II.

TEN minutes after Elizabeth was on her way to the Philanthropic School to fetch her sister, that Mrs. Richmond might speak to her; and the astonished Sarah, a tall, awkward girl, was informed almost in a breath that her sister was going to be married to William Tompkins, and sail with him to New Zealand, and that she herself was sent for to become Mrs. Richmond's housemaid. The consequence was, that when she was brought into the presence of her new mistress she was so bewildered that she scarcely gave an intelligent answer to any question but this,

"If I take you, will you do your best?"

"O yes, ma'am; please, ma'am, I will indeed."

But doing one's best at sixteen is not always doing well. Elizabeth declared

that Sarah's heart was in the right place, but if so it was united to a very giddy head; and if Sarah wept in the morning, when reproved for forgetting her work, she not the less yielded to the fascination of the kitchen-window in the afternoon. She liked to see what joints the butcher-boy was leaving at the opposite houses; she liked to gossip with the laundress when she appeared, and to answer the door to the baker and hear the news.

"Elizabeth," said Mrs. Richmond one day, "does Sarah improve?"

"I hope so, ma'am," answered Elizabeth, anxiously; "she does not want for sense."

"No," replied the mistress, "but she is sadly thoughtless; you must talk to her, Elizabeth, she should be more of a woman at her age."

"Ah," thought Elizabeth, "I wonder what will be thought of Sarah when I am gone, if this is said now that I am here to look after her. I hope, I do hope, she will not be so silly as to lose the place before we can afford to send for her."

"However," continued Mrs. Richmond, "I will give her a fair trial; indeed, I have a motive for wishing to keep her besides kindness to you both. The funds of the school are very much fallen off, and as I shall save four pounds a year in wages by taking so young a girl, I shall let that go towards making up the deficiency."

"Indeed, ma'am!" said Elizabeth, "the funds fallen off! I am sorry, for if ever there was a real good school and splendid charity, it's that one. In short, ma'am, I owe everything to it; William never would have thought of me if I hadn't had a good education."

Mrs. Richmond smiled. "Yes, Elizabeth, I think after the girls leave us they are aware of the benefit they have received."

"And might I ask," inquired Elizabeth, demurely, "what the ladies decided to do about that legacy from poor Mrs. Kilmer?"

Elizabeth knew pretty well what had been done, but she wished to hear it from one of the ladies for herself. This legacy had been left by an old scholar, of whose rise in life the others were immensely proud, and it had occasioned a great deal of gossip in the town.

"At the last committee meeting we decided to accept it," was the reply; "her husband could perfectly well afford to give it. And the school was much in want of the twenty pounds, which he very handsomely paid free of duty."

"They say, ma'am, that he is very rich,"

continued the housemaid, just for the pleasure of talking about her old schoolfellow.

"He has a good deal of land out in New Zealand, and I believe he came over to get his children educated. Poor Susan left him with a large family, but he seems inclined to do his very best for them."

"Ma'am," said Elizabeth, earnestly, "you've been very good to me, and to more than me, but there's nothing you ever did that I feel such a kindness as your taking Sarah; and, ma'am, if ever I can assist the school, as poor Mrs. Kilmer did, I certainly will, for it's an excellent charity — the best in the town."

So Sarah was duly installed in her sister's place. Mrs. Richmond went into the church to see Elizabeth married, and from thence she drove in her pony phaeton to the railway-station to meet her two younger daughters, who had been paying a visit to some friends. "I shall be more comfortable now," she thought; "their being at home makes the house so much more cheerful for Harriet. She will be in better spirits, and I shall have Moxon to see that all goes on smoothly, and to keep that troublesome girl, Sarah, in order."

Moxon was one of those useful, accommodating, and intelligent people who are a treasure in any household, small or large. Partly ladies'-maid, partly parlour-maid, a good nurse, a fair dressmaker, she had attached herself to the family, especially to Mrs. Richmond; and her only fault was that one which besets some of the best of her class — jealousy.

She had been very jealous of Elizabeth, because she also was useful and intelligent, and it gave her sincere pleasure to find that this young woman was not "to stand in her light" any more.

In her own opinion there was almost always somebody standing in her light, and she gave herself infinite pains and did more than was required of her lest any fellow-servant should have the least chance of becoming a serious rival.

Her employers, however, reaped the fruit of this peculiarity without discerning the root from which it sprang, and they prized her accordingly.

"And how is Harriet?" asked Josephine, the elder of the two girls. Josephine was tall, very proud, and rather pretty.

"She is lounging on the sofa in her own room. You must do something, my dears, to amuse her. The dear child has felt your absence a good deal — when — when there was no amusement of any sort going on."

This dear child was twenty-seven years of age. She was rather delicate, entirely selfish, and perfectly idle.

"It certainly is a little hard," continued the indulgent mother, "that you and Laura should so frequently be invited out and she so seldom."

"Dear mamma," said Laura, "I am certain that if you were poor, and it was an object to have us away, or if we were sick and wanted change, the Gregsons, and the Bartons, and Aunt Mills, would invite us all impartially to do us good, but at present how natural it is that they should ask those who, as it were, do them good, who amuse them, and make themselves useful."

"Yes," said Josephine, "no doubt it is a great pleasure to go to Aunt Mills, there is so much society there. But then we help her to make her parties go off well, and we play at chess with Uncle Mills, and now the governess is away we walk out with the little girls, and hear them practise, and play the seraphine in the church, — in short, we find out what wants doing, and do it."

"I know you do," said the mother, "and that is one reason why I miss you so much when you are away."

"But Harriet is a charge," said Josephine, "she has an incurable habit of looking at things from the passive point of view."

"I don't know what you mean, my dear?"

"Why, mamma, she never says I have not understood such and such people, but always they do not understand me; she never considers when things occur what share she may have had in causing them to occur. She, as it were, sits still in her chair and considers whether other people are waiting on her properly; and if they have not come to her, or coming have not sympathised, then she writes down in her journal a long tirade about its being the lot of some people not to be appreciated, not to be loved, and all that kind of thing."

"Well, dear," said the mother, "I rather hoped that now you had been away for some weeks, and were fresh to the home duties, you would find this one of attending to her less irksome than before."

"I shall," said Josephine; and to do her justice, she had spent many an hour that she would rather have employed otherwise in practising duets with Harriet, rowing with her, shooting with her, and otherwise satisfying her exacting nature.

Laura went upstairs, and opened Harriet's door. She expected to find her sister laughing and a little pettish, waiting to be entertained with accounts of parties and pic-

nics, but also finding food, in the recital, for wondering complaints that she had not been pressed to join her sisters.

She found nothing of the kind. Harriet, in high spirits, was standing at one end of the sofa, and Moxon at the other; they were measuring a transparent muslin of a lovely blue colour.

"Isn't it charming?" said Harriet, when the sisters had kissed each other; "and so cheap."

"Yes, ma'am," observed Moxon. "I knew you'd want a muslin for this archery party that Miss Laura talked of. As I went through Birmingham, keeping my eyes open, as I always do, I saw this, and thought it would just suit you. So I took the liberty to buy it, and I got the money from Miss Josephine."

"Yes, Moxon," said Harriet, "you do understand me. Of course you know that my last silk dress would be spoilt at such a party. You do think of me when you are away."

"I thought," said Moxon, continuing to measure it with her finger, "that even if it would not wash, you could wear it occasionally during the whole summer; and having so much blue ribbon by you, and my making it up, ma'am, would ensure its being a cheap dress, and so sweetly becoming."

"Yes; it just suits her complexion," said Laura.

"And Mrs. Mills' maid gave me a pattern of a pretty sleeve," said Moxon, "a new one of the dress that Mrs. Mills had for a wedding. She had it from Paris."

Laura went away; for Harriet was joyous, blooming, and satisfied; Moxon was all in all. Circumstances just then were doing their duty by Harriet. A party was coming on, and here was a new gown wherein to appear at it.

As she moved to the door, Harriet exclaimed, "Oh, but, Moxon! my hat has a mauve feather in it."

"Very true, ma'am; but Miss Laura has a white feather lying by, and I thought —"

"O yes, Moxon, I will lend it for the occasion," said Laura; and she closed the door and thought: "Dear me! when I am seven-and-twenty shall I have nothing better to excite and interest me than these stupid parties, and feathers, and blue muslin gowns? O, how small is one's importance in the world! Mamma evidently forgets that it is my birthday — twenty-three! Only think of being twenty-three, and having done nothing worth mentioning — nothing at all, in fact, since I came from school, except waiting on Goody Fairdew. What



shall I do? What can I do? I hate cant; but if I didn't know that not only in Josephine's case, but among several of my school friends who wanted a mission, they were no sooner engaged to be married than they forgot all about it, I think I would cry out for a mission too."

The words "For no man among you liveth to himself," came into her mind; and the reflection that they were not written as if Paul was inculcating a duty, but simply as if he referred to a fact; not "No man should," but "No man doth, no man among you Christians does so live."

"Then what right have I so to live? Certainly it makes the matter no better that Josephine, who used to think so much more strongly than I did on this very point, has now lost sight of it. And yet, even she does not exactly live to herself, nor will she. George is everything to her; and to please him and his family is all she thinks about. And as for me, I have nothing to do but to please myself now that Goody Fairdeew is dead."

Goody Fairdeew was a very old woman when first Laura came from school. She had been bedridden for many years. She had one daughter who lived with her; and they were extremely poor, partly because this daughter could not go out cooking, as had been her former occupation. She was a very good cook, and had been accustomed to go round to the houses in the neighborhood, and help the servants on occasions of dinner parties, or of company in the house.

"But I cannot do that now," she once said to Laura, "not even in the summer, for I dare not leave mother for a whole day. It is a great loss, for I used to sleep at home, and I was often out four or five days running, for weeks. But now my nearest neighbour is dead. You know she lived at the cottage just a quarter of a mile off; now she is dead, at home I must stay, for there is nobody that can come in and look after mother as she did. No, not for love or yet for money."

"How often should some one look in upon your mother in the course of the day?" asked Laura.

"Why, miss, early in the morning I used to give her a good breakfast, and start off by six to my place, leaving a good lump of coal on the fire. We're so near the pit, that, thank God, we don't want for cheap fuel, and that's a great thing; for where I came from, coal was dear and small. Well, miss, then about eleven, you know, dinner time, my neighbour came in, broke up the coal,

and maybe fried a bit of bacon or broke two or three eggs, for I could afford a good dinner for mother when I was in work — perhaps she boiled her some potatoes, too, or a cabbage, if mother had a mind to it, and then, miss, what with propping her up and feeding her, and making up the fire again, very near an hour was gone, for mother has no notion of being hurried over her meals when she likes them. Well, then she went away and came again about four, and boiled the kettle for her tea, and made her her toast and dripping — and then got her into her chair to have it, and made her bed for her, and settled her comfortably; that was not done either much under an hour. After that she did very well till I came home. My poor neighbour's death is a great loss to me *sure-ly*."

"I will be the old woman's neighbour," thought Laura; but she said nothing till she got home, and then she untold her plan to her mother, and in the presence of her sisters. The mother was silent, Josephine was much vexed, but Harriet was enthusiastic. "Dear Laura," she exclaimed, "what a delightful idea; it is just the sort of thing that I should like to help you in! I like nice clean poor people, and these Fairdeews are always so delightfully clean, their little window so bright, and besides, the mother is such a picturesque-looking old creature."

"These would be rather menial occupations for Laura," said Josephine; for she never counted for a moment on any real help from Harriet.

"Oh, but she would not be *obliged* to do them," said Harriet; "of course it would be very disagreeable to have to make one's own bed; but this sort of thing — Oh, I declare it is quite romantic."

"I should have some occupation," said Laura to Josephine; "and this is the only one that I can think of."

"Why should you?" asked Josephine.

"Why? You know very well that we all think we ought not to live entirely for ourselves. We all say that we wish to look up to our Redeemer as an example."

"I think you are rushing into this without much thought," answered Josephine.

"My dear," said her mother, "you must consider what a tie such an occupation would be to you. Goody Fairdeew may live for years."

"Yes, mother; but the hours would not interfere with yours. She scarcely lives a quarter of a mile from us; I could walk back after her dinner, and be in more than

time for our luncheon. It would be just the same in the afternoon, I should be home before the time to dress for dinner."

"It would interfere with all the pic-nics and archery parties," said Louisa.

"You must remember that these only come in the summer," answered Laura, "and then the daughter is seldom out more than three days in the week."

"And the other three?" asked Harriet, apprehensively. "I don't think I should consider it right, Laura, to give up society; happy as I should be to help at other times."

"The other three," said Laura, "often go by without any engagement of that sort. If one did come in the way, of course I should give it up. Mamma, I wish you would speak."

"My dear," answered the mother, "I only hesitate on account of weather; for you might be obliged to go out every day."

"As a governess does," observed Laura. "Very good for me, I should think."

"And it is rather a lonely place," continued her mother.

"When I had no other companion, I could always take Gnip with me, and he can scare the sturdiest beggar away."

"Very well," said the mother, with a sigh, for people are much more willing to trust God for themselves than for their children, "I consent;" and she decided in her own mind that when the day was rainy, or her daughter had a cold, she would send her housemaid.

"Why do you dislike this plan?" said Laura to her sister Josephine, when they were alone in their room.

"I said very little," answered Josephine.

"But I know you dislike it."

"Yes, it will make you seem different to other people. It will make you conspicuous."

"Conspicuous!" exclaimed Laura; "conspicuous—in what way?"

"Oh," said Josephine, forgetting herself, "I only meant that everybody would know then that you think a great deal about *these things*, if you will even give up society for the sake of them."

"*These things*" really meant personal religion and religious duties, quite as much as works of charity and benevolence; and Josephine was vexed with herself when she heard the answer.

"I do think of these things a little, but I want to think of them a great deal more: and I want, as much as I can, to put myself in *the way* of thinking about them more."

"So do I," said Josephine, "but this is

going out of your way for them. It's—in short, it's putting your hand to the plough."

"Was the man to blame," said Laura, "for putting his hand to the plough, or for taking it back again when the furrow was only half-finished?"

"For taking it back," answered Josephine, who observed at once the drift of her sister's question.

"Then why do you dissuade me from setting my hand to this? Surely it is better to begin, and go on if I can, than to refrain from beginning at all; besides, if I begin I may expect help, and go on with that help."

"But if you do not go on every one will say you are inconsistent. You will have given a kind of pledge which you may find burdensome. This is not one hard thing to be done and over, but a series of tiresome little things that will seem as if they would never be over."

"You mean," said Laura, "that it is safer to put one's standard as low as possible."

"I rather meant safer not to put it too high."

"Josey, that does not answer: put the standard low, and you will go lower. I am sure of it. Put the standard high, and you will strive to reach it."

"And fail, perhaps."

"Very likely; but how much you think about consistency. Had I not better be doing rightly sometimes than never? Your plan would be consistently to refrain from doing good *at any time*."

"You have such an odd way of putting things," was the answer. "I do not want to discourage you from visiting the poor; you might take a district instead of inventing this plan."

"You know very well that in this small place the districts are sought after—actually sought after."

"Only since we had such a paragon of a curate, and he always in and out of the houses. Well, if a district is not to be had, there is the school."

"Do they want another visitor there?"

"No."

"But Goody Fairdeew does want her dinner, and she does want her bed made. Let me do that till I find something better to do."

Nothing better was found. The old woman's need seldom interfered with Laura's amusements; when it did, she generally made amusements give way, unless her mother wished to send the housemaid to the

cottage. This went on at intervals for two years; Laura fed the old woman, tended her, and read to her. The daughter could not read well, and it used to give Laura great pleasure to hear the old creature say, "Read me my prayers, miss, and read me my chapter. I looks for 'em now, and seems to want 'em." So Laura would kneel by the bed, and read to her simple prayers and collects and psalms, and then a chapter out of the Bible; she also taught her a few hymns, and often felt very happy when her poor old patient would say, gravely, "Them are very fine words, they seems to do me good."

"I think about those prayers and those texts ever so much when you're gone," she once observed.

"Do you?" said Laura.

"Ay, dear, and when we both get to Heaven I'll tell you what I think; but I can't now, for you see I've no learning. I think a vast deal, but I can't give it words; but you'll wait, dear, won't you?"

"Wait?" said Laura, not quite sure of her meaning.

"Ay, wait, dear; I shall get in, never fear. Christ will open the door. I trust in Him, and, dear, I should like you to know what I think about it all, and how I thank you. So when you come I'll tell it you."

When people put themselves in the way of things, they often meet with them, and so Laura found; some things that it was well she should do became easy to her; some things that it was well she should think of were constantly brought before her, while she tried to render them plain to the blunt understanding of the old woman; she could now think with more seriousness of life and death, and the hereafter, because she was so often with one whose life was fast waning away. She could even attend to a dull sermon with interest, because there was always something that she could glean from it to be detailed to her old woman.

### III.

At the end of two years Goody Fairdew died; Laura then paid several visits among her friends, and felt like a person released from servitude, or rather like a governess during her well-earned holiday. It was a comfort to have been useful, and Laura had not less prized the prayers that she knew Goody Fairdew besieged heaven with on her behalf, because they were offered by one who knew of none but the most universal needs

of our nature, because they implored in all simplicity for "this pretty child," that she might never want for the best of good living, and a warm bed at night, and be washed clean from her sins, and have a happy entrance to the better place. But she did not know for some time what a loss the old woman would be to her, for Laura, like most other people, was in the habit of thinking that charity was all giving and no receiving, instead of which real and pure charity is always both. It is only the false charity that gets no return; to the true that promise yet holds good—"He that watereth shall be watered also himself." Happily, however, some blessings overtake us when we are not looking out for them.

Goody Fairdew was very fond of the parables, and there was one in particular that she often made Laura read: this was the parable containing our Saviour's speech—"Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these my brethren ye did it unto me." The old woman, though not childish, was becoming very childlike; her humour changed frequently—a trifle would make her cry, and when she was pleased she would laugh and exult.

"And that's what He'll say to you, love," she once exclaimed, joyfully, when Laura had finished the sacred speech. "Lord bless you; I hope I shall be standing high enough to hear Him say it."

Laura on hearing this trembled all over; the strange remark gave a sense of reality to the thing which she had not attained to before.

"He'll never say so to me," continued the poor old creature. "For you see, love, I knew nought about it all till you came and laid it out as plain as print to me. You'll shine, love, up there, like the stars, you know, for ever and ever."

"O Goody, dear, don't talk in that way," said Laura. "I know you mean it for kindness and love, but it frightens me."

The old woman laughed strangely. "You gentlefolks are never for hearing us speak our minds," she observed. "It must be allers, 'Ay, ma'am,' and 'As ye please, ma'am,' whatsoever we think in our own minds; and that's how 'tis that you never know nought about us—nought to speak of."

"Don't we?" said Laura, with a smile. She thought she knew a good deal.

"No, love, that ye don't. There's many a word as we use every day that you never hear slip over our tongues. You're a dear innocent, and you've no notion of many a thing both consarning us and consarning the

wickedness o' the world, as every child knows that first drewed breath among us. There's no call you should know it. But don't you conceit when you talk to poor folks that you know 'em."

"Don't I know you, Goody dear?" said Laura.

"Well," said the old woman, "I'll go as far as to say that you know so much of me as, by the blessing of God, you've put into me yourself."

But Goody Fairdeew was dead now, with all her strange speeches and quaint piety, and the old blind longing for something more to be and to do assailed Laura again. This feeling rose strongly in her mind when, having shut her sister's door, she made her little speech about cant; but Laura was not engaged to be married, nor likely to be. She thought as little about that as she could, but she often thought that she should not like to lead an idle, selfish life, that such a life would not only be damaging to her, but would also make her miserable.

Laura lived on the outskirts of a pretty little place, something like a small town, more like an overgrown village. There was a neighbourhood to visit, but there were few bachelors, and of these some were curates and could not afford to marry, others appeared indifferent to the many pretty girls about them. How then could Laura expect to attract attention, for she was not pretty.

"And unless I wait till I am forty," thought Laura, "my fortune will not attract either." For it so chanced that the late Mr. Richmond, independently of the comfortable income he had left to his widow, had left a small fortune for each of his daughters, which was to accumulate, and which she was to receive on her marriage, whenever that took place; but if one of his daughters died unmarried, then her portion was to go to his only son.

For some time after Laura came home she endured a certain weariness. Nothing wanted doing, and she began to find the day, and more especially the evening, very dull.

"I wish you would not sigh, Laura," said Harriet one night. "You do nothing but sigh this evening."

"Perhaps she is bilious," observed her mother. "It is often said that if people are bilious they sigh involuntarily."

"Dear mamma," exclaimed Laura, "I am not bilious; I am only idle."

"Well, my dear, get something to do."

"I wish I could," said Laura.

Mrs. Richmond understood, then, that

what her daughter wanted was not only something to do at that moment, it was permanent occupation that she had been sighing for.

"I did speak to Mr. Andrews about a district for you, love," she said, "but at present all the districts have visitors."

"And I don't like district visiting."

"You don't!" exclaimed Mrs. Richmond, surprised, and with some reproof in her tone.

"It may be very well for the districts," said Laura, "very well indeed, if the thing is properly done, but it is not good for the visitors. Well, mamma," she continued, remarking her mother's air of disapproval, "it certainly would not be good for me. I don't wish to make a kind of occupation of the poor, and go to see them for my own benefit, because I have nothing else to do. I call that playing at charity. It's a kind of farming. Idle men take a little land, you know, and farm it, avowedly for their own amusement. Idle women take a little land (the difference is that on their land are houses instead of weeds), and they farm it, only in place of mangel-wurzel and clover they sow succession crops of tracts and grocery tickets."

"I am surprised to hear you talk in this way," said Mrs. Richmond, interrupting her.

"I know it is very right, and we should not deserve the name of Christians if we did not visit the poor and relieve their necessity. All I say is, mamma, that it ought to be done for *their* sakes, and not because we are so tired of having nothing to do that we deliberately undertake to interfere and advise them in their own affairs without troubling ourselves to find out whether or not we are competent to do so."

"I always did say," observed Harriet, "and I always shall say, Laura, that you are the oddest girl I ever met with."

When Harriet was roused to interest, she was apt to be sententious; but her mother and sisters listened to her with pleasure when this was the case, because it did her good to talk, and her opinion was not of consequence enough to hurt their feelings.

Accordingly, Laura replied in a style which induced her to enlarge on these supposed oddities, and so the evening passed; but Laura did not sigh for work again for a very long time.

Two reasons sprung up to prevent it. One was a small, the other was a great one. The small one came first, indeed it came the very next morning, in the shape of a letter to Moxon, to inform her of the death of her stepmother (a personage with whom

she had never been on good terms), and to desire that she would come home immediately to mind the shop and keep house for her father.

"And my blue muslin gown not finished!" exclaimed Harriet. "Dear me, what an unfortunate time for this to happen!"

"Harriet," said Josephine, a little shocked, "how can you talk of a gown and a death at the same time!"

"Moxon knows what I mean," said Harriet. "She is well aware that whatever takes her away is a misfortune to me—a real one."

Moxon smiled. She had felt by no means hurt at Harriet's way of putting things. Her desire was more to be important in the family than to be loved. She hoped shortly to come back. So she did her best to comfort Miss Harriet, and would not depart till the blue muslin gown was entirely cut out and prepared in such a manner that the young ladies could finish it themselves. It was, however, very elaborately made. Small flounces were all the fashion, and the three sisters did not entirely finish their task till the morning of the pic-nic, when Harriet was arrayed in it, and looked the youngest and by far the prettiest of the three.

Harriet was one of those sweet-looking girls whom every one admires at first sight; but she was so selfish and so vapid that she lost her admirers when she was better known. When she went into society with her two younger sisters, who were taller but far less graceful than herself, she threw them completely into the shade. She had that air of fresh and tender youth which some fair-haired women preserve till youth is really passed, and her sisters appeared like two somewhat common-place young women who were with her in order to attend to her and take care of her.

Josephine and Laura were quite conscious of this fact, but then it was not unpleasant to go out with Harriet, because she was always pleased and happy at a party, and they received attention for her sake; moreover, she was never at other times so kind and sisterly in her behaviour to them.

Harriet had had three avowed admirers: the first, in the fervour of his delight, made an offer at the end of four days; Harriet thought his raptures delightful, and accepted him; but her attachment to him was only a reflected feeling, consequently when these raptures subsided, which they did rather suddenly, she began to wonder why she had liked him so much, and some time after, when the engagement was formally

broken off, Harriet felt very much relieved. She said he had been too exacting.

The second admirer also came forward very hastily, but he was stupid enough to assure her that it was her sweet temper and her many merits which had attracted him, not her beauty; and Harriet had sense enough to know that she had beauty, but not much merit, and certainly not a sweet temper. She also valued herself very much concerning this same beauty. It was the gift of God she felt, and she did not want to bestow it on any one who would not care for it. So the second lover was dismissed, and nobody pitied him.

As for the third lover, he saw the pretty creature, drew near to look, paid more attention than he ought to have done, passed through a period of doubt, then of dismay, then, subsided into a friend of the whole family, and finally, when it had become evident that Harriet did not in the least care about him, he was allowed to engage himself to Josephine.

So much for the small reason which kept Laura from *ennui*; now for the great one. Alas! that was not so easily set to rights as the trimming of a blue muslin gown.

Laura came down rather early one morning, about a fortnight after Moxon had left them. This obliging woman had led them to suppose that soon after her step-mother's funeral she would return, and certainly stay with them till a successor was found, even if she could not, as she wished to do, arrange to come back for good.

Laura was anxious that all should go on comfortably during Moxon's absence. So as Harriet could not dress her own hair, Laura went to her morning by morning and performed this office very deftly; then she watered the plants in the drawing-room, dusted her mother's favourite china with a feather-brush, put the scattered music to rights, and arranged the room as usual, setting a glass of fresh flowers on her mother's work-table. On that morning she went next into the dining room with some fresh fruit that she had set out herself, and saw that Sarah had put the breakfast ready on the table, and forgotten nothing.

Just as all was finished the postman knocked. Laura went to the box,—

"One letter for you, mamma," she said, meeting her mother at the foot of the stairs; and they went back into the dining-room together, Mrs. Richmond sitting down to read.

"Do look at this, Laura!" she presently said; "I can't exactly see what it means."

Laura saw that her mother was startled, and took the sheet of paper.

"Only a business letter," she began; but a moment after, "Why, mamma!" she exclaimed, "haven't you got a good many shares in this mine?"

"To be sure," said the mother; "they bring me in two hundred a year."

"Two hundred a year!" repeated Laura, aghast.

"It seems that the water has broken in!" said Mrs. Richmond.

"But what do they mean by there being no dividend? Surely not that you are to lose the whole of that money. I had better fetch Gilbert. But don't be uneasy, mother; it cannot mean that, can it?"

"I don't know," answered the mother, tamely.

Gilbert was Laura's only brother. She ran up-stairs before eating any breakfast, put on her hat, and went to fetch him from his house at the other end of the little town.

Gilbert coloured when he read the letter, and looked deeply dismayed; and though he was entreated to explain matters in a favourable manner, he could not do so, but he presently went up to London, and from thence he wrote some highly unsatisfactory letters. Finally he came home, and told his mother that even if these mines could ever be got into working order again, it would certainly be some years before she could derive any income from them at all.

"That two hundred a year," — he observed, sitting gloomily with his mother in the garden after his return, — "that two hundred a year, mother, will make all the difference between an easy competence, with some luxuries, and absolutely straitened circumstances."

Gilbert had brought his wife with him that evening. She was a clever, economical woman, and she took an anxious interest in this matter.

"I should think," she observed to her mother-in-law, "that you can still live easily on your income, without sending away any of the girls as governesses?"

"Certainly," Harriet broke in; "that would be quite out of the question."

"I hope it is," answered her mother; "but then comes the real question, how can we save this sum of money?"

"Ah!" thought the daughter-in-law, "then it is evident that she has hitherto spent all her income."

"The girls have five-and-thirty pounds a year each for their dress and little expenses, have they not?" she answered; "perhaps

five-and-twenty would do; it is as much as I spend."

"No doubt it will do," said Josephine, rather sharply; "only, Grace, we might have been allowed to suggest that ourselves. Yes, there is thirty pounds saved."

But the unsparing sister-in-law had a large young family, and was very desirous that her dear Gilbert should not take upon himself any responsibility as regarded his mother's loss.

"The visit to the sea-side generally costs a good deal, does it not?" she next inquired; "for you go to expensive and fashionable places, and you make rather a long stay."

"O yes," said Harriet, "of course we do. Surely, mamma, you would not give that up?"

"My dear, we must give up something, and there is no harm in considering the cost of this visit."

So after some discussion and comparison of one year with another, it was found that this visit cost altogether about fifty pounds annually.

"And," said Harriet, "it is certainly our greatest pleasure."

"Then there is Moxon," thought Laura, but she said nothing. And in due time the son and his wife took their leave, after a good many unwelcome remarks from the latter to the girls touching general economy, the absurdity of giving dinner parties, the needlessness of wine for young people in good health, and the propriety of looking after servants oneself.

"Grace has a right to speak," said Mrs. Richmond, though she had felt annoyed by the remarks of her daughter-in-law; "Grace has every right to speak, for she manages Gilbert's house, with their eight children, a governess, and four servants, for less money, my dear, than we spend."

"But they would not have a smaller income than yours, mamma, if she did not make Gilbert insure his life so heavily?"

"Make him! Do not use such an expression, my dear. If he were taken from his family young, what would his property be when divided between eight sons and daughters? Grace is truly wise; and it is not long since she told me that Gilbert was generally in far better spirits and more light-hearted since she had persuaded him to give up the phaeton, and add to his policy."

"You always take her part, mother."

"I ought to do! What an excellent marriage it was thought for her, — a poor

vicar's daughter. Yet, when he chose to give up his profession, and settle down here to devote himself to literature, how well she bore it. She knew what straitened circumstances were by experience, yet she set herself bravely to meet them; and though I do not believe he makes twenty pounds a year yet by his writings, she always flatters him that he will do in time. Indeed I often feel that she is a far more prudent housewife than I am, and she has all that is really needful though she spends less money."

"Dear mamma," said Josephine, "you had a full right to spend it while you had it. I only wish I knew what I could do to economise."

Harriet said nothing; she was awed into something like thoughtfulness by the vague impression that pecuniary straits were at hand.

"There's nothing I hate," said Laura, with energy, "so much as that word 'struggling.' I cannot bear to hear people talk of struggling. Why should any one struggle?"

"Why, my dear," said her mother, again displeased by the tone of her remarks; "surely it is better to struggle than to succumb, you would not have us despair, or run into debt, or let things take their course?"

"No, mamma," answered Laura; and added, "I had a letter to-day from Moxon. She proposes to come back as she promised, for a fortnight, but says that after that time her father must have her to mind the shop."

"Ah!" said Harriet, "I knew how it would be; misfortunes never come single. And what a comfort she would have been to us now."

"Yes," said Laura, "but I know of such a capital, capable, and thoroughly desirable person to take her place."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Josephine. "You know perfectly what a very expensive servant Moxon is; you are quite provoking to-night, Laura, I declare." But, in reality, it was a secret sense of what Laura did mean that made her sister so uncomfortable.

"Only," proceeded Laura, "she is, I should say, a superior person to Moxon, and if she is engaged the household work will have to be arranged rather differently. Mother!"

The mother turned on hearing herself appealed to, and looked Laura full in the face; she saw a cheerful, pleasant face enough.

"Mother," repeated Laura, "you paid Moxon twenty-two pounds a year, and I

have heard you say that the extra things servants have, such as tea and sugar, &c., cost about seven pounds a year."

"Yes," said the mother.

"And what is a servant's board considered to cost?"

"From thirty to thirty-five pounds."

"Then Moxon cost you certainly sixty pounds a year."

"More than that, my dear, for there were her travelling expenses when she went about with us."

"Those, perhaps, were ten pounds a year?"

"They may have been, one year with another" —

"What a treasure she was, always clean, you know. I often remarked as I walked in the garden past her pantry window — nice snug little room that it is, — I often remarked how pleasant her work was when I saw her sitting at her clean table rubbing the silver with a washleather, or working with her basket before her. I wrote to her and told her to send me a list of all the things she used to do for us, and here it is. She cleaned the silver, washed the glass and china, did the needle-work, dressed us" —

"Laura!" exclaimed her mother, interrupting her.

"Yes, mamma."

"I could not possibly allow you, my dear child, to turn yourself into a servant. Rather than that I would give up the pony carriage, and do with two maid-servants. I think we could easily manage with Sarah, at least we could manage in a fashion."

"O yes," exclaimed both Josephine and Harriet, "I am sure we could."

"No doubt we could," said Laura, "but then that would be struggling."

"It would be much better than your turning yourself into a household drudge," cried Josephine.

"A household drudge," repeated Laura with some scorn. "Is Moxon a household drudge? Do you ever see her with blackened hands or fluffy hair? Do you think that because I wish to sit in a snug little room and clean a teapot with a pair of gloves on, I shall afterwards appear before our friends with a nose all covered with soot like Mrs. Lirriper's 'willing Sophy?' I should not like the house to get into confusion, nothing to be straight, and clean, and bright, and nothing to be ready; and, as it is the will of Providence that mamma should lose this money" —

"You think," interrupted Josephine, "that

it is also the will of Providence that you should degrade yourself and step down from your own station?"

These sisters, though fond of one another, could talk with unsparring sharpness when occasion served.

"Is it the will of Providence?" repeated the young lady.

"I don't know," said Laura.

"Don't know," exclaimed her sister with as much scorn as if the words should have been followed by "You ought to be ashamed to say so." "*Don't know!*"

"Why, Josey," said Laura, good-humouredly, "you often seem to me to confound our interest with our duty. No doubt it is our interest, but surely it cannot be a sacred duty to keep precisely in the station we were born in. Do you think now, do you think that if a duke came to our village and wished to marry me, and if I declined his handsome proposition, I should say it was because it was not the will of Providence that I should step out of my own station?"

Not having a direct answer ready, Josephine shirked the question by replying that a duke was not likely to come.

"Nor any other gentleman," was the quiet answer. "Is it likely, when there are two unexceptionable noses in the family, delicately-shaped and of the neatest Roman pattern, that any man in his senses would deliberately turn from these to choose a pug? Mamma," continued Laura, finding that her sisters were silenced by this remark, "all I ask is, that Moxon should teach me while she is here all the cleanest and most delicate parts of her work, such as ironing our lace as well as the other things I have mentioned; then that Sarah and cook should do such parts of it as are not fit for my occupation; and that before you decide on any other plan I should have a month's fair trial, and prove whether I cannot do it well and advantageously."

"It would be a great disadvantage to us," said Harriet. "I should not like my sister to work like a servant."

"I never should work like a servant; I should do everything, you would see, in a neater, cleaner, and more intelligent way than ever Moxon does."

"Everybody would find it out."

"That I should not mind," observed the mother, "if it was our duty to agree to the plan. I really do not see why Laura should not try it for a month."

"It is quite a new invention, you know," said Laura, "to let gentlewomen have nothing to do in the house: our great-grandmothers had no notion of such idleness.

How often did our Great-Aunt Clare amuse us with descriptions of how the Colonel used to come and pay his duty to her elder sister, and she as a child used to look on and admire his uniform and his wig? She and her friends, the Member's daughters, used to iron their laces and great great-grand-papa's ruffs out of doors in the hot weather, under the great walnut-trees, and the young officers used to go in and out of the house to fetch and carry the irons for them and lounge about her ironing board. What a beauty she must have been, if she was like her portrait. And what a pretty scene it must have been, old Great-Aunt Delia in her quilted petticoat and the little hat stuck on the top of her powdered curls, lifting up the delicate laces and frills with her dainty hands, and their ancient mother keeping a sharp look-out from the casement, and calling the Colonel to order if she thought his compliments caused any pause in the business of the afternoon. Then they used to spin. What a graceful occupation that must have been."

"There," said Josephine, impatiently and almost bitterly, "it is of no use talking of Aunt Delia's ironing, and your doing it, as if it was equally natural. You know very well that in those days they all did it. The girls met together, followed by their maids carrying the things that were to be ironed, they had regular ironing parties, and used to gossip over the affairs of the neighbourhood, just as we do now at the afternoon tea. The ironing-board was a favorite resort of the beaux a hundred years ago, but if you take to ironing the lace, Laura, every man we know will stare, but nobody will admire."

"I dare say not," answered Laura, good-humouredly, for she sincerely desired to carry her point. "And I do not mind confiding to you, Josey, that if there was any innocent occupation in the world so becoming that it would make me admired, I should certainly take to it. Of course I have wished I was one of those people who give pleasure to others merely by letting themselves be looked at, but it's of no use wishing, so I think of writing an essay '*On the regrets of a Plain Young Lady.*' If any one will give a hundred pounds for it, we can have a new maid; if not, I hope to be allowed to play the part myself."

"It is a pity that you will make yourself out to be plain," said Harriet; "your taking it for granted, as you always do, is enough to make people agree that it is so."

"No," said Laura; "if you said the same thing people would not agree to it, they



would only say what an affected girl you were."

Josephine was silent, she gave her sister credit for much higher principle than any which governed herself or Harriet. Moreover, she was very willing that their house should still be comfortable, and that all those little matters should be attended to which take time and nicety, but which are by no means laborious, and which, in fact, make the difference between a well regulated house and one which is disorderly and discreditable.

Only, thought Josephine, I could not bear to have it said that Laura did these things; I should even be happy to help if the thing was kept quiet, but I do not like to have it supposed that we have come down in the world. George's family, as it is, hold themselves a little above us, and I think his sisters would feel it if we demeaned ourselves to menial occupation; they would make me feel it too.

"Can you think of anything better to be done?" said their mother, with a sigh. "You know that even if I let Laura do this, thirty pounds at least have to be saved besides; the remaining twenty need not be thought of, for they would have been spent in charity if we had had them."

A tedious discussion then followed, and it was agreed that the greenhouse was a luxury, and could be dispensed with, and that the three or four dinner-parties, which they were in the habit of giving annually, could also be given up, for no one liked to propose the laying down of the little carriage, because Mrs. Richmond depended on it for her recreation and exercise.

"If these matters are so arranged," said Laura, "we can save this money without any struggling."

"Why do you harp so on that word?" said Harriet.

"Because I dislike the thing. Consider what misery people put themselves to in order to keep up appearances before their neighbours, the meanness, the privations, they submit to; and what does keeping up appearances mean? Why, going without realities."

"And pray don't you consider cleaning the plate and washing the china, and ironing lace, and dressing hair, going without realities?" said Josephine, warmly.

"I'll answer you this day month," said Laura; "in the meantime I declare to you that I enjoy my prospects! How often have we laughed when Mrs. Andrews has said, 'My dears, I am so constituted that I enjoy the east wind.' Well, I am so constituted

that I enjoy the notion of being obliged to make myself so useful; and, Josephine and Harriet, I hereby promise to make a great concession to your prejudices; I promise you that *nobody shall know!*"

Laura laughed when she said this. Josephine blushed deeply; she felt that her sister knew her real and great objection to the plan would melt away before this promise; that she would be truly glad things should be done, and would be thankful to her for doing them, if only she would keep her kindness to herself.

As for Harriet, she answered openly: "Thank you, dear, that will make all the difference. You have such curious views about duty that I thought you might feel it right to tell everybody; but, as that is not to be the case, I really do not see why you should not indulge your fancy." She then added, "I shall always make a point of putting my music away myself now, and I shall mend my own gloves."

## IV.

"AFTER all," thought Josephine, "two hundred pounds is a large sum of money. Is it possible that we are going to save it by such easy means as these? I really was afraid I should have to accept Grace's proposition and teach the children."

Grace's proposition, which had been made privately, was that Josephine should become daily governess to her brother's children, and dine early with them every day. "I give Miss Wilson twenty-eight pounds a year," Grace had said; "and I think her dinner costs me about twelve pounds a year. Now, if you were to take her place, there would be a considerable sum earned and saved; and though I must have regularity with the children, I would always let one of the others come to them when you individually had an invitation that would interfere with their lessons."

Josephine shrunk exceedingly from this undertaking, and entreated Grace not to mention it, unless nothing better could be thought of. "I will not," said Grace. "But nothing better will be thought of, and then I am certain the Andrews would be delighted to have Laura; they think so much of Laura, and they are not satisfied with their present governess."

"We had much better move into a smaller house," said Josephine.

"No, Josey; you forget that your mother's house is her own. If she left it, it would want doing up for a new tenant,

which now she could not afford; then there is the expense of moving, besides the probability that the house would stand empty before a tenant was found."

"O Grace! you think of everything," said poor Josephine, almost in despair.

Josephine thought of this the next morning when she woke, and she admitted to herself that the burden was lifted from her shoulders, no sacrifice now was demanded of her, and Laura was always craving for something to do.

"If she is so very certain that this is her mission," continued Josephine, "I really do think we ought not to thwart her." Whether she would have thought so if Laura had not said "*Nobody shall know*," she did not stop to consider.

"Grandmamma," said one of the small Richmonds, putting in his head the next day at breakfast time, "mamma's love, and — O don't, Milly, don't."

"Come in, both of you," said the grandmother. "Milly, I know you are there; don't pull your brother back. Now, then, darlings, what is it?"

"Mamma's love," repeated the boy — "No, Aunt Josey, not marmalade; we like the buttered toast much better — mamma's love, and Uncle Dick's coming home."

"What, Uncle Dick! how glad mamma must be!"

"She said she was glad," lisped the little girl; "but she cried; mamma cried."

"Is Uncle Dick well?"

"Yes, and he'll be here to-morrow; and mamma's going to have the box room cleared out and done up for him; and here's his letter which you're to read; and, grandmamma, mamma's love, and will you have us to-day, because she's so busy?"

"Of course she is; and her governess gone out too. Yes, dears, you can stay. You've had your breakfast?"

The children admitted that they had, but they were evidently ready for a second edition of this meal. The girl sat on Harriet's knees, sipped her coffee, and remarked with satisfaction how sweet it was, and how strong. The boy, after a series of chuckles, brought a very tame young thrush out of his pocket — a creature by far too precious to be left behind — and setting it on the table-cloth, let it share in all that his aunts would give him.

"Oh! he's so tame," quoth the little urchin.

"What, Uncle Dick?" said Laura, mischievously. "Is Uncle Dick so tame?" Uncle Dick had not exactly that reputation.

"No; my thrush. He's coming home (Uncle Dick is) — at least pa said he thought he was — to get married."

The girls looked at one another. "Just like Gilbert," said Josephine, aside to Laura; "fancy his talking in that way before the children."

"Mamma said, 'Oh don't, Gilbert,' to papa," observed the little fellow, for he had caught some of their words.

"Do people choose wives for *themselves*?" inquired Miss Milly Richmond.

"Yes, of course."

"Oh!" answered the small lady, and seemed to ponder.

The aunts were rather uncomfortable, and changed the subject of discourse, till the children had finished eating, and had demanded leave to go into the garden and dig in a small plot which they considered their own.

"You may depend on it that Grace will strain every nerve to keep Dick with her," said Josephine; "for of course if he will marry, she would like to have some influence over his choice. No doubt there has been some sort of joke between her and Gilbert already as to her choosing a wife for him."

"Well, my dears," said the politic mother, "Dick is an excellent young man, and would be a very good-match for almost any girl."

"We know that, mother," said Laura, unable to forbear laughing; "but Grace does not intend to bestow him on one of your daughters."

"Perhaps not," said Mrs. Richmond; "but, girls, you are far too fond of laughing at young men. No one comes near us whom some one of you has not set before the others in a ridiculous light."

"Whatever I may have said, mother," observed Laura, "I shall infallibly forget, if any excellent and delightful young man should have the good taste to make me an offer — nobody ever will, of course, but in such a case I promise you beforehand to accept him, if" —

"If what, Laura?"

"If his sister will let me."

"Nonsense!" said the mother. "And, pray, why do you think nobody ever will make you a suitable offer?"

"It's a sort of presentiment that I have," answered Laura. "I think things go on as they begin. Nobody ever pays me a compliment. People talk to me and to you, mamma, just in the same tone; but to Josephine and Harriet they say all sorts of foolish things! However, I must go. Mox-

on will be here directly, and I shall have a great deal to do."

Dick, otherwise Richard Vernon, Esq., was Grace's only brother. He was several years younger than herself, and soon after her marriage he had come into possession most unexpectedly of a moderate estate, which was left to him by a distant cousin, together with several thousand pounds. Dick, who was then in a Government office, immediately gave out to his sister that he meant to marry. She actually believed him, though, when a very young man does marry, it is seldom from any deliberate intention beforehand.

Dick was at that time just of age. Grace accordingly made her preparations. She invited three of the most desirable girls in the neighbourhood to come and pay her a visit, and got him to come also.

But Dick, instead of being delighted, first with all of them, and then with one in particular, took the contrary course. First he inclined to the fair one, because she was so grave and still; then he admired the witty one, because she was so independent (this young lady was rather older than himself, and was fully aware of the transparent device that was being played out); finally, he was captivated, also, with the clever one. In fact, he had not been in the house a fortnight before he was on what might have almost been called affectionate terms with all three. He was a charming fellow, and very young for his age, and very sociable. The clever girl regarded him as a handsome and interesting boy; the witty one laughed at him openly when he tried to be sentimental; and he found out that the fair one liked somebody else.

Dick then thought he was rather too young to marry; told his sister he should wait till he was twenty-three, and set forth on his travels, determined to look well about him, leaving the clever girl and the witty one secretly very wroth with Grace, because each thought she could have made an impression if she might have had him to herself; but what could either do in the presence of two spectators and a rival?

These travels, once begun, were protracted through eight years, and took Dick into all quarters of the globe. His sister now thought he never would settle down at all. Great, therefore, was her delight when at last a letter came which set forth that he was tired of having no settled home, and that he was on his way to England, and meant to stay three months with his sister before he decided where to live.

His laud had no house upon it. If there

had been one, and he had lived in it, some good mother would long ere that have married him to her daughter.

Dick in due course arrived. Some people do not tell much about themselves in their letters, therefore Grace was a little surprised to find that this young brother of hers had not developed into the sort of man she expected to find him.

"What do you think of him?" she said to her husband, when they were alone. "He was always a dear fellow."

"Think of him," answered Gilbert. "Well, he looks like a young naval officer, and he talks like a parson. He seemed quite surprised to find that we had no family prayers."

"Because we used to have them when he went away, and so we ought to have now, only that it is such a trouble to get the boys off to school, and if we have them after they are gone, the tradespeople begin to call for orders and interrupt us. Then at night you would not like to be fetched out of your study at any particular time."

"Of course not," was the prompt reply.

"And I cannot let the servants sit up an indefinite time to wait for your coming. They must go to bed early; they have so much to do in the day."

"My mother manages to have prayers," said Gilbert.

"Ah! that is a different thing."

"I always liked Dick," said Gilbert, composedly. "I wish good health was as catching as a fever, and I could catch it of him. He's such a joyous sort of fellow, too, and I must say his religion sits very naturally on him."

"Oh! we were brought up religiously," said Grace.

"We!" repeated Gilbert, with idle good-humour. "Then I suppose you mean to say that it is I who made you the worldly woman that you are?"

"Gilbert, you're not in earnest!" said Grace, colouring.

"It's a very odd thing," said Gilbert, considering her quietly, as she turned to look at him, "a very odd thing that you should get handsomer as you grow older. I was thinking only the other day that you were not nearly so good-looking when I married you."

"But, Gilbert," said Grace, persuasively, "you don't really consider me worldly?"

"Don't I?" inquired the compliant husband.

"No, certainly not," said Grace, in a tone of sincere conviction.

"All right," replied Gilbert; and after a

pause he added, "Dick seems as fond of the children as ever."

It was lucky for Mr. Richard Vernon that he was fond of children, for he found the house full of them, and they were children of the most demonstrative and affectionate sort.

It was a usual thing with him shortly, to be woken in the morning by very small children, who, having escaped from the nursery, stood on tiptoe holding by his counterpane, stared at him with great eyes, and departed, after ascertaining that he had not got away in the night.

Boys not quite so small came to see him shave, and poked their fingers into his pomatum. Small girls waylaid him on the stairs, and made him carry them down. When he was seated the family clustered about him, and caused him to go through all his accomplishments—to whistle, to sing, and imitate the cries of animals; after this, when he went to the stables, the boys went too.

"It's a pity mistress allows it," observed the nurse to her subordinate. "Master would be driven wild if they did it to him."

Dick was by no means driven wild. He seemed a good deal bored by certain efforts that were made in the neighbourhood for his amusement; but he liked the company of children, and the first time he called on Mrs. Richmond he brought the five youngest with him, carrying the baby—who was rather an old baby—on his shoulder.

"Harriet is as pretty as ever," he observed, when he came home.

"Do you think so?" said Grace, a little coldly.

"Yes, and she chattered on in the old way. Josephine is improved."

As Josephine was engaged, Grace did not care what he thought of her, and his last remark about Harriet reassured her. "Did you see Laura?" she inquired.

"No; they said she was busy. Gilbert says she is the best of them. I've almost forgotten her. Isn't she rather plain?"

"No. I should hardly call her plain," answered Grace, determined to be dispassionate. "She has a sweet expression, but she is very like both the others, and yet not equal to them. That is what makes her appear plain when they are by." Then, suddenly changing the subject, "Dick," she said, "I am afraid you think we have brought up our children like little heathens."

"Why, what makes you think so?"

"O, your having taught them hymns, and given them those Bible picture-books; be-

sides, I know you talk to them about religion."

"Of course," said Dick.

"I have had so much to do," observed Grace, in an apologetic tone. "I strained every nerve for a long time to prevent dear Gilbert from giving up his profession, and then, when I found that was inevitable, I had still to keep up his spirits in doing it, though I knew it was a mistake, and though, of course, I deeply disapproved."

"So it is a deplorable mistake," said Dick; "but he seems perfectly contented now, and certain that he shall make himself a name."

"O, yes, but that hope too it is now my part to encourage. He could not write if he did not expect to succeed in the end; and so, what with my anxieties, and Gilbert taking up so much of my time, and other circumstances, I have, I don't know how it is, almost lost sight of"——

Here Grace came to a stop. A brother not unfrequently excuses himself to his sister, and admits to her that he has lost sight of the principles in which they were both educated; perhaps he confides to her a certain regret that the cares and the ways of this world should so much have driven out the faith and the customs of his father's house; but it is not often that a sister so talks to a brother. A clergyman's children in their father's parsonage do certain things as a matter of course. They go to church, they attend family prayers, they help with the schools, and interest themselves about the parish charities. It is only when they have long left it and him, that it becomes evident what sort of people they truly are. Then they do and attend to such things as they really consider important, and if they are very busy, they naturally lay aside the rest.

"I have had so many duties and cares that I have had no time to attend to religion," really means, "I have not been sensible of its paramount importance, and of its supreme consolations."

Dick had hardly been aware of any difference between himself and his sister when they parted, but in him the principle of life had grown, as all things will grow that live: on the other hand, Grace had only put away a dead thing, because it was a trouble to carry it about with her. A tear twinkled on her eyelashes as she stooped over her work, and she did not try to finish her speech. Dick felt a sensation of surprise, which was as much owing to her manner as to anything she had said.

She was five years his senior, and he had

always looked up to her; but now, he was stronger, wiser, and richer than she was; he was free, and she had bound herself with many ties; moreover, a certain force of character which had once obtained dominion over him was softened by a long course of attention to a singular man, who required a great deal of managing, by her love to, and self-denial for the sake of her many children, and by the tender trust that both husband and children reposed in her.

He presently answered, without the least shadow of blame in his manner; but she was painfully aware how much he pitied her, as if she had missed the very best blessing out of her life; he "wondered how she could have got on without it."

Grace hardly knew; she had always loved this brother exceedingly, and the discovery of such a difference between them gave her keen pain — more pain at first than it did to be sure that she had left no place for God in her world. She had hoped that Dick would help her to manage her great boys, they were twins, and were thirteen years old; she wanted him to persuade Gilbert to put them to a better school, and to advise her what to do about money affairs. She had no notion of getting help or strength from the Unseen; and this brother of hers, now that he was come and would help her, had matter in his thoughts that she could not share; in talking with him, she must have reservations just as she had with her husband; she had love from her husband, but not real companionship, and now she felt that she could not have it from Dick either.

Her schemes also were out of place for him. She had taken pains to make his coming known, and the whole neighbourhood had called, which Dick found rather a bore; then she had arranged a pic-nic, an archery party, a dinner; other people had done the like, and now she felt sure that some of the families with whom she should most have liked to be allied were not at all to his taste; moreover, she could now do nothing with him, her little manœuvres would be evident to his experienced eyes; and whereas she wanted him to improve his position or his fortune by marriage, his head was full of schemes for improving the positions of the crowds below him; as for any notion of rising higher, he thought himself already at the top. He had read what was best worth reading, he had seen what was most worth seeing, and he was an Englishman of good estate. — what could he want more! Why he wanted a wife, and he meant to choose himself one; and he wanted a house, he was

going to build himself one, and in that house he meant to rule.

"Marry!" exclaimed Gilbert, when talking the matter over with his wife; "not he; he expects too much. In the first place he wants a religious wife."

"Of course," said Grace; "and a cultivated woman."

"And one of a sweet and compliant temper," continued Gilbert; "for Master Dick has old-fashioned notions. He made me blush yesterday, I declare, for he asked some questions, and when I referred him to you — 'What,' he answered, 'do you allow your wife to arrange these affairs?' I replied as became me, that I hoped I knew my place."

"No, you don't," said Grace; "Dick is quite right. I wish you did know your place and would take it."

"I can't, my dear; you wouldn't let me."

"Try me," said Grace. "Give orders yourself, and see them carried out."

"It's all very well to talk," answered he, carelessly, then suddenly checking himself, he added, with mock gravity, "and now I think of it, I always do."

"Really, Gilbert!" exclaimed his wife.

"Why, I thought that was what you wanted me to say. You should have heard Denver's panegyric on his wife this morning; it made everyone laugh, it was so unexpected."

Gilbert had been a guest that morning at a wedding breakfast. The host was not the bride's father, and when the health of his wife was drunk he rose and returned thanks for her.

"It was a very neat speech," Gilbert said; "he attributed to her every virtue under the sun, and concluded thus: — 'She has shared my sorrows, doubled my comforts, and — and,' looking round on his children, 'and trebled my expenses.'"

## v.

A MONTH passed over the heads of the Richmond family: it was the month of August, and everything seemed to go so well with them, that they almost forgot the diminution of income — no real comfort had been taken away. Laura was very happy in learning and practising her new duties; in fact, there is a natural pleasure in the exercise of everything which can be called handicraft. All children know this, and many grown-up, people. The possession of hammer and nails is delightful, as every one knows who has ever gone so far in the use

of them as to cover a box with chintz, or plan an ornamental curtain for a looking-glass. Laura fitted up her little room with all sorts of hooks and nails and brackets; and there she sat enjoying herself over her polishing operations, the arrangement of her china, and the getting up of frills and lace. She had expected that at first many remarks would have been made about her proceedings. She had also thought it likely that when they found how easy and pleasant the said occupations were, her sisters would, from time to time, have come in to help her with them. Nothing of the kind occurred. It is astonishing how soon people reconcile themselves to a convenient change, when once it comes into operation. The mother was reconciled at once; she respected and delighted in the feeling which had prompted Laura to move into the gap, and fill it up so pleasantly; she would not discourage her, nor rob her of the great good which she believed her to be deriving from her conscientious labour. She saw her looking well and happy, she knew Laura was not fond of society, and had often, even before there was any need for it, contrived excuses for keeping out of it. She therefore used no more pressure to make her go out than she had been accustomed to do. "I am not amused at parties," Laura would sometimes say; "I feel shy, and I am sure I am often in the way." "You will not cure shyness by keeping out of society altogether," the mother would answer, "and I think it is but right that you should accept one invitation in three."

One invitation in three or four Laura accepted still, but instead of looking her best in society, talking her best, singing her best, as was the case with her sisters, the exact contrary came to pass. She was much the most important of the sisters when at home, in her brother's house, or among intimate friends; but in society she was of no importance at all. As for Josephine, she had intended to help Laura when first she entered on her new duties, but a change in the prospects of George Philpott enabled him to marry sooner than had been expected, and Josephine was looking forward to be a wife, in three months. She had, therefore, more than usual to do; and not only that, she now wished to think of Laura's conduct as little better than a freak, the indulgence of a peculiar fancy. "When I am gone," she argued, "mamma will be better off by all I cost her; she can then afford to have another servant, no doubt, and though my *trousseau* has to be provided at a particularly inconvenient time, it would be just as easy to

borrow money to have a servant during these three months, as for it: and but for Laura herself, and her queer determination, it must have been done, and then I should never have had the annoyance of thinking that perhaps George's sisters would find her out, and express their surprise and vexation."

Harriet, of course, could do nothing to help Laura; there were twice as many parties as usual, and she went to them all; she was an ornament wherever she appeared. Harriet accordingly found at first nothing to say; Laura dressed her hair for her, and did it most becomingly; it would never do to set her against so convenient an accomplishment, nor to let her think she ought not to stay at home and do what had to be done, for in that case some one else must undertake to do it. That was how Harriet argued just at first, and then she forgot all about it; took the whole matter for granted, and rang her bell for Laura to come to her and fasten up her hair just as she had formerly rung for Moxon. Laura on the other hand was extremely anxious that her sisters should not perceive in her any repentance or regret. She knew from various hints let fall by Grace, that Gilbert by no means thought well of his mother's affairs, and only hoped that she might have no further diminution of income before Josephine's marriage.

"After that," thought Laura, "mamma might again lose fifty or sixty pounds a year, and we could go on exactly the same and without any struggling, because that is just what Josephine costs her."

Several parties were now given by Mrs. Gilbert Richmond and other ladies. Laura seldom appeared at them, and Richard Vernon, though he took not the least interest in her, noticed the circumstance.

"Why does Laura go out so seldom, Miss Richmond?" he inquired.

"Oh," said Harriet, "with a foolish little feeling of shame, 'I don't think Laura cares particularly about society.'"

"I wonder whether they push that girl into the background," thought Dick, "or make a household drudge of her?"

Now Dick liked to be with the Miss Richmonds rather than with other girls in the neighbourhood. Josephine was going to be married; Harriet, to do her justice, had plenty of self-respect, and did not want to sit with him; and Laura, a shy, soft-voiced, silent girl, would sit looking quietly on, not expecting, and evidently not desiring to be taken any notice of. Her shyness did not extend to him, that he observed at once; moreover, she did not want for penetration; he knew,

for he had seen it in her face, that she was much amused at the little attempts sometimes made to gain his attentions, and at his little attempts to get away from such girls as might happen to bore him. And she no more expected to engage his attention herself, than to find herself adored by the Great Mogul.

Dick had bought his sister a new boat, and when it arrived, he proposed to take her down the river in it. They were to drive home in his drag. She assented gladly, and added —

“I told the Miss Grattans that we were going down some day this week, and they said they should be delighted to join us.”

“Oh,” said Dick, who had foreseen this, and who disliked these two young ladies chiefly because his sister was always thrusting them in his way; “I asked your sisters-in-law to go: the boat lies at their landing at the bottom of their orchard. I shall put them in, and drop down for you.”

“Very well,” said Mrs. Gilbert Richmond.

“I told them that, if you decided to go to-day, I would let them know,” he continued, and off he presently set, taking three of the children with him.

These three consisted of Milly, who was about six years old; Reginald, a little boy who talked as if his mouth was full of plums; and the baby, who was nearly two years old, a young lady who made about ten words do the work of hundreds, and yet was applauded whenever she spoke, and very seldom misunderstood.

“Lolly,” said the baby as her uncle carried her.

“She means that we’re going to see Aunt Laura,” observed the little girl.

“Lolly,” repeated the baby, with a satisfied air. The baby was devoted to Laura: a practical mind will probably see reason enough for this in the fact that Laura now habitually spent her mornings in the little room which had been Moxon’s. Cakes, figs, biscuits, and other delicacies were kept in it, and when the baby, having trotted out of the drawing-room window to Laura’s window, had been lifted in, and kissed, and praised, and when she had been set down again, and had proceeded with great sagacity to a drawer containing good things, and had slapped it with the palms of her fat hands, and said, “Lolly, open,” Laura always did open it, exclaiming, “Clever little thing,” and gave her something nice out of it to eat.

Laura held a *seance* in this room rather often — that is to say, as often as the little

Richmonds came to see their grandmother in the morning.

Of course it is not to be supposed that when Laura said, “Nobody shall know,” she meant to include her nephews and nieces; for these little people were always cognisant of everything that went on in their grandmother’s house. And even the baby, if she missed one of her aunts from the circle, would insist upon making a progress through the house in search of her, unless her absence had been accounted for in terms that the little creature could understand.

It is very certain, however, that many children have quite discretion enough not to talk of things which they have been told to keep to themselves; always supposing that the reasons for this reticence have been duly explained to them.

The elder children knew, because the matter had been explained to them, that their grandmother had not near so much money as formerly, that consequently she had one less servant, Aunt Laura washing the tea-things, &c.; but that they were not to talk about this, because their aunts did not wish it to be known. Accordingly, they never did talk about it out of the family. But then they regarded “Uncle Dick” as one of the family; and once or twice had said things which rather surprised him.

That morning, when they entered the drawing-room from the garden, and had been informed by the housemaid that Mrs. Richmond and the young ladies were out, Dick was about to return, but the baby pulled him vehemently to the door; and when he took her up to carry her off she began to cry.

“She wants to find Aunt Lolly,” said the boy.

“Baby must see her aunts some other day,” said Dick; “they are out.”

“Aunt Lolly isn’t out,” said the boy with scorn. “Of course she never goes out in the morning, when she’s got all that to do.”

“Yes, Miss Laura is at home,” said Sarah, the housemaid; “but she’s busy.”

The baby by this time had struggled down, and got into the garden, and she was running away as fast as her little fat legs could carry her.

Dick only staid to leave a message with the maid, and then he followed — passed the kitchen window, passed the window of the late Mr. Richmond’s study, and came to another window, following the children. It was about two feet from the ground; and as he came up, the legs of the two elder ones were disappearing inside, and the baby was clamouring to be taken in also.

"Now, children," he heard Laura say, "how often have I told you not to come in by the window? Look at baby: she is stamping upon the carnations."

Dick then appeared. Laura was standing in the middle of the room, with a deal table before her. A small tub of hot water stood upon it, and she had just lifted a china cup form it, and was drying it with an affair which maids call a glass-cloth. Dick, seeing that she was not in a condition to shake hands with him, lifted his hat. Laura was adorned with a large white linen apron, and when she saw him she looked a little dismayed.

He, on the contrary, found nothing in her occupation to excite his attention. He had travelled long enough to see men and women do all sorts of things in all sorts of ways; so he lifted in the baby, and sitting down on the window-sill, with his legs among the carnations, began to talk about his proposed row down the river; and Laura, after a moment of hesitation, went on washing the breakfast-service, and hanging the cups upon a row of little hooks.

The baby was soon seated quietly on the floor, biting minute bits out of an apple with the whitest little teeth in the world; and the two other children began to do the honours of the place.

"This is where grandmamma keeps all her best things, Uncle Dick. Oh, grandma's got such beautiful plates, with birds on them."

And gradmamma's got a silver stag."

"Indeed."

"Aunt Lolly, do show him the silver stag."

"Presently," said Laura, smiling.

"You shall see it presently, Uncle Dick. Oh, and grandmamma's got some silver tankards, too. We know when they're going to be used, don't we, Lolly? Uncle Dick, have you heard that we're going to be at the wedding breakfast? Grandmamma says we shall, all but baby; and it only wants nine weeks and a half to the wedding. Oh, I wish it would come to morrow."

"You shall come too, Uncle Dick, said the liberal-minded little boy, inviting him on the spot. "Oh, what fun it will be for Aunt Josey; and we shall go and stay in Aunt Josey's house. Lolly, when will it be your turn to be married?"

"I don't know," said Laura, demurely, and not more put out of countenance than might have been expected.

"She can't be married," said Miss Milly, "till somebody comes to marry her; can you, Lolly?"

Laura had been startled into her first an-

swer, but now she said nothing; and Dick made some slight observation, which was intended in her interest to divert the children's attention to something else. But when they had answered it, and a further question that he put, they returned to the attack.

"It won't be at all fair, then, if somebody doesn't come," said the boy, tumbling himself head over heels out of the window. Then, as if the suitability of the thing had suddenly struck him, he secured Dick by the legs, and exclaimed, "Why can't Uncle Dick marry her? Perhaps he came on purpose."

"No, he didn't," said Milly, "he came to see mamma; and perhaps Lolly doesn't wish"—

Dick, with a countenance of the utmost possible redness, and literally held by the legs, did not know what to do or where to look.

"Oh, yes, she does. I know she does. Uncle Dick, dear, do marry Lolly,—do. She wants you to marry her so much, don't you, Lolly? and we want to go to the wedding."

Dick's self-possession so utterly failed him, that he sat stock still; and the ridiculous reason which came out as sufficient to bring him to this family arrangement struck him so forcibly, that in spite of himself he burst into an irresistible fit of laughing.

"Come along," he exclaimed, as soon as he could recover, "it's time we were off;" and he shook himself free of the boy's detaining arms, and was wondering how he could turn round and look at Laura, when, to his relief, he heard the door open and shut again. She was gone; and he wished and so did she, that she had had the sense and foresight to retire before.

"Well, I never did feel so utterly put out of countenance!" said Dick, marching across the garden, with his face still all aglow. "The only drawback to being with children is that they now and then say such disastrous things. 'Wants to marry you so much!' Well, if it had been said of any of the other girls in the neighbourhood! But this particular one, if she has such a wish, has certainly the grace to keep it to herself. I know nothing of her; and, upon my word, it was too bad. I must be particularly civil to her this afternoon."

Here the children overtook him; and he told them a story all the way home by way of making them forget this matrimonial conversation.

In the afternoon Laura did not appear.

"I wonder," thought Dick, "whether she



minds it much, and whether she was much put out of countenance."

Probably she was; for the next day he met her suddenly in the road, and she was so painfully embarrassed that though he greeted her with the most successful air of unconsciousness, she stammered, blushed, and could not look at him. So in pity to her he was obliged to take his leave, instead of turning and walking a little way with her as he had intended.

She was very successful after that in keeping out of his way; did not enter her brother's house, nor sit in the drawing-room at home, lest he should come in. Yet at the end of a week, when he did encounter her, she was still shy, still abashed.

"Poor little girl!" he thought (Laura was as tall as most other women). "What is to be done? I must manage to restore her self-respect if I can."

But for several days after this he did not see her, and then she dined at her brother's house, and avoided him with such bashful persistency, that he was afraid every one would notice. It was a very real feeling, that was evident, and it seemed to grow upon her. So Dick revolved the matter in his mind, and decided that he would speak to her about it in a plain, simple manner, just as if he was a relative and much older than herself—would assure her that he knew the children had quite misinterpreted her sentiments—and talk afterwards about other things till she was again at her ease.

This conversation was to begin somewhat in this way: he was to remark that children often make ridiculous speeches, and she, knowing what was coming, was to turn her young face away and blush. He knew exactly how she would look when she blushed; but he did not care for anything but to set matters right; he felt no other interest in the conversation that he thus rehearsed beforehand.

"As our little niece and nephew did the other day," he meant to add, and then he was to tell her how absurd they had both been to be so sensitive about it; "for his part it was only for the moment, but as she felt the matter still," &c., &c.

And then he meant to say things which would show her that he was man of somewhat mature age who had seen a good deal of life, and she was a young, inexperienced creature, and he could assure her that she ought never to bestow another thought upon this nonsense, and she was to say she would not, and they were to part friends.

"Only," thought Mr. Richard Vernon, "it behoves me to be careful not to produce

a second misunderstanding while I am correcting the first." If he was making a mistake himself in so thinking, he should not be severely blamed, for several women as young and fairer than Laura had helped him in the making of it, and were helping him still.

So he watched his opportunity, and one morning, when Laura's mother and her sisters were out, he again approached her window from the garden, taking care to sing an air as he came along which should prevent his taking her at unawares.

"Oh, Laura," he said, when he reached the open window, "I am so glad to find you here; I wanted to have a little friendly talk with you." Laura seemed overcome with bashfulness, and a delicate bloom overspread her cheeks and forehead, which very much improved her face. She had a number of spoons and forks, and some old-fashioned silver utensils spread before her, and seemed to be brushing one, and another, with some crimson powder spread upon a thing like a highly-magnified tooth-brush.

She looked up when Dick appeared, but she made him no answer whatever, and he sat down on the window-sill as before, with his feet among the flowers, and began to talk first on indifferent subjects with the most frank, friendly, and unembarrassed manner possible.

Laura had the usual white apron with its large bib pinned before her; it made her slender figure look even more girlish than usual, and her shyness added to the effect. She could not dispense with her occupation, but while she answered Dick in monosyllables she went on with her polishing operations, her hands being covered with a pair of loose wash-leather gloves.

"A droll occupation," thought Dick, "but very becoming to her; I never saw her look half so well before."

At last he began to approach the subject which had brought him there.

"I wanted particularly to ask you to go to the Grattans' pic-nic to-morrow; I hope you will."

"I think I shall have an engagement at home," said Laura.

"It makes me so uncomfortable to see you hold aloof from all the little parties and amusements that—that girls like," said Dick; "and to think that it is probably my fault, and that you continue to feel nervous because I was such a stupid fellow the other day, that I am come to apologise, and to say that I hope you will go as a particular favour to myself, and to say what—in fact,

what I should have said then ;" but he did not say it, or say anything ; for, to do him justice, he was beginning to wish himself somewhere else, and was conscious that he was not holding the part in the conversation that he had intended.

"Perhaps you mean," said Laura, taking him up softly to his great surprise, "that when the children talked nonsense you should have said, 'Your Aunt Laura no more wishes such a thing than I do.'" She paused, Dick stammered out a sort of assent, which would have been unmeaning if it had been audible, but it was not ; and then she added, still in the soft, sweet tone, "Yes, I think you should, or you might, have said something of that kind. But I do not want you to make any mistake. I cannot help being bashful, but I have long got over the original cause, and have assured myself that the shortness and slightness of our acquaintance must have made you certain that I was clear of any such wish as they imputed to me."

"Shortness and slightness!" repeated Dick, rallying, and very glad to find something to say ; "I should have said that I was on friendly terms with you and your whole family, and on such terms I hope to continue. Surely you consider me as a friend?"

"I feel quite friendly towards you," said Laura, now rather composedly, for the dreaded subject had been approached and probed, and it was not nearly so formidable now. Dick had meant to say much more, but did not see his way clear to it ; at last he observed —

"Then all this being understood" —

"All what?" said Laura.

"She means," thought Dick, "that I have come here professedly to explain and to apologise, and have left the thing to be done by her." "It being understood, I mean," he began, "that we are well aware of each other's indifference. I know very well that you are utterly indifferent to me, and have not condescended to have any designs on me or my property."

Laura on this looked up quite surprised ; the speech had been made with sudden heat, and almost with bitterness ; it was so bluntly expressed as to be anything but civil, and it was most evident, even to her inexperienced eyes, that Dick was vexed with himself and mortified.

"No," she said, in the same tone of subdued sweetness, "I am not utterly indifferent to you — I rather like you — as an acquaintance," she added, "or, since you prefer the word, as a friend. And I am sorry

that you should have annoyed yourself with the notion that I stayed away from the parties only because I was afraid to meet you. I should have done just the same if you had not been here. I had another reason."

"Another reason!" said Dick, recovering his temper as suddenly as he had lost it ; "and may I ask then what the reason could be?"

"Oh, that," said Laura, "I am not at liberty to tell you."

"What! a mystery!" he exclaimed, "I thought there were no mysteries excepting in novels."

"This is a very homely one, and quite simple."

"You will clear it up for me some day, will you not?" said Dick, wondering at himself for having been put out of temper, and feeling that he must not go now till he had made her forget that blunt speech.

"I do not think I shall," said Laura.

"In that case I shall set myself to find it out."

"I do not think you will. I suppose you will on reflection think as I do, that you have no right whatever to search into my affairs."

"Well, I do on reflection think so ; but, Laura" —

"But what, Mr. Vernon?"

"I have always been accustomed to address you by your name," said Dick, now suddenly thrown back again.

"Of course," said Laura ; "I was a mere child when we were last together."

Dick looked at her, and was surprised how from moment to moment she recovered her self-possession ; indeed, they were not now on equal grounds. In letting him know that she had not given away her heart unasked, she was only keeping up her feminine dignity ; but he was giving her a piece of gratuitous information in saying that their indifference was reciprocal.

"But," he thought, "she has come out of this scrape very well, and that ought to satisfy me. So she did not stay away on my account after all."

"But Laura is an exceedingly pretty name," he began ; "I like the sound of it. Why do you smile, Miss Richmond? Do I really see in your face that you cannot return the compliment?"

"I was not thinking of that," said Laura ; "but the beauty or ugliness of a mere sound can be but matter of opinion."

"Dick is an ugly name evidently in your opinion."

"It is not so very — ; I like it rather better than Richard."

"Like it rather better than Richard," repeated Dick, laughing. "Well, when a naturally bashful and modest man goes out of his way to say a civil thing, I think, I do think, he ought to be met in a spirit of" —

"Reciprocity?" suggested Laura.

"Yes. Rather an ugly name, is it? Perhaps you think me rather an ugly fellow?"

"No," said Laura, looking at him as if to consider the subject for the first time, "I think you are rather handsome." And a smile of amusement lighted up her whole face.

Dick having made a blunder, had no answer ready; but when he saw that Laura was actually laughing, he burst into a laugh also, and said, "Laura, you're laughing at me."

"Of course I was," said Laura. "I was wondering what you were to do about the 'reciprocity.'"

"If you made your last speech with malice aforethought, and merely to get me into a scrape" —

"Nothing of the sort. I made it in the interests of truth and sincerity."

"And pray," said Dick, still not master of the situation, "do you think there is anything in your face or figure to prevent a man from thinking you handsome if he chooses?"

"Yes, I think there is want of beauty to prevent it."

"Well," said Dick, rallying, after a short pause, "I shall not feel in this case that any reciprocity would become me, because the look you gave me when you made that civil speech took away all its value. It was, indeed, with a most matter-of-fact, confessed carelessness that you gave your verdict."

"Why should I have affected to care," said Laura, "about a matter that is of no consequence at all? Beauty signifies nothing to a man; he can get on just as well without it — in fact, I think better."

"How so?"

"A plain man takes more pains to make himself agreeable."

"More pains than I do?"

"I never saw you take pains to be agreeable, and pleasing, and attentive, but to one lady."

Dick was rather alarmed; he counted over all the young ladies in his mind, Laura included.

"Indeed!" he exclaimed, "and that was" —

"My mother," said Laura.

"Well," answered Dick, as if in apology

for himself, "she is the most charming old lady possible."

"And there again is reciprocity. I have heard her make very flattering remarks about you, and say that *you* were charming."

"That must have been in answer to something disparaging that you had said."

"No," said Laura, laughing, "I had not so much as mentioned you."

"But when she made that sensible remark, you agreed with her. You said, 'Yes, mamma; so he is.'"

"Why, no," said Laura, "I didn't."

"Why not?" asked Dick, audaciously.

"Some people are acute," replied Laura; "they observe the motives of those about them; not," she added, "that any special acuteness was needed in such a case as this."

Dick looked at her with great amusement. "It appears to me," he said, "that through a mistaken and damaging frankness, I have thrown away the advantage that a man usually has in talking to an unmarried lady, and you are revenging yourself on me."

"You mean, perhaps, that I am using the privilege of a friend, and hinting at something in you that may not be quite perfect. I think it was a friend that you wished to be considered, wasn't it?"

"I mean nothing of the kind, my fair enemy. I mean that girls in general have a fancy, a sort of way of regarding all bachelors as possible suitors."

"Have they?" said Laura, demurely.

"They have."

"And that is an advantage to the bachelor?"

"Yes."

"Unless, with the best and kindest of motives, and with a certain manly pity in his mind for any particular young lady, he comes and sets matters in a different light. In such a case, you think he makes over the advantage to her. Yes, I agree with you, I think he does. In fact, I now feel that I can talk to you as freely as if I were your grandmother."

"Freely!" repeated Dick, "I hope you consider that you have done that already. I never felt so helplessly under the lash of the feminine tongue before."

"I have heard of a prize-fighter," observed Laura, who, when he was asked why he allowed his little daughter to beat him, replied, 'It pleases her, and it doesn't hurt me.'

"It does hurt me," said Dick, laughing; "it hurts very much; I feel quite sore (when I heard the story though, it was his

wife who beat him; you know best, being my grandmother, why you altered it). And why do you assume that you know my motives, and insinuate that I pay attention to the old ladies in order to escape?" —

"What?" asked Laura.

"Oh!" said Dick, "now I think of it, I am privileged to be as frank as you are; I acknowledge therefore, that I did it in order to escape from the attentions of the young ones."

This was a stroke of frankness that Laura was not prepared for, and she blushed in spite of herself.

"My sisters are exceptions, of course?" she presently said.

"Decidedly! and yourself! How pleasant it is to speak freely! Yes, there are at least three exceptions. One exception is going to marry young Philpott; another exception is afraid of Grace, and can't bear me either; the third exception is my excellent grandmother! Laura, do you know that you have a most sweet and musical little laugh?"

Laura looked up.

"I meant that for reciprocity," continued Dick. "I have been thinking how I could return your one compliment — your compliment that you afterwards completely explained away. Now we are quits. And I wish to know what you mean by telling me so many unpleasant truths, and making me sit on this window-sill to be lectured?"

Laura had finished cleaning her silver, and had put it in a basket and risen.

"Perhaps I meant it for your good," she said; "but now I think of it, that is rather an uncomfortable seat. So I will let you go now. Good-bye!"

She came towards him and held out her hand.

"But suppose I don't wish to go just yet," said the inconsistent visitor.

"In that case, of course you can stay; only, as I am going, if I leave you here you must promise to shut down the window when you do go."

"You are going?"

"Yes."

He took her hand for an instant; then she turned and left the room. He was surprised, and sat cogitating for full five minutes; then he rose and pulled down the window, going down the garden to the river, not half pleased with himself, and not sure whether, on the whole, he was pleased with her. "Why did I let her go?" he thought. "I never met with that kind of girl before. How vivid her sensations are — how shamefaced she was at first, and

how completely my little mistake gave her courage! She enjoyed making game of me. I rather admire that pretty little saucy smile. Another motive had she for staying away from those stupid parties? I wonder what that motive is."

Pecuniary losses press far less heavily on some people than on others. Some people say, "How much better not to have possessed riches, or even an easy competence, than to have had such blessings and then lost them!" This is one of the common mistakes of an unobservant or distrustful mind. It is best, surely, to have every blessing that this world can afford, to enjoy it while it is bestowed, and submit when it is withdrawn. Still, as said before, pecuniary loss falls less heavily on some people than on others. Those on whom it falls least heavily are those who have scattered the blessing while they possessed it, who have looked on money more as a loan than as a gift; if they have been able to say *while* they had it, "these riches will, perhaps, make themselves wings, they shall therefore fly in the direction that I please while I have power over them," they are likely not to feel it much, though, after all that they have nobly spent or kindly given, their time for spending and giving comes to an end.

Now it so chanced that Laura's mother had been one of those women who do not think much about money; she had been willing to go without luxuries that she could have afforded in order that her poor neighbours might have food and raiment: the habit of self-denial was therefore already formed, and it did not shock her to find that now there were more things to go without, and more care to be exercised in spending what money was left.

Things went on much as usual for another month, and then what Grace feared and Laura had surmised came to pass: another letter was received, and Mrs. Richmond lost another two hundred a year. Josephine was aghast at the news, and even Harriet was alarmed into common sense by it, but the mother took it quietly, only saying, "Let me get Josephine married, and then it will be time enough to consider what we can do."

Grace herself considered the matter long and painfully. A wedding is a great expense to a family, but is the last that ought to be grudged. Josephine received from her mother all the comforts and conveniences usually bestowed upon a bride; the expenditure required for them trenched largely on what was left of the income for the coming year, and Grace perceived

plainly still further loss and further responsibility.

What was to be done?

"The two girls," said Gilbert, "must go out as governesses. I see nothing else for it."

"Oh, they are of no consequence," answered the somewhat uncommon daughter-in-law; "it is your mother that I think of."

"Of course I can have her here?" said Gilbert. "She would be a comfort to you, and I always like to be with her."

"Of course you do; but, love, we could not make her comfortable in this crowded house, with no sitting-room for retirement, and no garden. Besides, she has lived so many years in that house, she would not like to leave it."

"You would not, surely, propose our leaving this house just now?" observed Gilbert. "This is not the time for increasing our expenses."

"What would you like to do then?" asked Grace.

"My dear, what is the good of saying that? What do you want to do? is the question, for you evidently have some scheme in your head."

"If your mother's house were not her own, I should have nothing to propose; but it is. She cannot afford to go on living in it. She might not be able to let it. Why should we not all move into it? It would accommodate us well, leaving her her present chamber and her present little quiet sitting-room. That is, it would do if Josephine and Laura were gone."

"Poor little Laura!" observed Gilbert.

"Yes, poor little dear!" said Grace. "But, Gilbert, what else can be done? You do not suppose for a moment, knowing Laura as you do, that she would remain at home to be a burden to any one?"

"Couldn't she teach the children?"

"No, love, I think not. I haven't asked any questions yet, but I think your mother would be miserable if Harriet was sent away instead of Laura. Harriet is delicate, and troublesome too. No, Laura must go out. And, dear Gilbert, it will be a trouble to me, but I think Harriet must teach our children."

"Will she?" asked Gilbert.

"She must either do that or leave us. It will be, of course, to her interest to please me, Gilbert. I know she can teach music extremely well; because two or three times last summer she gave our little Harriet a lesson for her own amusement. What she wants is sense, not knowledge: she has

plenty of that; and I must look after her, and see that she is obeyed."

Mr. Gilbert Richmond fell into his wife's scheme without any hesitation or any discussion. So did his mother when it was proposed to her; so did Harriet; so did Laura—it was all so complete, so natural, so easy—easy, indeed, for every one but Laura, who not only felt hurt that Grace should have the entire management of her husband and his whole family, but that she herself should not be able to propose anything half so good, though to her was assigned the only part that was painful or unpleasant. For Laura knew that she loved her mother more than did her two sisters put together, and she did not like to leave her for an indefinite period. Grace would be good to her; Grace would see that she did not suffer from Harriet's little selfish ways; the mother and daughter-in-law would have endless discussions and little domestic plans together; these would always be harmonious and generally loving. When Laura thought about this, she permitted herself to be a little jealous. "I should not care so much," she considered, "if mamma were not already nearly as fond of Grace as she is of us. They will manage Gilbert, and make him do just as they like, and I shall be shut up in some school-room, and know nothing of what goes on, excepting what Grace chooses to tell me; for mamma's letters are only little bits of motherly sermons, and Gilbert never writes at all." Laura was soon very angry with herself on account of this jealousy. "Would I really prefer that my absence should entail personal discomfort on my mother?" she thought; "am I not sure that Grace will look after her as well as I possibly could do myself? Surely I am not wishing it were otherwise?"

So Laura tried to be more contented; and now that she and Dick Vernon were better friends, she came frequently to her brother's house, and was present at all the discussions. The wedding was near at hand, and that seemed to overpower all else. Nobody had time to see her low spirits, there was so much to do; and Grace was already beginning to get things in trim for the move into the other house, as it was desirable that they should leave it before quarter-day. Dick now made himself useful. Family pictures were moved from the son's house to the mother's. He was consulted about them, and helped to hang them himself. On these occasions he generally had a chat with Laura; indeed, he was now much more intimately acquainted

with her than with either of her sisters. But his company gave her little pleasure. She was to go away from home so soon, and more than one lady was already in correspondence with her concerning the teaching of her children. Moreover, Laura, shortly before the last loss of income on the part of her mother, had undertaken to teach the elder girls in the philanthropic school how to clean silver, and also how to use a sewing machine. She had, therefore, little time on her hands, and she wished to have less. "I will do what has to be done first," thought Laura, "and think about it afterwards; there will be plenty of time when I am in a situation, as governesses call it. I wonder who there is in this world that is not in a situation of some sort or other?"

Even Mr. Gilbert Richmond was observed by the ladies of his family to be desirous of getting the move over as soon as possible; and he evinced a great desire that his house should let quickly. The reason of this came out during the course of a particular evening, when his mother and sisters were dining with him. It would add one to the list of voters, and he rather hoped that a friend of his own way of thinking was going to take it; it was a nice quiet place for a literary man, and an election was likely to come on.

"The idea!" said Harriet; "I wonder how you men can interest yourselves so much in politics; and you too, Mr. Vernon — that is why you are anxious about it, I suppose?"

"I suppose it is," said Dick; "and you do not interest yourself in politics, it seems. It would amuse you if you were in America to hear the women talk politics."

"And talk about their rights," said Laura. "Well, I am happy to say that I have got all my rights, and I think all my privileges. Do you think it will end in our being made to have votes, Gilbert?"

"I am not sure, my dear; these are strange times."

"Should you like us to have them?"

"That might depend partly on which side you meant to use them."

"Ah," said Laura, as if considering that matter, and then added reflectively, "I always used to think I was a Whig." Her air seemed to imply some doubt as to whether her valuable opinion of herself had changed or not.

Dick looked at her with some amusement, and was about to speak, when Harriet exclaimed, "Sir Harry Welsh told me that he believed all women were born Conservatives; but seriously, Gilbert, a woman's parliament would be a very amusing thing, wouldn't it? I think I should like it. Grace

would stand for this borough, of course. We shall read in the *Times*, 'Grace Richmond, Esq., M. P., was called to order by Mrs. Speaker for not exercising enough female influence' —"

"That reminds me, Grace," said Laura, "that if I vote for you, I shall expect you to bring a bill in against a grievance that I've just thought of. We will not be called females any longer. Such expressions as one reads now in the newspapers, 'This elegant female,' for instance, or 'the other female,' shall be done away with, and men shall be called males. We shall read in the police reports such things as this, 'Two males were brought up before the sitting magistrate, Miss Harriet Richmond, charged with being drunk and disorderly. A woman, accompanied by a male, came up to give evidence, &c., &c. On being removed to prison, one of the males used opprobrious language.' I wonder how you will like to hear yourselves called such names; but if you have oppressed us, you know, Gilbert, it is only just that you should suffer."

"Now isn't it enough to make one despair of their sex, to hear these girls talk," said Gilbert, laughing. "My dear, there has been no talk *at present* of giving votes to any but women of property — householders."

"Oh, but it will end in that, of course," said the sanguine Harriet.

"You think it not likely," observed Dick, "that we shall refuse votes to the prettiest part of creation, when we have accorded them to the dowagers?"

"Do you think we shall not have them then, at all?"

"I entertain a sincere and humble hope that you will not, and I do not think you should be angry. Your sister says that she possesses all her rights, and I heard something about privileges also — I should like to know what she thinks a woman's privileges are."

"I consider one of them to be the privilege of tyrannizing over you men, over the best of you at least."

"Indeed."

"Yes, the better and stronger you are, the more we do it. Consider our Vicar, — isn't he a good man, isn't he a strong man? And is there an old woman in the parish that cannot tyrannize over him? the older and uglier she is, the more she can do it. That is partly because he feels acutely the difference between his own strength, uprightness, and well-being, and their wretched weakness, meanness, and poverty — poor despised old paupers that they are."

"Yes," said Dick, "but that is not all;

the feeling you speak of arises also from a man's having formed deep attachments. He loves his wife, perhaps, and dirt, degradation, and profanity are terrible to him in a woman for her sake; or he has a mother with him, a sweet saintly old woman, and it causes him a pang which is partly of her giving him, to see a miserable and neglected old age. Now the first of these two states of feeling would no doubt be disturbed in the mind of a man by the possession of any mere power in the woman, but not the second — even if we should, as you say, 'make you have votes,' and put you out of your right place in creation. Men would love their wives, their children, and their mothers still."

Here Mrs. Richmond broke in with "My dear, I am often sorry to hear you say things that I am sure you cannot mean. Tyrannize indeed! When did you ever do that, or wish to do it to any one?"

"I never did mamma," answered Laura, who, like her mother, was quite unable to argue a point.

"Then why did you say so, love?"

"I don't know. Did I say so? But, mother, I do not want to be considered a sort of bad imitation of a man; besides, it would be very disheartening to be put into daily competition with creatures who (we know beforehand) would always win."

"What are you going to do?" said Gilbert, seeing that she rose.

"I told Sarah to come for me early, because cook wants some of the things out of the grocery parcel which is to come to-night."

"What, beginning the wedding preparations already!"

Already! when this is Monday, and Josey is to be married on Thursday! Keep to your politics. The lords of the creation have nothing to do with cooking excepting to eat what is set before them."

"Lords of the creation, indeed!" said Gilbert, looking at his wife, and shrugging his shoulder. "Then what are you, pray?"

"The ladies of creation, of course," said Dick. "Laura, you will let me walk home with you; it is nearly dark."

There was little enough in this speech, certainly, but there had been something in Dick's manner that night which had struck Grace forcibly. It was nothing more than common civility that he should escort her home, but he had actually asked to do so as if he was doubtful as to the result. What could it mean, she wondered, and as the evening wore on and he did not return, she became more and more silent. Strange

if all her schemes should end in this, after all. There would be nothing unsuitable in it. Laura was his equal, but she had wished for something so different for him. To be sure Laura would be saved, if he married her, from becoming a governess, that was something; it is such a confession of poverty (as society is now constituted), when a family lets one of its female members go away to earn her bread. But Grace felt that this new idea was most unpalatable, most unsatisfying to her ambition. "To be sure they are both very religious," she thought, "and that is a great thing to draw them together. But I hope there is nothing in it. Only think of having all the world to choose from, and marrying close at home a moderately good-looking girl with a moderate fortune, from a family with small means, and likely to find them still smaller!"

At last Mrs. Richmond and her other daughters went away also. Gilbert called home with them, and Grace, as she sat in the dark in the open window, discerned the figure of Dick. He was pacing the garden rather rapidly, rather impatiently, she thought. Not slowly, like a man revolving in his mind some pleasant scenes that he has just pleasantly come out of. There was a certain air of deliberately taking exercise, a sort of urgency with which he walked that worried Grace; and when he did come in at last she did not at all like the look of his face: it was very grave, and had, she thought, rather a startled look upon it. "Her refusing him," she considered, "would be out of the question. It cannot be that; it must be my fancy; and yet I am not often wrong."

Grace was not quite wrong, but very nearly. Dick had not made Laura an offer, but he had left the house fully intending to do so, when she had said something, unconscious of the effect it would have, which had let him see that his plans, and intentions, and love, were utterly unknown to her. He had unintentionally and because he could not help it, taken great pains to keep them secret; but, as is often the case, he had notwithstanding supposed them to be perfectly well known — at least to her.

So he walked beside her and said nothing; and so things went on till the wedding-day, and till the bride was gone. Then Laura began truly to feel her situation; like a young bird just about to be turned out of the nest, she wandered about the house in her bridesmaid's attire, and then she wandered about the garden; finally she sat down on the wooden bench

where last the housemaid Elizabeth had sat; but instead of beginning to sing as that young person had done, Laura began to cry. She was young for her years; she had been born in this house; this garden had been her playground; but she presently thought, "That is nothing—it is only sentiment at least, for this is equally true of Josephine, but she does not much care about going away. But then there's my mother: how am I to go away from her? and oh! how am I to go among these strangers? I, who am so shy. Oh! if I might but stay!"

She kept repeating to herself as she looked about her, and still wept, "Oh, if I might but stay!" But old trains of thought are apt to recur, and we may be thankful for it if they are good ones. An old train of thought rose up in Laura's mind just then, and a text out of the Bible which she had repeated many hundreds of times: "For none of you liveth to himself."

It was a lovely day early in October; the ground was thickly spread with yellow leaves; they kept falling from the poplars and abeles upon Laura's white gown, and the air was so still.

Now, this was true of her at last; she perceived that now she did not live to herself, that for sometime she had not lived to herself, and that her new way of life, which was by no means one she should have chosen, was certainly one which was likely to make her more useful and less selfish: it was painful, but she supposed it was right, and ordained for her in love. And then she cried a little more, but stopped just as Elizabeth had done, because she heard some one coming.

"What! is it you, Dick?" she said, wiping her eyes and trying to recover herself. "It is a lovely afternoon, isn't it?"

Mr. Tompkins, when he sat on that bench, had made a great many blunders, but he did not manage to make so many as Dick did, or, at any rate, he came out of his ordeal better—for when Dick had opened, as he thought, the case, had astonished Laura into attention, and gone blundering on for at least three minutes, he came to a pause, and Laura said, looking at him rather earnestly—

"Dick, I don't know what you mean!"

Dick, upon this, being forced to straightforwardness, replied that he supposed she knew he loved her.

"Love me!" repeated Laura; "love ME!" and she actually laughed. It was the softest little laugh in the world, but Dick would rather not have heard it just

then. After that came a sob or two, and then more tears, and then she said, "How can you be so ridiculous?"

It was rather difficult to go on, but he did, and certainly did not end till he had made her fully believe that he loved her with all his heart.

But when he had done, she only answered—after a pause of wonder and the kind of interest that a woman must feel under such circumstances—

"I am so sorry, dear Dick."

Dick, upon hearing this, got up and walked about, with the same sort of urgency which he had used that night in the garden. His countenance showed his feeling so plainly, that Laura was a little awed, this sort of thing was so perfectly new to her; but after all, she thought—"Why didn't he let me see that he liked me? Why, in fact, does he like me at all when he took the trouble only a few weeks ago to assure me of his complete indifference?"

"Laura," said Dick, at last, "you will give me time, will you not? You are not going to dismiss me at once."

"Time," repeated Laura, a little dismayed; "I am going to my situation this day week, and I have all my friends to take leave of, and my mother, and my home; and after I am gone, of course I shall never see you."

"You mean that during this eventful week you cannot think much of me."

"I don't exactly know what I mean," said Laura, now goaded into a little impatience; "you surprise me so much."

"Laura," he asked, after a long pause, "will you tell me when you expect to be here again?"

"Next midsummer," answered Laura, with a sigh. "It is a long journey, and Christmas is so near at hand that Mrs. G. rather urged me not to come away then; besides, all her boys are at home for the holidays at Christmas, and she can less spare the governess when that is the case."

Laura began to give this account, only thinking of herself, and what a long time it would be before she should see her mother and her relatives, not to mention that sweet garden and the lovely river that was slipping on so softly before her eyes; but as she spoke she became fully aware how much more deeply Dick felt the matter than she did, how bitterly disappointed he was, and how powerless he felt himself.

She rose as she finished speaking, and repeated that she was sorry, holding out her hand to him; and then she presently got it from him again, and went slowly



back into the house, leaving him seated on the bench, staring at the little river. Midsummer was a long way off, but he supposed he must wait till it came, and then come to this place and take his chance again.

"Laura," said Mrs. Richmond, coming into the little store-room two days after this, just as Laura had dismissed her sewing-class, and was putting away the work. "Laura, is this true that I hear?"

"About Dick?" said Laura, not pretending to misunderstand her.

"It is true, then; what could you mean by it, my dear child?" continued the mother, in a tone of the deepest regret.

"What! did he tell you, mamma?"

"No, but Gilbert did. Grace seems to have found it out, and when she asked him he did not deny it, and he wished me to know, he said, because he thought I should use my influence to help his cause. Do you really mean to tell me that you don't care for him?"

"I thought I would rather be a governess than marry him," said Laura, demurely.

"My dear, it is only three months since you expressed a conviction that nobody ever would make you a suitable offer; and I was a little vexed, I confess, because it is so much better that girls should not think much on those matters till occasion arises, but I certainly did not expect that you would shortly have an excellent offer from a thoroughly superior man, and would refuse him point blank."

"He took me by surprise," said Laura; "and besides, I always had a theory that I should not have offers; I was certain that I should not, or else I should not have talked as I did that day."

"A theory!" repeated the mother, with a comical little noise that was not exactly a groan, but something very like one.

"It is very inconvenient, mamma," replied Laura, apologising; "but really I would rather go and be governess to those children."

So Laura went away, and she was a governess, and she did not particularly like it. Her employers were exacting; they were rather cold; and Laura, being very shy, suffered many little annoyances and much inconvenience without the courage to speak. The wear and tear of life having now truly come upon her, she began to feel the great difference between duties done of one's own accord, and sought out for one's self, and the sterner kinds of duty that had come upon her. She sometimes felt as if her taskmasters now were men and women who were never satisfied, never thought

she had done enough; but the former Master for whom she had tried to work was a loving Father, who had rewarded her with his own peace in her heart. By degrees, however, as the long winter passed away, she began to perceive that she was still serving the loving Father, and that made all things easier. As for Dick, she had not much time to think of him, and if a circumstance anything but pleasant had not aroused her to think of him, he would almost have passed out of her mind.

She read one day in the newspaper a singular account of the burning of a work-house. The fire had broken out just at sunset, when a party of young men who were coming home from a boat-race, and going to dine at a large country house, which was mentioned, came running up to help the men who were bringing the fire engine. "One of them," it went on to say, "who was carrying an oar over his shoulder, made use of it to vault into a window some height from the ground. He was a Mr. Vernon. The oar cracked with his weight; but he was flung on to the window-sill, and, directed by the people without, made his way to a ward, where there was said to be a woman lying with her infant of a few hours old. Others of these young men got in also, and their 'pluck' seemed to increase the daring of the other men. They rescued two or three bedridden people, and exposed themselves rashly. They also saved a good deal of clothing and some stores, and they all got out without a scratch, excepting this Mr. Vernon, who had his left hand badly torn by the fall of a rafter with some jagged nails in it, which caught his fingers, while the infant on his arm and the woman were unhurt.

"It could not be Dick," thought Laura; "or, of course, I should have heard of it from home." It proved, however, that it was Dick, and Grace had to leave her young family, and go to nurse him. Very few particulars were told to Laura; but she did not much care for that, as she had read them in the newspaper. "Dick was better," this was sometimes said; and at other times, "Dick has certainly less pain now than at first;" finally, they said, "that cut on his forehead is healed now, and he looks more like himself again." "Oh," thought Laura, "his face is disfigured, then, is it?" But when she got home, and to her surprise, found him sitting in the drawing-room with her mother and his sister, she saw that he was still an invalid wearing his arm in a sling. He had a glove on his left hand, and at first Laura did not dare to look at

it; but her eyes, in spite of herself, were drawn to it at last, and she saw that two or three of its fingers were empty. How much more beautiful the somewhat handsome face appeared now that it was adorned with that slight scar, and how much more interesting the whole man appeared with that becoming sling and the somewhat steady set of the mouth, which looked as if he had summoned up all his strength to do battle with pain, and keep its presence to himself, and keep all expression of it down, there is no use in trying to describe. But Laura felt it, and what she did when her mother and Grace left her alone with him, nobody would have told, if she had not told it herself afterwards, and seemed to think it the most natural thing in the world.

He lifted up his somewhat hollow eyes and looked at her; it cannot be said that he felt any conscious regret for what he had done; but he did think — because he did not know better — that it had lessened his chance with the woman whom he loved; and while she imagined that he had become beautiful, he remembered that he was maimed.

She rose, when he looked at her, and moved towards him; and when, as she came up to him, he also rose, she said, with a kind of sweet entreating in her soft voice, "Dick, will you kiss me?"

She had always been thought an odd girl. Everybody said she was; but she was my friend, and perhaps that was the reason why I never could see it.

From Good Words.

#### THE DISCIPLINE OF THE BODY.

DURING the last fifteen years, quite enough has been said about the sanctity of the body and the protest against the strange fancy that we honour and please God by impoverishing, torturing, and marring the beauty of what He "curiously wrought," has run into extravagance. A few sensible men proclaimed war against the saintliness of physical weakness, filth, and suffering; and before long their wholesome doctrine was incessantly reiterated with all the passion of fanaticism in every part of the country; the new gospel found its way into innumerable sermons and lectures, into the columns of every newspaper and the pages of every popular magazine. "Great was the company of the preachers." The "tub"

became a means of grace; and a cleanskin the sure means of getting a clean heart. Volunteer regiments were addressed as though they were religious orders, destined to regenerate the moral life of the nation. Cricket, rowing, running, and jumping, were to do men more good than praying; and the "trainer" was to accomplish the work which the preacher and the philosopher had attempted in vain.

No doubt it is a very fine thing for a man to be able to walk forty miles a day, but that does not make him a saint. There is no virtue in being sickly; but neither, so far as I can see, is it the highest attribute of piety to have the digestion of an ostrich, or the lungs of a racehorse. Many a fool has had muscles of iron, and nerves of steel; and I imagine that it is even possible to be a member of the Alpine Club, and yet to break all the Commandments.

Still it is true that both the Jewish and the Christian Scriptures speak of our physical nature with honour. They never represent the body as the work of some inferior, and perhaps malignant deity, who so contrived it that we should be constantly tempted to sin. It is God's own handiwork — "fearfully and wonderfully made." It is the visible temple of the Holy Ghost — the only visible temple in which God has dwelt since the glory passed away from the inner sanctuary at Jerusalem. Death is not to destroy it. Sown in corruption, it is to be raised in incorruption; sown in weakness, it is to be raised in power. The Incarnation and the prophecy of the Resurrection have finally redeemed it from contempt. That God was manifest in the flesh is the fundamental article of the Christian creed; and when we listen to the desolate words, "dust to dust, ashes to ashes," we confidently believe that the time is coming when "all that are in the graves" shall bear the voice of the Son of God "and shall come forth;" that the gracious form and the kindly face have not vanished for ever; that the body, not the same flesh and blood indeed, but still the body which it has been pleasant for us to look upon on earth, will reappear among the shining splendours of heaven.

The body, therefore, with its instincts and wants, is not to be treated as the enemy of the soul, but as its friend — a friend of inferior rank, but still a friend. It asks for warmth and clothing, food and shelter, and for ease and rest after labour; and it should have them all. Let men say what they will in praise of the celestial influence of hunger, whether voluntary or involuntary, it is difficult to see that hunger encourages any

human virtue, or any Christian grace. As for a hard and severe life, as a rule it is probably as injurious to the intellect and the heart, as it certainly is to physical health and beauty. When the Apostles warned men against "fleshly lusts," there is no reason to suppose that they meant to require Christian people to live a life of discomfort and privation.

But that it is necessary, if we are to live a pure and devout life, that we should firmly control our inferior instincts and passions, has been the common faith of all saints; and carelessness in the discipline of the body is, perhaps, the real cause of the miserably ignominious life of many Christian men. They have no strong and clear vision of God, no vivid anticipation of everlasting blessedness and purity. Their love for Christ smoulders like a half-extinguished fire — without heat, without brightness, without intensity. "Fleshly lusts" unsubdued are the true explanation of their moral weakness and spiritual sluggishness. If a man is conscious that his spiritual nature has no elasticity, that his religious life is dull and heavy, that his prayers have no heart in them, and his thanksgivings no rapture, that his Christian work is feeble and mechanical, a burden to himself and no blessing to others, let him ask whether the flesh has not mastered the spirit, and set himself vigorously to assert his freedom.

Let him ask himself, for instance, whether he would not be a better man if he drank less. It is not merely men who drink till they are drunk that are guilty of intemperance; there are many people who do what is perhaps worse than that. I have heard able medical men give it as their deliberate opinion that a man who gets drunk once a month receives less physical injury than a man who never loses self-command, but drinks habitually more than he ought. Which suffers most morally, it may be hard to determine. Unhappily, drinking which does not end in positive intoxication is regarded as innocent. The men who are guilty of it would resent even an implied censure on their excesses. They think they "live freely," but that they are blameless. Their friends become used to their habits; meretricious acquaintances say that they never seem very bright or active, but charge them with no sin; their own consciences are drugged into silence; but all moral nobleness and all lofty devotion inevitably disappear from their character. It will not do to speak of excessive drinking as a vice of which only the poor are guilty. No rank

or culture exempts us from danger. Medical men have assured me again and again that in houses where no one would expect it, actual drunkenness is the real cause of apparently inexplicable illness. Now and then I have been shocked at finding that women, educated women of good family, and occupying a good social position, are guilty of it. There are circumstances which make the temptation to this vice specially perilous to women whose circumstances exempt them from the necessity of earning their own bread. Take the case of a young girl whose home before marriage was a very bright and merry one; she was surrounded with brothers and sisters and troops of friends; her mind was occupied with her music, her drawing, and her books; two or three times a year she made long visits to relatives at a distance; she was as free from care as the lilies that neither sow nor spin, or as the birds of the air that make the spring-time merry with their songs; her whole life was joyous, varied, and animated. After marriage she has to spend the greater part of nearly every day at home and alone. Her husband leaves her directly after breakfast, and does not return till night. She has her home and servants to attend to; but to a bright, clever girl the managing of household affairs is apt to become depressing. She has children by-and-by, perhaps, but the society of children does not give her the intellectual stimulus and excitement to which she has been accustomed. Her heart dies down. She gets weary of the grey, dull sky under which she lives, and the habit steals almost insensibly upon her of taking stimulants to make her pulse beat faster and her spirits move more lightly. If she does not break it off at once, she is lost. Let her do anything that is at all innocent to escape from her doom. Let her get to her music again or to her drawing; let her spend her time in dressing herself daintily, or in manufacturing the gossip which is common at morning calls; better still — if she can — let her give herself vigorously to some kindly, womanly, Christian work for the poor, in which she can find a real interest. Anyhow, let her get some colour, some animation into her life from harmless sources, or else she will soon be ruined; unless she can find healthy excitement somewhere, the dullness, stillness, and sameness of her life will be her destruction.

There is another vice to which we Englishmen are specially prone. Our climate makes a large amount of solid food necessary to us, and for want of genius to do better

we eat grossly. We have no scruples about it. We are ravenous and voracious, and feel no self-reproach. I am inclined to think that good cookery might do at least as much for the morals of the country as gymnastics. Dine in Paris on fourteen courses, and you feel lighter and brighter when you have finished than when you began; "do justice," as the phrase is, to an English dinner of the old fashioned sort, and, without the liberal assistance of sherry and champagne, you are too stupid to talk of anything except local politics and the state of the crops. French wines will never become popular in this country till we get French cooks. The ethics of dining is a neglected branch of the science of morals which urgently requires investigation. Meantime, let men remember that excessive eating is a foul and disgusting vice; its evil effects may be less obvious than those of excessive drinking, but they are not less real, perhaps they are not less serious. All the finer sensibilities of the soul, all moral grace and beauty, are perhaps more certain to perish in the glutton than even in the drunkard.

The moral degradation which comes from another "fleshy lust" — physical indolence — it is less easy to define. Most of us may thank God that the very circumstances of our life keep us safe from this sin. Few men can help working; most men have to work hard. But sluggishness, an indisposition to make any exertion unless compelled to make it, is sometimes to be met with even in this restless and active age, and in every social condition. I mean that there are people who can never be induced to put out their strength, and who never do anything with their "might." We all know men who continue to the end of their days "unfulfilled prophecies;" who have shown in their youth the promise of high achievement, and perhaps the sign of genius, but who leave the world with their fortunes unmade, or their poems unwritten, or their schemes of philosophy unorganized, or their social and political reforms unattempted. Such men are often illustrations of the failure that is the inevitable penalty of indolence. Its moral effects are not less disastrous.

As for some of the tests of sluggishness which are often to be found in good books written for young people, it is difficult to see their value. I cannot perceive, for instance, what virtue there can be in getting up several hours before daylight in the month of January. To make early rising, *for its own sake*, one of the cardinal virtues, has always seemed to me utterly preposter-

ous. Why should we not wait, as Charles Lamb puts it, till the world is "aired" before we venture out? If a man can do more work in the day when he lies till half-past seven, than when he gets up at half-past five, if he is better tempered at breakfast-time, if his mind is fresher and his heart kindlier, for the rest of the day, it passes my comprehension why he should turn out at the earlier hour. Some people think he ought; and I have honestly tried to discover some intelligible explanation of what seems to me this singular article of faith, but I cannot. If through rising late on weekdays, a man has to hurry away to business without family prayer, if his temper is ruffled morning after morning by the haste and disorder in which it involves him; if he gets up so late on Sunday that he has to make a violent effort to reach his place of worship in tolerable time, and gradually comes to think that he is quite early enough if he is in his seat five minutes after service has begun, then of course he is to be blamed; but though I have a real respect for traditional wisdom, I have never been able to understand why a man should get up at unseemly hours in the night for the mere sake of doing it.

There is a Sluggishness, however, which is fatal to manly energy and Christian earnestness. Some men fall into such physical habits that they never seem to be fairly awake. Hard work of every kind, whether of muscle or brain, they systematically evade. They "take things easy." They "do not excite themselves." They think they are very harmless, and even very praiseworthy people; and do not see that indolence has grown upon them till the soul is no longer master of itself, or of the body which ought to serve it. The immorality of their life it may perhaps be impossible to make clear to them; but they may be made to perceive that habits which destroy all intensity, and depth, and vehemence of religious feeling must involve them in guilt. Every spiritual impulse is enfeebled, every devout affection is deadened, every act of worship is made a weariness by the sluggishness into which they have permitted themselves to sink. The fiery chariot in which the soul should rise triumphantly to heaven in exulting praise and rapturous adoration has had all its splendours quenched; now and then they may be feebly stirred by the fervour and passion of men of nobler temper, but it is only for a moment; "of the earth, earthy," they have become incapable of the diviner movements and joys of the spiritual life.

Very wonderful is the intimate connection, the subtle interaction between the forces of our physical and moral nature. It is one of the chief mysteries of our mysterious being. But it is not a mystery merely; it is a fact of infinite practical significance which cannot be ignored without grave peril. The intelligent recognition of it would save many good people from much sorrow, as it would save others from grievous sin. I should like to have the "Diaries" which record the spiritual experience of certain excellent persons, illustrated with notes by wise physicians who had known them intimately. Periods of spiritual desertion, when "the light of God's countenance" was hidden from them, apparently without any reason, might receive a very instructive explanation. It might be found that God had been less arbitrary, or as they would say less *sovereign*, in his treatment of them than they supposed. I once tried whether the strange vicissitudes of glory and gloom which occurred in the interior life of an eminently good man could be accounted for by the physical causes which his own diary suggested; and though the materials at my command were, of course, very imperfect, as I had never known him, and could only infer what his physical history was from accidental and fragmentary hints occurring here and there among the record of his labours, his thanksgivings, his confessions, and his bitter cries to God for the restoration of spiritual joy, the attempt was not altogether unsuccessful. A wise discipline of the body would free many a devout soul from the evil thoughts with which it is haunted, and which are supposed to come from evil spirits, from the gloomy fears which are interpreted as signs of a deep-rooted unbelief, and from the despondency which is regarded as the result of the Divine displeasure.

Let no one suppose that I ascribe to merely physical causes all the unspeakable joy and all the unspeakable agony which find a place in the spiritual history of every man who is endeavouring to live, and move, and have his being in God. This material universe may be an illusion; its stars and suns, its mountains and oceans, may all be a mere fleeting show, projected by the action of the powers of my own inexplicable nature, and without any solid and substantial being; but that my soul is saddened and blessed by its failures and triumphs, by the eclipse of the divine glory, and by the recovery of the beatific vision — this I cannot doubt. It is, however, equally certain that body and soul, flesh and spirit,

are so strangely blended, that the lights and shadows which chase each other across our interior life, do not all come from the upper heavens. By honouring the laws of our physical nature, some of us might come to live a more equable spiritual life.

As for "fleshly lusts" which betray us into sin, the line of duty is simple and definite — we must "abstain" from them. Every man must learn for himself where his own danger lies, and then must resolve, at whatever cost, to have done with his sin. Our choice lies between yielding to the degrading bondage which has made us despise ourselves, and a life inspired with the Holy Ghost, — a life of strength, joy, and blessedness. It is of no use to try to pray, unless we "abstain" from that which makes prayer dull and heartless, and renders us incapable of receiving the very blessings we ask for. It is of no use to try to meditate on the majesty and goodness of God, unless we "abstain" from that which almost incapacitates us for lofty meditation, and which, if for a moment we are swept upwards among the harps and songs of angels, sinks us down at once into our earthly dust again. For some men to rise to a nobler life it may be quite as necessary to eat less as to pray more; to spend less time over their wine as to spend more time over their Bible; to ride, to walk, to run, to bathe, as to engage in regular and earnest Christian work.

We wait for the redemption of our body; but we must not wait for the Resurrection to liberate us from "fleshly lusts:" these "war against the soul;" and unless they are resolutely resisted and subdued, the soul may be in peril of final destruction.

R. W. DALE.

From the Saturday Review.

#### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

PERHAPS almost the last person in the United States from whom we could expect an impartial and correct account of the late civil war is Mr. Horace Greeley. As one of the most extreme and active members of the party whose exertions for nearly twenty years had been incessantly directed to break up the Union, and who, after the affair of Fort Sumter, suddenly became the most violent of Unionists — the party to whose intemperate language was owing th

greater part of that bitterness of feeling which, long before the election of Mr. Lincoln, had wholly alienated the Southern people from their confederates, and who had carried their political hostility so far as to send a band of fillibusters to attempt an insurrection in Virginia — he is inevitably disqualified from understanding either the legal or moral strength of the unsuccessful side. Having, moreover, during the whole of the period in which the causes that led to secession were at work beneath the surface of social and public life, been utterly separated in sentiment and purpose from the vast majority of the Northern people, he is equally unable to give a true account of the temper in which they entered upon the war, and of the motives which actuated them. The history of such a quarrel from the point of view of a fanatical Abolitionist is necessarily very inaccurate. But we are bound to admit that in most cases Mr. Greeley has done his best to be courteous and generous if not impartial.\* In recording the downfall of the Confederacy, and the surrender of Lee, Mr. Greeley's language is more becoming and in better taste than that of many Northern writers of less extreme opinions; and he pays an honourable tribute to the devoted heroism of the Virginian army. But the parts of the volume which possess the most intrinsic value are those few passages which relate to political events and tendencies which the Abolitionist enthusiast, from his very want of sympathy with the common feelings of his countrymen, observed and has remembered more accurately than others. Early in the contest the well-known "Manhattan" asserted to the great indignation of Northern sympathizers, that the Union would in no case be dissolved; that, if the South were victorious, the Northern States would end by seeking admission into the Southern Confederacy. It is curious to find this opinion confirmed by one who could have no sort of sympathy with the feeling which he admits to have been general in the North. In this, as in most respects, Mr. Greeley is perfectly candid in his statements, however biassed in his judgments. Another evidence of his candour appears in a note at the end of the volume, in which he gives the comparative

numbers of prisoners held by both parties, and the proportion of deaths. He argues that the South did ill-use her prisoners wantonly, but his figures are against him. The percentage of deaths in the Federal prisons was about twelve; in the Confederate prisons about seventeen, according to the published statistics. Mr. Greeley makes the real figure nearer twenty. Now, considering the extreme difficulty which the Confederates found in providing even their army with necessaries, the barbarous conduct of the Federal Government in declaring medicines contraband of war, the unfavourable climate of great part of the South, and the healthy atmosphere and abundance of food, medicine, and comforts in the North, it may be inferred from these figures that, so far as their power extended, the Southerners must have treated their captives at least as well as the enemy. Here, then, we are indebted to Mr. Greeley for the facts which upset his own accusations; and throughout his work we find the same reason to believe in the perfect honesty of his narrative, however warped by his prejudices. This, the second and concluding part of his history, carries us from the fall of New Orleans to the surrender of Lee, containing four-fifths of the history of the war; but the earlier volume which dealt chiefly with political influences and with the preliminary history of secession, though of course more highly coloured by the writer's peculiar views, contained much more that might be of service to the historian or of interest to the politician. Mr. Greeley has no special qualifications for writing the history of military movements; but his account of a great public crisis in which he was an eager actor cannot fail to throw some light on his own side of the questions at issue.

*The Mormon Prophet and his Harem\** professes to be "the only authentic account of Brigham Young and his polygamous family, and of that complicated and incongruous system of social and political machinery called Mormonism." If Mrs. Waite really believes in her own pretensions, she must be remarkably behindhand in her acquaintance with the literature of her subject. Many much fuller and much more authentic accounts of all that the public of America or of Europe is interested in knowing about the Mormon chief and the peculiar

\* *The American Conflict: a History of the Great Rebellion in the United States of America, 1860-65; its Causes, Incidents, and Results; intended to exhibit especially its Moral and Political Phases, with the Drift and Progress of American Opinion respecting Human Slavery, from 1776 to close of the War for the Union.* By Horace Greeley. Hartford: O. D. Case & Co. London: Stephens Brothers. 1867.

\* *The Mormon Prophet and his Harem, or an authentic History of Brigham Young, his numerous Wives and Children.* By Mrs. C. V. Waite. Third Edition. Cambridge: Printed at the Riverside Press, and for Sale by Hurd & Houghton, New York. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

community which has attained such a wonderful cohesion and prosperity under his government have been published on both sides of the Atlantic, and are accessible to every one. We have had very elaborate descriptions of Mormon life and society from the pens of accomplished and thoughtful travellers, who have given themselves some trouble to ascertain as far as possible, not only the facts for which they vouch, but the principles of administration and of doctrine which have enabled Brigham Young to form in the middle of the nineteenth century a community based on the theocratic government, and to maintain among a people of European origin the polygamic institutions which have hitherto been confined to Oriental races. Captain Burton and Mr. Hepworth Dixon have, each from his own point of view, investigated at some length, and with something like philosophical impartiality, the extraordinary problems which the "social and political machinery" of Utah presents; while, on the other hand, we have from the Mormons themselves more than one explanation of their system, and at least one history of its practical development. But it is true that only one work, so far as we know, has yet appeared which deals with Mormonism in the same spirit in which Mrs. Waite regards it—a shilling volume entitled, if we remember rightly, *Female Life among the Mormons*, and bearing a striking analogy, in many respects, to some of those professed revelations of the interior life of Roman Catholic convents in which Protestant fanaticism delights, and which the latitudinarian indifference of the general public confounds with the more ordinary productions of Holywell Street. Mrs. Waite's work has much higher pretensions, but it is quite as unworthy to be classed among authentic histories, or even among works of legitimate controversy. The temper of the writer is so manifest as to deprive her statements of all value. The book is fitly crowned by a chapter entitled "The Endowment," the first two or three pages of which will abundantly satisfy the reader who may be disposed to form his own opinion upon its merits.

The *Dictionary of Congress*\* is a very convenient volume of reference, containing biographical notices of all the Senators and Representatives of the United States from the meeting of the Colonial Congress down

\* *Dictionary of the United States Congress, Compiled as a Manual of Reference for the Legislator and Statesman*. By Charles Lanman. Third Edition, revised and brought down to July 28, 1866. Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1866.

to the present day; the Articles of Confederation; the Constitution of the Union, with the various amendments passed down to the date of publication; notes of the Presidential elections, with the names of the electors; the organization of the Executive departments, the right of suffrage in the different States, and other useful information not easily accessible to European readers. It might, however, be made very much more useful by considerable enlargement and additions, without becoming at all inconveniently cumbersome. Its value would be greatly increased if some of the biographies were extended in length, if a short account of the constitutional system of the different States were inserted, and if that part which is immediately devoted to Congress—five-sixths of the whole—contained a clear view of its rules and procedure, of its forms, and the meaning of the terms employed in the reports, some of which are peculiar to America, while others (as "the previous question!") are used in a sense, or have a practical significance, different from that which attaches to them in our own Parliamentary proceedings. The organization of the House of Representatives, which occupies so considerable a period at the commencement of each Congress, the powers of the Committees, the relations between the two Houses, and between Congress and the Executive, are all topics on which a succinct explanation would be very serviceable to nearly all English, and probably to most American readers of the newspapers, and which we are disappointed to find wholly untouched in this volume. If the next edition should be thus enlarged and completed, so as to form a real and efficient dictionary of reference upon American politics, the additional labour bestowed upon it would be amply repaid.

The *Criterion*\* is the title given by Mr. Henry Tuckerman to a series of essays of a quality somewhat higher than that of the usual magazine article, and resembling in style and matter those of Hazlitt and his contemporaries, rather than the flimsier productions of their successors. They are well written, and contain some pertinent observations and amusing anecdotes of various professions and phases of social life. Mr. Tuckerman is a master of the English language, and the purity of his style, rather than any affectation of antique mannerisms,

\* *The Criterion; or, the Test of Talk about Familiar Things*. A Series of Essays. By Henry T. Tuckerman. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1866.

gives to his essays a flavour which reminds us of a past generation of writers.

Mr. Barry Gray's *Out of Town*\* is a lively history of the migration of what we should call a cockney family from New York to a country village, and of the various adventures and experiences of rural life, regarded in their humorous aspect.

Under the title of *First Years in Europe* † Mr. Calvert relates the impressions of a young American who visited the Old World for the first time some five-and-forty years ago. The book is somewhat too full of reflections and criticisms showing no very profound wisdom, and marked by a good deal of the prejudice and presumption natural to youth.

Mr. Alger's *Solitudes of Nature and of Man* ‡ is a volume whose general conception and form may probably have been suggested by the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, but it is in no sense an imitation of that unrivalled work. It displays much original thought, as well as a large amount of varied reading; contains many sensible and suggestive reflections, many well-chosen and apposite quotations, and some interesting facts and reminiscences, historical and biographical, which serve as apt and far from trite illustrations of thoughts which are often striking and generally judicious. It is not exactly light; but it is agreeable and instructive reading, and may possibly obtain a more than ephemeral repute and popularity.

The *Elements of Art Criticism* § is a treatise of more than elementary scope on a subject in which most of us are more or less interested, and on which many are consciously ignorant or imperfectly informed. Some portions at least of the present volume relate to the rudiments of drawing and painting, and may repay the reader for his trouble even if he fail fully to comprehend its more ambitious teachings.

\* *Out of Town. A Rural Episode.* By Barry Gray. With Illustrations. New York: Hurd & Houghton. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.

† *First Years in Europe.* By George H. Calvert, Author of "Scenes and Thoughts in Europe," "The Gentleman," &c. Boston: William V. Spencer. London: Trübner & Co. 1866.

‡ *The Solitudes of Nature and of Man; or, the Loneliness of Human Life.* By William Rounseville Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

§ *Elements of Art Criticism, comprising a Treatise on the Principles of Man's Nature, as addressed by Art; together with a Historic Survey of the Methods of Art Execution in the Departments of Drawing, Sculpture, Architecture, Painting, Landscape-Gardening, and the Decorative Arts.* Designed as a Text-book for Schools and Colleges, and as a Handbook for Amateurs and Artists. By G. W. Samson, D. D., President of Columbian College, Washington, D. C. Philadelphia: T. B. Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

Several theological works, some of them certainly worthy of remark, are among the last batch of American publications. *Sermons preached at the Church of St. Paul* \* are superior in literary merit to the average of published pulpit discourses, as has been the case with many of the Roman Catholic works of this sort which have fallen into our hands; perhaps because, preaching not forming an essential part of the every-day services of the Church, the task of composing sermons is not imposed upon every priest in virtue of his orders, but is regulated to those who have some human qualifications for the pulpit — such as eloquence, learning, or literary power. *The Silence of Scripture* † is a small and sensible book, aptly described by its title. Its connecting idea is an attempt to enforce, by an argument drawn from the absolute or partial silence of the Bible, and particularly of the New Testament, on many topics on which human curiosity is strong, and on which false religions have been very explicit, the divine origin and authority of the Christian revelation. Rehabilitation, and the reversal of the received judgments of history, has now become the favourite office of historical critics. We have seen not only Henry VIII., Nero, and Philip of Spain, but even Cataline and Clodius, cleansed of the evil repute of ages, and enshrined among the benefactors or the unsuccessful martyrs of humanity. The same tendency has not been wanting in Biblical criticism, and attempts have been made to show that even the crime of Pilate and the treason of Judas were less atrocious than the Christian world has believed. It has been argued that Iscariot really intended only to force his Master into the assertion of his royal title by miraculous power, and his penitence has been cited in proof that the consequences of his act were not what he had contemplated. It only remained that some one should undertake to do by appeals to our reason what Milton and Byron have almost done as regards our sympathies, and plead some plausible excuse for the Arch-Enemy of mankind. The author of the *Rise and the Fall* ‡ appears to intend this, in a volume

\* *Sermons preached at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, in New York, during the Years 1865 and 1866.* New York: Lawrence Kehoe. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

† *The Silence of Scripture.* By the Rev. Francis Wharton, D. D., L. LD., Rector of St. Paul's Church, Brookline, Mass. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co., Church Publishers. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

‡ *The Rise and the Fall; or, the Origin of Moral Evil,* 3 Parts. Part I. The Suggestions of Reason; II. The Disclosures of Revelation; III. The Confirmations of Theology. New York: Hurd & Houghton. London: Trübner & Co. 1866.



devoted to prove that Adam and Eve were guilty of no sin in eating the forbidden apple, and that the sentence denounced upon their disobedience was no punishment. It would seem that the Serpent must equally be acquitted of offence — would seem, we say, for the author's argument is entirely beyond our comprehension.

*Mind in Nature*\* is an elaborate treatise on the organization of animal life, devoted principally to microscopic researches, in which the writer has occupied many years, and from which he appears to have derived some important conclusions. It contains, besides, an interesting account of certain experiments on what is called "spontaneous generation." The object of the volume is professedly of a theologico-scientific character, to prove the existence of a Creative Mind perpetually at work from the plan of the animal creation. The exact drift of the argument is somewhat obscure, but the value of the physiological inquiries which form the substance of the work is not thereby affected. It is painful to find that the author has against Professor Agassiz one of those personal quarrels which do so much to discredit men of science with the outer world, both from the nature of the mutual accusations and from the acrimony with which they are preferred. It would have been wiser if the note which refers to this dispute, without clearly explaining it, had been omitted; it has no bearing on the subject in hand, and those for whom the work is intended are incapable of deciding upon the merits of the case.

Among scientific works the *Report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1865* † and the *Annual of Scientific Discovery* ‡ edited by

\* *Mind in Nature; or the Origin of Life, and the Mode of Development of Animals.* By Henry James Clark, A. B., B. S., Adjunct Professor of Zoology in Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.; Member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Boston, Mass., of the Boston Society of Natural History, Corresponding Member of the American Microscopical Society of New York, &c. &c. With over 200 Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1865.

† *Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, showing the Operations, Expenditures, and Condition of the Institution for the Year 1865.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1865.

‡ *Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year-book of Facts in Science and Art for 1866 and 1867, exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements in Mechanics, useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Geology, Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, Meteorology, Geography, Antiquities, &c., together with Notes on the Progress of Science during the Years 1865 and 1866; a List of Recent Scientific Publications; Obituaries of Scientific Men, &c.* Edited by Samuel Kneeland, A. M., M. D., &c. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

Mr. Kneeland, deserve notice. The latter is a yearly account of all that has been done to forward the progress of science during the year; of mechanical inventions and improvements, of the achievements and discoveries in all the different branches of natural science, of the books published on these and kindred subjects, and of the lives of eminent scientific men who have died during the last twelve months. The volume is a small one, and the type close, though tolerably clear; and in order to bring within the requisite compass so large a mass of matter, it is necessary that each invention or discovery, especially the less important or less interesting, should be succinctly treated; but nevertheless the amount of information concentrated in so small a space is truly wonderful, and renders the *Annual* exceedingly valuable to all who are interested in science.

Messrs. Judd and Co. publish a volume on the *Mysteries of Beekeeping*\* with special application to American circumstances, and a *New Book of Flowers* † intended for the use of amateur gardeners.

Among recent translations we find one of *The Jobiad* ‡, by Charles T. Brooks; *Joubert's Thoughts*, § by Mr. Calvert; the *Life and Works of Lessing*, || from the German of Adolf Stahr; and the *Journal of Maurice de Guérin* ¶, to which is prefixed a reprint of Mr. M. Arnold's essay on the writer's life and genius.

\* *Mysteries of Beekeeping Explained, containing the Result of Thirty-five Years Experience, and Directions for Using the Movable Comb and Bee-Hive, together with the most Approved Methods of Propagating the Italian Bee.* By M. Quinlay, Practical Beekeeper. New Stereotyped and Illustrated Edition. New York: Orange Judd & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1866.

† *New Book of Flowers.* By Joseph Brook. Newly Electrotyped and Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

‡ *The Jobiad: a Grottesco-Comico-Heroic Poem from the German of Dr. Carl Arnold Kortum.* By Charles T. Brooks, translator of "Faust," "Titian," &c. &c. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. London: Sampson Low, Son & Marston. 1867.

§ *Joubert: Some of the Thoughts of Joseph Joubert.* Translated by George H. Calvert, Author of "First Years in Europe," "The Gentleman," &c. Preceded by a Notice of Joubert by the Translator. Boston: William V. Spencer. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

|| *The Life and Works of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, from the German of Ad.-H. Stahr.* By E. P. Evans, Ph. D., Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in the University of Michigan. Boston: William V. Spencer. London: Trübner & Co. 1866.

¶ *The Journal of Maurice de Guérin, with an Essay by Matthew Arnold, and a Memoir by Sainte Beuve, edited by G. T. Trebutien.* Translated by Edward Thornton Fisher, Professor of English Law and Literature at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institution. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

A small work on the Ecclesiastical Law of Massachusetts\*, by Mr. Buck, of the Suffolk Bar, will have interest for others than ecclesiastical lawyers, as exemplifying the administration of justice in a State where all sects are on an equal footing before the law, and all equally appeal to it to define the temporal rights of the Church and of its members, lay and clerical. The Bench and Bar of Massachusetts have always enjoyed a well-deserved respect, not only for learning, but for character and dignity, which the monstrous practice of electing the judges has not allowed those of other States to sustain; and their decisions on questions of ecclesiastical law may be taken as the best example of the manner in which, in the only country which has as yet established "a free Church in a free State," the State deals with the questions which the Church submits to her.

From the Spectator.

THE FEMININE ELEMENT IN "THE MODERN SPIRIT."

IN an admirable article in the May number of *Fraser's Magazine* on "The Modern Spirit," the writer points out the double current of thought which has been undermining the old dogmatic authority of the Churches, — on the one hand, the spirit of logic, weighing evidences and finding a succession of verdicts of "not proven," — on the other hand, the spirit of mysticism, grasping at large, vague, vital beliefs, without much evidence or much value for evidence, indeed accepting them only because they seem to satisfy a want of the soul, and quite ready to modify or dismiss them as soon as any other more importunate claimant demands admittance and recognition from our spiritual sentiments. It is to the latter element only in this "modern spirit," by no means the least important element, that we want to ask attention just now. Nothing is more curious, as the writer of the article in *Fraser* points out, than the undermining effect which this positive element of our faith, or at least our desire for faith, has produced on "modern thought." The just and legitimate effect of a careful weighing of evidence, is to show where we have been credulous, and where we must give up what we had formerly accepted as true. But at first

sight one would scarcely have supposed that this thirst for large beliefs *without* evidence, — and it is an essential feature of this element in "the modern spirit" that there should be no show of the trammels of direct argument, for all the *passion* in this kind of belief exhales if you attempt to justify it by the aid of the reason, — would have had so undermining an effect upon those beliefs which had hitherto been held upon evidence. Yet we sincerely believe that a great deal more of modern doubt has been created by this absorption of vague elemental faiths from "the Eternities and Immensities," at least by the habit of mind which chafes against logical grooves and yet craves after mystical inspirations, than by the solvent of modern criticism. The latter has, indeed, often worked in the service of the former. You can trace many an acute conclusion of modern criticism less to the state of the special evidence, than to the rebellion of the critic's mind against being asked to surrender at discretion to the force of evidence which he feels to be inadequate in grandeur to the greatness of the spiritual issues connected with it. Paley's evidences, both of Natural Theology and of Christianity, for example, have revolted as many minds as they have convinced. As regards Natural Theology, persons craving for the mystic clasp of the Immensities were naturally angered by Paley's modest but *exigent* "watch." As regards Christianity, persons craving for the Word made flesh were revolted by being compelled to found so much on the discovery that St. Paul's Epistles contained several minute coincidences as to his times and modes of travelling with the book called 'the Acts of the Apostles.' The modern spirit, on its thirsty pantheistic side, has done more to dissolve the power of dogmatic definitions and orthodox apologies, than even the careful toil of critical investigation.

It is a true account, we believe, of the origin of this mystical element in "the modern spirit," to say that men of imaginative and speculative power have borrowed a *method* from women, and applied it with much greater boldness and revolutionary audacity than women themselves have usually displayed. The so-called "intuitions" which have made so much stir of late years, are to a great extent tastes and sentiments which women have always used more liberally than men in support of their favourite dogmatic authority, but which men are now wringing out of their hands and setting up above all dogmatic authority. Take the vague apothegms by which Emerson has

\* *Massachusetts Ecclesiastical Law.* By Edward Buck, of the Suffolk Bar. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. London: Trauner & Co. 1866.

gained so much influence among the Pantheistic class of thinkers, — some of which are quoted in another article of the same number of *Fraser's Magazine* to which we have referred, — take such a saying as "A right and true man would be felt to the very centre of the solar system," — or this, "The pulses of thought, which go to the borders of the Universe, let them proceed from the bosom of the Household." — what are these but the imaginative apotheosis of sentiments which women would have used in a veiled form to support the dogmatic authority of the system which had laid most hold upon them? The religious Comtists, in impersonating their imaginary *Grand Etre* as a mother," — depriving God of all personal character first, and then as if in irony calling Him Her," Theodore Parker, who, though an earnest Theist, insisted frequently on the same grotesque transformation of divine gender, — are all following in the same path, seizing on a vague sentiment which women would have carefully subordinated to some visible and authoritative system, and recklessly enthroning it above all visible and authoritative systems, to show how much they prefer warm sentiment to tradition, evidence, or revelation. But the most curious illustration of this remarkable tendency in "the modern spirit" boldly to enthroned a sentimental feminine element where no woman ever would have placed it, above all other elements of modern religion and theology, is one that proceeds apparently out of the Swedenborgian school of thought. In a curious little book\* that has just appeared, and which is so sincere, fresh, and evidently written out of genuine personal emotion, that we hope to give it a more extended notice in these columns, Mr. Horace Field attempts to establish a rigid fatalism on spiritual grounds, by attributing our apparent free-will to what we must call a loving feminine fineness on the part of God. Nay, this is the express analogy which he finds for God's goodness in making us fancy we are free when we are not, — that it is just what a woman does when she makes her husband think he originated some token of love to her, while in reality she puts him up to it: —

"My statement is, then, that God Himself directs all our movements, and so directing, the feeling gives us that we direct ourselves. There is a process so strangely parallel among our social relationships that I cannot pass it by. I re-

\* *Heroism; or, God Our Father, Omnipotent, Omniscient, Omnipresent.* By Horace Field, B. A. London: Longmans.

fer to conjugal love. An observer of the working of the heart well knows that conjugal love springs from the woman and returns to her. It originates with the woman. It is a gift from her to the man, which he feels in himself as though he originated it, and feels this so strongly that it will even vanish away as the woman is herself well aware if she by acting failed to keep up this strange delusion in his mind. Shakespeare makes Rosalind relate the art employed to effect this purpose, among the other female secrets he allows her to betray under her male disguise —

'Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

'Ros. Me believe it! You may as soon make her that you love believe it; which I warrant she is apter to do than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences.'

Now, the remarkable part in all this is, that the delusion in the man's mind, that he himself originates the love, is essential to the existence of the love itself; just as when doing any act at the direct bidding of God the delusion that we do it ourselves is the heart of all social existence. Human nature is full of such contradictions. We say may, for example, to a mischievous child, 'Your whole life is needfully a cause of trouble to all about you you ought to try, therefore, and give as little needless trouble as you can,

not that we do not all delight to take trouble for you — we should, indeed, be lost without it but our delight will pass away if we do not see you endeavour to relieve us of all the trouble you can' and this desire to rob us of trouble is the only way to keep up our delight in it; and these contradictions must be in the heavenly nature, if we regard its essential life to be self-sacrifice, until they culminate in conjugal love, the essence of which is the complete absorption of the gift by the receiver, and its consequent return to the giver. In conjugal love, then, the woman plays toward the man the part of Deity. She gives that all-engrossing heavenly love to him, accompanied by the persuasion that he himself originates it. She first selects him from among other men, and he perceives it each advance is hers, and he feels it as his own, because he loves it; she induces the final declaration, but the man speaks the word, and heaven and earth cannot persuade him that he is not the author of it, because he pours out his whole being in it and these persuasions she will induce in him at any cost, and will not disturb him in them no, not at the price of life itself. And what does the wise man do when convinced of these truths. He accepts these doings on the part of the woman as of her true nature; he revels in the delusion itself thus valued by her, and thus supported, as the richest jewel in her diadem, and as men thus deal with women as to conjugal love, so should the whole race deal with our Father in heaven as to free-will, — receive the inspiration to the deed, accompanied by the love for it, as His gift, and

adore Him for ever that the gift thus given persuades them that they, and not God, are the authors of their acts."

Indeed, the key-note of this remarkable little book — remarkable for combining real logical cohesion of thought with extraordinary feats of sentiment — is that while there is nothing, no other agency, in the world but God, He has managed matters with so loving and delicate a feminine finesse, that we all imagine ourselves to be doing freely what we are really constrained to do, and so enjoy as spontaneous in ourselves acts of self-devotion and prayer, which are really only God's acts passed through the funnel of our seeming personality. We attribute this curious doctrine concerning God's feminine finesse of tenderness to the Swedenborgian school of thought, both on account of the odd and objectionable word "conjugal," which we never saw in any other class of writings, and from the dedication to the "Bridegroom and the Bride, the Lamb and the Lamb's wife," which is a favourite vein of mystical allegory in the Swedenborgian school; but there is nothing in the book Swedenborgian in doctrine, Swedenborg himself having been, we believe, a strong believer in free-will.

Now, what can be more remarkable than the fact that from so many different sources, — from the Spinozistic school of Pantheism, from Comte's school of rigidly phenomenal generalization, from Theodora Parker's school of robust, sometimes almost rudely masculine, Theism, — from the Swedenborgian school of types and allegories, — there proceed the same tendencies to extol the feminine type of mind, — nay, as we have seen, even feminine finesse in action, not only above religious dogma, but even above the intellectual side of faith. To defend God for deceiving us as to free-will by saying that in this He is just like a woman who makes a man offer to her and makes him think he did it without any guidance from her, is surely one of the strangest apologies for Fatalism which the world has ever heard of. Yet though an exaggerated illustration of the modern tendency to substitute vague fascinations of sentiment for truths for which we can plead the authority of historical revelation, it is only one of many all going to show that the most popular elements of modern religious faith are those at which men vaguely grasp in moods of elevated feeling, and for which they require no evidence in the proper sense of the term, except just the very sort of momenta-

ry fascination which beautiful women themselves exercise over men.

Our inference from all this is that the positive side of "the modern spirit" in relation to religion is the tendency to *fall in love* with "the infinite," and to revolt, as lovers will, against the restraint of rational laws; while the negative side, — the masculine side, — is the logical tendency to demand evidence for all asserted facts, and to reject all facts not established by evidence in the most satisfactory manner. The great religious calamity of our time is that so few seem to be able to combine habitually, and in the same religious mood, the two attitudes of thought, — to guide criticism by spiritual cravings, to check spiritual cravings by intellectual criticism. Our most religious feelings nowadays help the revolt against Revelation just because it is revelation; in other words, because God's revelation of Himself is governed by moral laws and limited by historic evidence, and so has not the delicious charm of the inspirations of vague and wayward passion. The critical spirit, on the other hand, — one of the most hopeful evidences of the scrupulous intellectual conscience of the present day, — is left unassisted in its investigations by that religious thirst which could alone enable it to detect the true springs of the water of life. We shall never reach, by our own investigations, and without the aid of that dogmatic "authority" which is gone forever, the true life of God, as He has so long been revealing it to us, till we can combine in the same attitude of mind and heart the scrupulous intellectual conscientiousness of modern times, with the spiritual thirst which, without it, is so lawless and vagrant, but which, under its guidance, will prove a truer divining rod to detect the "living waters," than any authoritative Church, or any verbally inspired Bible.

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From the British Medical Journal.

#### WAS LUTHER MAD?

In the recent trial, in which the validity of the will of Mrs. Thwaites was disputed, because of the extreme religious delusions which she was proved to have had for many years, Mr. Serjeant Ballantine elicited from Dr. Williams, of Bethlehem Hospital, in cross-examination, a confession of opinion that Luther was mad, or, at any rate, not altogether sane. Dr. Wood is stated

in the newspaper reports to have given similar evidence. Whatever we may think of their opinion, we must admire the rare candour of these physicians; for the admission was anything but calculated to serve the cause in the defence of which they were called.

But was Luther mad? The spiritual temptations which he underwent he described as "buffetings of Satan;" with these he was frequently tormented; he called them conflicts between him and Satan. The terrors he experienced he called "the Devil's traps," from which he earnestly prayed God to deliver him. If this were madness, then every preacher who describes the evil impulses of the heart as the instigations of Satan is surely mad himself, and teaches madness to his hearers; and that, too, without the excuse which Luther had in the ignorance and superstitious credulity of the times in which he lived. The manner in which Luther himself speaks of his temptations is interesting, for it resembles the way in which he speaks of insanity. "I think," he says, "that all fools, and such as have not the use of reason, are vexed or led aside by Satan; not that they are therefore condemned, but because Satan doth diversely tempt men, some grievously, some easily; some a longer, some a shorter time. And whereas physicians attribute much to natural means sometimes, this cometh to pass because they know not how great the power and the strength of the devils are." This, though it lack form a little, according to modern scientific ideas of insanity, is "not like madness."

But let us go on to hear how he speaks of his conversations with the devil, whose persecutions cost him many a bitter night — *multis noctes mihi satis amarulentas et acerbas reddere ille novit*. "The devil," he says, "knows how to invent, and to urge his arguments with great force. He also speaks in a deep and loud-toned voice. Nor are these disputes carried on in a long course of various argumentations; but the question is put and the answer given in a moment. I am sensible, and have sufficiently experienced, how it sometimes happens that persons are found dead in their beds in a morning. He is not only able to kill or strangle the body, but knows how to urge and close in the soul with his disputations, that it is obliged to quit the body in

an instant — a state into which he had nearly reduced me more than once. For no mortal can endure and withstand them without the peculiar assistance and power of God."

With this compare what Whitefield says in his journal, about whom a report was once raised that he was mad, and who says of himself that "he might very well be taken to be really mad, and that his relations counted his life madness." "One morning, rising from my bed, I felt an unusual impression and weight upon my chest. In a short time, the load gradually increased and almost weighed me down, and fully convinced me that Satan had as real possession of my body as once of Job's. . . . I fancied myself like a man locked up in iron armour; I felt great heavings in my body; prayed under the weight till the sweat came. How many nights did I lie groaning under the weight, bidding Satan depart from me in the name of Jesus."

If these earnest men were mad, then how far gone in madness must the Psalmist have been when he cried out, "Many oxen are come about me; fat bulls of Bashan close me in on every side." Hallucinations these, surely, of an extreme kind. Which of the great prophetic writers of the Bible will escape the suspicion of insanity, if a vehement sincerity of nature, an exalted imagination, and burning words of passionate earnestness, taking a figurative expression, are to be deemed indications of mental unsoundness?

It cannot be questioned that Luther was of a vehement nature, intensely earnest, ardently imaginative, obstinate even to rashness, as a man fighting the battle which he fought had need to be. By an incessant application to study, and by a sedentary life, he had greatly injured his health, so that he actually heard the noise "which the devil made to torment him;" and on one occasion he was certainly cured by exercise and medicines sent him by Spalatinus. Notwithstanding these, we are of opinion that any one who engages to prove him insane, wrongly measuring the style and habit of thought of one age by those of another age, will have to make use of arguments which, if they are worth anything, would prove most of the great and earnest reformers whom the world has seen to have been insane also.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE REIGN OF LAW.

THE main object of this able and very interesting treatise is to show that the Reign of Law — meaning thereby that invariable order, or those persistent forces, which science delights to contemplate — is by no means incompatible with the belief in an overruling and creative Intelligence. In this its main purpose it is what, a few years ago, would have been called a *Bridgewater Treatise*, and it would have deserved to take its place amongst the instructive series which bore that title. But whereas the Bridgewater Treatises in general abounded with illustrations of the great argument of design, the present volume is chiefly occupied with discussions that bear upon the nature of the argument itself. It is not, however, without due share of illustration; and the description given of the contrivance, or adaptation of the laws or forces of nature, displayed in the mechanism of a bird's wing — or say in the general purpose of enabling a vertebrate animal to fly through the air — is amongst the happiest of the kind we have ever met with. We shall henceforth watch the flight of the sea-gull, a bird which the author especially selects for his illustration, with additional interest. The Duke of Argyll has evidently looked on birds with far other than the sportsman's eye — with something of the poet's eye, as well as that of the man of science. Not that the sportsman is altogether destitute of admiration for the bird he kills; we have known him discourse eloquently on the beauty of the creature soaring above him, in an element he cannot inhabit, and the next moment glory in *bringing it down*.\*

\* *The Reign of Law*. By the Duke of Argyll. Alexander Strahan, publisher, 53 Ludgate Hill.

\* We suspect that our momentary digression to the sportsman is owing to the following circumstance:—Our eye has just fallen on a letter in the *'Times*,' protesting against the cruel and purposeless slaughter of the beautiful sea-birds that frequent our cliffs. Hundreds of these exquisite creatures, whom every one with a spark of tenderness or intelligence in his nature has delighted to watch as they hover over the sea, are killed every summer for no object except the pleasure of killing, and such poor skill as may be displayed in shooting amongst a crowd of birds. The cliffs between Scarborough and Burlington — one of the great breeding-places of our sea-fowl — are mentioned as the scene of this butchery. Parties go in boats, and station themselves under the flock of birds flying to and fro, feeding their young. Boats have been seen "literally laden with birds, the boatmen sitting on them." But many that are shot "fall at a distance on the water or the land, and die wretchedly of their wounds or hunger." If the young men who indulge in this sport had read the Duke of Argyll's book, had followed him in his admiring explanation of the flight of the sea-gull, we think, perhaps, they would hard-

FOURTH SERIES. LIVING AGE. VOL. VI.

'The Reign of Law' is in all respects a remarkable book. Where it does not command assent, it stimulates inquiry. Nor is it any ill compliment to a work of this description to say of it that it sometimes provokes, in a very mild degree, the spirit of controversy; seeing that it leads us back, with a certain freshness of mind, into old questions of a still unsettled nature.

We need hardly say that we cordially agree in the main conclusions to which the author would conduct us. No proposition appears to carry a stronger conviction with it than this — that mind, not matter, or the forces called material, should be considered as the primal power in the universe. In the order of science, we commence with the simple and lead onwards to the complex; but when, at any epoch, science presents to us such *whole*, such *Cosmos*, as it has been able to conceive, the conviction immediately follows that this whole existed as *Thought* or *Idea* before it was developed as a reality of space and time. The great conclusion, therefore, which the Duke of Argyll, in common with all our theologians, would enforce, is one which we, too, would maintain with whatever energy we possess. We are not in the least disposed to relinquish what is familiarly known as the argument from design in favour of any "high *a priori* road" to the first great truth in theology. But there may be methods of stating this argument from which we should dissent. There may also be a tendency to implicate the argument with philosophical opinions which, whether correct or not, are still under discussion, and which, in fact, are the opinions only of one section of the speculative world. Such a tendency (we do not say that it is manifested in an unusual manner in the present writer) we should venture to protest against.

The press has lately teemed with productions which must have manifested to most readers how utterly unsatisfactory are those metaphysical or ontological reasonings which are supposed to conduct us more directly to the knowledge of the absolute and infinite Being. Rejecting, as anthropomorphic, the persuasion felt by reflective men in every generation that the world is full of purpose, — or rather say of intermingled and inseparable purposes, and may therefore be called one great purpose, — many profound reasoners have preferred to found their theology on certain abstractions of the intellect, such as pure Being, Substance, Cause, and

ly have consented to this wanton slaughter — to this extermination of a creature probably happier than themselves, and certainly more beautiful.

by so doing they have been led into results either of a self-contradictory nature, or of so vague and shadowy a description that we are left in doubt whether it is an idea or a mere word that we are at last put in possession of. God has become the Absolute, or the Infinite, or the One Substance, or the Unknowable First Cause, everywhere present, and under no form of human thought conceivable.

This One Substance, or the One Being, if you travel to it by this road, is a mere hypothesis, and explains nothing. The impression conveyed by the senses is of a multitude of individual things or substances. Science, by its generalisations, may reduce these to a few elementary substances. But the last generalisation of science is only of a *similarity* of a multitude of things. Suppose it reduced all material things to one elementary substance — that is, to a multitude of atoms all similar in their nature — these atoms would still be numerically or individually different, moving with different velocities and in different combinations. We are as far as ever from this metaphysical entity of the One Substance; and if we could reach to it, what would it explain? The *unity* of the world which calls for explanation is a unity of plan, that harmony of parts which constitutes it a whole. Now, what connection is there between this and the barren conception of unity of Substance? If the one substance acts diversely — as it must necessarily be supposed to do in order to produce anything — why should this diversity of action of one unintelligent substance more necessarily lead to a unity of plan than the simultaneous action of a multitude of diverse substances? If the one substance had but one mode of action, no world could be produced; if it have many modes of action, what is to prevent these from being at variance with each other? Or how are we brought nearer to any comprehension of the real unity of the universe? If this does not suggest to us the precedence or immanence of mind or thought, we know not what it can legitimately suggest at all; we should think it wiser simply to rest in this harmonious state of things — to rest in it in the sense of the positivist, as the last truth we are capable of reaching, and leave alone all further speculations about the one universal substance, or a supernatural cause.

The old familiar argument gives us a creative intelligence, in other words an intelligent being, and a universe which is the manifestation of this power; we need not say that it has its difficulties, and that the idea of creation comes to us embarrassed

with perplexing speculations; but this other ontological method lands us in mere abstractions, and is, at best, no entrance into theology at all, but merely into some metaphysical theory of the universe.

And not only do we cling to this great argument, but we are adverse to the supposition that diversities of opinion, on such well-known topics of controversy as the nature of the human Will, or of our idea of Causation, should incapacitate either party in such controversies from availing himself of it. We are unwilling that it should be monopolised by any one school of psychology. We sometimes hear it said, for instance, that the doctrine of Causation taught by Dr. Thomas Brown nullifies the argument by abstracting from the conception of God the idea of power; since, if we have no such idea of power till we enter the domain of theology, we cannot then suddenly form the idea in order to invest God with power. Brown did not reason thus. As he states the argument, we see one great antecedent to the existing world — namely, a pre-existing mind. It invariable antecedents is all that we understand by power, we have still the conviction that there was *this antecedent*, and this is sufficient for the argument. It is still more frequently asserted that he who denies the freedom of the human will, or its self-determining character, destroys the only *type* we have of the power of God. It may be so. But to this it may be replied, that we cannot expect to have a type of that which is altogether superhuman and unique. The argument consists in this, that we cannot conceive the world or the universe as a whole without immediately conceiving it as the manifestation of thought. *How* such a thought manifested itself, in creation, is just as impossible to understand as how such a thought came itself into existence. We are not here attempting to decide, be it understood, on the nature of the human will, or of our idea of power; we simply express a conviction that our great argument holds its ground whatever philosophical tenet is embraced on these subjects.

Having thus stated as briefly as we could (without glancing at objections which it would require pages to discuss) the position we occupy with regard to this popular argument from design, we can proceed with the greater freedom to examine what may seem to us peculiar in the treatment of it by our author. The Duke of Argyll opens his treatise with some very just remarks on the vague use of the term supernatural. By a "belief in the supernatural," is sometimes meant a belief in a supernatural Being—or in

God; and it is sometimes restricted to a belief in a supernatural or abnormal action of that Being. French writers not unfrequently use the expression in the first sense, and understand by a denial of the supernatural a denial of any to us intelligible existence out of the pale of nature and humanity. Amongst English writers a denial of the supernatural is generally limited to a denial of any events confessedly out of the established order of creation—a denial that God acts in any but the one systematic method which it is the aim of science to explore. In this last sense the supernatural is synonymous with the miraculous.

There is, however, one other application of the term "supernatural" it is necessary to allude to. This is an application of the term to the human *will*, by those who think that it is not involved in that linked series of cause and effect which we call the course of nature. This use of the term is by no means common, even amongst the staunchest advocates of liberty, but it is plainly admissible. That the human will should effect changes in the material world is, as the Duke of Argyll observes, amongst the most *natural* of events—meaning thereby amongst the most ordinary and familiar—but if it be true that the will acts from *above* or from *without* that order which binds the rest of nature, then, in this sense, it may be entitled to be called *supernatural*. The ambiguity in the word "natural" must be guarded against. It may either mean what is ordinary, or what is embraced in the strict order of nature. We may find it difficult to speak of anything so familiar, and in that respect so natural, as the moving of a man's hand, as a supernatural event; yet, in a scientific point of view, it may doubtless be so described, presuming that the man acts from without that connected series we call nature. The Duke of Argyll quotes with approbation a passage from Dr. Bushnell in which the word is thus applied:—

"Dr. Bushnell says, 'That is supernatural, whatever it be, that is either not in the chain of natural cause and effect, or which acts on the chain of cause and effect in nature, from without the chain.' And again, 'If the processes, combinations, and results of our system of nature are interrupted or varied by the action whether of God, or angels, or men, so as to bring to pass what would not come to pass in it by its own internal action, under the laws of mere cause and effect, such variations are in like manner supernatural.'"

Our author, however, does not himself apply the word supernatural to the human

will; he would perhaps prefer the word spontaneous. Speaking of a lecture of Mr. Tyndall he says:—

"One of our most distinguished living teachers of physical science began, not long ago, a course of lectures on the phenomena of heat by a rapid statement of the modern doctrine of the correlation of forces—how the one was convertible into the other—how one rose out of the other—how none could be evolved except from some other as a pre-existing source. 'Thus,' said the lecturer, 'we see there is no such thing as spontaneousness in Nature.' What! not in the lecturer himself? Was there no 'spontaneousness' in his choice of words—in his selection of materials—in his orderly arrangement of experiments, with a view to the exhibition of particular results? It is not probable that the lecturer was intending to deny this; it simply was that he did not think of it, as within his field of view. His own mind and will were then dealing with the 'laws of nature,' but it did not occur to him as forming part of these laws, or, in the same sense, as subject to them."

Whether Professor Tyndall quite meant all he said, or had weighed the full significance of his words, we do not undertake to decide. Perhaps he spoke advisedly. But what concerns us more nearly is, that we shall find some difficulty as we proceed, in quite understanding what our author means by that "spontaneousness" he is here vindicating. We are led to ask ourselves, whether the Duke of Argyll has finally determined what position to assume in this great metaphysical controversy of the freedom of the will.

But at present we shall pursue the course of our exposition. The Supernatural, we have said, has in our ordinary philosophical controversies two meanings. Either it means that Being who has created, and who therefore is above, Nature. Or, presuming such a Being to exist, and that he acts by general laws, then the Supernatural means a departure in that Being from his systematic mode of action: it is synonymous with the miraculous. We shall follow our author in his observations on these two subjects—a creative Intelligence and the Miraculous. And as the latter of these happens to take precedence in the essay we commence with it.

*The Miracle.*—No more striking illustration could be given of the general tendency to believe in the reign of law than the effort made by some speculative divines to reconcile the miracle to the natural order of events—to believe in the miracle as a fact, and yet deny that it implies any arbi-



trary interposition in the laws of nature. The attempt, in our opinion, is as unnecessary as it is unsuccessful. What we call a miracle does not exist for him who does not believe in a Creator, and he who believes in a Creator can surely find no difficulty in believing in an interposition of the Creative Power, always presuming there is a purpose of that paramount description which renders such interposition intelligible. For law itself, or the establishment of uniformity, is but a purpose (on the theory of Creation); and if we can conceive of another purpose, such as the revelation of religious truth, to which an especial departure from that uniformity is subservient, there can be no difficulty (on sufficient evidence) in accepting such departure. But we have lately had a few reasoners amongst us who have held that the evidence *was* sufficient to prove what we call the miraculous fact, but who have denied that the fact was really in its nature miraculous, or a direct interposition of the power of God overruling the uniformity He had established. They suggest that the startling event which to us seems abnormal, would be recognised as in strict obedience to the laws of nature, if our science were equal to the task. They are fond of drawing an analogy from Mr. Babbage's calculating machine, which, after exhibiting for some time a succession of numbers in a certain sequence or ratio, suddenly departs from what we have begun to think is the law of the machine, and exhibits a number quite different from what our experience had led us to expect. Here, say they, we should at first exclaim that the machine had departed from its law, whereas a thorough knowledge of its mechanism would have assured us that it was most faithful to its law. In like manner if there are records of the dead being called back to life, an event even so extraordinary as this may be the result of laws whose operation we have yet to become thoroughly acquainted with. If the Apostle Peter raised the widow Dorcas from death to life, it was because just at this juncture the apparently exceptional *number* was about to be exhibited by the great machine of the universe.

We allude to this strange explanation of the miracle merely as an illustration of a tendency of modern thought; it hardly deserves a serious examination. Did St. Peter know that this resurrection from the dead was about to be produced in the cycle of events? Then the miracle is but transferred to this supernatural knowledge. Or shall we say that this apparently supernatural knowledge in St. Peter was, like the resur-

rection itself from the dead, produced at that moment by the faithful operation of psychological laws? If we rather conclude that St. Peter honestly believed, as did all the bystanders, that God heard his prayer, and put forth, in a direct manner, His omnipotent power — then this curious result follows, that God authenticates His revelation of truth by a series of elaborate deceptions. Men cluster round the messenger of God, and see and believe the miracle, and believe the messenger on account of the miracle, but all the while no miracle is really performed — only the *appearance* of one is produced.

The Duke of Argyll is solicitous also, in his way, to reconcile the miracle with the reign of law. But, if we understand him aright, he does not seek to get rid of the Divine interposition, but to show that the *method* of the Divine interposition may be such as to involve no interference with the laws of nature. God works a miracle by taking advantage of His infinitely superior *knowledge* of the laws of nature, and also, it must be added, by His infinitely superior *power* of applying that knowledge. We must state the idea in the words of the author: —

“No man can have any difficulty in believing that there are natural laws of which he is ignorant, nor in conceiving that there may be beings who do know them, and can use them, even as he himself now uses the few laws with which he is acquainted. The real difficulty lies in the idea of will exercised without the use of means — not in the exercise of will through means which are beyond our knowledge.

“Now have we any right to say that belief in *this* is essential to all religion? If we have not, then it is only putting, as so many other hasty sayings do put, additional difficulties in the way of religion. The relation in which God stands to those rules of His government which are called ‘laws,’ is of course an inscrutable mystery to us. But those who believe that His will does govern the world, must believe that ordinarily, at least, He does govern it by the choice and use of means. Nor have we any certain reason to believe that He ever acts otherwise. Extraordinary manifestations of His will — signs and wonders — may be wrought, for aught we know, by similar instrumentality — only by the selection and use of laws of which man knows and can know nothing, and which, if he did know, he could not employ.

“Here, then, we come upon the question of miracles — how we understand them; what we would define them to be. The common idea of a miracle is, a suspension or violation of the laws of nature. This is a definition which places the essence of a miracle in a particular method of operation. But there is another definition which passes this by altogether, and dwells only

on the agency by which, and the purpose for which, a miracle is wrought. . . . It is important to observe that this definition does not necessarily involve the idea of a 'violation of the laws of nature.' It does not involve the idea of the exercise of will apart from the use of means. It does not involve, therefore, that idea which appears to many so difficult of conception. It simply supposes, without any attempt to fathom the relation in which God stands to His own 'laws,' that out of His infinite knowledge of these laws, or of His infinite power of making them the instruments of His will, He may and He does use them for extraordinary indications of His presence." — P. 14.

Thus the miracle is admitted to be an interposition of the Divine power for a specific purpose, but the method of the interposition is such as to save it from the character of a violation or contradiction of the laws of nature. That method is represented to be as little a violation of those laws as when a chemist, by his superior knowledge of the laws of affinity, astonishes us by some new production.

We imagine that the most scrupulous divine need raise no objection to this description of a miracle; but we doubt if, when examined, it will be found to answer the purpose for which the author has put it forth, that of obviating the objections which the man of science is supposed to make to all miracles whatever. The new *arrangements* of matter by which new developments of the laws or forces of matter are occasioned, are, in the ordinary course of things, themselves the result of the operation of the laws of nature. If mountains are upheaved, if streams flow down their sides, if a new soil is carried into the valley, and therefore new chemical combinations are formed, and an increased fertility ensues, we see change and new arrangements introduced by the operation of the laws themselves. But if we are to picture to ourselves that matter is subjected to new arrangements or juxtapositions by the direct interposition of God, we have here as much a violation of the laws of nature as if a new law of affinity were suddenly bestowed upon certain particles of matter.

This *employment* of the laws of nature — does it imply some novel and direct manipulation, so to speak, of material substances? If it does, then the laws of nature, which, left to themselves, would have produced quite other arrangements, have been interfered with. Does it imply no such interference — are the new arrangements identical with these which the operation of the laws themselves would bring about? — then we

are remitted to the explanation of the miracle already examined, namely, that it is nothing more or less than an event which seems abnormal to us by reason of our ignorance of the laws of nature.

For ourselves, we would much rather leave the *modus operandi* of a miracle entirely alone. Suppose we test the present theory by its application to some well-known instance of the miraculous, we shall not find that it leads us out of any difficulty. The multiplication of a few loaves and fishes, so that they fed a large multitude of people, lends itself as readily as any instance that occurs to us to our author's explanation. The first impression upon the mind of an ordinary reader would probably be that so much *new matter* in this peculiar form had been, then and there, created. This the Duke of Argyll would call a *working without means* — a rather curious objection, by the way, to bring prominently forward, and which is certainly not the difficulty that occurs to one who believes in a *creative power*. No, he would say, the miracle does not oblige us to believe that God wrought with other than the means before Him. The hydrogen, the carbon, the nitrogen, and all the elements that enter into the formation of vegetable and animal food — are they not at hand? the laws of their elimination and fresh combination, are they not known to Him as they never will be known to us? What need to suppose any other effort of power than what may be called a chemistry vastly superior to any we can know or practise? Well, if we accept this somewhat anthropomorphic statement, we have only given to the imagination hints of a method by which the miracle might be wrought. The miracle remains as mysterious as before, and it is still the same departure from the laws of nature; for all the usual processes by which wheat is grown, and bread is made of it, and by which fish are born and nourished, are superseded by a chemical combination which the laws of nature, if left to themselves, would not, then and there, have produced. A strange compulsion was thrown upon the elements, and the hydrogen, and the carbon, and the like, must have been *brought together* as they would not have been brought together in the normal course of nature. There must have been somewhere, at some stage, an interposition of the direct power of God, and it is this interposition which the man of science, rightly or wrongly, is supposed to contest.

The Duke of Argyll would here, perhaps, remind us of an observation he has frequently and forcibly made, that the presence of a

will, an intelligential will, acting for a purpose, is *normal* in the universe, is bound up with our conception of the universe. So be it. But it is not only *normal* that there should be an action in nature of the divine mind or will; what the man of science assumes is, that the *action* of that divine power is always *normal*. In short, the miracle must remain just what it is popularly believed to be, a direct interposition of God, departing from His usual agency. The only safe position to assume is, not that in the miracle there is no interference with what, in a strictly scientific point of view, are called the laws of nature, but that such interference may, when the purpose is adequate, be fairly expected. The strength of the theologian's position is precisely this, that the universe is not a mere machine, but rather an organization determined and modified by an intelligential power — that it exists for the purposes of God, is nothing but the realisation of those purposes, and can, in fact, have for its ultimate law no other than the purposes of God. Uniformity itself is but a purpose; it answers most important ends. Say that a solitary departure from that uniformity answered a great end, why should not this purpose also be accomplished?

The answer to prayer is sometimes spoken of as a species of miracle, and as a kind of miracle more perplexing to the understanding than those wrought for the great conspicuous purpose of authenticating religious teaching. On this subject the Duke of Argyll takes a very bold position, and one which cannot but be gratifying to orthodox divines. We have no wish, if it were in our power, to dislodge him from such a position; we content ourselves with admiring the boldness with which it is taken up.

"We find," he says, "many men now facing the consequences to which they have given their intellectual assent, and taking their stand upon the ground that prayer to God has no other value or effect than so far as it may be a good way of preaching to ourselves. It is a useful and helpful exercise for our own spirits, but it is nothing more. But how can they pray who have come to this? Can it ever be useful or helpful to believe a lie? . . . If there is any helpfulness in prayer even to the mind itself, that helpfulness can only be preserved by showing that the belief on which this virtue depends is a rational belief. The very essence of that belief is this, that the Divine mind is accessible to supplication, and that the Divine will is capable of being moved thereby."

Nor will he hear of a distinction which some have made between physical and men-

tal phenomena — limiting the interposition of God to the *minds* of men. Our prayer for health or wealth may not be answered, but our prayers for spiritual health, or moral renovation, may be granted.

"Will this reasoning," he says, "bear analysis? Can the distinction it assumes be maintained? Whatever difficulties there may be in reconciling the ideas of law and volition, are difficulties which apply equally to the worlds of matter and of mind. The mind is as much subject to law as the body is. The reign of law is over all; and if its dominion be really incompatible with the agency of volition, human or divine, then the mind is as accessible to that agency as material things."

*Creation.* — The mode of operation by which our author reconciles to himself the miracle, he carries into his conception of creation. He imagines, in the first place, certain immutable forces, established, of course, by the Creator, and then sees an incessant play of that mental operation we call contrivance, in adjusting or combining those forces for given purposes. The analogy between human contrivance and the process which *seems* to have been that of creation, lies at the basis of most of our works on natural theology. What is peculiar in the present work is the boldness and distinctness with which the analogy is brought out. Chapter III. is headed thus, *Contrivance a necessity arising out of the Reign of Law*, and it opens in the following manner: —

"The necessity of contrivance for the accomplishment of purpose, arises out of the immutability of natural forces. They must be conformed to and obeyed. Therefore when they do not serve our purpose directly, they can only be made to serve it by ingenuity and contrivance. This necessity, then, may be said to be the index and the measure of the power of law. And so, on the other hand, the certainty with which purpose can be accomplished by contrivance, is the index and measure of mental knowledge and resource. It is by wisdom and knowledge that the forces of nature — even those which may seem most adverse — are yoked to service. This idea of the relation in which law stands to will, and in which will stands to law, is familiar to us in the works of man: but it is less familiar to us as equally holding good in the works of nature. We feel sometimes as if it were an unworthy notion of the will which works in nature, to suppose that it should never act *except through the use of means*. But our notions of unworthiness are themselves often the unworthiest of all. . . . It seems as if all that is done in nature as well as all that is done in art were done by *knowing how to do it*."

Now we are well aware that something which may be called anthropomorphic must adhere to every conception of an intelligent Creator, for we have no conception of intelligence but such as we can draw from the human mind. But this intelligence, or, in other words, the idea of the universe as a whole, which is faintly shadowed in the human mind, is all that we need borrow from man. The passage from this idea into what we call reality, or the act of creation, can have no counterpart in human experience. We are somewhat averse to the analogy of human contrivance and of human will, as if in the first we had detected the process of the Divine mind, and in the second, the nature of the Divine power. We readily acknowledge that it is all but impossible to escape from such analogies when we endeavour to form to ourselves the conception of a personal God. But in a philosophical statement of the argument we would rather avoid them than labour, as the Duke of Argyll does, still more sharply to define them.

Our author's statement draws a line of separation between the laws or forces of nature and that application of them by which a world is supposed to be organized. Now, what are called the forces of matter cannot be developed at all without some organization of matter. This organisation and the development of forces proceed together. The solitary atom has no forces. Gravity, impulse, cohesion, elasticity (whatever accounts we give of them), all require *some* organisation, or juxtaposition of matter, for their existence; and certain forces, and those called vital, develop themselves probably only in more complex organisations.

Again, these forces as seen operating in nature are constantly bringing about changes in that organisation on which their further development depends. Thus we must, in our speculative career, commence with *some* organisation; and not only so, but we find the forces so developed are themselves modifying that organisation, and thus occasioning still other displays of force. How then are we to deal with special acts of contrivance analogous to those of the human being? Is not such contrivance as we can attribute to the Deity thrown back into the very idea of the creation itself? The Duke of Argyll's statement would oblige us to conceive of two epochs in creation, one in which a certain organisation of matter and certain forces are established, and a second epoch in which every possible ingenuity is put forth to deal with these forces, as means to further purposes. But

how draw a line between these two epochs, when it is manifest that the organisation and forces of the first are not of a nature to rest stationary, but are bringing about the second — have in them, so to speak, the germs of future development? There is in nature, as our author takes frequent occasion to observe, a persistence of certain forces or activities, with ever-varying combinations of them. They act with, or in opposition to, each other, in every conceivable manner and degree. This immutability combined with constant mutability, is inherent in the scheme.

“No one law,” says our author, very justly. — “that is to say, no one Force, determines anything that we see happening or done around us. It is always the result of different and opposing Forces nicely balanced against each other. The least disturbance of the proportion in which any of them is allowed to tell, produces a total change in the effect. The more we know of nature, the more intricate do such combinations appear to be. They can be traced very near to the fountains of Life itself, even close up to the confines of the last secret of all — how the Will acts upon its organs in the Body.”

All these wondrous variations and adjustments we, with the Duke of Argyll, ascribe to a creative Intelligence. We simply differ from him in this, that we should *not* seek to draw a precise analogy between the operations of that Intelligence and the operations of a human being in the contrivance of a machine. We see how everywhere and in all things the past prepares the present, the present the future; how a unity of plan unrolls itself in time; if this must be called *Contrivance*, we are content — we do not quarrel about a word; but a *Contrivance* where *means and end* are both projected into being, is something very different from the contrivance of man, who, by means of certain muscular contractions, which to this day he does not understand, moves one thing to another thing and waits the result.

Let us add, by way of parenthesis, that we have no intention, by anything we have said here, to represent the Creative Power as limited to one first act — one first arrangement, so to speak, of matter and force, from which, by reason of the activities with which it is endowed, all that follows is evolved. For while we are able to observe a change of condition, a novelty of form or relations, brought about by such activities, we are also compelled to imagine new acts of creation — using the term creation in its most specific sense. There must have been

a time, for instance, when *sight*, when vision came into the world — when an optic nerve, which, as a mere portion of matter, contains nothing but the ordinary chemical elements, was to be endowed with a quite new property. This new property, this marvellous susceptibility, this sensation of light and colour, comes before us as a pure creation — what the Duke of Argyll would call a creation *without means*.

If we insist upon a strict analogy between the operations of the human and the Divine will, we are in danger of resting our argument on the opinion which we hold on the nature of the human will. We have seen that the Duke of Argyll, in some brief extracts we have made, claims for it a certain *supernatural* character. Operating on nature, it is still not itself a part of that linked series of events which we call nature. And this view of the human will is necessary in order to make it a type of the creative will. But this position is encumbered with many difficulties. The greater number of men, we suspect, hardly know whether they hold this position or not; and a large section of philosophical thinkers have, in all ages, pronounced it untenable. The Duke of Argyll himself holds to the position, as it seems to us, very insecurely, if he really holds it at all.

Whatever may be thought of human will, it is indisputable that man's action upon the world depends upon his knowledge of nature, and this knowledge appears to grow up according to established laws. In its initiation it is some operation of external objects on an internal susceptibility, and it grows with experience and memory, or what psychologists have always called the *laws of association*. Neither can the *desires* of man be supposed to share this *supernatural* character which is given to the will, unless we are prepared to assert that the hunger of a man, or of any animal whatever, is something supernatural. Thus knowledge and desire, the *motives* of the will, are presumed to be under the reign of law, or within what we may call the *scientific cycle* of events. On the *other side* of the will, so to speak, we have in the muscles a mechanism which it clearly belongs to physics to explain, however imperfect that explanation may still be.\* There is therefore left for us nothing

\* The author quotes from Dr. Radcliffe's Lectures a theory of muscular action which may interest some of our readers, if they have not met with it before: "Recent investigations in physiology seem to favour the hypothesis that our muscles are the seat of two opposing forces, each so adjusted as to counteract the other, and that this antagonism is itself so arranged as to enable us, by acting on one of these

but the one momentary state or mental energy between the motive and the act of the muscle — a state called *technically* *volution* (a state which many think unnecessarily introduced, because they trace the series directly from desire to action) — there is only this point, this instant of mental activity, to abstract from, and to set over, the current of events.

Let us see how the Duke of Argyll has dealt with his problem. We have looked through his volume for a passage which should contain the most explicit statement of what he holds upon the freedom of the will, and we select the following:

"Is man's voluntary agency a delusion, or is it, on the contrary, just what we feel it to be, and is it only from misconception of its nature that we puzzle over its relation to law? We speak, and speak truly, of our wills being free; but free from what? *It seems to be forgotten that freedom is not an absolute but a relative term.* There is no such thing existing as absolute freedom — that is to say, there is nothing existing in the world, or possible even in thought, which is absolutely alone, entirely free from inseparable relationship to some other thing or things. Freedom, therefore, is only intelligible as meaning the being free from some particular kind of restraint or of inducement to which other beings are subject. From what, then, is it that our wills are free? Are they free from the influence of motives? Certainly not. And what are motives? A motive is that which moves or tends to move, the mind in a particular direction. . . .

"But here we come upon the great difficulty which besets every attempt to reduce to system the laws or forces which operate on the mind of man. It is the immense, the almost boundless, variety and number of them. This variety corresponds with the variety of powers with which his mind is gifted. For pre-established relations are necessary to the effect of every force, whether in the material or the moral world. Special forces operate upon special forms of matter, and except upon these they exert no action whatever. The polar force of magnetism acts on different metals in different degrees, and there is a large class of substances which are almost insensible to its power. In like manner there are a thousand things that exercise an attractive power on the mind of a civilised man,

forces, to regulate the action of the other. One force — an elastic or contractile force — is supposed to be inherent in the muscular fibre; another force — that of animal electricity in statical condition — holds the contractile force in check; and the relaxed, or rather the restful condition of the muscle when not in use, is due to the balance so maintained. When, through the motor nerves, the will orders the muscles into action, that order is enforced by a discharge of the electrical force, and upon this discharge the contractile force is set free to act, and does accordingly produce the contraction which is desired."

which would exercise no power whatever on the mind of a savage. And in this lies the only difference between the subjection to law under which the lower animals are placed and the subjection to law which is equally the condition of mankind. Free will, in the only sense in which this expression is intelligible, has been erroneously represented as the peculiar prerogative of man. *But the will of the lower animals is as free as ours.* A man is not more free to go to the right hand or to the left than the eagle, or the wren, or the mole, or the bat. The only difference is that the will of the lower animals is acted upon by fewer and simpler motives. Hence it is that the conduct and choice of animals — that is, the decision of their will under given conditions — can be predicted with almost perfect certainty." — P. 328.

Then follows an eloquent description of the loftier as well as more numerous motives to which man is subject, or rather we should say, of which he is capable. But what we have quoted stands complete in itself. It is only, it seems, from the greater subtlety and variety of his motives that the conduct of man is less easily predicted than the conduct of the mole or the mollusc. We need not enter into a close examination of this passage. The few italics we have inserted will be sufficient to guide the attention of one practised in these controversies. To speak of freedom as matter of degree is at once to desert the lofty position of the *uncaused will*. The reader will perceive at a glance that the account here given of the *freedom of the will* is very much like that which he has often read under the title of *philosophical necessity*. If the knowledge or desires of man are not out of the reign of law, and if they are paramount over the will, what is left for us, in man, to place *beside or above* nature? What becomes of that *supernatural power* which was approved of in Dr. Bushnell? or that *spontaneity* which Professor Tyndall was rebuked for overlooking?

We have no desire at present to enter into a more elaborate discussion of this interminable question, still less have we any wish to criticise our author with the least severity because he manifests some indecision on a question whereon many of our best thinkers have honestly confessed themselves at fault. Some men have been held in equipoise between what seemed two opposite truths till they brought themselves to the desperate conclusion that it was the duty of the philosopher to *believe them both!* There were, they concluded, certain cases in which the only right or possible belief was a belief in contradictory propositions! If we notice the obscurity or vacillation of

our author on this difficult theme, it is merely to point out the danger of resting our great theological argument on one view of the human will — namely, that which supposes it to be an agency out of the order which the rest of creation observes.

"There is no art but nature makes that art." On this we are all agreed. Then some one adds, "And the artist too." Here disputes arise. Well, let us even grant that the human artist himself is but a part of the great mechanism of the universe; this artist has been made *to think*. He can embrace the past, the present, the future, in his thought, and he says to himself, This whole of things of which I am a part, must have *in it, or over it, a Power, a Being* who has a faculty like this with which I feel myself endowed, but of an indescribably higher character. He sees that the remote in space, and the remote in time, form *one plan* — that is, *one thought*.

One of the earliest chapters in this essay is occupied with a variety of definitions of the term Law. We did not engage ourselves in an examination of these Definitions, for we felt persuaded that if we did we should never get beyond that early chapter, so intricate were the discussions in which they involved us. But there is one of these Definitions — the fourth — which we cannot conclude without referring to, because it is calculated to lead to some confusion of thought. This Fourth Definition runs thus:

"And so we come upon another sense — the Fourth sense — in which Law is habitually used in science, and this perhaps the commonest and most habitual of all. It is used to designate not merely an observed order of facts, not merely the bare abstract idea of Force, not merely individual Forces according to ascertained measures of operation, but a number of Forces in the condition of mutual adjustment — that is to say, as combined with each other and fitted to each other for the attainment of special ends. The whole science of mechanics, for example, deals with Law in this sense, with natural Forces as related to Purpose and subservient to the discharge of function. And this is the highest sense of all — Law in this sense being more perfectly intelligible to us than in any other, because, although we know nothing of the real nature of Force, even of that Force which is resident in ourselves, we do know for what ends we exert it, and the principle that governs our devices for its use. That principle is *Combination for the accomplishment of Purpose.*"

Now, throughout his essay the Duke of Argyll habitually speaks of the divine Mind

or Power employing the Laws, balancing, opposing, combining them, for given purposes. Here the very purpose itself is included in the significance of the term Law. In this sense there could be no dealing with laws as means for a purpose — the law and the purpose are one.

Of course the Duke of Argyll is not responsible for the varieties of meaning he finds attached to any popular word. But is the term Law "habitually used in science" in the sense of this Fourth Definition? "Combination for the accomplishment of Purpose" may be everywhere apparent in the universe, and in *that* sense be the law of the universe. But what is scientifically understood by laws, and what the present writer generally understands by them, are those fixed relations or invariable sequences which are found alike in every combination, which are never departed from, whatever be the purpose. We make abstraction from every individual purpose in order to form the conception of them. It is the same law of gravity whether a stone falls to the earth or a planet is retained in its orbit. It is the same law of affinity whether the carbon and oxygen unite in the lungs for the purposes of respiration, or in the candle before us for the purpose of illumination. It is in the sense of these wide generalisations that the term Law is "habitually used in science."

From our stand-point of philosophy — or of theology, if you will — we are very solicitous to keep in view that the laws of science are just these generalisations and nothing more. Law — on the theory of creation, or with relation to a Creator — is nothing more than *repetition*; a certain uniformity in the acts of God; sustained uniformities, with ever new varieties of combination.

"In his treatment of the great theme of creation, our author naturally comes in contact with the Darwinian theory of Natural Selection. Of this he gives a fair and enlightened estimate. As he justly observes, they were the opponents of the theory who vaguely extended its application, giving it a scope which the author of it never dreamt of.

"It has not," says the Duke of Argyll, "been sufficiently observed that the theory of Mr. Darwin does not even profess to trace the origin of new Forms to any definite law. His theory gives an explanation, not of the processes by which new Forms first appear, but only of the processes by which, when they have appeared, they acquire a preference over others, and thus become established in the world. A

new species is, indeed, according to his theory, as well as with the older theories of development, simply an unusual birth. The bond of connection between allied specific and generic Forms is, in his view, simply the bond of Inheritance. But Mr. Darwin does not pretend to have discovered any law or rule according to which new Forms have been born from old Forms. He does not hold that outward conditions, however changed, are sufficient to account for them. . . . His theory seems to be far better than a mere theory — to be an established scientific truth — in so far as it accounts, in part at least, for the success, and establishment, and spread of new Forms *when they have arisen*. But it does not even suggest the law under which, or by which, or according to which, such new Forms are introduced. Natural Selection can do nothing except with the materials presented to its hands. Strictly speaking, therefore, Mr. Darwin's theory is not a theory on the Origin of Species at all, but only a theory on the causes which lead to the relative success or failure of such new forms as may be born into the world."

The criticism is not *quite* correct. So far as the doctrine, or fact, is concerned, of Natural Selection, Mr. Darwin's book affords, it is true, no theory of the origin of species. But we find this in his great and favourite speculation that the higher or later species have been born from their predecessors by some law of growth applicable to life in general. Coupled with the law of Inheritance, there is some law of Accession and Modification. Their conjoint operation leads to that development of related and yet diversified forms of life which the naturalist has to study. He finds species fixed by the law of inheritance; he also finds them advancing one beyond the other, as if, at certain stages, the law of inheritance were supplemented by some law of *further growth*. Such law of progressive development, it will be said, we know nothing of. But in the same sense that this is true, it is equally true that we know nothing of the law of Inheritance. That the seed of a plant reproduces in exactness lineaments the parent plant which dropped it to the ground, is not less a mystery because it is incessantly repeated. When we reflect upon it, this exactness of reproduction, to the precise curve or indentation of every leaf, to the most delicate pencilling of every petal, stands just as much in need of explanation as this other fact — if observation warrant it to be a fact — that, from time to time, that cell we call a seed receives some modification in the parent plant, owing to which it *more* than reproduces its progenitor.

As to the phrase *Natural Selection*, we are not surprised that it has called forth some objection. It seems to imply that the struggle for existence really selects which kind of animal is to continue and which is to disappear. Whereas the struggle for existence only carries into execution a Selection that was made when the stronger, or the more favourably endowed animal, was called into existence. Setting aside the claims of theology for a moment, and overlooking the inappropriateness of applying the term Selection to the operations of nature, it is the progressive law of development that has really decided which kind of animal shall survive. For it cannot surely be the method of nature to give out blindly, as it were, from time to time, all possible varieties, without any law of successive or progressive development (a law in harmony with the rest of creation), and leave it simply to the actual state of things to decide which of her new forms shall hold its ground. The expression Natural Selection becomes still more irrelevant when we refer this law of progressive development to the Creative Intelligence, which alone can really have selected. But the expression as used by Mr. Darwin does not necessarily imply any more than this, that the struggle for existence carries out a selection already made: the stronger, or the more ingenious, or the better adapted animal, came prepared to win.

There is a race of Red Indians living upon game. On the same soil is introduced a race of men, more prospective in their thoughts, more observant and ingenious, who cultivate the earth. These cut down the forests and grow wheat. The Red man disappears. Is it the struggle for existence that has selected which of these two shall possess the soil? The selection was made when the more intelligent race was introduced. Yet, in common parlance, and without any disparagement to this the real selection, we may still speak of the struggle for subsistence between them deciding which shall remain and which shall depart.

There are other interesting topics canvassed in the Duke of Argyll's book; but we will not break new ground. We have adhered to the leading idea of the work, and by so doing secured some kind of unity to our own notice of it. We ought, perhaps, to add that the essay appeared originally in that very spirited periodical 'Good Words.' It is highly creditable to that magazine that it should give its readers a composition of this sterling character. This mode of publication may also probably in-

part explain that want of complete consistency, or of perfect decision, which we have alluded to, and which slightly, and only slightly, detracts from the merits of the performance.

From the Spectator.

#### EDGAR QUINET'S REVOLUTION.\*

THIS is the noblest work yet published on its great subject. It is not, nor pretends to be, a history. It is but a study upon a history, needing, to be fully appreciated, some familiarity with the history itself. But beside it Carlyle's *French Revolution* is but as a magic lantern to a great thoughtful picture. It would be vain to seek even in Carlyle's pages for anything more vivid than M. Quinet's sketch of a day's work of the Convention (Book xv., ch. iii.), but it is only the highest prose-poetry, without a particle of stage effect. There is not a catch-word through the whole two volumes. Whilst the English force-worshipper can dismiss September massacres with a warning to "block-heads" not to "shriek," and the fallen Girondins with the stigma of "pedants," M. Quinet stops over those to show that they were only possible through the servility of mind engendered by previous despotism, and over the others to point out that the Girondins were "a necessary organ of the Republic," failing which it must fail. And throughout the whole work breathes the feeling which Mr. Carlyle, in his restless hunt after heroes, each succeeding one less worthy than the last, becomes more and more incapable of comprehending, that (to use M. Quinet's own words) "Democracy has need of justice."

It is difficult to give a satisfactory idea to the reader of a work so truly individual that it stands really by itself. If we looked to its intellectual character only, Montesquieu's *Grandeur et Décadence des Romains* would be the nearest parallel. But there is a solemn height of purpose, a depth of personal feeling about M. Quinet, which render such a parallel wholly superficial. On the whole, — and great as are the contrasts between the style and manner of the Frenchman and those of the Roman on the one hand, or the modern Italian on the other, — it is difficult not to feel that the former's two next of kin on either side are rather Tacitus and Dante. There is in all three the

\* *La Revolution*. Par Edgar Quinet. Paris: Librairie Internationale. 1865. 2 vols.



same proud looking down of a great spirit over the miseries and the degeneracy of his people; stung often to bitterness, seldom if ever stooping to grief. The Frenchman has the high poetical feeling of the Italian, but not his fiery hates, his faith, or his love; he has much of the Roman's stoical endurance, he is self-wrapped equally, almost equally forlorn of hope; he has of his own what the Roman would have disdained, what the Italian could only cling to when raised into doctrines, theories, or to use his own term, *des idées*. Put Tacitus into nineteenth-century France, give him, instead of his old hereditary feelings of Roman justice, *des idées*, would he have written much otherwise than this, which concludes the work? —

“But, you will say, your ideas have not had force on their side. They have not triumphed. You are one of the vanquished. I deny it. I remain alone; it is true, but I have had this good luck, that losing all, I have seen all my presentiments realized, all my warnings confirmed, all my principles consecrated and crowned by my voluntary ruin. That is not being vanquished.”

In using the word “theories,” it is by no means intended that M. Quinet is one of those, far too frequent amongst his countrymen, who set theories in the place of facts, or square facts to them. On the contrary, he stands pre-eminent among writers on the French Revolution for candour and impartiality, for reverence for historic truth. What is meant is, that whilst he rises to the truest *theoria* or contemplation, he cannot, by looking upwards, reach to a living faith. Of no contemporary Frenchman, perhaps, could it be more truly said, “Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.” The keynote to the whole work is the declaration that the French Revolution failed because it was not religious as well as political. Nothing can be finer than his dissection of Rousseau's famous “Profession de Foi du Vicaire Savoyard,” that root of modern French religious falsehood, of which M. Renan's Jesuitical boudoir-atheism is but one of the latest fruits. He bitterly laments the nullity of the Protestant element in France in the hour of political trial. He declares that science cannot replace religion. He uncloaks the spiritual tyranny of St. Simonism and Comtism. He bursts out as follows against the last new goddess:—

“Well, they say to me, then worship Humanity. A curious fetish, truly! I have seen it too close. What! kneel before that which is on its knees before any triumphant force?

Crawl before that beast crawling on its myriad feet? That is not my faith. What should I do with such a god? Take me back to the ibises and necklaced serpents of the Nile.”

And yet neither God nor Christ is in this book, so sternly truthful, so loftily and sharply true in its judgments of past and present. The Being and Fatherhood of God, the Incarnation of Christ, the Eternal Sacrifice of redeeming love, the perpetual inspiration of the Holy Spirit, are not, for Edgar Quinet, the facts upon which stands the Universe. For him “there are three or four religious ideas spread upon the earth which give birth to the whole civil world. . . . Rocked from birth to death in the cradle which is called life, man will draw from the Unknown marvels which shall never cease; there will always be questions which science will not be able to answer. That mystery will form the inexhaustible ground of the religions of the future.” This great and fearless thinker, after proving in the clearest manner the absolute need of a religion for breathing a soul into the great cries of a nation's life, has nothing after all to point to but the worship of the Unknown God.

The weakest faith could not indeed be shaken by M. Quinet's book, so genuine and impartial are his sympathies with all that is earnest and true. Although he repeatedly insists on the fault committed by the Revolution in not actively suppressing the Roman Catholic religion, it is doubtful whether even a Roman Catholic would not be strengthened in his faith by M. Quinet's profoundly true remarks on the results of the Vendéan war, in which the apparent victors were really the vanquished, and not only left their opponents in possession of those religious rites for defence of which they had taken up arms, but in a few years came themselves to bow once more to the Roman Catholic faith. But the most devout Christian may learn from M. Quinet's pages; indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that in future no man can expect, without reading them, thoroughly to understand the period of which he speaks. Yet only those who are familiar with the twofold aspect of the French mind at the present day, — fettered at home, and too often shrivelling within its fetters, — free only in exile, but through exile too often embittered almost to madness, — can appreciate the manly courage which has enabled M. Quinet to write a work so thoroughly independent of party prejudices and traditions, so inexorably true against friends as well as foes. No man before him has been able to unite such a pas-

sionate admiration of the great deeds of the Revolutionists, — of the Convention especially, — with such an unflinching condemnation of their crimes and evil tendencies, with such a searching exhibition of the evil results to which these led. No words can exaggerate the service which he has rendered to his countrymen, in showing that the work of the Terrorists was simply a renewal of that of the *Ancien Régime* itself, the adoption of "its weapons, its means, its method of government;" or in his dissection of the "sea-green incorruptible." Possibly there is even a trace of prejudice in his judgments on Robespierre and St. Just, and he, perhaps, makes the most of a detail impugning the sexual morality of the latter, which he borrows from the unpublished memoirs of an old medical member of the Convention, Baudot, bequeathed to M. Quinet, and in his hands.

The work is indeed essentially the bitter fruit of exile. It is impossible to mistake the fact that the long arm of French despotism is stretched over the head of the writer, even though dwelling in a Swiss city. It cannot fetter his thoughts, but it cramps his pen. He speaks for his countrymen, but in order to reach their ears he knows that he dare not say all. So in reference to the present he is compelled to wrap his thoughts in generalities. The application of his words can only thrill beneath them, as the life-pulse of a veiled human form beneath its robes. Who can mistake it, nevertheless, in passages such as this? —

"To what kind of society are we advancing? There are various issues. But were one to hold as null the protest of certain isolated spirits, one might represent to oneself as follows the principal outlines of those social forms into which we are entering in Europe: — Uncultivated manners without public life, the rudeness of the popular state without a people, democracy without a *demos*, silence without repose, coarseness without freedom, Bœotia in Byzantium."

It would be time lost to point out one or two contradictions which occur in this noble book. One slight blunder may be noticed, the treating the "Digest" and the "Pandecks" — two names for the same work — as distinct. Perhaps also M. Quinet is a little too chary of quoting authorities. He does not, indeed, strictly confine himself, as a note to the preface announces, to the quotation of unpublished works (of which, moreover, almost the only one quoted is the *Mémoires de Baudot*). But all are not so well read as himself in the history of his subject, and

those who are not would often like to know the sources from which he has drawn. At the same time, not the slightest slur is hereby sought to be cast on M. Quinet's accuracy, on which those who are acquainted with his historical works know that they have reason to rely.

From The London Review, June 1.

#### THE DECLINE OF BRITISH SKILL.

WHEN in 1851 we set the example of those international competitions for the palm of excellence in works of art and industry, of which we have now an example in Paris, the last thing we could have feared was that the day would come when England would be beaten in a department which she had deemed especially her own. Other nations might display æsthetic qualities superior to ours, but none could turn out manufactures superior. On that ground England was *facile princeps*, and had no occasion to dread the appearance of a rival, at least in the old world. The position of feeling oneself far removed above the fear of rivalry may be pleasant, but it is dangerous. We are apt to go to sleep on our laurels, and to find them stolen from us when we wake. That is said to be our position now. For some months we have been told that owing to the numerous strikes large branches of industry have been leaving the country, and that we have been importing manufactures where we once exported them. It is quite true that this turning of the tables has been going on to some extent, and it was natural that the trades' unions should be blamed for it — possibly not without some justification; but they are responsible only in a minor degree. Another cause has been at work. France, Prussia, Austria, Belgium, and Switzerland have been pressing onwards in the race with an energy we have not shown. We have played the part of the hare, and we are beaten by the tortoise. After the last distribution of prizes at the London University, Earl Granville spoke of the lessons which the war in Bohemia and the Paris Exhibition have taught us, and of the obligation under which we lie to make better use of our talent, unless we would let other nations outstrip us in the lessons of peace and war. He quoted the President of the Civil Engineers in proof of the superior progress in machinery which has been made by foreigners. He declared on good

authority that greater improvements had been made in the manufacture of iron in France, Belgium, Germany, and Austria, than in England; and he assumed upon general report the fact that, except in the manufacture of furniture, glass, and china, we have made little advance in most departments of industry. It is not pleasant to hear this. But pleasant or not, we must face it; and we must understand that its main cause is the want in England of generally diffused scientific instruction, a fact to which the Prince Consort was alive, and to which we owe it that we cut so poor a figure in the Paris Exhibition in those very departments in which we once thought ourselves without a rival.

Earl Granville has unhappily found his statements confirmed by Dr. Lyon Playfair, who some fortnight ago came from Paris, where he had been acting as juror in one of the classes of the Exhibition. There he met many eminent men of different nationalities, whose acquaintance he made when he had the charge of the working of the juries in the Exhibitions of 1852 and 1862, and who, like himself, were acting on the juries of the present Exhibition. "I endeavoured," he writes, "to gather their opinions as to the position which England occupied in this great industrial competition, [and] I am sorry to say that, with very few exceptions, a singular accord of opinion prevailed that our country had shown little inventiveness, and made but little progress in the peaceful arts of industry since 1862. Deficient representation in some of the industries might have accounted for this judgment against us; but when we find that out of ninety classes there are scarcely a dozen in which pre-eminence is unhesitatingly awarded to us, this plea must be abandoned." Mechanical and civil engineers, pointing to the wonderful advances which other nations are making, lamented the want of progress in their own industries. Chemical and even textile manufacturers uttered the same complaint. And, says Dr. Playfair, "so far as I could gather [their views] by conversation, the one cause upon which there was most unanimity of conviction is that France, Prussia, Austria, Belgium, and Switzerland possess good systems of industrial education for the masters and managers of factories and workshops, and that England possesses none. This is not a mere theoretical view. M. Dumas, the Senator and President of the Municipal Council, well known also as a *savant*, told Dr. Playfair "that technical education had given a great impulse to the industry of

France." In this very Exhibition whenever anything excellent in French manufacture struck his attention, M. Dumas found upon inquiry that in the great majority of cases the manager of the establishment producing it, had been a pupil of the *École Centrale des Arts et Manufactures*. While we repeat all this, it is but right to remind our readers that it is what Dr. Playfair, in his book on "Industrial Education on the Continent," published in 1858, promised as an inevitable result of the attention given to it abroad, and its neglect in England. He then said that other nations must advance in industry at a much greater rate than England. Unconsciously the inclination of a prophet to find his prophecy fulfilled may somewhat influence his own opinion upon the rank our industries take in the Paris Exhibition. But Dr. Playfair cannot have misrepresented the opinions of others, and what he says is confirmed from so many independent quarters that we fear it is only too true.

On the other hand, British inventiveness does not lack champions, who declare that Dr. Playfair and Lord Granville's informants do their countrymen injustice. Who invented puddling? they ask. Who invented grooved rolls? Who first succeeded in substituting coal for charcoal? Who suggested the hot blast? Who introduced the process of casting steel? Have you forgotten Mr. Bessemer, whose invention dates from 1856, and is only now acquiring its full development? Have not mills been constructed in England which turn out sound armour-plates of such enormous dimensions as even in 1860 would have been considered impossible? Then it is argued that our great practical metallurgists have become wise by experience, and will not send specimens of their industry to the Great Exhibition because it does not "pay." If we are inferior to our neighbours in the Paris Exhibition, this is the cause. "In 1862," writes Mr. David S. Price, "Mr. Bessemer made a magnificent exhibition of what his process could effect. At Paris in 1867 he is content to let other men and many nations show how and with what success they have adopted his process." This fact is of great importance, and, as far as it goes, it shows that the Paris Exhibition furnishes an inadequate test of international excellence. The same remark applies, if Mr. Price's statement is correct, to aniline dyes. But the possible pre-eminence of British manufactures which have not been exhibited does not cancel the ascertained inferiority of those which

have. Dr. Playfair is alive to the fact that in some respects British industry is defectively represented. But out of ninety classes where it is represented, our superiority is admitted scarcely in a dozen. Nay, even with regard to the manufacture of iron, a correspondent of the *Times*, who writes under the signature "Y.," admits that "in particular and subordinate departments . . . we are, doubtless, excelled, and that, too, where dexterity of manipulation is largely concerned, as in the rolling of girders. But," he continues, "let the demand for such girders be increased, and we shall produce them, you may be assured." Is it not, however, improbable that the demand for these articles will be increased so long as our manufacturers allow foreign workshops to produce a better description of them? Everything must have a beginning. If foreigners beat us already in subordinate departments of the manufacture of iron, it may come to pass that they will beat us also in the higher departments. There can be no doubt that we should, at least, be on our guard against such a result. It becomes us therefore to make immediate inquiry into this subject, and to take steps to supply a deficiency which not only threatens our honour, but, what in such matters is of more importance, our purse. We have regarded England as the world's workshop. There lay the power which gave her pre-eminence in so many other respects. But what if the progress of other nations in manufactures beats us out of the market? This is a matter for most serious consideration and for prompt action. Many of the boasted qualities of our people are as much the result of prosperity as of breed; and if the Paris Exhibition gives proof that we are likely to be outstripped in the race of industry, the sooner we set about getting to the front again the better.

#### JEAN INGELOW, THE POETESS.

"WILL you come and call on Jean Ingelow?" said my hostess, one fine day. Of course I would. So away we went along a shady lane, with the old oaks of Holland Park on the one side and the ivy-crowned walls of Aubury House on the other; for, though a part of London, Notting Hill is rich in gardens, lawns, and parks, such as one sees only in England. Our way led us by Kensington Palace, the residences of Addison, the Duke of Argyle, Macaulay, and, better than all the rest to me, the

house of Thackeray. A low, long brick house, covered with ivy to the chimney top; a sunny bit of lawn in front, trees and flowers all about, and, though no longer haunted by the genial presence of its former master, this unpretending place is to many eyes more attractive than any palace in the land. I looked long and lovingly at it, feeling a strong desire to enter its hospitably open door, recalling with ever fresh delight the evening spent in listening to the lecture on Swift, long ago in America, and experiencing again the heavy sense of loss which came to me with the tidings that the novelist whom I most loved and admired would never write again. Leaving my tribute of affection and respect in a look, a smile, and a sigh, I gathered a leaf of ivy as a relic, and went on my way. Coming at last to a quiet street, where all the houses were gay with window boxes full of flowers, we reached Miss Ingelow's. In the drawing-room we found the mother of the poetess, a truly beautiful old lady, in widow's cap and gown, with the sweetest, serenest face I ever saw. Two daughters sat with her, both older than I had fancied them to be, but both very attractive women. Eliza looked as if she wrote the poetry, Jean the prose — the former wore curls, had a delicate face, fine eyes, and that indescribable something which suggests genius; the latter was plain, rather stout, hair touched with gray, shy, yet cordial manners, and a clear, straightforward glance, which I liked so much that I forgave her on the spot for writing these dull stories. Gerald Massey was with them, a dapper little man, with a large, tall head, and very un-English manner. Being oppressed with "the mountainous me," he rather bored the company with "my poems, my plans, and my publishers," till Miss Eliza politely devoted herself to him, leaving my friend to chat with the lovely old lady, and myself with Jean. Both being bashful, and both labouring under the delusion that it was proper to allude to each other's works, we tried to exchange a few compliments, blushed, hesitated, laughed, and wisely took refuge in a safer subject. Jean had been abroad, so we pleasantly compared notes, and I enjoyed the sound of a peculiarly musical voice, in which I seemed to hear the breezy rhythm of some of her charming songs. The ice which surrounds every Englishman and woman was beginning to melt, when Massey disturbed me to ask what was thought of his books in America. As I really had not the remotest idea, I said so; whereat he looked blank, and fell upon Loug fellow, who seems to be the only

one of our poets whom the English know or care about. The conversation became general, and soon after it was necessary to leave, lest the safety of the nation should be endangered by overstepping the fixed limits of a morning call. Later, I learned that Miss Ingelow was extremely conservative, and was very indignant when a petition for woman's right to vote was offered for her signature. A rampant Radical told me this, and shook her handsome head pathetically over Jean's narrowness; but when I heard that once a week several poor souls dined comfortably in the pleasant home of the poetess, I forgave her conservatism, and regretted that an unconquerable aversion to dinner parties made me decline her invitation. — *M. L. Alcott in the "Queen."*

THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

I.

A. D. 1685.

"YES, let them speed; let war's dread blood-hounds rush,  
Slipt from their leash, with bayings fierce and wild;  
Let the sword smite the mother and the child,  
And streams of blood from slaughtered myriads gush.  
The time is come the hated seed to crush,  
Which buds and burgeons into treason's bloom,  
When hateful forms that flourish in the gloom  
Must shrink at sight of Judgment's fiery flush.  
So shall youth's sins be purged and washed away,  
The lust, the pomp, the revel, and the joy;  
These few, quick strokes my fingers trace to-day  
The tongues of priests and poets shall employ,  
And far-off ages of my praise shall sing  
As one who lived and died, a Christian King."

II.

A. D. 1793.

AH, fool and blind! Behold, behind the veil,  
The issues of that moment big with wrong;  
Hear dread Erinny's chant her dolorous song,  
And children's children woes unnumbered wail.

Nor blameless life, nor beauty's charms avail:  
Weighed in the balance, all are wanting found;  
The gorgeous fabric totters to the ground,  
And all its glory is a thrice-told tale.  
Lo! here the end of all thy vaunting pride!  
The good seed crushed, the tares have grown apace;  
The gates of Hell and Death are opened wide;  
Wrath is gone forth, and past the hour of grace:  
Time's fiery baptism ends what this begins,  
And France still bears the weight of that day's sins.

E. H. P.

— *Sunday Magazine.*

SONNET — SPRING.

Now slowly rounding on its axle old  
The brown world turns its face unto the Spring,  
A balmy freshness fills the dewy mold  
Of furrowed fields; white clouds with folded wing  
Rest on the sea. Along the quiet beach  
Through branches dropped with buds of freshest green  
The streamlet trickles down the rocky reach  
On whose blue calm the floating gull is seen;  
Inland the rook calls clamorous for rain;  
The peasant, plough in hand, plods whistling on  
Behind his puffing horses, till the sun,  
Casting blue mountain shadows, nears the main,  
Then from the dusky twilight upland soon  
The nightingale salutes the cloudy moon.

*Gulliver's Travels.* By Jonathan Swift. A new edition. Carefully edited by a Clergyman. — *Pope's Poetical Works.* With Life and Notes by the Rev. J. Lupton. (Tegg.) — These two volumes are decidedly handy, and suit the eye as well as the pocket. The notes to the edition of Pope are concise, but to the point. Gulliver is purged of "those gross indelicacies which in many places disfigure 'his travels,' and the work is presented in such a state that it may with confidence be submitted even to the perusal of children." This of course is the meaning of "carefully edited by a Clergyman," though if the clerical status of the editor be a guarantee, the Decanal dignity of the author ought to have rendered such care superfluous. — *Spectator.*

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## CULINARY COUPLETS.

BY A RHYMING EPICURE.

ALWAYS have lobster-sauce with salmon,  
And put mint-sauce your roasted lamb on.

Veal cutlets dip in egg and bread-crumbs —  
Fry till you see a brownish red come.

Grate Gruyere cheese on macaroni ;  
Make the top crisp, but not too bony.

In venison gravy, currant-jelly  
Mix with old Port — see Francatelli.

In dressing salad, mind this law —  
With two hard yolks use one that's raw.

Roast veal with rich stock gravy serve ;  
And pickled-mushrooms, too, observe.

Roast pork sans apple-sauce, past doubt,  
Is " Hamlet " with the Prince left out.

Your mutton-chops with paper cover,  
And make them amber brown all over.

Broil lightly your beefsteak — to fry it  
Argues contempt of Christian diet.

Kidneys a finer flavor gain  
By stewing them in good champagne.

Buy stall-fed pigeons. When you've got them,  
The way to cook them is to pot them.

Wood-grouse are dry when gumps have marred  
'em —  
Before you roast 'em, always lard 'em.

To roast spring chickens is to spoil 'em —  
Just split 'em down the back and broil 'em.

It gives true epicures the vapors  
To see boiled mutton, minus capers.

Boiled turkey, gourmands know, of course,  
Is exquisite, with celery-sauce.

The cook deserves a hearty cuffing,  
Who serves roast fowls with tasteless stuffing.

Smelts require egg and biscuit powder.  
Don't put fat pork in your clam chowder.

Egg-sauce — few make it right, alas ! —  
Is good with blue-fish or with bass.

Nice oyster-sauce gives zest to cod —  
A fish, when fresh, to feast a god.

Shad, stuffed and baked, is most delicious —  
'T would have electrified Apicius.

Roasted in paste, a haunch of mutton,  
Might make ascetics play the glutton

But one might rhyme for weeks this way,  
And still have lots of things to say.

And so I'll close — for, reader mine,  
This is about the hour I dine.

MAY 25, 5, P.M.

HAROLD.

## UNDERGRADUATE ORIOLES.

FOUR little mouths agape forever,  
Four little throats which are never full,  
Four little nestlings who dis sever  
One big worm by a mighty pull.

Up on a limb — the lazy fellow ! —  
Perches the father, bold and gay,  
Proud of his coat of black and yellow,  
Always singing throughout the day.

Close at their side the watchful mother,  
Quietly sober in dress and song,  
Chooses her place and asks no other,  
Flying and gleaning all day long.

Four little mouths in time grow smaller,  
Four little throats in time are filled ;  
Four little nestlings quite appal her,  
Spreading their wings for the sun to gild.

Lazy no longer sits the father ;  
His is the care of the singing-school ;  
He must teach them to fly and gather  
Splendid worms by the nearest pool.

Singing away on the shaken branches,  
Under the light of the happy sun ;  
Dropping through blossoms like avalanches —  
Father oriole's work is done.

Four little beaks their mouths embolden,  
Four little throats are round and strong ;  
Four little nestlings, fledged and golden,  
Graduate in the world of song.

— Public Opinion.

From the Contemporary Review.

THE CONFESSIONS OF SAINT AUGUSTINE.

THERE are few books in the world which present attractions to so many different classes of readers as the Confessions of Augustine. In this more fully than in any other among his voluminous productions is reflected "that mixture of passion and gentleness, of authority and sympathy, of largeness of mind and logical rigour,"\* which has given him such rare influence in the Christian Church. The man of letters finds in it the very first specimen of those revelations of an inner life, utterly unknown to classical antiquity, which have an especial charm for the modern spirit. He recognises in it a style, unquestionably clouded by the false and affected rhetoric of a declining civilization, yet rising at times into flights which human oratory has never surpassed, whose contorted antitheses are more than atoned for by touches of irresistible tenderness, and by those occasional utterances which become lodged in the memory of the human race, those one or two words engraven by the hand of genius upon the rock, which are better than a thousand written upon the sand. The psychologist who turns over the pages feels, perhaps, at first, some impatient contempt of the sighs and prayers which interrupt a scientific discussion. But he is startled by some subtle piece of mental analysis, by speculations on Creation, Time, Eternity, Memory, which seem to anticipate not only Reid and Jouffroy, but even Kant and Descartes. The preacher who understands his art may find in the Confessions, not, indeed, ready-made weapons for the nineteenth century, but materials which may be forged into weapons that will reach the soul of every man in every age † The greatest sacred orators have seldom appeared more original than when they were borrowing judiciously from the Confessions. The theologian of our own Church will discover in the book occasionally expressions—and occasionally something more than expressions—some of the unguarded rhetoric which was frozen into logic by succeeding generations, some of the tares that already began to grow rankly in

\* M. Guizot, in his admirable *rationale* of the Pelagian Controversy. — *Histoire de la Civilisation*, i. 180-189.

† I may instance the use made by Massillon in his sermon, *Déjà de la Conversion*, of the passage: — *Retinebant nugæ nugarum . . . et subculebant vestem meam carneam, et submurmurabant: dimittite nos? et a momento isto non erimus tecum ultra in æternum? et a momento isto non tibi licebit hoc et illud ultra in æternum?* — *Confess.*, viii. 11.

the field of the Church—which may be triumphantly quoted by the Roman Catholic controversialist. Yet he will discover also abundant indications of a theological system, to which, as a whole, he may apply that which Gibbon has shrewdly observed of one portion of it—namely, that "it has been received with public applause and secret reluctance by the Latin Church."\* Still more may he trace the consistent lines of a method, of which it is no exaggeration to say that with its lofty reverence for human reason and its deferential appeals to Holy Scripture, it is anti-Roman in its very substance. † Nor among the readers of this delightful volume are we to forget those whose approbation its author most valued, the men who give it a place among the books which they read before or after they have knelt in their Saviour's presence, who feel in it, across the gulf of years, the very heart-pulse of its saintly author's religious affections, who bless him for wise warnings and undying hopes. ‡ We may, I think, go even further than this. It is true of Augustine's Confessions more than of most uninspired books, *ea est quæ crescit cum parvulis*; it grows with our growth. Each age of human life finds in it a peculiar line of attraction. In youth it charms us by its delineation of passion, by those living sentences which vibrate as we touch them, and of which, as Montaigne has said, we feel that if they were cut they would bleed. But its psychology seems hopelessly obscure, its metaphysics hopelessly mystic, the whole mass of the composition destitute of those notches and marks for analytic measurement which are exacted by a student trained in our modern schools. Yet after we have not only studied other men's thought, but thought ourselves; after we have felt, and suffered, and doubted, there are rays which open up an avenue of light into the very heart of that which once appeared to us but a silver mist, and the intellect perceives substance where it suspected nothing but confusion. We may even say that these

\* *E.g.* the invention of the bodies of Protasius and Gervasius, x. 7, and the request for prayer for Patricius and Monica, ix. 13.

† Chapter xxxiii.

‡ Cardinal Perrone may have had the system and method of Augustine in view, rather than particular "texts," when he said, "Ôtez à ceux de la religion cet Auteurs, ils sont défaits, et n'ont plus rien." — *Perroniana*, p. 100. An amusing passage follows, from which it appears that it was the habit of French preachers to speak of *Monsieur* Saint Paul as in the first chapter, "De la Prognostication Pantagruellue." The other saints of the Roman calendar they treated only to *Monsieur* and *Madame*. "*Monsieur d'()*, said that those who in preaching talked of *Monsieur* Saint Augustine only proved that they were not familiar with that saint."



Confessions have been almost equally appreciated by dogmatism and free thought, by Christians and sceptics — by the latter, for the marks which they bear of having come from an age of doubt and distraction; by the former, for the passionate self-surrender from the days of the voice in the garden and the baptism at Milan. Those who dislike the journey love Augustine for his inimitable appreciation of the rest to which it brought him. Those who look upon the rest as a delusion are ready to proclaim that the journey was never traversed with a freer step, or described by a more opulent pencil.

No stronger evidence of the truth of these remarks can be adduced than the various points of view from which the Confessions have been studied in France within the last fifteen or twenty years. Besides a new translation by M. Janet, they have been handled by Villemain, as a historian; by Saint-Marc Girardin, as a man of letters; by Nourisson, as a psychologist; by Gratry, Flottes, and Pressensée, as philosophical theologians. More than once eminent lawyers among ourselves, like Sir Joseph Napier, have devoted their leisure to the severe relaxation of writing discussions upon Bishop Butler. A distinguished French advocate, M. Desjardines, has produced a careful analysis of the Confessions as the fruit of one of his summer recesses. By none, however, has the Bishop of Hippo's immortal book been used more freely, or after a more singular fashion, than by a French philosopher who died last year, M. Saisset. Himself a Deist, but enthusiastically devoted to the spiritual school of philosophy, and clinging intensely to those preambles of the faith — God, Immortality, Providence, and Prayer — in which it seemed to him possible for a philosopher to intrench himself securely in a safe but limited dogmatism, he produced a work, in some respects of great merit, upon the Philosophy of Religion, with special reference to the Personality of God. The portion of this discussion which sounds the most original is really the least valuable. It contains an argument for the quasi-eternity and quasi-infinity of Creation, intended to meet the objection of those Pantheistic philosophers who treat the Christian and Theistic dogma of Creation as if it attributed change and caprice to God. This theory of the quasi-eternity of Creation is certainly borrowed from an Alexandrian speculation, which has been handled with some gentleness by Augustine.\* M. Saisset scaffolds the whole

\* Sed quid placuit Deo æterno tunc facere cœlum

structure of his theory upon a doctrine of Time, which he has learned from the Confessions.\* It is singular to see a work upon the philosophy of religion based upon Plato and Augustine, put forth by one who, however he may have used Christian language, and hung with sad and regretful love about the outskirts of the City of God, must unhappily be classed as a philosophical Deist. †

Since the rise of the Church movement in England, the Confessions have been a good deal read among ourselves, but chiefly, doctrinally or theologically. I have not myself met with much in print upon the subject which could serve as an introduction to the treatise for the use of the general reader. ‡ It is not my intention to produce any regular analysis of a book which so little admits of that kind of handling. The success of some able French writers would certainly not encourage one to make the attempt. Dr. Newman has somewhere laughed at the late learned Bishop Kaye's arrangement of the thoughts of Augustine's fervid countryman, Tertullian, in the framework of the Thirty-nine Articles. What shall we say of torturing the Confessions into the pigeon-hole of some division of philosophy, or classification of the human faculties, received from the Scotch School of Mental Philosophy into the French Normal School? I shall merely try to present the Confessions from some general points of view which may

*et terram quæ antea non fecit? Qui hoc dicunt, [sc. the Epicurean materialists] si mundum æternum sine ullo initio, et ideo nec a Deo factum videri volunt, nonne aversi sunt a veritate, et letali morbo impietatis insanunt? Qui autem a Deo factum fi-tentur [sc. the Alexandrine school] non tamen eum volunt temporis habere, sed eum creationis initium, ut modo quodam vix intelligibili semper sit factus, dicunt quidem aliquid; unde sibi Deum videntur velut a fortuita temeritate defendere, ne subito illi veniisse credatur in mentem quod nunquam antea venisset, et accidisse illi voluntatem novam, cum in nullo sit omnino mutabilis, sed nec video quomodo eis potest in ceteris rebus ista ratio subistere.” — De Civ. Dei, xi. 3.*

\* Confess. xi. 24, seq. De Civ. Dei, xi. 6, ad fin. xii. 25, ad fin. Saisset Modern Pantheism (English translation), ii. 123. “Cité de Dieu,” Introd. i. pp. lxxxv.—ciii.

† The natural alliance between high and low philosophical, and high and low Christian, doctrine, has been remarked by Coleridge and Leibnitz. “I cannot doubt that the difference of my metaphysical notions from those of Unitarians in general contributed to my re-conversion to the whole truth in Christ; even as, according to his own confession, the books of certain Platonic philosophers commenced the rescue of St. Augustine's faith from the same error, aggravated by the far darker accompaniment of the Manichean heresy.” — Coleridge “Biog. Lit.,” i. 300, 201. “Inclinasse eum [Locke] ad Socinianos, quorum paupertas semper fuit de Deo et mente philosophia.” — Leibnitz, Epist. ad Bessling.

‡ I do not wish to be ungrateful for Dr. Pusey's excellent edition of the Confessions in the Bibliotheca Patrum, with its well-selected parallel passages.

open the way for some students to a further enjoyment of them, and bring together preliminary information which, so far as I know, cannot be conveniently found in any one English work.

I.

The first question which naturally arises is upon the exact meaning of the title. Augustine has answered it elsewhere. It has a double signification. Confession is the voice of *adoration* as well as *penitence*. This twofold acceptance gives its significance to the Confessions. They stand alone. Others have written memoirs, autobiographies, religious lives; Augustine alone has written Confessions.\*

The volume is as far as possible from being exactly a memoir. All that is properly autobiographical ends with the tenth book. To a certain extent the author writes for himself; yet not for himself alone. He confesses himself to God; but he holds his soliloquy in such tones that men also can hear.† He feels bound to this course, for he has been two years a Bishop of the Church, and he expects good results from it. His example will excite "the heart of some not to sleep in desperation, and say *I cannot*, but rather to waken up in the love of Thy mercy, and in the sweetness of Thy grace." The good are delighted to hear the past evils of those who have now repented of them, not because they are evil, but because they have been and are not. "The curious ear of man is not, cannot be, at his heart.‡ But he will proclaim what he is. "With a consciousness which is not doubtful, but certain and plenary, O Lord! I love Thee. Thou hast stricken through my heart with Thy word, and I have loved Thee!"

The saintly Bishop had not lived so little in the world as to be ignorant of its ways. He knew that he was baring his breast to his own enemies, and those of the Church. The sobs which he uttered at the feet of Christ; the long cry, in which he wailed out the sins and offences of his youth to his reconciled Father; the broken words of those short sentences which seem to set themselves to some mystic chant at the foot of an altar; he had allowed the world to hear them, and the world was not likely to let them drop. He could bear such taunts quietly enough. But when they were used to weaken his authority, and discredit the Church, he found

words at once masculine and humble. He answers the Donatists thus in one of his popular discourses:—

"Let them say against us what they will, we will love them, though they will it not; we know, brethren, we know their tongues, for which we will not be angry with them. Be ye patient like us. For they see that they have nothing in their cause, and so turn their tongues upon us, and begin to speak evil of us, much which they know, much which they know not. That which they know is our Past. Why dost thou give up the cause like a heretic, and go to man? For what am I? am I the Catholic Church? We lived ill: I confess it. So much as I glory concerning God's grace, so much—shall I say?—I grieve for my guilty Past. I would grieve were I yet in it. But what shall I say?—do I glory? I cannot; for O, that I had never been such! But whatever it were, in the name of Christ it is past. I cry unto God in my weakness; with me it is a very small thing, saith the Apostle, to be judged of you, or of man's judgment, yea, I judge not mine own self. For I know myself better than they know me, but God knows me better than I myself do."\*

Every one is aware that Augustine, in his Confessions, repeatedly touches upon that kind of sin which every motive of moral prudence as well as of natural delicacy should lead ordinary people to conceal from others, or to confess with the most guarded generality. It is not only that between us and other men there is drawn a veil of flesh, through which God only has the right to look, and where the glance of a mortal eye inflames that wounded human modesty which remains in every nature that is not quite brutal. By such confessions we may injure our own souls, retouching the faded lines of dangerous pictures, regretting, it may be, that we have not sinned more, and that we have lost opportunities.‡ We may also do incalculable injury to others by unintentional suggestions. What shall we say of this element in Augustine's writing?

His example, in his public confession, stands out almost alone for profit and for wonder, not for imitation. He had never been a profligate in the ordinary acceptance of the term. Measured by the standard of the world even now, much more by that of the society in which he lived, he might have passed without much censure.‡ It is

\* Serm. 3. in Ps. xxxvi., § 19.

† "Recordari volo transactas feditates meas, et carnales corruptiones animæ meæ; non quod eas amem; sed ut amem te, Deus meus."—Confess., li. 1; cf. iv. 1.

‡ Thus writes one of the highest authority upon Augustine: "Talis erat, etiam quum ipse foris esset, ut ab eis qui erant intus, vir bonus haberi possit, in suo quidem genere. Adolescens habuit concubi-

\* "Et laudantis, et gementis." Enarrat. Ps. xci.

† "Ego quoque, Domine, etiam sic tibi confiteor, ut audiant homines."—Confess., x. 3.

‡ "Auris eorum non est ad cor meum."—Ibid.

unworthy of a writer, who, I believe is usually as accurate as he is elegant, to speak of Augustine as the promiscuous lover of the frail beauties of Carthage. More unworthy still is the comparison which others have instituted between Rousseau and the young Augustine. At the very moment when two men are grovelling in sensual sin, there may be a distinction between them. The one, perhaps, feels that he is plunged in a hell of filth, only less dreadful than the hell of fire. The other loves what "the degraded soul unworthily admires." He has a deliberate sympathy with his position, and with those who are like him.\* He is perfectly satisfied, and thinks it is well for him to be here. One has fallen into the sty, the other lives in it. Of his guilty connection Rousseau exclaims, "It stood me instead of all. The future did not touch me, or only as a prolonged present." But even in the first flush of youthful passion Augustine exhausts all the energy of his imagination to find language which may give us a conception of his misery. He was beaten as with burning rods of iron.†

Correspondent to this difference between the men is the difference of their Confessions. No man ever read the earlier portion of Rousseau's without a permanent taint, or a permanent trial, to his soul. We feel that he took an artist's reflective pleasure in every line of the picture. It is the thoughtful and deliberate masterpiece of a libidinous imagination. On the contrary, no prudent woman ever said of Augustine as they have been known to say of certain in our own time, who make confessions in fashionable drawing-rooms. "Come and hear him. He is so handsome, and has been so wicked, and will tell us all about it." There is a coldness and a whiteness as of winter snow over the crater of the extinct volcano. There is a reserve in all that effusion. The style is without that affected periphrastic delicacy which is essentially indelicate. His heart might be ulcerated, and leave trailing

nam, quod humanæ permittunt leges. Hæc non repudiata sed crepta adamavit alteram. Verum utrique servavit conjugii fidem, quam probitatem hodie non temere reperias in sacerdotibus aut Abbatibus." — August., tom. I. (Basil. 1569.) Erasmus Alfonso Fonseca Arahlep. Toletano, [The references in this article are generally to that edition.] "In illis annis unam habebam, sed unam tamen, ei quoque servans tori fidem." — Confess., iv. 2. When she returned from Italy to Africa, vowing herself to a pure and single life, he formed, for a time, a second connection of the same nature, intended to be limited to the two years during which he was waiting for a wife, (vi. 15.) It is only right to notice the dark shadow which hangs over Augustine's youth from such expressions as those in Confess., iii. 1, li. 2.

\* Οἱ τινες οὐ μόνον αὐτὰ ποιοῦσιν, ἀλλὰ καὶ συνευδοκοῦσι τοῖς πρασσούσι. — Rom. i. 32.

† Confess., iii. 1.

drops of blood; \* he is determined that no sentimental sighs shall be heaved over the parting-scene between his mistress and himself. The mother of Adeodatus walks veiled and spectral, a memory without a name, from her sixteen years of shame, into the presence of God, with a sigh of penitence and a prayer of hope. The most brutal lines that Byron ever wrote — it is saying much — are those in which he attributes to the Confessions the power of awakening an envy of the youthful transgressions of the saintly Bishop. †

If Augustine's temperament was naturally deep and passionate, his Confessions present to us the spectacle of such a nature turning to God with all its depth and all its passion. We can detect in many religious biographies that the mere physical cooling of the bubbling caldron of sensuality passes for conversion; or the passive fear of the consequences of sin presents a maimed gift to God. God forbid that we should scorn or depreciate any motive which brings back a sinner to his Father. We must only maintain that they were not such processes, as figure almost exclusively in modern religious biographies, which won Augustine to Christ, and that the oblation which he made was richer and more complete in consequence. It was his favourite doctrine that the passions and affections of our nature were not intended to be eradicated by grace, but turned to their proper objects. ‡ We may say of the Confessions that they are the most vivid illustration which post-Apostolic Christianity has produced of Bishop Butler's Sermons upon the Love of God. What have we there but the spectacle of a human heart "referring itself implicitly to God, and casting itself entirely upon Him, its whole attention of life being to obey His commands, and its highest enjoyment arising from the

\* Confess., vi. 15. See *Essais de Littérature et de Morale*, par Saint-Marc Girardin — "La périphrase est souvent plus indécente que le mot." — li. II., Art. 8. Augustin.

† "Sermons he read, and lectures he endured, And homilies, and lives of all the saints; To Jerome and to Chrysostom inured, He did not take such studies for restraints. But how faith is acquired, and then insured, So well not one of the aforesaid paints As Saint Augustine in his fine Confessions, Which make the reader envy his transgressions."

"This, too, was a sealed book to little Juan."

‡ Augustine enforces this very beautifully by the example of St. Paul and of our Lord, De Civ. D., xiv. 9. Cf. "As we cannot remove from this earth, or change our general business on it, so neither can we alter our real nature. Religion does not demand new affections, but only claims the direction of those you already have, those affections you already feel." — Butler. Upon the Love of God. Sermon xiii.

contemplation of His character and its relation to Him, from a consciousness of His favour and approbation, and from the exercise of those affections towards Him which cannot but be raised from His presence ?”

I must now refer to those points of personal character which we can very distinctly trace in these pages. Augustine was naturally ambitious to excel in all things. He aspired to poetical as well as rhetorical distinction, and was possessed with an ungovernable desire to obtain a theatrical prize poem.\* His filial love is beautiful. All ages have loved to see him listening with Monica to Ambrose, at Milan, or smiling gently at the frugal fare which she provided for his birthday feast on that soft November day in the meadow of Cassiciacum.† Above all they stand before us as they have been represented by the pencil of Ary Scheffer, in the garden at Ostia, “in sight of a sea lit up by a thousand fires, and under a sky without a cloud.”‡ enjoying some of those moments, even upon earth, from which we know that if eternal life were but their prolongation, it would be an entering into the joy of the Lord.§ This filial love may be read, not only in the fuller delineations which he delights to give, and in the description of his grief for her loss, but in a hundred minute touches.¶ His parental love is equally touching. It would be almost sacrilege to translate those words, which might form a yet nobler epitaph for a Christian father to place over his child than the lines from Dryden’s *Eleonora*, which Burke had engraved over the only son who gave promise of so much virtue and so much genius.¶ The critics have adduced as a parallel Quintilian’s celebrated Proœmium to the fifth book of his *Institutes*. If, in reading that finished production, we are sometimes reminded of Tickell’s lines —

“Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,  
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart,”—

\* *Confess.*, iv. 2.

† *De Ordine*. Lib. ii., Tom. i. 471. *De Beata Vita*, *Ibid.* 498.

‡ See an eloquent passage in *M. de Broglie*, *L’Église et l’Empire Romain*, Part iii., tom. ii., 183, 197.

§ *Confess.*, ix. 10.

¶ *E. gr.* “Et mentitus sum matri et illi matri, et evasi,” v. 8. “Meum quiddam puerile, quod labebatur in fletu, juvenili voce cordis tacebat . . . . constringebam fluxum moeroris . . . . rursusque impeta suo terebatur non usque ad eruptionem lacrimarum . . . . sed ego sciebam quid corde premebam.”— *Confess.*, ix. 12.

¶ “Cito de terra ablutisti vitam ejus, et securior eum recorder, non timens quidquam pueritiæ, nec adolescentiæ, nec omnino homini illi.”— *Confess.*, ix. 6.

if the warmth of our emotion is chilled by the rhetorical tricks and the theatric adjuration, there is undoubtedly an undertone of true pathos which is exquisitely affecting. But the words of Augustine need no critic. He who is unmoved by them wants not so much a critical judgment as a human heart. His susceptible nature was especially formed for friendship. In the one interval of leisure in his busy life, at the villa of Cassiciacum, lent him by Verecundus during the months between his conversion and his baptism, he is surrounded by a group of African friends, who have followed him from Tagaste, Madaura, Hippo, and Carthage. One of these, Romanianus, was of higher rank than the rest. In addressing one of his books to him, Augustine incidentally gives us a notion of the life and aims of a fine gentleman of the fourth century. The fine gentleman presented the public with shows of wild beasts and other unusual spectacles. He lived at a great rate, keeping almost open house. He was expected to build largely, especially baths with tessellated pavements. His reward was popular applause. If he succeeded in his appeal to the affections of the people; if his agents were so honest and capable that he did not become bankrupt; \* he was received in the theatre with a roar of welcome. His statue was set up, not only in his city, but in the neighbouring towns. He was hailed as “*liberalissimus, mundissimus, humanissimus, fortunatissimus.*” Augustine’s relation with Romanianus, Alypius, Licentius, and others, proves that he possessed that undefinable thing called influence, which Archbishop Whately proposed to call *effluence*, which acts upon men’s natures through some intangible medium quite distinct from an appeal to their logical faculties.

There are many passages in the Confessions, and in his other writings, which reveal to us even the physical temperament of the man. Born under the intense light of an African sky, compared with which the very suns of Italy are pale; used to gaze forward where the sight is not limited by the dimness of the medium, but by the weakness of the organ, he speaks of his love of light, “the queen of colours, washing round all things which we see with its perpetual and multitudinous flow,” and connects it with one of the grandest movements in the literature of

\* “Resque ipsa familiaris diligenter a tuis fideliterque administrata idoneam se tantis sumptibus paratuique præberet.”— *Contra Acad.* Lib. i., tom. i. 410, 411.

the world.\* Habituated to view from the coast the Mediterranean clothed in a many-coloured vesture, with shooting green of every tint, sometimes deepening into purple, more often like a blue band drowned in a vermilion sky of evening or morning, he can paint at times in colours like those of Ruskin.† His comparisons are frequently drawn from light; it is to him the very luxury of existence.‡ He possesses the picturesque feeling and touch which are so peculiarly modern. His account of a fight between two cocks is coloured and animated.§ The loving and minute subtlety with which he transfers mental impressions to nature reminds us at times of the latest school of poetry among ourselves.|| His other senses were equally keen and susceptible. Of scents, indeed, he says that he does not refuse them when present, nor miss them when absent; confessing, however, "fortasse fallor." A passage in his chapter on Memory shows us that he anticipated the subtle beauty of Shelley's lines —

"Odours, when sweet violets die,  
Live within the memory." ¶

The repairs of the table — as Dr. Johnson called them in language strikingly like Augustine's — had for him, as he tells us, a fascination with which he sometimes approached himself.\*\* His sense of hearing

\* "O lux quam videbat Tobias . . . . aut quam videbat Jacob, quum et ipse præ grandi setate capus oculis in filiis præsignata futuri populi genera luminoso corde radavit." — Confess., x. 34.

† "In ipsius quoque maris tam grandi spectaculo, quum sese diversis colonibus induit velut vestibus et aliquando viride atque hoo multis modis, aliquando purpureum, aliquando cœruleum." — De Civ. Dei, xlii. 24.

‡ "Propter hæc volunt vivere." — De Lib., Arb. ii. 13, tom. i. 656. "Ad quietis ipsius penetrabile, cujus jam luce mens eorum velut in longinquo radiante perstringitur pervenire non possunt. Dorsum enim habebam ad lumen, et ad ea quæ illuminantur faciem; unde, ipsa facies mea, qua illuminata cernebam, non illuminabatur." — Confess., iv. 16.

§ "In eisdem gallis erat videre intenta projectus capita, inflatas comas, vehementes ictus . . . . et in omni motu animalium ratione expertium nihil non decorum." — De Ordine.

|| *E. gr.* "Lunam nocturnas tenebras solantem." — In Psalm xcix. 5, p. 112.

¶ "Sicut odor, dum transit et evanescit in ventos, olfactum affluit, unde trajicit in memoriam imaginem sui, quam reminiscendo repetamus." — Confess., x. 9.

\*\* "Crapula autem nonnumquam surreptit servo tuo. Reficimus quotidianas ruias corporis edendo et bibendo." — Confess., v. 31. A furious controversy, which made much noise in its day, arose upon the signification of the word *crapula*, in which a physician Petit, Bayle, and others took part. See Flottes, "Etudes sur Saint Augustine," pp. 149, 153. It is to be remarked that Augustine's Christian common sense preserved him from the Maichean extravagance which afterwards found something degrading to the salutary character in the use of animal food. Görres lays it down as a law of

was evidently acute and delicate. As he lies awake at Cassiciacum, he hears the sound of water trickling into the baths, making an uneven sound as it runs over the pebbles, from the accumulation here and there of the autumnal leaves. This leads to the chief subject of one of his most interesting discussions.\* Religious men, who religiously love choral services, have no reason to be angry with those who warn them against possible dangers and excesses. Such warnings may be found in quarters where by some they would be least expected. For instance, "In reference to singing, I fluctuate between the danger of being carried away by the pleasure of taste, and the personal experience which I have of the profit of the practice. I am inclined rather to approve of the practice of singing in church; not, however, giving an opinion which I might not conceivably retract. Yet when it happens to me to be moved by the musical modulation more than by the thing which is sung, I confess that I sin gravely, and that I had rather not hear the voice that sings."† It is singular to find this jealousy of harmony in religious services, when we remember the sweet and consolatory tears for his lost Adeodatus which were drawn from him by the hymns of Ambrose, ‡ composed to soothe and occupy the people during their watches with their Bishop, at the time of the persecution of Justina. There are some men who are so constituted that beauty of every kind is not to them a distraction or a recreation. The light of a spring day, the blue range of the mountains, the vast soft whiteness of the breaking

saintship that in its higher manifestations it gives up flesh-meat, and lives upon vegetables, milk, and honey. We know from Posidenius that the bishop of Hippo had meat upon his table, some days in the week at least. He himself says, "Non ego immunditiam obsonit timeo, sed immunditiam cupiditatis." — Confess., x. 31.

\* De Ordine, l. 3, Tom. i. 459, 462.

† Confess., x. 33. Instrumental music was long in finding its way into churches. "Musical instruments rather excite the mind to pleasure than tend to form good dispositions within it. In the Old Testament such instruments were used, partly because the people were more cold and carnal — stimulated by such things even as they were stimulated by earthly promises; partly because these material objects had a figurative signification. *Ecclesiæ non utitur organis, ne Judæizare videatur.* D. Thomæ. *Summa Theologiæ cum Commentariis Cajetani.* Questio, xii., Art. ii., vol. iii. pp. 225-230. Cajetan mentions the curious fact that instrumental music is not permitted when the Pope officiates in person. We may well be thankful that, in the noble language of our own Milton, in our cathedrals and churches "the solemn and divine harmonies of music are heard whilst the skilful organist pines his grave and fancied decant in lofty fugues." It would be well for some of the young gentlemen who sneer "at the intellectual coldness of the Anglican service," to read the Confessions, x. 33.

‡ Confess., ix. 6.

waves, fill them with a sensation which is not unmingled with suffering. The greater the beauty which they see, the more it leaves them unsatisfied and full of longing. Augustine was one of these men. If they frame to themselves a theory of Art and Beauty, it will be like his and Plato's.\*

II.

To understand and enjoy Augustine's writings in general, and more especially his Confessions, we must know something of the Roman-African life and thought of that day.

The normal state of the descendants of the Roman settlers in Africa † was — as M. Saint-Marc Girardin has well shown — that which has been reproduced in modern Algeria; small groups of civilized men, surrounded by barbarous nomads. In such a state of society complicated relations arise between the two parties. Occasionally the barbarian is moulded and elevated by his neighbour. Roman letters and education filtered into the Phœnician and Numidian villages, and a succession of orators and legists was produced by the natives of Africa. The more usual relations between the tribesmen and the colonists were of a much humbler kind, founded upon mutual convenience. In one of those interesting letters, ‡ which testify to the masculine good sense of Augustine, it comes out that the native tribes frequently acted as conveyers of merchandise, conductors of caravans, and guardians of harvests. § Compacts

\* "Pulchra trajecta per animas in manus artificiosas ab illa pulchritudine veniunt, quæ super animas est." — Confess., x. 34; cf. xi. 5.

† It will be remembered that Sallust received from Cæsar the government of Numidia. The historian did not practise the lessons which he inculcates so eloquently. His splendid mansion and gardens, still so frequently visited at Rome, were built and beautified by money extorted from Hippo, Tagaste, and other African towns. In the Jugurthine war of Sallust there is a description of Africa, in which the name of Hippo occurs.

‡ The worthy Publícola's cases of conscience are of this kind — Is it not sinful to make a compact with barbarians, when they swear by false gods? Is it not sinful to partake of grain or oil of which an offering has been made to a devil? Whether a Christian may use wood from a consecrated grove? Whether he may drink from a tank in a deserted temple? On the question of the lawfulness of using arms in the Gospel dispensation, it is hard to believe that the bishop wrote without a smile. "Perhaps Christians had better keep hornless oxen, and have houses without windows, for fear some one should be killed. If a Christian is not to drink of streams which have been polluted by idolatry, he had better give up breathing — for the incense of heathen rites is taken up by the winds." — Tom. ii. 706.

§ "Qui ad deducendas bastagas pacti fuerint, vel aliqui ad servandas fruges." — Epist. ciii. Tom. ii.

were entered into between them, sealed by oaths; which often caused scruples to timid Christians.

The civilized life of Africa is more directly connected with our subject. "The long and narrow tract of African coast was filled with frequent monuments of Roman art and magnificence, and the respective degrees of improvement might be accurately measured by the distance from Carthage and the Mediterranean." One fact impresses us with the highest sense of the fertility of the district, and of the industry of the people. Thickly populated as it was, it exported vast quantities of wheat; and after providing abundantly for home consumption, sent the bread-stuffs which mainly supplied the vast population of Rome.\* This civilized life of Africa found its centre at Carthage — the Rome of Africa, as it was frequently called. It has been observed by M. Villemain, if I remember right, that we think of no other Carthage than that of Hannibal. But Carthage, from the period of its new foundation under Augustus (A.D. 29), was essentially a Roman city. On its topography and scenery we need not dwell. The undecaying framework of nature, common to the Punic with the Roman city, has been described in M. Flaubert's Salammbô. † Those unwholesome and libidinous pages are occasionally redeemed by the antiquarian learning and accurate observation of the scholar, the traveller, and the devotee of realism in romance. Carthage was the child of Roman genius in its grandest hour. It was described as a most glorious city. Its streets, glittering with gold and gay with marbles, ran in long parallel lines. It possessed numerous schools, and affected to rival Rome as a creator of Latin literature. ‡ The old Punic passion for commerce appeared to revive upon its ancient soil. Countless ships pressed into the one great port of a

700. See M. Saint-Marc Girardin — *Revue des deux Mondes*, Sept. 15, 1842.

\* Gibbon, chapter xxxiii.

† Perhaps the following bit of description may assist us in giving colour to some of the scenes of Augustine's earlier life. "The waves glittered round Carthage, for the moon shone at once upon the mountain-locked gulf and the lake of Tunis, where the phenicopteri formed long red lines among the sand-banks, while beyond, under the catacombs, the great salt lagoon glistened like a plate of silver. The vault of the blue heaven lost itself in the horizon, on the one side in the white powdered dust of the plain, on the other in the fine silver mists of the sea. On the summit of the Acropolis, the pyramidal cypresses swayed and murmured like the regular waves which flapped slowly the whole length of the mole."

‡ "Dux tantæ urbes Latinarum literarum artifices, Roma atque Carthago." — August. Epist. ad Dioscorum, Tom. ii. 267.

havenless sea. If Christianity had spread with singular rapidity over the surface, it does not seem to have sunk into the heart of society. The sunshine and fertility of the country were bitterly contrasted with the character of the inhabitants. The ancient reproach of the Punic faith sank into insignificance compared with the shameless exhibition of vices which humanity abhors. The garb of religion was the signal for outbursts of derision and hatred.\* Significant passages in Augustine's letters prove that the clergy themselves were far from immaculate.

One result of the Roman character of African society and education upon Augustine's intellectual history and theological acquirements is too important to be omitted. At neither period of its history was there any tincture of Hellenism in the population or culture of Carthage. It will be remembered, by every reader of the Confessions, how Augustine as a boy hated Greek; how the difficulty of learning a foreign language sprinkled with gall the sweetness of the glorious Grecian poems, which a nature like his was so capable of enjoying. This may be a convenient place for considering the question of Augustine's Greek scholarship, which has been so severely discussed.

An eminent prelate of the Irish Church is said to have been in the habit of stating that, had St. Augustine applied to him for orders, he must have been rejected for ignorance of Greek. Possibly there may have been among the clergy of his Grace some who were far from being the saint's equals even in this respect. He may, indeed, have been unable to understand thoroughly portions of the Greek ecclesiastical writers. He used translations of Plato. † The accurate Clausen sums up the evidence on this subject as follows:—

"In these observations and corrections of the Latin translation of the Scriptures, if we make some grains of allowance, it is indisputable that Augustine attained the truth. If I am right, he is so far from being chargeable with gross ignorance of Greek, ‡ that he should be considered fairly instructed in grammar, and a subtle distinguisher of words. But it is evident that this knowledge, which does not go beyond the elements, is insufficient for a thorough compre-

\* See quotations in Gibbon, chapter xxxiii., notes 38, 39, 40. Gurgis morum Carthaginiensium. — *Confess.*, iii. 7.

† *Confess.*, viii. 2.

‡ "Augustinus extitit ut alii, Ebrae ac Graecæ linguæ ignarus." — *Walch, Bibl. Patrist.*, p. 352. "Imperitus non tantum Hebraicæ sed etiam Graecæ linguæ; ipsos fontes adire non potuit, sed solam fere translationem Latinam explicare conatus est." — *Rosenmüller, Hist. Interpret.* iii. 40.

hension of Greek books, and much more for those in the Hellenistic dialect, which have forms of words, notions, and constructions, peculiar to themselves."\*

Among the sights of Carthage, there was one of peculiar fascination to the susceptible boy. I single it out, because it will naturally lead us to Augustine's judgment upon the study of classical antiquity. The spectacles of the Latin theatre in Carthage were numerous and splendid. They furnished fuel for the unquiet fire of his soul, scenes which haunted his imagination, and passages which he loved himself to declaim. The Christian Church, it need hardly be observed, abhorred the Pagan theatre. The idolatrous rites, the lascivious attitudes, the gladiatorial shows, which were its inseparable accompaniments, were equally opposed to the dogmatic Monotheism, to the purity, and to the mercy of the Gospel. The very fact of a man's habitual absence from the theatre afforded presumptive proof that he was a Christian. † In his Confessions, Augustine goes more deeply to the root of the matter. Supposing obscenity and idolatry to be banished from the stage, and taking it at its best estate, are its effects morally wholesome? Is it good that the passive emotions should be excited, when no active exertion is intended to follow, ‡ when the very intensity of the emotion is a delicate luxury whose end is itself? Augustine seems to doubt it. §

His early education was that of a rhetorician of the day. The practice was to make the boy render into fluent Latin prose

\* Clausen's chapter on Augustine's knowledge of Greek contains an analysis of all the Greek words correctly treated by him. Augustine gives the derivation of the following terms:—*ἰδιώτιον*, *ἄναθημα*, *γερουσία*, *ἑγκρασία*, *λόγος*, *ὀλοκαυστόν*, *καρδιόκερτίζω*, *καρκαλίω*, *καρπύριον*, *πλημμελία*, *τραυλάφος*. He discriminates accurately the following:—*γενναίω* and *τιεταίω*, *ἰσταρίδιον* and *θήραρον*, *εὐχὴ* and *προσευχὴ*, *θεός* and *ἀρχὴ*, *λατρεῖον* and *δοκίμιον*, *μύρη* and *κλίτη*, *εὐνοῦ* and *πνεῦμα*, *πρωτόγενος*, *πρωτογενήματα*, and *ἀναρχοὶ*, *εὐαγγέλιον* and *ἄγγελος*, *οὐκίλος*, *μώμος* and *ἀφῆ*. He corrects the ancient Latin translation of the lxx., in thirty places, and of the New Testament at least three times. (*S. John* viii. 26, xviii. 37; *Romans*, i. 3. — *Clausen, August. S. script. Interpret.*, pp. 30-40.) To this it may be added that when Marcellinus consults him on some difficulties in the Psalms, he speaks of not having the Greek of all the Psalter at hand, but of referring to one portion, and finding that it agreed with the Latin. — *Epist. lix. ad Marcellinum*, tom. ii. 29A.

† *Spectacula non viditas*, says Cœcilian in his invective against the Christians. — *Min. Fel. Octavianus*, cap. ii. See also de Broglie's *L'Eglise et l'Empire*, part ii. vol. i. 2.

‡ "Non enim ad subveniendum provocatur auditor, sed tantum ad dolendum invitatur." — *Confess.*, iii. 2.

§ Perhaps he vacillates for a moment towards a more favourable view, "Εὐχοῦ ἀμεντοῦ δολορὸς ἀλλοτρίου, sed cave immunditiam, anima mea."

that which he had read in Latin verse.\* Few rhetorical exercises could be devised so likely to give copiousness of vocabulary and readiness of expression. He is early successful in the school of rhetoric, goes from Tagaste to Carthage, is disgusted with it, thinks of Rome, and dedicates to Hierius his lost work, *De Pulchro et Apto*. † From Carthage he had been driven by the wickedness of the wild students. At Rome, he recoils from the stories of their meanness. It appears that it was a common trick among them to take out a course from one professor, shirk payment, and go off in a body to another teacher. He is proud of being sent to Milan, by public conveyance, as a traveller at the public expense, with a salary from the State as well as private pay. ‡ This post was procured for him by the kindness of Manichean friends. Gibbon has sneered at the professional acquirements of Augustine. § But surely he gave a proof of his power as an orator who persuaded the fierce population of a town in Mauritania to give up those murderous *catervæ*, compared with which the faction fights of the "Two-year Olds" in Tipperary were mild indeed. § And the man must be admitted to know something of an art who has written a treatise upon it, which has not been superseded after fourteen hundred years. To Dioscorus he might write with irritation, "Oratoris libros, et quæ sunt de oratore omnia prætermisi." ¶ Yet the rhetorical knowledge, acquired by many years of indefatigable toil, is packed into the fourth book of the treatise on Christian doctrine. Has the Christian Church any more valuable manual on the subject?

The touching story of Victorinus, ¶ who was himself also an African, shows how important a career was open to the rhetorician of the day. The teacher of nobles and senators might aspire to the honour of a statue. His position was like that of the contemporary Sophist in the eastern portion of the Roman empire, if we make some allowance for the extravagance of the later Greek provincial spirit — not, perhaps, posing himself be-ringed, crowned, and jewelled, before admiring crowds, holding his rhetorical jousts from city to city; \*\* but

courted, feasted, and patronized. True oratory is the strong expression of the free-man's thought, and is extinguished with the extinction of liberty. There remains nothing but the declaimer Augustine's taste in rhetoric may have been vitiated, at least as to verbal details. No man can escape with perfect impunity from the spirit of his times. The very fountain of the intellectual life is tinged by our birthplace and earliest associations. It tells for something in an orator's life that he is born in Ireland, or in Africa, the Ireland of Rome. But Augustine's taste from the earliest period was for that which was solid. He thirsted for the wine of truth, and the beauty or livery of the cup-bearer was nothing to him.\* He had longed to hear the great popular preacher of the Manicheans, Faustus; but he soon found that the graceful orator, who could say whatever he pleased, had little or nothing to say. Faustus had but a scanty stock-in-trade — a few orations of Cicero, a very few books of Seneca, some poets, and the narrow literature of his own sect. However skilfully handled by a practised speaker, not much could be made of such poor materials. Augustine soon knew at what price to value these embroidered inanities. When he hears Ambrose at Milan, he detects at once the ring of the true metal. † He carried with him into his judgments upon the Christian pulpit the same masculine discrimination. The grease-pastry style of rhetoric, ‡ so characteristic of provincialism in all ages, was his abhorrence. He illustrates this by admirable images in the fourth book of the treatise upon Christian doctrine. The strong man in the battle may possibly use a golden-hilted and jewelled sword; but it is because it is a sword, not because it is embossed. Eloquence is a rapid stream, and sweeps along flowers of speech, if they come in its way; but does not go out of its course to find them. A key of gold is useless, if it will not open the lock to which it is applied. The florid redundancy indulged in, once at least, by his countryman, Cyprian, the Tylor of Africa, is but faintly excused. § With regard to minor points, the

to musicians and athletes, adds — *οὐ δὲ ῥητορικῶν ἐμπειροὶ λόγων, καὶ αὐτοὶ πάλιν ἐπὶ τῶν σοφιστῶν τὸ αὐτὸ τοῦτο πράττουσιν, ὅτι γὰρ καὶ τοῦτοι θεάτρα, καὶ ἀκροατῆ, καὶ κρότοι. κ. τ. λ.* In Joannem Homil. i.

\* Confess., v. 6.  
† Ibid. v. 13. "Delectabar suavitate sermonis, quamquam eruditioris, minus tamen hilaritatis atque mulcentis quam Fausti erat, quod attinet ad dicendi modum."

‡ Adipata, Cic. De Oratore.  
§ "Ait ergo quodam loco" [Cyprian ad Donat. Ep. i.] "Petamus hanc sedem; dant accessum. Ilicius secreta, dum erratici palmium lapsus pendulis

\* Confess., i. 17.  
† Ibid., iii. 13, v. 8, iv. 13, 14.  
‡ "Legam supra mercedem salaria decernentium." — Ibid., i. 10. "Impertita etiam evectioe publice." — V. 12, 13.  
§ De D. Christ., iv. 24.  
¶ Epist., lvi., tom. ii. 289.  
\*\* Confess., viii. 2.  
\*\* See the lively sketch, drawn from Libanius, *De Vita sua*, in de Broglie, part ii. vol. i. 143, sqq. Chryostom, after speaking of the applause given



young African professor of rhetoric was accused at Rome and Milan of provincial pronunciation of many words.\* He did not altogether escape the charge of occasional solecism; but, as he adds, with an amusing touch of unconscious vanity, only from those who, like a dilettante of his acquaintance, argued with plausibility that Cicero himself had committed errors in this kind. But, no doubt, these minor blemishes were more than redeemed by the subtle tenderness and thoughtfulness peculiar to himself. The mistortune of provincialism is not altogether unmixtd. The African style was evidently characterised by bold, incisive phrases. Under that burning sky, the Roman language seemed to lose something of its massiveness, and to acquire, in return, a speculative subtlety, which reminds us at times of the Greek ecclesiastical writers. As a preacher, it is evident that his powers were very great. He could charm alike the clergy of Carthage and the fishers of Hippo, and move a ferocious audience — first, to the bursts of applause which were not unusual in churches, and then to abundant tears. Cold criticism of his style, as such, is scarcely permissible. He had no time for classic finish, for perfection of form. Every drop of time cost him so dear.† The author of the apostrophe to Light is scarcely inferior to the greatest orator of any age.‡ He possessed that severe moral restraint which is often artistically at one with the most delicate taste. In describing the death of an early friend at Tagaste he uses a phrase of questionable propriety, § apparently rather for effect than as an accurate exponent of his emotions. He is resolved that no taint of self shall rest upon his heart's offering to God, and the expression finds a place in the *Retractions*.

From Augustine's views upon rhetoric we may pass by no unnatural transition to his judgment upon pagan antiquity generally. In an age like that in which he lived, it is evident that classical literature must have been estimated differently, not only by different minds, but by the same minds from different points of view. Literature and philosophy are so estimated in our day. In a Church so dogmatic as Rome, we find

*nextibus per arundines balulas repunt, viteum porticum froudea tecta fecerunt.*" "Non dicuntur ista nisi mirabiliter adfuentissima fecunditate faundie, set profusione nimia gravitati displicent." — *De Doct.*, iv. 14. The reader will be reminded of South's caustic allusion to Taylor in one of his sermons.

\* *De Ordine*, l. lib. ii. tom. i. 491.

† "Caro mihi valent stillæ temporum."

‡ *Confess.*, x. 34.

§ *Ibid.* iv. 6. "Quæ mihi quasi declamatio levis quam gravis confessio videtur." — *Retract.*, lib. ii. 6.

Newman praising and De Maistre abominating Lord Bacon. In the fourth century Paganism was yet standing. The heart of the tree, indeed, was dead, but, as may sometimes be observed in trees, the vitality had gone from the centre to the circumference, and the tenacious bark communicated with still living fibres at the root. In the Eastern Church, classical literature was indulgently treated from the beginning by the Christian fathers. Its philosophers were looked upon by some among them as the prophets of human reason. In the West, there was more hesitation upon the subject. "The Apostle had been at Athens," exclaims Tertullian, almost fiercely, "and knew human wisdom by meeting it. What have Athens and Jerusalem in common? Let them look to it, who have brought in a Stoic, a Platonic, or a dialectic Christianity."\* On the other hand Arnobius confidently appeals to Plato.

Augustine's mature and definite judgment on heathen philosophy is not difficult to gather, in spite of some apparent inconsistencies of expression. The Gospel did not come to destroy the law, but to fulfil it. Nor did it come to destroy the crude fruit of human wisdom, but to form and mellow it. He never grounded faith upon a universal scepticism. Opposed as Aristotle and Plato might seem to be, he believed that one consistent mass had been strained out by the cautious wisdom of successive ages. Of Cicero and Plato he speaks with almost unvarying respect. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? In the wonderful providence of God, the first little flame of Divine love had been kindled in his heart by them, though the odour and the bias were from the unguents of Holy Scripture.‡ To the Hortensius of Cicero he owed the first prelude to his conversion, the first initiation into those high problems which are the intellectual principles of the spiritual life. The tremulous impulse which it imparted to his spirit may be compared to the motion of the spray that hangs over the cataract before it is touched by the waters. With Plato I suppose that it may be looked upon as certain that he was never profoundly acquainted, that he had read but little of

\* *De Præscrip. Heret.*

† This is his language to Romanianus, "Nunquam cessavimus infulantes in philosophiam. . . . Nondum aderat ea flamma, quæ summa nos arretura erat, cum ecce tibi libri quidam pleni bonas res Arabice ubi exhalant in nos, ubi illi flammæ instillarunt pretiosissimi unguenti guttas paucissimas, incredibile, Romaniane, incredibile, et ultra quod fortasse de me, et tu credis, etiam mihi ipso de melpso incredibile incendium concitarunt." *C. Acad.*, lib. ii. 2, tom. i. 426.

his works, and that little in Latin translation. Yet, predestined Platonist as he was, he seized upon the lofty Theism of the Timæus, upon the high morality of the Euthyphron, upon the doctrine of Ideas, and with the instinct of genius thinking out these principles to their conclusion, gave that Platonic mould to Christian thought which it has never lost. "Quicquid dicitur in Platone, vivit in Augustino." To him we owe that noble passage which for ever puts to shame the faithlessness of those who in this, or in any other age, have considered human learning a curse or a superfluity outside the Church. The passage to which I refer\* is the more remarkable when we remember that the treatise in which it occurs was written, in part, to combat the passion for secular learning, dangerous in that day, which prevailed among a section of the African clergy.†

Turning from philosophy to literature, we find that Augustine had scruples as to his fondness for Terence and Virgil. In reference to Terence, this can easily be accounted for. His lines were much used to afford ground-colours for the rhetorical style, and the Christian Bishop had learned to despise those retail dealers in words.‡ There are also obscene passages in his plays. Indeed, his very connection with the stage was a strong objection to him in Augustine's judgment. He could not forget the voluptuous excitement throbbing in the very air, the sanguinary fanaticism of the circus, which he describes with so masterly a touch in the case of Alypius.§ Wherever the Latin language was spoken, the writings of Virgil had acquired a popularity which at first sight seems unaccountable. Such exquisite finish, such curious felicity, requires culture to be appreciated. Yet lines of Virgil are scrawled on the poorest tombs among the catacombs, and scratched upon the walls of Pompeii by the hands of the lowest of the people. I leave it to others to discover reasons for this popularity, of which I am ignorant. For my

part I am content to find the cause in that subjectivity with which he is sometimes reproached, in that pathetic tenderness which, as has been well said, makes Virgil the first of the moderns. The people excuse refinement when it is pathetic. They pardon the finish of the line, when they can still see that it is written by one whose eyes were moistened with a tear. To this peculiarity of Virgil's genius no more delicate tribute has ever been paid than the sweet and burning tears shed by the passionate and imaginative boy, and for which the Bishop so bitterly reproached himself, "Tantillus puer et tantus peccator." To estimate fully the enchantment which Virgil exercised over Augustine, we must turn to those treatises of his which fill up a gap in the Confessions, the works against the Academies, On Order, and Concerning the Blessed Life. After his memorable conversion, and resignation of his professorship, his friend Verecundus kindly lent him his villa at Cassiciacum.\* There he retired for some months to prepare himself for his baptism, accompanied by Monica, by the son whom he was so soon to lose, and by a select circle of African friends, by Alypius, Navigius his brother, Trygetius, Lastidianus, Rusticus, and Licentius, the poetical son of Romanianus. There, in the evening generally, after their letters were written, and the superintendence of the farm completed for the day, the party discussed philosophical questions, such as the power of wisdom to give certainty, happiness, order. A singular freedom and toleration breathed through the conferences of these delightful days. Of one of the party, at least—Licentius, in whose subjective and melancholy strain there is an undertone which reminds us of the poetry of our own day—we know that even many years later he was not distinctively a Christian. Among the company there was not a single ecclesiastic to precipitate the work. Cassiciacum † was

\* Confess., ix. 3.

† Local tradition identifies Cassiciacum with Cassago, a village about eight leagues north-east of Milan. The oldest authority for this is, however, a note in a parish registry, stating, *memorie prodium esse*, that Augustine had sojourned in the place. Manzoni gives strong etymological reasons against the substitution of *ago* for *iacum*. Besides this, the view from Cassago is common-place, and by no means agrees with Augustine's indications. On the contrary, *Casciagio*, another Lombard town, in the opinion of Manzoni and Coasa presents no etymological objection. "It is situated on a prominence at the foot of a group of hills. On its western horizon is Monte Rosa, and the line of the Alps to their junction with the Apennines. To the south-east, a vast opening in which sight is lost; to the east and north-east, the mountains of Bergamasqui and of the lake of Como; within this magnificent framework, a part of the Lago Maggiore, four other

\* De Doctrina Christ. ii. 28-31, 40.

† This view is quite consistent with the fact that after he was called to the episcopate he had no further time for such studies, and even used very severe language occasionally when he saw danger of excess in that direction. "Innumerales fabule poetarum, oratorum inflata et exposita . . . mendacia, philosophorum garrulle argutie . . . postquam mihi curarum ecclesie sarcina imposita est, omnes illi delicta fugere de manibus."—Epistola Memorio, cxxxii., tom. ii. 647.

‡ Venditorem verborum.—Confess., ix. 5. Nundinis loquacitatis, ix. 2.

§ Ibid. iii. 8. Even in reference to Terence, he will not accuse those words which are elect and precious vessels, but that wine of devils which we are given to quaff in them.—i. 16.

situated in a country of lakes and hills, upon the first stage of the Alps on the side of Lombardy. In that fair spot, "full of the serenity of the Italian sky, and the verdure of the valleys of Switzerland," the time passed away in a quiet and uneventful happiness. In the narrative of these months at Cassiciacum, Virgil is repeatedly mentioned. Upon the lower Alpine slopes —

"Beneath them spread like a green sea  
The waveless plain of Lombardy,  
Bounded by the vaporous air,  
Islanded by cities fair,"

in the meadow-lawn of the farm of Verecundus, during one of those summer days, which seem to give light and clearness to the intellect, as well as to the eye, or in the soft winter sunshine, the cadence of Virgil's lines seem to mingle with the household cares of the little group, with Monica's gentle house-work, and the lowing of the oxen.\* In our age of business and distraction, we are tempted to ask with the poet —

"What shelter to grow ripe is ours,  
What leisure to grow wise?"

small lakes nearer; further off, the entire plain, like the hills, sowed with villas, towns, and villages, several of which at least must have existed in the time of Augustine." Another circumstance is mentioned of much importance in deciding the question. At Casciago there is a little torrent which is frequently dry, but which has enough water in autumn to justify the *silicibus irruens* of Augustine, and which in one place is pent up between two rocks, so as to admit of being described as *angustis canalibus intertrusa*. There is also a small valley falling off into a slope, and covered with a meadow, which agrees exactly with the words, *ad pratium deascendere, in pratuli propinqua descendere*. But at Cassago, there is no running water at any season. See Manzoni's letter to M. Poujoulat upon the locality of Cassiciacum.

\* "Disputare ceperamus sole jam in occasum declinante, diesque poëni totus cum in rebus rusticis ordinandis, tum in recensione primi libri Virgillii peractus fuit." — Acad. lib. i. tom. i. 418. "Interpositis pauculis diebus venit Alypius, et exorto sole clarissimo invitat cœli nitore, et quantum in illis locis hyeme poterat, blanduba temperis in pratium descendere." — De Ordine, lib. ii., Ibid. 471. "Tertius autem dies matutinas nubes, quæ nos coegerant in balneum, dissipavit, tempusque pomeridianum candidissimum reddidisset." — De Beata Vita, Ibid. 504. "Septem fere diebus in disputando sumus otiosi, cum tres tantum Virgillii libros post primum recenseremus." — C. Acad. lib. ii., Ibid. 425. "Quo tamen opere Licentius in poeticum studium sic inflammabatur, ut aliquantum mihi etiam reprimendum videretur. Tandem tamen ad retractandam quam distuleramus de Academicis questionem, cum a me, quantum potui, lumen philosophiæ laudaretur, non invitatus accessit. Et forte dies ita serenus effluerat, ut nulli prorsus rei magis quam serendandis animis nostris congruere videretur. . . . Maturius itaque solito lectos reliquimus paululumque cum rusticis egimus quod tempus urgebat." — C. Acad. lib. ii., Ibid. 426. "Ire ceperam in balneas. Ille enim locus cum cœlo tristi in agro esse minime poteramus, aptus ad disputandum et familiaris fuit." — De Ordine, lib. i. 8, Ibid. 467.

We feel that —

"Too fast we live, too much are tried,  
Too harassed to attain"

the "sweet calm" or "luminous clearness" of the thinkers of old. We cannot help envying Augustine his seclusion at Cassiciacum. Yet let us remember that it was redeemed afterwards by toils that ended with one of the busiest of human lives. To him, at least, the retreat was not one of idleness. He wished deliberately to place his knowledge upon a certain basis, to understand as well as believe, to reconcile faith with reason, and that in him which thought with that which prayed. Like Butler at twenty-one, Augustine at thirty-three "proposed the search after truth as the business of his life."\* After many years, the rest and perfume of those months were still fresh in the old man's memory. He says, in words that bring before us a picture of green fields, and farms stretched under sheltering trees: "Thou, O faithful Promiser, givest to Verecundus, for that farm of his at Cassiciacum, where we rested in Thee from the fierce summer-tide of the world, the pleasant greenery of Thy Paradise, since Thou hast forgiven him his earthly sins in Thy mountain." But the quiet work of their mornings must soon be over. Before the evening falls, they must lift up their minds to the great problems that tower before our existence and theirs — like the Alpine heights on which they looked at sunset. It must pass away in a few weeks. From the day of his baptism, to the day when in mortal sickness, he must lie down in the little chamber at Hippo, with the sounds of battle ringing in his ear, he can never know rest again. His eyes will not then be fixed upon the pages of Virgil, but upon the psalms of David hung before his eyes at the foot of his humble bed. Yet it may be that at times, in that busy and holy life, the most musical words which he has heard upon earth will fall upon the ear of memory, when he is listening most intently to catch the strains that come from the City of God. †

\* "Contemptis tamen ceteris omnibus quæ bona mortales putant, huc investigando inservire proposui. . . . Mihi autem certum est, nusquam prorsus ab auctoritate Christi discedere. . . . quod autem subtilissimâ ratione persequendum est, ita enim jam sum affectus ut quod sit verum non credendo solum sed etiam intelligendo apprehendere impatienter desideramus, apud Platonem me intuari quod sacris nostris non repugnat reperitur esse confido." — C. Academ. i.

† M. Salasset has pointed out a curious Virgilian reminiscence in the De Civ. D., xiv. 27. "Sine ardoris illecebrosos stimulo infunderetur gremio uxoris." — Cf. *Æneid*, viii. 400. "Conjūctis infusus gremio." Another such reminiscence may be cited — the reference to Dares and Entellus, in his letter to Jerome. — Tom. ii., Epist. 68.

This sketch would be very deficient without some reference to the state of religion in Africa in the fourth century. More than in most countries, Christianity there was fructured by the soil in which it grew. Donatism may be considered as the expression of national and religious jealousy. The "fractionary" ecclesiastical spirit of the African Christians has been traced in the enormous numbers of the African bishops. For instance, in one conference at Carthage, (A.D. 411) we read of 279 Donatist, 286 Catholic bishops. The colonists acquired something of the fierceness of the tribes by whom they were surrounded. The Donatists, those Puritans of Africa had their Anabaptists and Fifth Monarchy men in the Circumcellion. Some one has ingeniously said that yet another analogy between the Puritans and the Donatists is suggested by those extraordinary names which, as we turn over the pages of a Church History, remind us for a moment of passages at which we have smiled in Woodstock. But the love of these names belonged to African, not to Donatist, Christianity.

Among the Catholic bishops, whose names are subscribed to the letter to Pope Innocent against Pelagius and Celestius are two Adeodatuses, and three Quodvultdeuses. How prevalent Manicheism was, no reader of the Confessions can forget. It was no unusual circumstance to find three bishops in one town, Manichean, Donatist, and Catholic. Heathenism lingered on still. Augustine speaks, with an eloquent shudder, of the hideous and effeminate wretches, who, with unguent-dripping locks and whitened faces, up to yesterday, as he says, went in the processions of the Magna Mater through the streets of Carthage.\* The country, and especially Carthage, was haunted by dissolute fortune-tellers and spiritualists,† the maggots who crawl from the rottenness of scepticism. Aruspices still remained and sacrificed.‡ Ingenious people were puzzled by impostors, *mathematici*.§ Now an image was rashly broken by the Christians, and

the population rose in fury. Now a nomad tribe had a bargain to make with its civilized neighbours, and scruples of conscience arose, because the barbarians would only swear by their own gods. As is the case in India now, two phenomena were exhibited, on the one hand a fanatical revival of the old religion, on the other a philosophical rationalism, which sought to preserve a minimum of it, inculcating the moral ideas of the new faith. There, as ever in analogous circumstances, two currents of thought are formed drop by drop, until at last the equilibrium is broken, the mass of the new ideas exceeds that of the old, and the old is absorbed and lost in the new. The letters of two pagans to Augustine, Longinianus the priest, and Maximus of Madaura, illustrate this truth. At Carthage, and elsewhere, the Christian Church had not yet filtered off all the dregs of paganism. Augustine admits that he knew Christians who were worshippers of pictures and sepulchres. There were riotous feasts, nominally changed into Memories of Martyre, but in carnality and excess in no respect different from the old festivals in the temples of the idols. At Hippo itself, there were Church feasts, whose admitted extravagances were sanctioned, or palliated, by a reference to similar abuses, committed at Rome, under the eyes of its bishop. Such is a hasty and faintly drawn sketch of the varied life of populous towns\* now overthrown and forgotten in the desert, or remembered only to be execrated as the nests of pirates. †

\* Of one of these Roman-African towns, a correspondent of the *Times* wrote a few years ago — "Under the shadow of the forest-hill at Batna, upon which the lion, the panther, and the wild boar range, a Roman city, which once held 50,000 inhabitants, and where ninety bishops assembled in council, lies a ruin." For this citation I am indebted to a passage in Archdeacon Lee's lectures, where he draws with solemn eloquence the moral of Donatism — "Lectures on Ecclesiastical History," p. 96, *seq.*

† Of Hippo, now Bona, an eloquent description has been given by the Abbé Sibour. "The chapel of Bona is an old and miserable mosque, which the Moors themselves have abandoned. . . . Beneath the shadow of aged olive trees, which extend their boughs over the tomb of Hippo, I was able to call up the phantom of the buried city. Nothing was changed — the same rounded coasts, the same waves which bathed them, the same bluish mountains on the side of Carthage, and near us the chain of the Edough, rising up with its sombre gorges and wild aspect. The Seybouse rolled its slow waters. . . . We walked along a road hemmed in by two living hedges of cactus and aloes. The Arabs have given Bona the name Uneba. Sometimes from the thick hills of thorny shrubs, we saw the acanthus raise its great elegantly-cut leaves. We were, in fact, on the ruins of Hippo. The town covered with its buildings; the two slopes which we had ascended, and which by a gradual fall, descend to the banks of the Seybouse near

\* "Usque in hesternum diem . . . defect interpretatio, erubuit ratio, conticuit oratio." — *De Civ. Dei*, vii. 20.

† "Quos ipsi bene novimus per innumera scorta solvere dissolvi." — *C. Acad. lib. i.*, tom. i. 417. See the curious story of the "medium" Albroerinus. — *Ibid.*

‡ One of these applied to Augustine when he was a candidate for the theatrical prize poem: — "Manasse mihi nescio quem haruspitem, quid et dare mercedia vellem, ut vincerem; me autem foda illa sacramenta abominatum respondisse: nec si corona illa esset immortaliter aurea, muscain pro victoria mea necari me sinere." — *Confess.*, iv. 2.

§ *Ibid.* iv. 3.

Erasmus complains bitterly that the powers of Augustine were wasted upon Africa. Such a genius would have produced still nobler fruits, had it been born or lived in Italy or Gaul. The rudeness, the voluptuousness, the small and restless curiosity of Africa, was hostile to literary excellence and philosophical ripeness.\* This may be partly true. It seems, indeed, that the scanty hours left to the Bishop after the toils of controversy, the care of his flock, and the superintendence of his clergy, were broken in upon by a noisy throng of babbling visitors, fond of hearing their own tongues, and utterly incapable of solid discussion. But the discordant elements into which he was thrown have gained for us one useful lesson. It is instructive to see how thoroughly Augustine had mastered the thoughts and the wants of his own age; what an extensive toleration he possessed, in spite of the occasional severity and dogmatism which grate upon a modern ear. He answers the strange letter of Volutianus with an exemplary patience which astonishes Erasmus; of the Manicheans he speaks generally in the tone of one who knew the difficulty of finding truths. Perhaps something like a parallel may be found in Newman — the same long uncertainty lulled in dogmatism, only awakening from time to

the sea. Some stones were all that remained of the city of Augustine. . . . On that one of the two hills of Hippo which is nearest to the Abougemma, on the side of the sea, you meet as you ascend the remains of a vast edifice. All round old olive trees, thick cactuses garnished with points, grow wild from the energy of a soil of which all proves the luxuriant fertility. The character of these ruins the extent of the building to which they belong, the solidity of the walls and vaults, the situation, make one believe at first that these are the remains of a church — perhaps the crypt of that *Basilica Pacla* where the voice of Augustine was so often raised, and where his tomb was placed. But other indications, especially the remains of aqueducts, appear to give the building another destination. The ruins have probably nothing sacred, and belong to the old cisterns of Hippo — vast reservoirs, fed at a great expense from the sources of the Edough. . . . The Arabs and Kabyles of the mountains perform some curious ceremonies on a portion of the wall, in an angle of the edifice, upon a great stone. Upon asking their reason, they reply that a great Roumi lived here, that his history was written upon the stone, but that the stone was broken." M. Sibour argues that this great Roumi is Augustine; that the stone was transferred from its place in the ruins of the *Basilica Pacla*, where it covered the body of Augustine, together with the remains of the great bishop, lest the tomb should be profaned by the Arian Vandals on the taking of Hippo. — Translation of la *Relique de S. Augustine*, par M. l'Abbé Sibour — in *Poujoulat's Histoire de S. Augustine*, li. 446 - 450.

† "Rudis erat Africa, voluptatum avida, studiorum inimica, curiosarum rerum appetens." August. Opp. tom. li. 1. "Eorum irrudentem presentiam qui plerumque non sunt apti tili negotio, magisque linguæ certaminibus quam scientiæ luminibus delectantur." — Volusianus Augustino.

time to tremble with excitement and sympathy for the fortune of others. But the parallel must be drawn with due allowance for the difference between the manly submission to the Catholic Christianity of the fourth century, and the suicide of reason involved in the acceptance of Ultramontanism in the nineteenth century.

## III.

It only remains to notice briefly the milestones on the road-side of Augustine's intellectual career. We may term it, with equal truth, his spiritual career, for with him the intellectual and the spiritual are so interfused that we cannot discriminate one from the other. With many men, conversion is the abdication, with him it is the consummation, of reason.

While yet divided between passion and vanity, his soul is reached by the Hortensius of Cicero. The first ring was touched, and the chain never ceased to vibrate. The great problem of the origin of evil first occupied his thoughts, and led to his long subjugation to Manicheism. To this, without being ever fully converted himself, he made several converts, as has happened more than once with converts to Rome in our own day. During nine years of Manicheism he was never thoroughly satisfied with it. Perhaps his mother was led to her dream by the prophetic penetration of maternal love.† He seems to have held, first, a kind of Dualism,‡ then, the theory of an extended God; § or, as he himself says, an extended nothing. He made various efforts to escape from these unsatisfactory speculations. Epicureanism might have tempted him for a moment, but the instinct of immortality, strong in such natures as his, preserved him. Subtler theories won him for a while. In despair of attaining to truth, he tended for a little to Academic scepticism, the probabilism of the New Academy. At other times he inclined to Pantheism, the perpetual temptation of the speculative spirit; he uses a very curious similitude to explain the form in which it presented itself to him for a while. §

\* Confess., lii. 11.

† "Ex adverso sibi duas moles . . . utramque infinitam." — Ibid. v. 10; vii. 14.

‡ "Neque enim mihi videbatur esse quiddam quod tale non esset . . . spatiosum nihil." — Ibid. viii. 1.

§ "Te autem, Domine, ex omni parte ambientem et penetrantem cani, sed usquequaque infinitam. Tamquam si mare esset ubique, et ubique per immensa infinitum solum mare, et haberet intra se spongiam quamlibet magnam, sed finitam tamen; plena esset utique spongia illa ex omni sua parte ex

Such are the bare outlines of this restless reer, from Manicheism to scepticism, from ppticism to Pantheism. The true cause of a long uncertainty was, as he tells us, want spirituality.\* He had had some acquaintance with Scripture from an early period his life; he had never lived quite outside current of Christian thought. The ineffable sweetness of the name of Jesus had eathed upon his soul. It is right, and, if operly understood, may be most profitable the Christian to remember, that he who song all Christian teachers has been pronounced to have had the greatest influence ct to Saint Paul, derived his first great ligious lessons, not directly from Scripre, but from Platonism. He can be thankful to God in later life that he had mared some high truths of this philosophy bere he really studied the Bible. But he is ureful to proclaim that with all its efficacy an awakener, Platonism is absolutely inefficient as a guide. We cannot discover it that which alone can act upon the will, e humility of Jesus: "I did not humbly ing to my humbled Lord Jesus: nor know w masterful that infirmity was, the strength that weakness." The most superficial ading of the Confessions will show with hat entire and loving devotion he rested on the Holy Scriptures, his chaste delight, eyed with heaven's manna, and luminous ith its light.

As specimens of Augustine's philosophy, shall only refer to his discussion upon ime and Memory.

He is led to a theory of time in the elevth book by his examination of the first nes of Genesis. He meets those who ked, as an objection to creation, what God as doing before He made heaven and earth, d how it came into His mind to make hat he had not before made — this renders necessary for him to examine the notion Time.

The substance of his doctrine is this. — hat is Time? It is in the consciousness, nd by the aid of memory that we find the st notion of duration. The mind itself is e type and measure of it. It is not from terior sources that we acquire the notion time, but by the inner sense; and it is e mind, the ego, which is the original odel of that which endures. The present an ideal point. The past and future have o existence but in the conception of the

mind. We do not measure time by motion, but motion by time.

"In thee, my soul, I measure time, in thee I say I measure it. The impression which things as they pass make in thee, and which abides when they have passed away, that impression which is present I measure, not things which have passed away that it might remain. It I measure when I measure time. Therefore, either this impression is time, or I do not measure time."\*

In the treatise on Memory, modern psychology has solved Augustine's great difficulty — our memory of having forgotten something — † by the distinction between memory and reminiscence. Memory is spontaneous, reminiscence is memory with effort. When we will to remember a thing which does not come spontaneously to us, we remember something relative to it, which gives us a relative conception of it. We may have no conception what the thing is, only what relation it bears to something else. That relation affords an "abscissio infinitæ investigationis," and suggests another relation or relations, until we remember the whole thing.

I shall be amply rewarded if these pages should induce any younger reader to study the Confessions for himself. We honour this great teacher, not by heaping upon him extravagant titles of traditional honour, not as they did who carried his assumed relics from Pavia to Bona, ‡ but by being made partakers of his spirit. Better than any positive result of his psychological speculations is that fresh admiration for the glories and depth of man's nature. "And they go to admire the heights of the mountains, and the billows of the sea, and the starry heavens, and leave themselves."§ Better even

\* Confess., vi. 27. Saisset's "Cite de Dieu," Introduction, lxxxix., sqq. "Here is Augustine's thought which has not been well understood. The sure proof that the mind is the measure of time, or measures time, is that it measures silence. And as silence is not anything real, but simply a privation, and as no privation can be measured, the mind always measures silence by its own duration and intervals, which form part of time." — Notes of D. Martin's Traduction des Confessions, Tom. II. 219.

† Confess., x. 16. Hamilton's Reid, p. 359. "On this footing, what Augustine qualifies by the name of oblivion would be, in name and fact, a true reminiscence, or even a confused sign of a thing which memory has lost. It is like a cloth drawn before a picture which we have formerly seen in a room. It is certain that the cloth, which hides the picture, recalls to those who have looked on it the idea of a picture, without recalling what it represents." — D. Martin, ut supra, 57, 58.

‡ For a vivid description of the translation of these [alleged] relics by the French in 1642, see Foujoulat's "Histoire de Saint Augustin," l. 413 — 456.

§ Confess., x. 8.

in immenso mari; sic creaturam tuam finitam te infinito plenam putabam." — Confess., vii. 5.  
\* "Conabar cogitare Te homo, et talis homo, immensam et solum et verum Deum!" — Ibid. vii. 1.

than all the great pages in which he has left us the everlasting lines of our faith, his conviction that Christianity is inexhaustible by man's wit or thought.\* Let us read him as he himself would be read, not with the prostrate spirit of slaves, not superstitiously splintering off single texts as if infallible, but, with the reverent liberty of Christian freemen. Let us admire and imitate, as far as may be, the mingled depth and tenderness of a great heart and a great intellect; the saving common-sense which so often rescued him from the errors into which mere logic would have precipitated him; the consideration for the weak; † the determination to understand an adversary's position thoroughly; the manly faith in human reason; the intense reverence for Scripture; the humble penitence and gentle trust in Christ.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

*History of Rationalism.* By John F. Hurst, D.D. (Trübner.) — It is some recommendation of this work that it has gone through three editions in America. We doubt if it would ever attain such a circulation in England. Though useful as a storehouse of materials on religious thought since the Reformation, it is wholly confused and undigested, and has no pretension to the name of a history. The style is equally faulty, and the grammar not always perfect. Dr. Hurst writes of Germany as a country which "has been prospered." His account of Voltaire's death reads as if Frederick the Great maintained a correspondence with Voltaire even after that event. His sketch of the controversy between Dr. Newman and Mr. Kingsley clearly implies that Mr. Kingsley wrote a reply to

\* "Tanta est Christianum profunditas literarum, ut in eis quotidie prolocre si eas solas ab ineunte pueritia usque ad decrepitam senectutem, maximo otio, summo studio, melliore ingenio conarer addicere . . . tantaque non solum in verbis quibus ista dicta sunt, verum etiam in rebus que intelligenda sunt latet altitudo sapientie, ut flagrantissimæ cupiditati discedendi hoc contingat, quod eadem Scriptura quodam loco habet, cum consummaverit homo tunc incipit." — August. Volustano. Epist. II., tom. II. 8.

† "In quibus adhuc parvulis salubritur edificatur fides . . . quorum si quispiam quasi villitatem dictorum adspersus, extra nutritorias cunas imbecillitate se extendit, heu cadet miser. Domine Deus, miserere, ne implumen pullem conculcent qui transeunt viam; et mitte angelum tuum, qui eum reponat in vido, ut vivat donec volet." — Confess. XI. 27, *eg.* 31. "Cum enim audio Christianum aliquem fratrem, illum aut illum, ista nascentem, et aliud pro alio sentientem, patienter intueor optinantem hominem; . . . obest autem si hoc ad ipsam doctrinæ pietatis formam pertinere arbitretur. — Confess., v. 9.

the *Apology*. His description of Gibbon states almost expressly that the historian became a Roman Catholic some time after leaving Oxford, and went into Parliament at the very time the first volume of the *Fall and Decline* appeared. We believe these mistakes are caused by over-generalization and want of clearness of perception, rather than by neglect. But Dr. Hurst is simply ludicrous when he speaks of Mr. Maurice as not employing himself in publishing his theological sentiments in the form of religious novels, like Kingsley and others, but having the commendable frankness to state his opinions without circumlocution, and to furnish us with his creed in a single volume of essays. Perhaps some of the readers of the three American editions of Dr. Hurst's work will be able to explain why it should be so very commendable for a man to write in a style in which he excels, instead of in a style for which he has no inclination. — *Spectator*.

COAL AND PYRAMIDS. — "If we take the area of Lincoln's Inn Fields, measured up close to the houses, at eleven acres, about the dimensions of the base of the Great Pyramid, and could stack the coal as nature has done in the seams, the British coal raised last year would form, on that base, a solid block of the height of 5,229 feet, or as high as Snowdon surmounted by another mountain of half its height. Again, taking the distance from London to Edinburgh, four hundred miles, the same quantity, similarly packed, would build a wall the whole way of twelve feet thick and ninety-nine feet high, whilst if put together in the broken state in which coal is commonly used, it would give a wall of more than double that thickness. This yearly production, obtained by the labour of 240,000 men, is palpably a gigantic effort for so small an area as that of our united coal-fields and naturally excites apprehension for the future."

To add another comparison to those of Mr. Smyth, we may take the cubic volume of the coal raised in 1865 as just about 100,000,000 cubic yards. The solid contents of the Great Pyramid of Cheops is found to be 3,394,307 cubic yards. We therefore raise yearly an amount of coal thirty times as great in bulk as the Great Pyramid. This quantity, too, is raised from the bottom of our mines by 240,000 men working one year. The Great Pyramid, as we are assured by Herodotus, required the united labours of 100,000 men during 20 years, which is equal to the labour of 2,000,000 men during one year. A simple calculation will show that in our coal-mining each man on an average raises 250 times as much material in a year as each of the ancient Egyptians engaged on the Pyramid. We need hardly point out, however, how very unfair this comparison is to the ancient Egyptians in some points.

— *Spectator*.

## PART VI.

## CHAPTER XVII. — A CATASTROPHE.

AFTER that day of curious abandonment and imprudence, Mr. Brownlow returned to his natural use and wont. He could not account to himself next day even for his want of control, for his injudiciousness. What end could it serve to lay open his plans to Sara? He had supposed she would take it seriously, as he had done, and, lo! she had taken it very lightly, as something at the first glance rather amusing than otherwise. Nothing could have so entirely disconcerted her father. His position, his good name, his very life, seemed to hang upon it, and Sara had taken it as a singularly piquant novelty, and nothing more. Then it was that it had occurred to him about that softening of the brain, and the thought had braced him up, had reawakened all his energies, and sealed his lips, and made him himself again. He went to the office next day, and all the following days, and took no more notice of young Powys than if he had never tried to win his confidence, and never introduced him to his daughter. No doubt it was a disappointment to the young man. No doubt a good deal of the intoxication of the moment had remained in Powys's brain. He had remembered and dwelt upon the effect of that passing sunbeam on Miss Brownlow's hair and her dress, much more than he need have done. And though he did not look at it much, the young Canadian had hung up the Claude in his memory — the Claude with a certain setting round it more important than its actual frame. This he had done naturally, as a kind of inevitable consequence. And it was not to be denied that he watched for Mr. Brownlow's coming next morning, and waited for some little sign of special friendship, something that should show, on his employer's part as well, a consciousness of special favour extended. But no such sign came. He might have been a cabbage for all the notice Mr. Brownlow took of him as he passed to his own office. Not a glance, not a word, betrayed anything different from the ordinary not unkind but quite indifferent demeanour of the lawyer to his clerks. Then, as was to be expected, a certain surprise and painful enlightenment — such as everybody has to encounter, more or less, who are noticed by their social superiors — came upon the young man. It was all a caprice, then, only momentary and entirely without consequences, which had introduced him to Mr. Brownlow's table and his daughter. He belonged to a different world, and it was vain to think that the other world would ever open to him. He was too unimportant even to be kept at a distance. He was her father's clerk. In Canada that would not have mattered so much, but in this old hard long-established England — Poor young fellow! he knew so little. The thought brought with it a gush of indignation. He set his teeth, and it seemed to him that he was able to face that

horrible conventional system, and break a lance upon it, and make good his entrance. He forgot his work even, and laid down his pen and stared at Mr. John, who was younger than himself. How was he better than himself? that was the question. Then an incipient sneer awoke in the soul of the young backwoodsman. If there was such a difference between the son of a country solicitor and his clerk, what must there be between the son and the clients, all the country people who came to have their difficulties solved? But then Mr. Brownlow was something more than a solicitor. If these two men — the one old and full of experience, the other young and ignorant, with only a screen of glass and a curtain between them — could have seen into each other's thoughts, how strange would have been the revelation. But happily that is one refuge secured for humanity. They were each safe, beyond even their own powers of self-interpretation, in the recesses of their hearts.

Mr. Brownlow, by a superhuman effort, not only took no notice of young Powys, but, so far as that was possible, dismissed all thought of him from his mind. It was a difficult thing to do, but yet he all but did it, plunging into the Wardell case, and other cases, and feeling with a certain relief that, after all, he had not any particular symptoms of softening of the brain. The only thing he could not do was to banish from his own mind the consciousness of the young man's presence. Busy as he was, occupied to the full extent of his powers, considering intently and with devotion fine points of law and difficult social problems, he never for one minute actually forgot that young Powys was sitting on the other side of the screen. He could forget anything else without much difficulty. Neither Sara nor Brownlows were in his mind as he laboured at his work. He thought no more of Jack's presence in the office, though he knew very well he was there, than of the furniture; but he could have made a picture of the habitual attitude in which his clerk sat, of the way he bent over his work, and the quick upward glance of his eyes. He could not forget him. He could put out of his mind all his own uncomfortable speculations, and even the sense that he had conducted matters unwisely, which is a painful thought to such a man. All this he could do, but he could not get rid of Powys's presence. He was there a standing menace, a standing reminder. He did not even always recall to himself, in the midst of his labours, why it was that this young man's presence disturbed him, but he never could for a moment get free of the consciousness that he was there.

At the same time he regarded him with no unfriendly feelings. It was not hatred any more than it was love that moved him. He carried the thought with him, as we carry about with us, as soon as they are gone, that endless continual thought of the dead which makes our friends in the unseen world so much closer to us than anybody still living to be loved and cherished. Mr. Brownlow carried



his young enemy, who at the same time was not his enemy, about with him, as he would have carried the thought of a son who had died. It came to his mind when he got up in the morning. It went side by side with him wherever he went — not a ghost, but yet something ghostly in its perseverance and steady persistency. When he laid down his pen, or paused to collect his thoughts for a moment, the spectre of this youth would cross him whatever he might be doing. While Mr. Wrinkell was talking to him, there would suddenly glide across Mr. Wrinkell's substantial person the apparition of a desk and a stool and the junior clerk. All this was very trying; but still Mr. Brownlow wisely confined himself to this one manifestation of Powys's presence, and sternly silenced in his own mind all thought on the subject. On that one unlucky day of leisure he had gone too far; in the rebound he determined to do nothing, to say nothing — to wait.

This was perhaps as little satisfactory to Sara as it was to young Powys. She had, there cannot be a doubt, been much amused and a little excited by her father's extraordinary proposal. She had not taken it solemnly indeed, but it had interested her all the same. It was true he was only her father's clerk, but he was young, well-looking, and he had amused her. She felt in her soul that she could (or at least so she thought) make an utter slave of him. All the absurdities that ever were perpetrated by a young man in love would be possible to that young man, or else Sara's penetration failed her, whereas the ordinary young men of society were incapable of absurdities. They were too much absorbed in themselves, too conscious of the possibility of ridicule, to throw themselves at a girl's feet heart and soul; and the girl who was still in the first fantastic freshness of youth despised a sensible and self-respecting lover. She would have been pleased to have had the mysterious Canadian produced again and again to be operated upon. He was not *blase* and instructed in everything like Jack. And as for having to marry him, if he was the man, that was still a distant evil, and something quite unexpected no doubt would come of it; he would turn out a young prince in disguise, or some perfectly good reason which her father was now concealing from her, would make everything suitable. For Sara knew too well the important place she held in her father's opinion to imagine for a moment that he meant to mate her unworthily. This was how the tenor of her thoughts was turned, and Mr. Brownlow was not insensible to the tacit assaults that were made upon him about his *protégé*. She gave up her judgment to him as she never had done before, with a filial self-abandonment that would have been beautiful had there been no *arrière pensée* in it. "I will do as papa thinks proper. You know best, papa," she said in her new-born meekness, and Mr. Brownlow understood perfectly what she meant.

"You have turned dreadfully good all of a

sudden," said Jack. "I never knew you so dutiful before."

"The longer one lives one understands one's duties the better," said Sara, sententiously; and she looked at her father with a mingled submission and malice which called forth a smile about the corners of his mouth.

"I hope so," said Mr. Brownlow; "though you have not made the experiment long enough to know much about it yet."

"There are moments which give one experience as much as years," said Sara, in the same lofty way, which was a speech that tempted the profane Jack to laughter, and made Mr. Brownlow smile once more. But though he smiled, the suggestion did not please him much. He laid his hand caressingly on her head, and smoothed back her pretty hair as he passed her; but he said nothing, and showed no sign of consciousness in respect to those moments which give experience. And the smile died off his lip almost before his hand was withdrawn from her hair. His thought as he went away was that he had been very weak; he had betrayed himself to the child who was still but a child, and knew no better than to play with such rude edge-tools. And the only remedy now was to close his lips and his heart, to tell nobody anything, never to betray himself, whatever might happen. It was this thought that made him look so stern as he left Brownlows that morning — at least that made Pamela think he looked stern, as the dogcart came out at the gate. Pamela had come to be very learned in their looks as they flashed past in that rapid moment in the early sunshine. She knew, or she thought she knew, whether Mr. John and his father were quite "friends," or if there had been a little inevitable family difference between them, as sometimes happened; and it came into her little head that day that Mr. Brownlow was angry with his son, perhaps because —. She would not put the reason into words, but it filled her mind with many reflections. Was it wrong for Mr. John to come home early so often? — to stay at home so often the whole day? — to time his expeditions so fortunately that they should end in stray meetings, quite accidental, almost every day? Perhaps he ought to be in the office helping his father instead of loitering about the avenue and elsewhere, and finding himself continually in Pamela's way. This she breathed to herself inarticulately with that anxious aim at his improvement which is generally the first sign of awakening tenderness in a girl's heart. It occurred to her that she would speak to him about it when she saw him next; and then it occurred to her with a flush of half-guilty joy that he had not been in the dogcart as it dashed past, and that, accordingly, some chance meeting was very sure to take place that day. She meant to remonstrate with him, and put it boldly before him whether it was his duty to stay from the office; but still she could not but feel rather glad that he had stayed from the office that day.

As for Mr. John, he had, or supposed he had — or at least attempted to make himself suppose that he had — something to do at home on that particular day. His fishing-tackle had got out of order, and he had to see to that, or there was something else of equal importance which called his attention, and he had been in Master-ton for two days in succession. Thus his conscience was very clear. It is true that he dawdled the morning away looking for Pamela, who was not to be found, and was late in consequence — so late that young Keppel, whom he had meant to join, had gone off with his rod on his shoulder to the Rectory to lunch, and was on his way back again before Jack found his way to the water-side. There are certain states of mind in which even dinner is an indifferent matter to a young man; and as for luncheon, it was not likely he would take the trouble to think of that.

"You are a nice fellow," said Keppel, "to keep a man lounging here by himself all the time that's any good; and here you are now when the sun is at its height. I don't understand that sort of work. What have you been about all day?"

"I have not been lunching at the Rectory," said Jack. "Have a cigar, old fellow? Now we are here, let's make the best of it. I've been waiting about, kicking my heels, while you've been having lunch with Fanny Hardcastle. But I'll tell you what, Keppel; I'd drop that if I were you?"

"Drop what?" cried Mr. Keppel, guiltily.

"Dancing about after every girl who comes in your way," said Jack. "Why, you were making an ass of yourself only the other day at Brownlows."

"Ah, that was out of my reach," said Keppel, shaking his head solemnly, and he sighed. The sigh was such that Jack (who, as is well known, was totally impervious to sentimental weaknesses) burst into a fit of laughter.

"I suppose you think little Fanny is not out of your reach," he said; "but Fanny is very wide awake, I can tell you. You haven't got any money; you're neglecting your profession."

"It's my profession that is neglecting me," said Keppel, meekly. "Don't be hard upon a fellow, Jack. They say here that it is you who are making an ass of yourself. They say you are to be seen about all the lanes" —

"Who says?" said Jack; and he could not prevent a certain guilty flush from rising to his face. "Let every man mind his own business, and woman too. As for you, Keppel, you would be inexcusable if you were to do anything ridiculous in that way. A young fellow with a good profession that may carry him as high as he likes — as high as he cares to work for, I mean; of course nothing was ever done without work — and you waste your time going after every girl in the place — Fanny Hardcastle one day, somebody else the next. You'll come to a bad end, if you don't mind."

"What is a fellow to do?" said Keppel.

"When I see a nice girl — I am not a block of wood, like you — I can't help seeing it. When a man has got eyes in his head, what is the use of his being reasoned with by a man who has none?"

"As good as yours any day," said Jack, with natural indignation. "What use do you make of your eyes? I have always said marrying early was a mistake; but, by Jove marrying early is better than following every girl about like a dog. Fanny Hardcastle would no more have you than Lady Godiva" —

"How do you know that?" said Keppel, quickly. "Besides — I — don't — want her to have me," he added, with deliberation; and thereupon he occupied himself for a long time very elaborately in lighting his cigar.

"It is all very well to tell me that," said Jack. "You want every one of them, till you have seen the next. But look here, Keppel; take my advice; never look at a woman again for ten years, and then get married offhand, and you'll bless me and my good counsel for all the rest of your life."

"Thank you," said Keppel. "You don't say what I'm to do with myself during the ten years; but, Jack, good advice is admirable, only one would like to know that one's physician healed himself."

"Physicians never heal themselves; it is an impossibility upon the face of it," said Jack, calmly. "A doctor is never such an idiot as to treat his own case. Don't you know that? When I want ghostly counsel, I'll go to — Mr. Hardcastle. I never attempt to advise myself" —

"You think he'd give Fanny to you," said Keppel, ruefully, "all for the sake of a little money. I hate moneyed people, — give us another cigar; — but she wouldn't have you, Jack. I hope I know a little better than that."

"So much the better," said Jack; "nor you either, my boy, unless you come into a fortune. Mr. Hardcastle knows better than that. Are we going to stay here all day? I've got something to do up at the house."

"What have you got to do? I'll walk up that way with you," said Keppel, lifting his basket from the grass.

"Well, it is not exactly at the house," said Jack. "The fact is, I am in no particular hurry; I have somebody to see in the village — that is, on the road to Ridley; let's walk that way, if you like."

"Inhospitable, by Jove!" said Keppel. "I believe, after all, what they say must be true."

"What do they say?" said Jack, coldly. "You may be sure, to start with, that it is not true; what they say never is. Come along, there's some shade to be had along the river-side."

And thus the two young men terminated the day's fishing for which Jack had abandoned the office. They strayed along by the river-side until he suddenly bethought himself of business which led him in quite an opposite direction.

When this recollection occurred to his mind, Jack took leave of his friend with the air of a man very full of occupation, and marched away as seriously and slowly as if he had really been going to work. He was not treating his own case. He had not even as yet begun to take his own case into consideration. He was simply intent upon his own way for the moment, and not disposed to brook any contradiction, or even inquiry. No particular intention, either prudent or imprudent, made his thoughts definite as he went on; no aims were in his mind. A certain soft intoxication only possessed him. Somehow to Jack, as to everybody else, his own case was entirely exceptional, and not to be judged by ordinary rules. And he neither criticised nor even inquired into his personal symptoms. With Keppel the disease was plain, and the remedy quite apparent; but as for himself, was he ill at all, that he should want any physician's care?

This question, which Jack did not consider for himself, was resolved for him in the most unexpected way. Mr. Brownlow had gone thoughtful and almost stern to the office, reflecting upon his unfortunate self-betrayal—vexed and almost irritated by the way in which Sara essayed to keep up the private understanding between them. He came back, no doubt, relieved of the cloud on his face; but still very grave, and considering within himself whether he could not tell his daughter that the events of that unlucky day were to count for nothing, and that the project he had proposed to her was given over for ever. His thoughts were still so far incomplete, that he got down at the gate in order to walk up the avenue and carry them on at leisure. As he did so he looked across, as he too had got a habit of doing, at Mrs. Swayne's window—the bright little face was not there. It was not there; but, in place of it, the mother was standing at the door, shading her eyes from the rare gleam of evening sun which reached the house, and looking out. Mr. Brownlow did not know anything about this mother, and she was not so pleasant to look at as Pamela; yet, unawares, there passed through his mind a speculation, what she was looking for? Was she too, perhaps, in anxiety about her child? He felt half-disposed to turn back and ask her, but did not do it; and by the time he had found old Betty's cottage the incident had passed entirely from his mind. Once more the sunshine was slanting through the avenue, throwing the long tree-shadows and the long softly-moving figure of the wayfarer before him as he went on. He was not thinking of Jack, or anything connected with him, when that startling apparition met his eyes, and brought him to a standstill. The sight which made him suddenly stop short was a pretty one, had it been regarded with indifferent eyes; and indeed, it was the merest chance, some passing movement of a bird or flicker of a branch, that roused Mr. Brownlow from his own thoughts and revealed that pretty picture to him. When the little flutter, whatever it was, roused him

and he raised his eyes, he saw among the trees, at no great distance from him, a pair such as was wont to wander over soft sod, under blue sky, and amid all the sweet interlacements of sunshine and shade—two creatures—young, hopeful, and happy—the little one half-timid, half-trustful, looking up into her companion's face; he so much taller, so much stronger, so much bolder, looking down upon her—taking the shy hand which she still withdrew, and yet still left to be retaken;—two creatures, unawares as yet why they were so happy—glad to be together, to look at each other, to touch each other—thinking no evil. Mr. Brownlow stood on the path and looked, and his senses seemed to fail him. It was a bit out of Arcadia, out of fairyland, out of Paradise; and he himself once in his life had been in Arcadia too. But in the midst of this exquisite little poem one shrill discord of fact was what most struck the father's ear—was it Jack? Jack!—he who was prudence itself—too prudent, even so far as words went, for Mr. Brownlow's simple education and habits. And, good heavens! the little neighbour, the little bright face at the window which had won upon them all with its sweet friendly looks! Mr. Brownlow was a man and not sentimental, but yet the sight after the first surprise gave him a pang at his heart. What did it mean? or could it mean anything but harm and evil? He waited, standing on the path, clearly visible while they came softly forward, absorbed in each other. He was fixed, as it were, in a kind of silent trance of pain and amazement. She was Sara's little humble friend—she was the little neighbour, whose smiles had won even his own interest—she was the child of the worn woman at the cottage door, who stood shading her eyes and looking out for her with that anxious look in her face. All these thoughts filled Mr. Brownlow's eyes with pity and even incipient indignation. And Jack! was this the result of his premature prudence, his character as a man of the world? His father's heart ached as they came on so unconsciously. At last there came a moment when that curious perception of another eye regarding them, which awakens even sleepers, came over the young pair. Poor little Pamela gave a start and cry, and fell back from her companion's side. Jack, for perhaps the first time in his life thoroughly confounded and overwhelmed, stood stock-still, gazing in consternation at the unthought-of spectator. Mr. Brownlow's conduct at this difficult conjuncture was such as some people might blame. When he saw their consternation he did not at that very moment step in to improve the occasion. He paused that they might recognize him; and then he took off his hat very gravely, with a certain compassionate respect for the woman—the little weak foolhardy creature who was thus playing with fate; and then he turned slowly and went on. It was as if a thunderbolt had fallen at the feet of the foolish young pair. Hitherto, no doubt, these meetings had been clandestine, though they did

not know it; but now all at once illumination flashed upon both. They were ashamed to be found together, and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, both of them became conscious of the shame. They gave one glance at each other, and then looked no more. What had they been doing all those stolen hours? — all those foolish words, all those soft touches of the warm rosy young fingers — what did they all mean? The shock was so great that they scarcely moved or spoke for a minute, which felt like an age. Perhaps it was greatest to Jack, who saw evidently before him a paternal remonstrance, against which his spirit rose, and a gulf of wild possibilities which made him giddy. But still Pamela was the one whom it overwhelmed the most. She grew very pale, poor child! the tears came to her eyes. "Oh, what will he think of me?" she said, wringing her poor little hands. "Never mind what he thinks," said Jack; but he could not keep out of his voice a certain tone which told the effect which this scene had had upon him also. He walked with her to the gate, but it was in a dutiful sort of way. And then their shame flashed upon them doubly when Pamela saw her mother in the distance watching for her at the door. "Don't come any farther," she said under her breath, not daring to look at him; and thus they parted ashamed. They had not only been seen by others; they had found themselves out.

CHAPTER XVIII. — TREATING HIS OWN CASE.

It may be imagined after this with what sort of feelings the unhappy Jack turned up the avenue in cold blood, and walked home to dinner. He thought he knew what awaited him, and yet he did not know, for up to this moment he had never come seriously in collision with his father. He did not know what was going to be said to him, what line of reproach Mr. Brownlow would take, what he could reply; for in reality he himself had made as great or a greater discovery than his father had done. He was as totally unaware what he meant as Mr. Brownlow was. What did he mean? Nothing — to be happy — to see the other fair little creature happy, to praise her, to admire her, to watch her pretty ways — to see her look up with her dewy eyes, tender and sweet, into his face. That was all he had meant; but now that would answer no longer. If he had been a little less brave and straightforward, Jack would have quailed at the prospect before him. He would have turned his back upon the awful dinner-table, the awful hour after dinner, which he felt awaited him. But at the same time his spirit was up, and he could not run away. He went on doggedly, seeing before him in the distance his father still walking slowly, very slowly he thought, up to the house. Jack had a great respect for his father, but he had been so differently educated, his habits and ways of thinking were so different, that perhaps in ordinary cases

the young man was a little impatient of paternal direction; and he did not know now how he could bear it, if Mr. Brownlow took matters with a high hand. Besides, even that was not the most urgent question. How could he answer any one? what could he say for himself? He did not know what he meant. He could not acknowledge himself a fool, and admit that he meant nothing. His thoughts were not pleasant as he went slowly after his father up the avenue. Perhaps it would convey but an uncomfortable impression of Jack were I to say that he had been quite sincere, and was quite sincere even now in what he had said about marriage. He had no particular desire to change his own condition in any way. The idea of taking new responsibilities upon him had not yet entered into his mind. He had simply yielded to a very pleasurable impulse, meaning no harm; and all at once, without any warning, his pleasure had turned into something terrible, and stood staring at him with his father's eyes — with eyes still more severe and awful than his father's. In an hour or two, perhaps even in a minute or two, he would be called to account; and he could not tell what to answer. He was utterly confounded and stupefied by the suddenness of the event, and by the startling revelation thus made to him; and now he was to be called up to the bar, and examined as to what he meant. These thoughts were but necessary companions as he went home where all this awaited him; and he did not know whether to be relieved or to feel more disconcerted still, when he met a messenger at the door, who had just been sent in hot haste to the Rectory to ask Mr. Hardcastle to join the Brownlows party — a kind of thing which the Rector, in a general way, had no great objection to do. Was Mr. Hardcastle to be called in to help to lecture him? This was the thought that crossed Jack's mind as he went — it must be acknowledged, very softly and quietly — upstairs to his own room. He met nobody on the way, and he was glad. He let the bell ring out, and made sure that everybody was ready, before he went downstairs. And he could not but feel that he looked like a culprit when finally he stole into the drawing-room, where Mr. Hardcastle was waiting along with his father and sister. Mr. Brownlow said, "You are late, Jack," and Jack's guilty imagination read volumes in the words; but nothing else was said to him. The dinner passed on as all dinners do; the conversation was just as usual. Jack himself was very silent, though generally he had his own opinion to give on most subjects. As he sat and listened, and allowed the talk to float over his head, as it were, a strong conviction of the nothingness of general conversation came over him. He was full of brimming with his own subject, and his father at least might be also supposed to be thinking more of that than of anything else. Yet here they were talking of the most trifling matters, feeling bound to talk of anything but the one thing. He had known this before, no doubt, in theory, but for the first

time it now appeared to him in reality. When Sara left the room, it is not to be denied that his heart gave a jump, thinking now perhaps they would both open upon him. But still not a word was said. Mr. Hardcastle talked in his usual easy way, and with an evident unconsciousness of any particular crisis. Mr. Brownlow was perhaps more silent than usual, and left the conversation more in the hands of his guest. But he did not speak at his son, or show him any displeasure. He was grave, but otherwise there was no difference in him. Thus the evening passed on, and not a word was said. When Mr. Hardcastle went away Jack went out with him to walk part of the way across the park, and then only a certain consciousness showed itself in his father's face. Mr. Brownlow gave his son a quick warning-look — one glance, and no more. And when Jack returned from his walk, which was a long and not a comfortable one, his father had gone to his room, and all chances of collision were over for that evening at least. He had escaped, but he had not escaped from himself. On the contrary, he sat half the night through thinking over the matter. What was he to do? — to go away would be the easiest, perhaps in every way the best. But yet, as he sat in the silence of the night, a little fairy figure came and stood beside him. Could he leave her, give her up, let her remain to wake out of the dream, and learn bitterly by herself that it was all over? He had never seen any one like her. Keppel might rave about his beauties, but not one of them was fit to be named beside Pamela. So sweet too, and fresh and innocent, with her dear little face like a spring morning. Thinking of that, Jack somehow glided away from his perplexities. He made a leap back in his mind to that frosty, icy day on which he had seen her in the carrier's cart — to the moment when she sprained her ankle — to all the trifling pleasant events by which they had come to this present point. And then all at once, with a start, he came back to their last meeting, which had been the sweetest of all, and upon which hard fate, in the shape of Mr. Brownlow, had so solemnly looked in. Poor Jack! it was, the first time anything of the kind had ever happened to him. He had gone through a little flirtation now and then before, no doubt, as is the common fate of man; but as for any serious crisis, any terrible complication like this, such a thing had never occurred in his life; and the fact was, after all, that the experienced-man-of-the-world character he was in the habit of putting on did him no service in the emergency. It enabled him to clear his brow, and dismiss his uncomfortable feelings from his face during the evening, but it did him no good now that he was by himself; and it threw no light upon his future path. He could talk a little polite cynicism now and then, but in his heart he was young, and fresh, and honest, and not cynical. And then Pamela. It was not her fault. She had suffered him to lead her along those primrose paths, but it was always he who had led the way, and now was

he to leave her alone to bear the disappointment and solitude, and possibly the reproach! She had gone home confused, and near crying, and probably she had been scolded when she got home, and had been suffering for him. No doubt he too was suffering for her; but still the sternest of fathers cannot afflict a young man as a well meaning mother can afflict a girl. Poor little Pamela! perhaps at this moment her pretty eyes were dim with tears. And then Jack melted altogether and broke down. There was not one of them all that was fit to hold a candle to her — Sara! Sara was handsome, to be sure, but no more to be compared to that sweet little soul — So he went on, the foolish young fellow. And if he did not know what he meant at night, he knew still less in the morning, after troublous hours of thought, and a great deal of discomfort and pain.

In the morning, however, what he had been dreading came. As bad luck would have it he met his father on the stairs going down to breakfast; and Mr. Brownlow beckoned his son to follow him into the library, which Jack did with the feelings of a victim. "I want to speak to you, Jack," Mr. Brownlow said; and then it came.

"When I met you yesterday you were walking with the — with Mrs. Swaine's young lodger," said Mr. Brownlow, "and it was evidently not for the first time. You must know, Jack, that — that — this sort of thing will not do. It puts me out as much — perhaps more than it can put you out — to have to speak to you on such a subject. I believe the girl is an innocent girl!"

"There can be no doubt about that, sir," cried Jack, firing up suddenly and growing very red.

"I hope not," said Mr. Brownlow; "and I hope — and I may say I believe — that you don't mean any harm. But it's dangerous playing with edge-tools; harm might come of it before you knew what you were doing. Now look here, Jack; I know the time for sermons is past, and that you are rather disposed to think you know the world better than I do, but I can't leave you without warning. I believe the girl is an innocent girl, as I have said; but there are different kinds of innocence — there is that which is utterly beyond temptation, and there is that which has simply never been tempted."

"It is not a question I can discuss, sir," cried Jack. "I beg your pardon. I know you don't mean to be hard upon me, but as for calling in question — her — innocence, I can't have it. She is as innocent as the angels; she doesn't understand what evil means."

"I am glad you think so," said Mr. Brownlow; "but let me have out my say. I don't believe in seduction in the ordinary sense of the word."

"Sir!" cried Jack, starting to his feet with a countenance flaming like that of an angry angel. Mr. Brownlow only waved his hand and went on.

"Let me have out my say. I tell you I don't believe in seduction; but there are people in the world — and the most part of the people in the world — who are neither good nor bad, and to such a sudden impulse one way or other may be everything. I would not call down upon a young man's foolish head all the responsibility of such a woman's misery," said Mr. Brownlow, thoughtfully, "but still it would be an awful thought that somebody else might have turned the unsteady balance the right way, and that your folly had turned it the wrong. See, I am not going into it as a question of personal vice. That your own heart would tell you of; but I don't believe, my boy — I don't believe you mean any harm. I say this to you once for all. You could not, if you were a hundred times the man you are, turn one true, good pure-hearted girl wrong. I don't believe any man could; but you might develop evil that but for you would only have smouldered and never come to positive harm. Who can tell whether this poor child is of the one character or the other? Don't interrupt me. You think you know, but you can't know. Mind what you are about. This is all I am going to say to you, Jack."

"It is too much," cried Jack, bursting with impatience, "or it is not half, not a hundredth part enough. I, sir — do you think I would harm her? Not for anything that could be offered me — not for all the world!"

"I have just said as much," said Mr. Brownlow, calmly. "If I had thought you capable of a base intention I should have spoken very differently; but intention is one thing, and result another. Take care. You can't but harm her. To a girl in her position every word, every look of that kind from a young man like you is a kind of injury. You must know that. Think if it had been Keppel — ah, you start — and how is it different being you?"

"It may not be different, sir," exclaimed Jack, "but this I know, I can't carry on this conversation. Keppel! any man in short — that is what you mean. Good heavens, how little you know the creature you are talking of! She talk to Keppel or to any one! If it was not you who said it!"

Mr. Brownlow's grave face relaxed for one half moment. It did not come the length of a smile, but it had unawares the same effect upon his son which a momentary lightening of the clouds has, even though no break is visible. The atmosphere, as it were, grew lighter. The young man stopped almost without knowing it, and his indignation subsided. His father understood better than he thought.

"If all you say is true," said Mr. Brownlow, "and I am glad to see that you believe it at least, how can you reconcile yourself to doing such a girl such an injury? You and she belong to different spheres. You can do her nothing but harm, she can do you no good. What result can you look for? What do you mean? You must see the truth of what I say."

Upon which Jack fell silent, chilled in the midst of his heat, struck dumb. For he knew

very well that he had not meant anything; he had no result to propose. He had not gone so far as to contemplate actual practical consequences, and he was ashamed and had nothing to say.

"This is the real state of the case," said Mr. Brownlow, seeing his advantage. "You have both been fools, both you and she, but you the worst, as being a man and knowing better; and now you see how matters stand. It may give you a little pang, and I fear it will give her a pang too; but when I say you ought to make an immediate end of it, I know I advise what is best for both. I am not speaking to you as your judge, Jack. I am speaking to you as your friend."

"Thanks," said Jack, briefly; his heart was full, poor fellow, and to tell the truth he said even that much reluctantly, but honesty drew it out of him. He felt that his father was his friend, and had not been dealing hardly with him. And then he got up and went to the window, and looked out upon the unsuspecting shrubberies full of better thoughts. Make an end of it! make an end of the best part of his life — make an end of her probably. Yes, it was a very easy thing to say.

"I will not ask any answer or any promise," said Mr. Brownlow. "I leave it to your own good sense and good feeling, Jack. There, that is enough; and if I were you I would go to the office to-day."

This was all he said. He went out of the library leaving his son there, leaving him at liberty to follow out his own reflections. And poor Jack's thoughts were not pleasant. When his father was gone he came from the window, and threw himself into the nearest chair. Make an end of it! Yes, that was it. Easy to say, very easy to advise, but how to do it? Was he simply to skulk away like a villain, and leave her to pine and wonder — for she would wonder and pine, bless her! She believed in him, whatever other people might do. Keppel, indeed! as if she would look at Keppel, much less talk to him, walk with him, lift her sweet eyes to him as she had begun to do. And good heavens, this was to end! Would it not be better that life itself should end? That, perhaps, would please everybody just as well. Poor Jack! this was the wild way he got on thinking, until the solemn butler opened the door and begged his pardon, and told him breakfast was ready. He could have pitched something at poor Willis's head with pleasure, but he did not do it. He even got up, and thrust back his thoughts into the recesses of his brain as it were, and after a while settled his resolution and went to breakfast. That was one good of his higher breeding. It did not give him much enlightenment as to what he should do, but it taught him to look as if nothing was the matter with him, and to put his trouble in his pocket, and face the ordinary events of life without making a show of himself or his emotions, which is always a triumph for any man. He could not manage to eat much, but he managed to bear himself much as usual,

though not entirely to conceal from Sara that something had happened; but then she was a woman, and knew every change of his face. As for Mr. Brownlow, he was pleased by his son's steadiness. He was pleased to see that he bore it like a man, and bore no malice; and he was still more pleased when Jack jumped into the dogcart, and took the reins without saying anything about his intention. It is true the mare had her way that morning, and carried them into Masterton at the speed of an express train, scattering everybody on her route as if by magic. Their course was as good as a charge of cavalry through the streets of the suburb they had to go through. But notwithstanding his recklessness, Jack drove well, and nobody came to any harm. When he threw the reins to the groom the mare was straining and quivering in every muscle, half to the admiration, half to the alarm of her faithful attendant, whose life was devoted to her. "But, bless you, she likes it," he said in confidence to his friends, when he took the palpitating animal to her stable at the Green Man. Nothing she likes better, though he's took it out of her this morning, he have. I reckon the governor have been a taking it out of 'in."

The governor, however, was a man of honour, and did not once again recur to the subject-matter on the way, which would have been difficult, nor during the long day which Jack spent in the office within his father's reach. In the afternoon some one came in and asked him suddenly to dinner, somewhere on the other side of Masterton, and the poor young fellow consented in a half despair which he tried to think was prudence. He had been turning it over and over in his mind all day. Make an end of it! These words seemed to be written all over the office walls, as if it was so easy to make an end of it! And poor Jack jumped at the invitation in despairing recklessness, glad to escape from himself any how for the moment. Mr. Brownlow thus went home alone. He was earlier than usual, and he found Sara at Mrs. Swayne's door, praying, coaxing, and teasing Pamela to go up the avenue with her. "Oh, please, I would rather not," Mr. Brownlow heard her say, and then he caught the quiet upward glance, full of a certain wistful disappointment, as she looked up and saw that Jack was not there. Poor Pamela did not know what to say or what to think, or how to look him in the face for confusion and shame, when he alighted at the gate and came towards the two girls. And then for the first time he began to talk to her, though her mind was in such a strange confusion that she could not tell what he said. He talked and Sara talked, drawing her along with them, she scarcely could tell how, to the other side of the road, to the great open gates. Then Mr. Brownlow gave his daughter suddenly some orders for old Betty; and Pamela, in utter consternation and alarm, found herself standing alone by his side, with nobody to protect her. But he did not look unkind. He looked down upon her on

the contrary, pitifully, almost tenderly, with a kind of fatherly kindness. "My poor child," he said, "You live with your mother, don't you? I daresay you must think it dull sometimes. But life is dull to a great many of us. You must not think of pleasure or amusement that is bought at the expense of better things."

"I?" said Pamela, in surprise; "indeed I never have any amusement;" and the colour came up hotly in her cheeks, for she saw that something was in the words more than met the ear.

"There are different kinds of amusement," said Mr. Brownlow. "Does not your mother come out with you when you come to walk? You are too young to be left by yourself. Don't be vexed with me for saying so. You are but a child;—and I once knew some one who was like you," he said, looking at her again with friendly compassionate eyes. He was thinking as he looked at her that Jack had been right. He was even sorry in an inexorable way for her disappointment, her inevitable heartbreak, which he hoped, at her age, would be got over lightly. Yes; no doubt she was innocent, foolish, poor little thing, and it was she who would have to pay for that—but spotless and guileless all through, down to the very depths of her dewy eyes.

Pamela stood before her mentor with her cheeks blazing and burning and her eyes cast down. Then she saw but too well what he had meant. He had seen her yesterday with his son, and he had sent Mr. John away, and it was all ended for ever. This was what it meant, as Pamela thought. And it was natural that she should feel her heart rise against him. He was very kind, but he was inexorable. She stood by him with her heart swelling so against her bosom that she thought it would burst, but too proud to make any sign. This was why he had addressed her, brought her away from her mother's door, contrived to speak to her alone. Pamela's heart swelled, and a wild anger took possession of her; but she stood silent before him, and answered not a single word. He had no claim upon her that she should take his advice or obey him. To him at least she had nothing to say.

"It is true, my poor child," he said again, "there are some pleasures that are very costly, and are not worth the cost. You are angry, but I cannot help it. Tell your mother, and she will say the same thing as I do—and go with her when you go out. You are very young, and you will find this always the best."

"I don't know why you should speak to me so," said Pamela, with her heart beating as it were in her very ears. "Miss Brownlow goes out by herself—I—I—am a poor girl—I cannot be watched always—and, oh, why should I, why should I?" cried the girl, with a little burst of passion. Her cheeks were crimson, and her eyes were full, but she would

not have dropped the tears that were brimming over her eyelids, or let him see her crying — not for the world.

"Poor child!" said Mr. Brownlow. It was all he said; and it gave the last touch to her suppressed rage and passion — how did he dare call her poor child? But Sara came out just then from old Betty's, and stood stock-still, confounded by her friend's looks. Sara could see that something had happened, but she could not tell what it was. She looked from Pamela to her father, and from her father to Pamela, and could make nothing of it. "What is the matter?" she asked, in surprise; and then it was Pamela's turn to bethink herself, and defend her own cause.

"There is nothing the matter," she said, "except that you have left me standing here, Miss Brownlow, and I must go home. I have my own business to think of, but I can't expect you to think of that. There is nothing wrong."

"You are angry because I left you," said Sara, in dismay. "Don't be so foolish, Pamela. I had something to say to old Betty — and then papa was here."

"And mamma is waiting for me," said Pamela in her passion. "Good-bye. She wants me, and you don't. And I daresay we shall not be very long here. Good-night, good-night." Thus she left them, running, so that she could not hear any call, though indeed her heart was beating too loud to let anything else be audible, jarring against her ears like an instrument out of tune. "She has got her father — she doesn't want me. Nobody wants me but mamma. We will go away — we will go away!" Pamela said to herself: and she ran passionately across the road, and disappeared before anything could be done to detain her. The father and daughter looked after her from the gate with different thoughts: Sara amazed and a little indignant — Mr. Brownlow very grave and compassionate, knowing how it was.

"What ails her?" said Sara — "papa, what is the matter? Is she frightened for you? or what have I done? I never saw her like this before."

"You should not have left her so long by herself," said Mr. Brownlow, seizing upon Pamela's own pretext.

"You told me to go," cried Sara, injured. "I never thought little Pamela was so quick-tempered. Let me go and tell her I did not mean it. I will not stay a moment — wait for me, papa."

"Not now," said Mr. Brownlow; and he took his daughter's arm, and drew it within his own with quiet decision. "Perhaps you have taken too much notice of little Pamela. It is not always kind, though you mean it to be kind. Leave her to herself now. I have something to say to you," and he led her away up the avenue. It was nothing but the promise of this something to say which induced Sara, much against her will, to leave her little friend unconsolated; but she yielded, and she was not re-

warded for yielding. Mr. Brownlow had nothing to say that either explained Pamela's sudden passion or threw any light upon other matters which might have been still more interesting. However, she had been taken home, and dinner was impending before Sara was quite aware of this, and Pamela, poor child, remained unconsolated.

She was not just then thinking of consolation. On the contrary, she would have refused any consolation Sara could have offered her with a kind of youthful fury. She rushed home, poor child, thinking of nothing but of taking refuge in her mother's bosom, and communicating her griefs and injuries. She was still but a child, and the child's impulse was strong upon her; notwithstanding that all the former innocent mystery of Mr. John's attentions had been locked in her own bosom, not so much for secrecy's sake as by reason of that "sweet shamefacedness" which made her reluctant, even to herself, to say his name, or connect it anyhow with her own. Now, as was natural, the lesser pressure yielded to the greater. She had been insulted, as she thought, her feelings outraged in cold blood, reproach cast upon her which she did not deserve, and all by the secret inexorable spectator whose look had destroyed her young happiness, and dispelled all her pleasant dreams. She rushed in just in time to hide from the world — which was represented by old Betty at her lodge window, and Mrs. Swayne at her kitchen door — the great hot scalding tears, big and sudden, and violent as a thunderstorm, which were coming in a flood. She threw the door of the little parlour open, and rushed in and flung herself down at her mother's feet. And then the passion of sobs that had been coming burst forth. Poor Mrs. Preston in great alarm gathered up the little figure that lay at her feet into her arms, and asked, "What was it? — what was the matter?" making a hundred confused inquiries; until at last, seeing all reply was impossible, the mother only soothed her child on her bosom, and held her close, and called her all the tender names that ever a mother's fancy could invent. "My love, my darling, my own child," the poor woman said, holding her closer and closer, trembling with Pamela's sobs, beginning to feel her own heart beat loud in her bosom, and imagining a thousand calamities. Then by degrees the short broken story came. Mr. John had been very kind. He used to pass sometimes, and to say a word or two, and Mr. Brownlow had seen them together. No, Mr. John had never said anything — never, oh, never anything that he should not have said — always had been like — like — Rude! Mamma! No, never, never, never! And Mr. Brownlow had come and spoken to her. He had said — but Pamela did not know what he had said. He had been very cruel, and she knew that for her sake he had sent Mr. John away. The dogcart had come up without him. The cruel, cruel father had come alone, and Mr. John was banished — "And it is all for my



sake!" This was Pamela's story. She thought in her heart that the last was the worst of all, but in fact it was the thing which gave zest and piquancy to all. If she had known that Mr. John was merely out at dinner, the chances are that she would never have found courage to tell her pitiful tale to her mother. But when the circumstances are so tragical the poor little heroine-victim becomes strong. Pamela's disappointment, her anger, and the budding sentiment with which she regarded Mr. John, all found expression in this outburst. She was not to see him to-night, nor perhaps ever again. And she had been seeing him most days and most evenings, always by chance, with a sweet unexpectedness which made the expectation always the dearer. When that was taken out of her life, how gray it became all in a moment. And then Mr. Brownlow had presumed to scold her, to blame her for what she had been doing, she whom nobody ever blamed, and to talk as if she sought amusement at the cost of better things. And Pamela was virtuously confident of never seeking amusement. "He spoke as if I were one to go to balls and things," she said through her tears, not remembering at the moment that she did sometimes think longingly of the youthful indulgences common enough to other young people from which she was shut out. All this confused and incoherent story Mrs. Preston picked up in snatches, and had to piece them together as best she could. And as she was not a wise woman, likely to take the highest ground, she took up what was perhaps the best in the point of view of consolation at least. She took her child's part with all the unhesitating devotion of a partisan. True, she might be uneasy about it in the bottom of her heart, and startled to see how much farther than she thought things had gone; but still in the first place and above all, she was Pamela's partisan, which was of all devices that could have been contrived the one most comforting. As soon as she had got over her first surprise, it came to her naturally to pity her child, and pet and caress her, and agree with her that the father was very cruel and unsympathetic, and that poor Mr. John had been carried off to some unspeakable banishment. Had she heard the story in a different way, no doubt she would have taken up Mr. Brownlow's rôle, and prescribed prudence to the unwary little girl; but as soon as she understood that Pamela had been blamed, Mrs. Preston naturally took up arms in her child's defence. She laid her daughter down to rest upon the horsehair sofa, and got her a cup of tea, and tended her as if she had been ill; and as she did so all her faculties woke up, and she called all her reason together to find some way of mending matters. Mr. John! Might he perhaps be the protector — the best of all protectors — with whom she could leave her child in full security? Why should it not be so? When this wonderful new idea occurred to her, it made a great commotion in her mind, and called to life a project which she had put aside some time before. It

moved her so much, and took such decided and immediate form, that Mrs. Preston even let fall hints incomprehensible to Pamela, and to which, indeed, absorbed as she was, she gave but little attention. "Wait a little," Mrs. Preston said, "wait a little; we may do better than you think for. Your poor mother can do but little for you, my pet; but yet we may find friends" — "I don't know who can do anything for us," Pamela answered, disconsolately. And then her mother nodded her head as if to herself, and went with the gleam of a superior constancy in her eye. The plan was one that could not be revealed to the child, and about which, indeed, the child, wrapped up in her own thoughts, was not curious. It was not a new intention. It was a plan she had been hoarding up to be made use of should she be ill — should there be any danger of leaving her young daughter alone in the world. Now, thank heaven, the catastrophe was not so appalling as that, and yet it was appalling, for Pamela's happiness was concerned. She watched over her child through all that evening, soothed, took her part, adopted her point of view with a readiness that even startled Pamela; and all the time she was nursing her project in her own heart. Under other circumstances, no doubt, Mrs. Preston would have been grieved, if not angry, to hear of the sudden rapid development of interest in Mr. John, and all their talks and accidental meetings of which she now heard for the first time. But Pamela's outburst of grief and rage had taken her mother by storm; and then, if some one else had assailed the child, whom had she but her mother to take her part? This was Mrs. Preston's reasoning. And it was quite as satisfactory to her as if it had been a great deal more convincing. She laid all her plans as she soothed her little daughter, shaking as it were little gleams of comfort from the lappets of her cap, as she nodded reasoningly at her child. "We may find friends yet, Pamela," she would say; "we are not so badly off as to be without friends." Thus she concealed her weakness with a mild hopefulness, knowing no more what results they were to bring about, what unknown wonders would come out of them, than did the little creature by her side, whose thoughts were bounded by the narrow circle which centred in Mr. John. Pamela was thinking, where was he now? was he thinking of her? was he angry because it was through her he was suffering? and then with bitter youthful disdain of the cruel father who had banished him and reproved her, and who had no right — no right! Then the little girl, when her passion was spent, took up another kind of thought — the light of anger and resistance began to fade out of her eyes. After all, she was a poor girl — they were all poor, everybody belonging to her. And Mr. John was a rich man's son. Would it, perhaps, be right for the two poor women to steal away, softly, sadly, as they came; and go out into the world again, and leave the man who was rich and strong, and had a right to be happy, to come back and enjoy

his good things? Pamela's tears and her looks both changed with her thoughts—her wavering pretty colour, the flush of agitation and emotion went off her cheeks, and left her pale as the sky is when the last sunset tinge has disappeared out of it. Her tears became cold tears, wrung out as from a rock, instead of the hot, passionate, abundant rain. She did not say anything, but shivered and cried piteously on her mother's shoulders, and complained of cold. Mrs. Preston took her to bed, as if she had been still a child, and covered her up, and dried her eyes, and sat by the pale little creature till sleep stepped in to her help. But the mother had not changed this time in sympathy with her child. She was supported by something Pamela heard not of. "We may find friends—we are not so helpless as that," she said to herself; and even Pamela's sad looks did not change her. She knew what she was going to do. And it seemed to her, as to most inexperienced plotters, that her plan was elaborate and wise in the extreme, and that it must be crowned with success.

## CHAPTER XIX. — PHOEBE THOMSON.

It was only two days after this when Mr. Brownlow received that message from old Mrs. Fennell which disturbed him so much. The message was brought by Nancy, who was in the office waiting for him when he made his appearance in the morning. Nancy, who had been old Mrs. Thomson's maid, was not a favourite with Mr. Brownlow, and both she and her present mistress were aware of that; but Mrs. Fennell's message was urgent, and no other messenger was to be had. "You was to come directly, that was what she said." Such was Nancy's commission. She was a very tall gaunt old woman, and she stood very upright and defiant, as in an enemy's country, and no questions could draw any more from her. "She didn't tell me what she was a-wanting of. I'm not one as can be trusted," said Nancy. "You was to go directly, that was what she said."

"Is she ill?" said Mr. Brownlow.

"No, she ain't ill. She's crooked; but she's always crooked since ever I knew her. You was to come directly; that's all as I know."

"Is it about something she wants?" said Mr. Brownlow again; for he was keeping himself down, and trying not to allow his anxiety to be re-awakened. "I am very busy. My son shall go over. Or if she will let me know what it is she wants"—

"She wants you," said Nancy. "That's what she wants. I can't say no more, for, I scorn to deny it, I don't know no more; but it ain't Mr. John she wants, it's you."

"Then tell her I will come about one o'clock," said Mr. Brownlow; and he returned to his papers. But this was only a pretence. He would not let even such a despicable adversary as old Nancy see that the news disturbed him. He went on with his papers, pretending

to read them, but he did not know what he was reading. Till one o'clock! It was but ten o'clock then. No doubt it might be some of her foolish complaints, some of the grievances she was constantly accumulating; or, on the other hand, it might be— Mr. Brownlow drew his curtain aside for a minute, and he saw that young Powys was sitting at his usual desk. The young man had fallen back again into the cloud from which he had seemed to be delivered at the time of his visit to Brownlows. He was not working at that moment; he was leaning his head on his hand, and gazing with a very downcast look at some minute characters on a bit of paper before him—calculations of some kind it seemed. Looking at him, Mr. Brownlow saw that he began to look shabby—white at the elbows, as well as clouded and heavy over the eyes. He drew back the curtain again and returned to his place, but with his mind too much agitated even for a pretence at work. Had the old woman's message anything to do with this youth? Had his calculations, which he was attending to when he ought to have been doing his work, any connection with Mrs. Fennell's sudden summons? Mr. Brownlow was like a man surrounded by ghosts, and he did not know from what quarter or in what shape they might next assail him. But he had so far lost his self-command that he could not wait and fight with his assailants till the hour he mentioned. He took up his hat at last, hurriedly, and called to Mr. Wrinkell to say that he was going out. "I shall be back in half an hour," Mr. Brownlow said. The head clerk stood by and watched his employer go out, and shook his head. "He'll retire before long," Mr. Wrinkell said to himself. "You'll see he will; and I would not give a sixpence for the business after he is gone." But Mr. Brownlow was not aware of this thought. He was thinking nothing about the business. He was asking himself whether it was the compound interest that young Powys was calculating, and what Mrs. Fennell knew about it. All his spectres, after a moment of ineffectual repression, were bursting forth again.

Mrs. Fennell had put on her best cap. She had put it on in the morning before even she had sent Nancy with her message. It was a token to herself of a great emergency, even if her son-in-law did not recognize it as such. And she sat in state in her little drawing-room, which was not adorned by any flowers from Brownlows at that moment, for Sara had once more forgotten her duties, and had not for a long time gone to see her grandmother. But there was more than the best cap to signalize the emergency. The fact was, that its wearer was in a very real and genuine state of excitement. It was not pretence but reality which freshened her forehead under her grim bands of false hair, and made her eyes shine from amid their wrinkles. She had seated herself in state on a high arm-chair, with a high footstool; but it was because, really and without pretence, she had something to say which warranted all her preparations. A

gleam of pleasure flashed across her face when she heard Mr. Brownlow knock at the door. "I thought he'd come sooner than one," she said, with irrepressible satisfaction, even though Nancy was present. She would not betray the secret to the maid whom she did not trust, but she could not but make a little display to her of the power she still retained. "I knew he'd come," she went on, with exultation; to which Nancy, on her part, could not but give a provoking reply.

"Them as plots against the innocent always comes early," said Nancy. "I've took notice of that afore now."

"And who is it in this house that plots against the innocent?" said Mrs. Fennell with trembling rage. "Take you care what you say to them that's your mistress, and more than your mistress. You're old, and you'd find it harder than you think to get another home like this. Go and bring me the things I told you of. You've got the money. If it wasn't for curiosity and the key-hole you'd been gone before now."

"And if it wasn't as there's something to be cur'us about it you wouldn't have sent me, not you," said Nancy, which was so near the truth that Mrs. Fennell trembled in her chair. But Nancy did not feel disposed to go to extremities, and as Mrs. Brownlow entered she disappeared. He had grown pale on his way up the stairs. The moment had come when, perhaps, he must hear his own secret discovery proclaimed as it were on the housetop, and it cannot be denied that he had grown pale.

"Well?" he said, sitting down opposite to his mother-in-law on the nearest chair. His breath and his courage were both gone, and he could not find another word to say.

"Well, John Brownlow," she said, not without a certain triumph mingled with her agitation. "But before I say a word let us make sure that Nancy and her long ears is out of the way."

Mr. Brownlow rose with a certain reluctance, opened the door, and looked up and down the stair. When he came in again, a flush had taken the place of his paleness, and he came and drew his chair close to Mrs. Fennell, bending forward towards her. "What is the matter?" he said: "is it anything you want, or anything I can do for you? Tell me what it is!"

"If it was anything as I wanted, it might pass," said Mrs. Fennell, with a little bitterness; "you know well it wasn't that you were thinking of. But I don't want to lose time. There's no time to be lost, John Brownlow. What I've got to say to you is that *she's* been to see me. I've seen her with my own eyes."

"Who?" said Mr. Brownlow.

Then the two looked at each other. She, keen, eager, and old, with the cunning of age in her face, a heartless creature, beyond all impressions of honesty or pity — he, a man, very open to such influences, with a heart both true and tender, and yet as eager, more anxious than she. They faced each other, he with eyes which,

notwithstanding their present purpose, "shone clear with honour," looking into her beamed and twinkling orbs. What horrid impulse was it that, for the first time, united two such different beings thus?

"I've seen her," said Mrs. Fennell. "There's no good in naming names. She's turned up at last. I might have played you false, John Brownlow, and made better friends for myself, but I thought of my Bessie's bairn, and I played you true. She came to see me yesterday. My heart's beating yet, and I can't get it stopp'd. I've seen her — seen her with my own eyes."

"That woman? Phœbe?" — Mr. Brownlow's voice died away in his throat; he could not pronounce the last word. Cold drops of perspiration rose to his forehead. He sank back in his chair, never taking his eyes from the weird old woman who kept nodding her head at him, and gave no other reply. Thus it had come upon him at last without any disguise. His face was as white as if he had fainted; his strong limbs shook; his eyes were glassy and without expression. Had he been anything but a strong man, healthy in brain and in frame, he would have had a fit. But he was healthy and strong; so strong that the horrible crisis passed over him, and he came to himself by degrees, and was not harmed.

"But you did not know her," he said with a gasp. "You never saw her; you told me so. How could you tell it was she?"

"Tell, indeed!" said Mrs. Fennell, with scorn; "me that knew her mother so well, and Fennell that was her blood relation! But she did not make any difficulty about it. She told me her name, and asked all about her old mother, and if she ever forgave her, and would have cried about it, the fool, though she's near as old as me."

"Then she did not know?" said Mr. Brownlow, with a great jump of his labouring breast.

"Know! I never gave her time to say what she knew or what she did not know," cried Mrs. Fennell. "Do you think I was going to have her there, hanging on, a-asking questions, and maybe Nancy coming in that knew her once! I hope I know better than that, for my Bessie's children's sake. I packed her off, that was what I did. I asked her how she could dare to come nigh me as was an honest woman, and had nothing to do with fools that run away. I told her she broke her mother's heart, and so she would, if she had had a heart to break. I sent her off quicker than she came. You have no call to be dissatisfied with me."

Here John Brownlow's heart, which was in his breast all this time, gave a great throb of indignation and protest. But he stifled it, and said nothing. He had to bring himself down to the level of his fellow-conspirator. He had no leisure to be pitiful: a little more courtesy or a little less, what did it matter? He gave a sigh, which was almost like a groan, to relieve himself a little, but he could not speak.

"Oh yes, she came to me to be her friend,"

said the old woman, with triumph: "talking of her mother, indeed! If her mother had had the heart of a Christian, she would have provided for my poor Fennell and me. And to ask me to wrong my Bessie's children for a woman I never saw" —

"What did she ask you?" said Mr. Brownlow, sternly: "better not to talk about hearts. What did she know? what did she say?"

"John Brownlow," said Mrs. Fennell, "you've not to speak like that to me, when I've just been doing you a service against myself, as it were. But it was not for you. Don't you think it was for you. It was for my Bessie's bairns. What do you think she would know? She's been away for years and years. She's been a-soldiering at the other side of the world. But I could have made her my friend for ever, and got a good provision, and no need to ask for anything I want. Don't you think I can't see that. It was for their sake."

Mr. Brownlow waved his hand impatiently; but still it was true that he had brought himself to her level, and was in her power. After this there was a silence, broken only by the old woman's exclamations of triumph. "Oh yes; I sent her away. I am not one that thinks of myself, though I might have made a kind friend," said Mrs. Fennell; and her son intently sat and listened to her, gradually growing insensible to the honour, thinking of the emergency alone.

"Did she say anything about her son?" he asked at last; he glanced round the room as he did so with a little alarm. He would scarcely have been surprised had he seen young Powys standing behind him with that calculation of compound interest in his hand.

"I don't know about no son," said Mrs. Fennell. "Do you think I gave her time to talk? I tell you I packed her off faster, a deal faster, than she came. The impudence to come to me! But she knows you, John Brownlow, and if she goes to you, you had best mind what you say. Folk think you're a good lawyer, but I never had any opinion of your law. You're a man that would blurt a thing out, and never think if it was prudent or not. If she goes to you, she'll get it all out of you, unless you send her to me — ay, send her to me. To come and cry about her mother, the old fool, and not far short of my age!"

"What was she like?" said Mr. Brownlow again. He did not notice the superfluous remarks she made. He took her answer into his mind, and that was all; and, as for her opinion of himself, what did that matter to him? At any other time, he would have smiled.

"Like? I don't know what she was like," said Mrs. Fennell; "always a plain thing all her life, though she would have made me think that Fennell once — stuff and nonsense, and a pack of lies — like? She was like — Nancy, that kind of tall creature. Nancy was a kind of a relation, too. But as for what she was like in particular, I didn't pay no attention.

She was dressed in things I wouldn't have given sixpence for, and she was in a way" —

"What sort of a way? What brought her here? How did she find you out?" said Mr. Brownlow. "Afterwards I will listen to your own opinions. I beg of you to be a little more exact. Tell me simply the facts now. Remember of how much importance it is."

"If I had not known it was of importance, I should not have sent for you," said Mrs. Fennell; "and as for my opinions, I'll give them when I think proper. You are not the man to dictate to me. She was in a way, and she came to me to stand her friend. She thought I had influence, like. I didn't tell her, John Brownlow, as she was all wrong, and I hadn't no influence. It's what I ought to have, me that brought the mother of these children into the world; but folks forget that, and also that it was of us the money came. I told her nothing, not a word. It's least said that's soonest mended. I sent her away, that's all that you want to know."

Mr. Brownlow shook his head. It was not all he wanted to know. He knew it was not over, and ended with this one appearance, though his dreadful auxiliary thought so in her ignorance. For him it was but the beginning, the first step in her work. There were still five months in which she could make good her claims, and find them out first, if she did not know them, prove anything, everything, as people did in such cases. But he did not enter into vain explanations.

"It is not all over," he said. "Do not think so. She will find something out, and she will turn up again. I want to know where she lives, and how she found you out. We are not done with her yet," said Mr. Brownlow, again wiping the heavy moisture from his brow.

"You are done with her if you are not a fool to go and seek her," said Mrs. Fennell. "I can't tell you what she is, nor where she is. She's Phoebe Thomson. Oh, yes, you're frightened when I say her name — frightened that Nancy should hear; but I sent Nancy out on purpose. I am not one to forget. Do you think I got talking with her to find out everything? I sent her away. That's what I did for the children, not asking and asking, and making a talk, and putting things into her head as if she was of consequence. I turned her to the door, that's what I did; and if you're not a fool, John Brownlow, or if you have any natural love for your children, you'll do the same."

Again Mr. Brownlow groaned within himself, but he could not free himself from this associate. It was one of the consequences of evil-doing, the first obvious one which had come in his way. He had to bear her insults, to put himself on her level, even to be, as she was, without compunction. Their positions were changed, and it was he now who was in the old woman's power; she had a hundred supposed injuries hoard-

From Dr. Bigelow's "Modern Inquiries."

HOMER AND THE CLASSICS.

THE mystery attending the person of Homer, and the obscurity which veils the Homeric age, have given to the "Iliad" a human if not divine interest, hardly surpassed in effect and duration by that of the Pentateuch itself. A work, finished in its character and wonderful in its poetic inspiration, which preceded authentic history and failed to record its own, may well stimulate the curiosity and deep interest of the world. It appeared when society was fresh and primitive, and struck its roots deep in a soil unoccupied by competing growths. It invented, portrayed, and exaggerated things acceptable to the age in which it appeared. It sounded the depths of the human heart as it then existed, a compound of savage impulses, grasping credulity, and strong human yearnings. On this basis it constructed gods and heroes, and finished them with a completeness and individuality of character not to have been expected from the existing age and the limited materials which that age afforded. The miracle of its composition is exceeded only by that of its preservation. From obscure and shadowy beginnings, it has descended through nearly three thousand years of accumulating homage, to receive from loyal worshippers its apotheosis at the present day. It is not enough that it was applauded and held up as a model by the writers of antiquity. Its fame had no culminated till the nineteenth century; and we now see it occupying a throne in the schools and universities, at least of England, of which the steps belong to the very structure and machinery of church and state. The word "learning" now means a knowledge of Greek literature, and the name "scholar" is accorded to none but those familiar with the works of Homer and his countrymen. Within three years, three new metrical versions of the "Iliad" \* have been added to the dozen previously existing translations. The Homeric poems have been placed, by more writers than one, by the side of the Holy Scriptures; and Mr. Gladstone, the distinguished statesman and churchman, in his voluminous work of "Studies on Homer," instructs us, that "the poems of Homer may be viewed, in the philosophy of human nature, as the complement of the earliest portion of the Sacred Records."

\* By Lord Derby, Blake, Herschell, Wright, Simcox, Dart, and others.

Such is the exclusive devotion, if not the fanaticism, of the present day, which places the successful but imaginative poetry of a semi-barbarous age above all the acquirements which have since rendered our terrestrial life worth possessing. Its savage attributes, brute instincts, and exceptional morality, override the more modern sentiments of humanity, honor, and Christian charity. The gods who preside in this scenic exhibition are tainted with every vice which has since degraded their supposed subordinates of the human race. Cruelty, revenge, deceit, hatred, unrelenting rancor, and unbridled lust, are the qualities which call for admiration in a generation professing to feel and practise virtues of an opposite nature. An exterminating war is undertaken for the sake of a vacillating adulteress, and its principal heroes quarrel implacably about the possession of their female slaves. Indomitable rage exalts and apologizes for all acts of injustice and atrocity. The consummation of heroism is to upbraid and then butcher a fallen foe. Ulysses, the hero of the "Odyssey," on his return home, winds up that poem by a wholesale slaughter of his disorganized subjects, hangs up a dozen censurable females in a row, and puts Melanthius to a lingering death by gradual mutilation, much after the manner of a modern Chinese execution, by vivisection into inch-pieces.

But there are lesser improprieties, which perhaps find a parallel in more modern times. Diomedes and Glaucus meet on the field of battle, and, instead of attending to their duty, which is to fight, they fall into a long discussion about their pedigrees, and compare the generations of men to leaves, — as poets in all ages have done, from Job to Dr. Beattie. The interview ends in a trading operation, in which one party gets a set of golden arms in exchange for one of brass, the estimated value of which, by the statement, is not a tenth part of that of the former; and although the bargain appears to have been arranged by Jupiter, who took away the brains of one of the parties for the purpose, nevertheless it might at the present day have been legally accounted a swindle of the first magnitude.

Achilles, having killed Hector, drags him by the heels three times round the walls of Troy; and in successive days he recreates himself by repeating the same process round the tomb of Patroclus. This classical tale, the stereotyped wonder of the schoolboys of Christendom, has its parallel in the story of the Oriental Caliph, who, having cut off the head of his enemy, afterwards occupied him-

self for twelve hours in kicking it round his courtyard.

At the present day, men speak with enthusiasm of the "revival" of classical literature as the great event, era, and landmark of intellectual progress in modern times. But this so-called revival of literature was not the production of any new light. The best that can be said in its behalf is, that it was a partial return to the state of things that existed in the Periclean and Augustan ages. And what men knew in either of those ages was not a tenth part of what they know now. Notwithstanding the traditional acclamation which has heralded their praise down to this time, we are not certain that they excelled their remote descendants of the present day in any desirable acquisition or accomplishment. In their gymnastic and musical exhibitions, they are said to have driven, spoken, sung, and danced with success, if not always with propriety. Their poetry, in its power of delighting the ear or moving the passions, might have been equal to ours, but was in no respect superior. Their forensic and popular oratory was elaborate, powerful, brilliant, and effective; and so at the present day are those of every cultivated nation in Europe and America. They had popular exhibitions of drama, both comic and pathetic. The Greeks had bacchanalian orgies, and the Romans gladiatorial combats, in which they publicly butchered captives in the presence of ferocious audiences, and threw living victims to wild beasts for the amusement of crowds of refined spectators. The untold horrors of their slavery have not often been thought of sufficient account to encumber minutely the pages of their history. In their social relations they were licentious and exquisitely depraved. In their domestic habits they were primitive, destitute, and uncleanly. The absence of books and scarcity of writing made popular education a thing of impossibility.

It is obvious, then, that, after the fluctuating continuance of a most imperfect civilization for some thousands of years, a change, if it come at all, must come, not, as it has been wrongly supposed, in the form of a *renaissance*, or reproduction of anything that had existed before, but in the shape of a new creation, a new laying-out of unexplored territory, a new planting of virgin soil with seeds unknown to former cultivators, of seeds pregnant with an abundant harvest, with new fruits and flowers, worthy of the acceptance and enjoyment of an improved and appreciative race.

The Reformation, the exodus of Greeks

from Constantinople, the revival of letters, and the restoration of art, are familiar words which mark the concurrent influence of different agencies in revolutionizing the social condition of men a few centuries ago. They are so many instruments by which the indispensable influence of Christianity has been truly and slowly developed to the world. But at the root of all these agencies, and deep and far beyond and above them, was the vivifying nurture of utilitarian science. The world mainly owes its present advanced and civilized state to the influence of certain physical discoveries and inventions of comparatively recent date, among which are conspicuous the printing-press, the mariner's compass, the steam-engine, and the substitution of machinery for manual labor. The materials and agents for these and other like improvements have existed ever since the creation of the world; but the minds of competent and qualified thinkers, being absorbed in less profitable studies, had not been turned effectively upon them or upon their uses. There was electricity in the clouds, there were loadstones in the mountains, cataracts in rivers, and steam in household utensils. But the world rolled on; empires and dynasties and ages of barbarism passed away, and left the minds of men engaged in superstitious rites, in scholastic studies, and in fruitless or pernicious controversies. We owe the great debt of modern civilization to the enterprising, acute, patient, and far-seeing innovators who, during the last few centuries, have broken away from the prescribed and beaten track of their predecessors, and have given their energies to developing, directing, and utilizing the illimitable forces of the material world. If these very men had given up their time to the objectless controversies of the schools, or to the more innocent and agreeable studies of Latin and Greek, ignoring the great and vital problems of physical science, the dark ages would still have prevailed in Europe, and America might have remained an undiscovered wilderness.

The mere lapse of time furnishes nothing to human improvement. Neither does the endless inculcation, on successive generations, of the obsolete studies of their fathers. Metals might have slept in their ores, gunpowder in its elements, and steam in its inerte form, until doomsday; and mankind been none the wiser, if it had not happened that sagacious and persevering discoverers, under difficulties, persecutions, and perils, brought them successfully to light, and laid

them at the feet of advancing civilization. It is not the perfected railroad train, nor the passenger who successfully rides in it, that deserves our applause; but it is the original and comprehensive minds who planned, organized, and launched into successful operation this great achievement of modern art. The telescope, the press, the compass, the chronometer, and the quadrant have wrought wonders for science and civilization; but the greater wonder is, how these things got invented at all, after the world had run for five thousand years in the beaten track of unproductive routine.

It has been brought as an objection to the claims of utilitarian science, that most of its alleged discoveries have been lucky accidents, often made by ignorant persons, stumbled upon by chance, and not arrived at by philosophic induction or investigation. As far as this is true, it is also true of every other step in the progress of human knowledge. No science, no development of complicated truth, no great advance in intellectual progress, has ever sprung full and finished into existence, like Adam from the hands of his Creator; but, on the contrary, they have all had their fortuitous and imperfect beginnings, their feeble glimmerings, their uncertain and fluctuating advance, — their years, or more frequently centuries, during which they have groped their way to a distant and long-deferred maturity. The first languages were made by barbarians, the first orations were spoken by savages, the first poems were probably war-songs, the first statues were hideous idols, the first history was fabulous, unless possibly we except that part of it which is preserved for our edification in arrow-headed characters. Hundreds of years, and many introductory sciences, and many lives of labor, have been necessary to conduct almost any great discovery from its rude beginnings to its finished stages. The steam-engine was not perfected in a day, and the knowledge of the solar system was not stumbled upon in a night. Some of the greatest acquisitions of civilized life date back beyond tradition. The native country of wheat is unknown; and the inventors of the plough and the ship, if known to the ancients, are not known to the moderns. There were, doubtless, navigators who were sailing before Jason, as much as there were brave men living before Agamemnon. Antiquarians and geologists are now enlightening us in regard to things as remote as a stone age and a bronze age; but they have not yet agreed in settling the period of the

vinous age. The cultivation of the grape was a memorable step in human progress, to which we are indebted for some good and much evil. The Greeks gratefully ascribe it to Bacchus; but the Jews rather give the credit to Noah, who planted a vineyard, and drank of the wine and was drunken. But neither Bacchus nor Noah could have produced the genuine "article" without some antecedent knowledge of husbandry for cultivation, mechanics for presses and receptacles, and of chemistry for fermentation. But, if it really happened that the experiment and its subsidiary sciences went hand in hand, it will serve to show that education of the mind and realization of its substantial results may sometimes be usefully combined in one and the same process.

Horace says that we all write, both learned and unlearned. The same truth equally applies to discoverers. But, when sudden discoveries are made by unprepared persons, they are exceptions to the general rule of gradual growth, merely because their cardinal fact is so simple that it does not admit the consumption of time in its development. Thus a man may learn to swim in five minutes, and a gold mine or a continent may be, and has been, discovered in the twinkling of an eye.

From The North British Review.

1. *Constable's Miscellany*. Vol. X. *Table-Talk*. Edin. 1827.
2. *The Jest-Book*. Selected and arranged by MARK LEMON. London, 1864.

THE connection between Reason and Ridicule seems to be very close; though its nature certainly is not very clear. The only animal that reasons is also the only animal that laughs, and apparently, too, the only one that is laughed at, or that deserves to be so. Beasts, acting by instinct, are never absurd, humanity having reserved that privilege exclusively to itself. Listen to Swift: —

' Brutes find out where their talents lie:  
A bear will not attempt to fly;  
A foundered horse will oft debate,  
Before he tries a five-barred gate;  
A dog by instinct turns aside,  
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.  
But man we find the only creature  
Who, led by Folly, combats Nature;  
Who, when she loudly cries, Forbear,  
With obstinacy fixes there;

And where his genius least inclines,  
Absurdly bends his whole designs.'

In connection, perhaps, with the gift of reason and the privilege of absurdity thus bestowed, the faculty of laughter was super-added in our constitution to keep absurdity within bounds, to make reason humble, and to lead us to look at the unavoidable follies of each other with good-humoured sympathy rather than with scornful disgust.

Hazlitt, in his *Comic Writers*, very justly connects laughter with its opposite, on principles not essentially at variance with those we have been suggesting:—

'Man,' he says, 'is the only animal that laughs and weeps, for he is the only animal that is struck with the difference between what things are and what they ought to be. We weep at what thwarts or exceeds our desires in serious matters; we laugh at what only disappoints our expectations in trifles.'

The aspects in which we have now considered Ridicule seem to harmonize well with Aristotle's view of it. He describes in his *Poetics* the 'laughable' or comic (ὁ γελοῖος) as being ἀμάρτημα τι καὶ ἄσχος ἀνώδυνον καὶ οὐ φθαρτικόν. This is frequently translated as if ἀμάρτημα meant any fault or deformity generally. But we cannot help thinking that by ἀμάρτημα here, Aristotle means that species of fault or deviation which consists in a failure of aim or missing of the mark; and in this sense the 'distorted face,' which he gives as an instance of the comic, may well enough be called an ἀμάρτημα, as being something that attempts to be a face, but does not succeed.

We do not affirm that all ridiculous things consist in this failure of aim; but we venture to say that that category embraces a large proportion of them.

There are two elements, however, in Aristotle's definition of the ludicrous, which are quite essential, but which are apt to be forgotten: 1st, the fault or failure, in order to be laughable, must be, if not ignominious, at least inglorious; and 2d, it must be unattended with pain or injury. The failure must be a discomfiture, involving a gross want of calculation or self-knowledge, and unredeemed by any circumstances that ennoble it. 'In great attempts 'tis glorious even to fail;' and the defeat at Thermopylæ was more illustrious than many a victory elsewhere. Again, an occurrence which involves pain or injury cannot be truly laughable, and it ought not to be necessary to add, that the pain or injury here contemplated is not what we ourselves feel, but what may affect the object of our

supposed ridicule. Unfortunately, however, the case of the Boys and the Frogs in the fable finds a frequent parallel in every-day life, and it is well that would-be wits and heedless jesters should be reminded, on the highest authority, that there can be no legitimate subject of laughter where the feelings or rightful interests of any one are wounded or assailed.

Examples of these laughable failures to which we refer are to be readily found. Even literal failures of aim are laughable, such as a very bad cast at bowls, or a very wide shot in archery. Mr. Pickwick's attempt to drive a gig, and Mr. Winkle's exploits as a sportsman, are first-rate pictures in their way. The Feast of the Ancients in *Peregrine Pickle* is about the most laughable thing that was ever written, and depends entirely for its effect on the elements we have been explaining. But the principle goes further and deeper. Every instance of unsuccessful affectation, every assumption of a false character that is at once detected, every preposterous attempt to shine where excellence is hopeless,—all these are fertile sources of entertainment, and legitimate objects of ridicule. The faded beauty and the battered beau, the learned lady who misuses her words, the ambitious singer who has neither ear nor voice, are standing butts at which laughter has been directed from the beginning of time; and similar exhibitions of character will continue to amuse future generations as they have done the past. *Don Quixote*, the great comic epic of all literature, delights us by a series of failures, recommended by the kindly and benevolent spirit in which the adventures are undertaken, but rendered ludicrous by the meanness of the preparations made and the impracticability of the objects pursued; and of all the hero's failures, none is more conspicuously ludicrous than the attempt to convert his worldly and sensual attendant into a fitting squire for a chivalrous master. The *Vertevert* of Gresset, one of the best of comic poems, and so well translated by Father Prout, amuses us by the elaborate attempts and confident hopes of the good nuns to make a saint of their parrot, and in the sad revolution in his character and vocabulary produced by an inland voyage through France to visit a distant nunnery, whose inmates he astonishes with the latest epithets and phrases in use among the bargemen, his associates in his transit. In *John Gilpin*, which is a matchless miniature epic, the jest consists in like manner in the worthy citizen's abortive attempt to dine with his



wife and family in a suburban inn, and in the incidents by which he twice overshoots the mark, and ends dinnerless at night where he began in the morning. We may observe at the same time, as there exemplified, how universally people are amused with bad horsemanship. The Tailor's journey to Brentford, as exhibited in the ring, made us laugh as children; the cavalcade of Commodore Truncheon and his comrades on his marriage-day convulsed us as we grew up; and we find in Italian jest-books the same source of mirth in their frequent stories as to the disasters encountered by Venetians on horseback. Edward II. was particularly fond of a jester, whose recommendation was his apparent inability to keep the saddle, and who on journeys rode before the king, and kept continually tumbling off, to his Majesty's infinite amusement.

If we laugh at such discomfitures when arising from inadequacy of means or want of skill in those who are engaged in them, the height of the ludicrous, and certainly the height of absurdity, seems to be exhibited when the means taken for success are directly productive of the unsuccessful result. This frequent source of the ludicrous is exemplified in various shapes. The Irish *bull*, though Ireland has no monopoly of the article, is an instance of what we mean, particularly when it assumes a practical form. The mob that collected and made a bonfire of an unpopular banker's notes in order to ruin him; the man who loudly gave the lie to the charge against him in a letter, that he was looking at it over the writer's shoulder; the little boy that, for a trick in school, answered 'Absum' when his name was called, — all contrived to raise the laugh against themselves by the suicidal nature of their proceedings. We have indicated that Ireland, though it may be a favourable soil for such a growth, is not the only country where *bulls* are produced. The story of the Irishman reading over the letter-writer's shoulder is of Oriental origin, as Miss Edgeworth, or her father, has shown in the *Essay* that bears her name: It is taken from *Les Paroles Remarquables des Orientaux*, by Galland, who thus tells it, with somewhat needless particularity: —

'Un savant écrivait à un ami, et un importun était à côté de lui, qui regardait par dessus l'épaule ce qu'il écrivait. Le savant, qui s'en aperçut, écrivit ceci à la place: Si un impertinent qui est à mon côté ne regardait pas ce que j'écris, je vous écrirais encore plusieurs choses qui ne doivent être sues que de vous et de moi. L'importun, qui lisait toujours, prit la parole et dit: "Je vous jure que je n'ai regardé ni lú ce

que vous écrivez." Le savant repartit: "Ignorant, que vous êtes, pourquoi me dites-vous donc ce que vous dites?"'

A story very like it is to be found in the so-called *Hierocles*, being the twenty-eighth of the collection. A Scholasticus, who had neglected a commission for books conveyed to him in a letter, exculpated himself, when he met his friend, by crying out, "I never received the letter you sent me about those books." Another example of a *bull* is to be found in No. 10 of that collection, where a Scholasticus sits down before a looking-glass with his eyes shut, to see if he looked well in his sleep.

The Greek book that we have just noticed, and which bears the title of '*Aprsia (Facetiæ Urbanitates)*', is rightly considered as not the work of the philosopher Hierocles, and is not a very mighty production. It contains twenty-nine stories, in all of which a Scholasticus, or school pedant, is the hero; and its object is to ridicule the ignorance and stupidity of mere students. It is well known as the source of a good many of our current Joe Millers. In No. 1, the Scholasticus, having been nearly drowned, resolves not to go into the water again till he has learned to swim. In Nos. 6 and 14, he is ashamed to meet his doctor, as it is so long a time since he was ill. In No. 8, he anticipates the attempt of the Highlander to accustom his horse to go without food, and laments that the animal had died just as he had taught him his lesson. In No. 9, when wanting to sell his house, he carries about with him one of the stones or bricks as a specimen. In No. 16, he finds that some of the liquor is wanting in a sealed hogshead, and on a suggestion that it had been drawn out from below, he rejects the idea, as the deficiency was not at the bottom but at the top of the cask. In No. 19, two of the tribe meeting on the street, one of them says he had heard the other was dead, on which his friend observes that it was not so, as he was here alive. 'Ah!' was the reply, 'but my informant is a more trustworthy person than you;' a story which foreshadows what is told of a certain Scotch family, who, on hearing from their son that he had not gone down in the 'Royal George,' expressed a wish that they had it on better authority, as 'he was aye a leevin' laddie.' In No. 20, the Scholasticus buys a raven, to see if it would live two hundred years, as it was reported to do. In No. 21, when other passengers on ship-board in a storm are laying hold of some of the spars, he attaches himself to the anchor.

In No. 22, hearing of the death of one of two brothers, twins, and meeting the survivor, he asks if it is he or his brother that is dead. In No. 24, having to cross a ferry, he mounts his horse that he may get over the quicker. In No. 29, travelling with a bald man and a barber, under an arrangement that they are to sleep and watch time about, the barber shaves his head while he is asleep, and then wakes him, upon which, feeling his bare scalp, he abuses the barber for calling the wrong man. It is easy to recognize in this list a great many of those jokes which are in daily circulation among many who have no idea of the venerable antiquity of their origin.

The essence of a genuine *bull* seems to consist in an unconscious self-contradiction. We have given some examples of this element in practical bulls; and we would refer, as an instance of what we think a perfect verbal bull, to the dictum of the Irish doctor, 'that sterility is often hereditary: a self-contradiction which has a certain plausibility at first sight, and which we have seen impose upon a very grave physician who was not Irish. But the number of bulls of this perfect type is comparatively small. The greater part of those sayings or doings which pass for *bulls*, are merely what the French call *Bêtises*, Blunders or Stupidities, in which, from confusion of thought or expression, an absurd result is gravely reached, and in which the absurdity generally consists in overlooking the essential thing in the process.

Appended to Miss Edgeworth's *Essay on Irish Bulls* is a French *Recueil de Bêtises*, containing foreign specimens of the article. This *Recueil* we take to have been the work of the Abbé Morellet, with whom the Edgeworths had become intimate in their visit to Paris during the Peace of Amiens, shortly before the *Essay on Bulls* was published. A somewhat similar collection had been previously given in the *Éléments de Littérature* by Morellet's friend and relative, Marmontel, under the head *Plaisant*. Morellet, or whoever else was the author of the *Recueil*, says that he had previously written a dissertation on the subject of these *Bêtises*, but had lent it to a *femme d'esprit*, who lost it. He says:—

'Je me souviens seulement que j'y prouvais savamment que le rire excité par les bêtises est l'effet du contraste que nous saisissons entre l'effort que fait l'homme qui dit la bêtise, et le mauvais succès de son effort. J'assimilais la marche de l'esprit dans celui qui dit une bêtise, à ce qui arrive à un homme qui cherchant à marcher légèrement sur un pavé glissant, tombe lourde-

ment, ou aux tours mal-aderoit du paillassé de la foire. Si l'on veut examiner les bêtises rassemblées ici, on y trouvera toujours un effort manqué de ce genre.'

We subjoin a few specimens from this collection, which we suspect, if ever very well known, has fallen out of general remembrance. We select some of them, not because they are new, but rather because they are old, and here found in an unexpected quarter:—

'On demandait à un Abbé de Laval Montmorency, quel âge avait son frère le maréchal dont il était l'ainé. "Dans deux ans," dit-il, "nous serons du même âge."

'Un homme voyait venir de loin un médecin de sa connaissance qui l'avait traité plusieurs années auparavant dans une maladie; il se détourna et cacha son visage pour n'être pas reconnu. On lui demanda, "Pourquoi?" — "C'est," dit-il, "que je sens honteux devant lui de ce qu'il y a fort long temps que je n'ai été malade."

'Le maire d'une petite ville, entendant une querelle dans la rue au milieu de la nuit, se lève du lit, et ouvrant la fenêtre crie aux passants, "Messieurs, me leverai-je?"

'On parlait avec admiration de la belle vieilllesse d'un homme de quatre-vingt-dix ans, lorsqu'un dit — "Cela vous étonne, messieurs! si mon père n'était pas mort, il aurait à présent cent ans accomplis."

'Un homme étant sur le point de marier sa fille unique, se brouille avec le prétendant, et dans sa colère il dit, "Non, monsieur, vous ne serez jamais mon gendre, et quand j'aurais cent filles uniques, je ne vous en donnerais pas une."

'On avait reçu à la grande poste une lettre avec cette adresse, à Monsieur mon fils, Rue, etc. On allait la mettre au rebut; un commis s'y oppose, et dit qu'on trouvera, à qui la lettre s'adresse. Dix ou douze jours se passent. On voit arriver un grand benêt, qui dit, "Messieurs, je veux savoir si on n'aurait pas gardé ici une lettre de mon cher père?" "Ous, Monsieur," lui dit le commis, "la voilà." On prête ce trait à Bouret fermier général.'

'Un marchand, en finissant d'écrire une lettre à un de ses correspondans, mourut subitement. Son commis ajouta en P.S.: "Depuis ma lettre écrite je suis mort ce matin. Mardi, au soir 7ème," etc.'

'Un petit marchand prétendait avoir acheté trois sols ce qu'il vendait pour deux. On lui représente que ce commerce le ruinera — "Ah," dit-il, "je me salue sur la quantité."

'Le Chevalier de Lorenzi, étant à Florence, était allé se promener avec trois de ses amis à quelques lieues de la ville, à pied. Ils revenaient fort las; la nuit s'approchait; il veut se reposer; on lui dit qu'il restait quatre milles à faire: — "Oh," dit-il, "nous sommes quatre, ce n'est qu'un mille chacun."

Here is the conclusion of an Italian letter containing several *Sproposito* or absurdities —

‘O ricevete o non ricevete questa, datemene aviso.’

It will be observed, that of the *Bêtises* which we have just quoted, one at least is from Hierocles, others are now in common use as Irish bulls, and others belong to that species of blunder, which, in the mouth of Lord Dundreary, has lately excited so much hearty merriment. His Lordship is the ‘knight of the shire’ of a large class of constituents, who in scattered examples, and under partial development, have been long familiar to us, but of whose peculiarities the full type and expression were never before so well represented, or so well recommended to us by general goodness and though nobility of nature and manners. A good specimen of Dundrearyism is attributed to a Scotch Judge of the last century, who on visiting a dentist, and being placed in the patients’ chair, was requested by the operator to allow him to put his finger into his mouth, upon which the Judge, with a distrustful look, said, ‘Na! you’ll bite me.’ The confusion here in the speaker’s mind is obvious. He knew that if one man’s finger is put into another man’s mouth a bite may ensue; but he did not correctly see which of them might bite, and which of them be bitten. It was told afterwards of a descendant of this worthy person, as a proof of hereditary similarity of talent, that when canvassing for the representation of a Scotch county, he refused to take a glass of wine from a voter, on the ground that it would be *treating*.

Some *bulls*, or some of the *bêtises* which come nearest to bulls, contain, as Southey has suggested, a confusion of what the schoolmen call Objectivity with Subjectivity. The fears of the Scotch Judge that he would be bitten by the dentist seem an illustration of that remark, and so also is the Irishman’s perplexity, whose sister had got a child, but who, from not knowing its sex, could not say whether he was an uncle or an aunt. An instance of this confusion of subjectivities, which we have naturalized, and made a standing jest, is found in the explanation, said by Marmontel to have been given by a simpleton of his simplicity: — ‘Ce n’est pas ma faute si je n’ai point d’esprit; on m’a changé en nourrice.’

Marmontel’s definitions of this kind of stupidity are not without felicity of expression: —

‘La bêtise,’ he says, ‘est un défaut innocent et naïf, dont on s’amuse sans le haïr.’ ‘La bêtise est tout simplement une intelligence émue, une longue enfance de l’esprit, un dénuement presque absolu d’idées, ou une extrême inhabileté à les combiner et à les mettre en œuvre; et soit habituelle ou soit accidentelle, comme elle nous donne sur elle un avantage qui flatte notre vanité, elle nous amuse, sans nous causer ce plaisir malin que nous goûtons à voir châtier la sottise.’

He thinks that the *pleasantry* of a *bêtise* consists in the manifest effort to think or reason accurately, and in its palpable want of success.

Some of the blunders or absurdities which excite our laughter arise rather from a confusion of words than of ideas. An example of this is afforded by the paragraph in the Irish newspapers announcing ‘with much pleasure’ that on such a day ‘Lady — had publicly renounced the errors of the Church of Rome for those of the Church of England.’ The penny-a-liner had merely forgotten that his antecedent to those was ‘errors,’ and not ‘doctrines.’

A very ludicrous class of failures are those of which Mrs. Slipslop in *Joseph Andrews*, and Mrs. Malaprop in *The Rivals*, supply us with the richest or most finished examples. The attempts of ignorant persons to use fine or peculiar words, and their unconscious substitution of others having quite a different meaning or character, never fail to amuse. Take as specimens the old lady who in windy weather observed that the *ante-nuptial* gales seemed to be coming earlier than usual; the would-be connoisseur who spoke of a picture of the Venus *Anno Domini*; the military veteran who was always for taking time by the *firelock*; and the Nabob who told a ragged school the fable of the Hare and the Tortoise, and exhorted them thence to perseverance, as the likeliest means of bringing them first to the *goal*.

Akin to these are the cases of Anticlimax, where the speaker or writer commences with something rhetorical or poetical and ends with something low or prosaic, e.g., the designating the great Robert Boyle as ‘the Father of Chemistry — and brother of the Earl of Cork;’ the lines given by Scriblerus, ‘And thou Dalhousy,’ etc.; the entry in the index of a law-book, ‘Chief-Justice Best — great mind;’ and the discovery in the text that this refers to his lordship’s having had ‘a great mind’ to transport a man for seven years. Those poets or orators who are said to spell *Pathos* with a B, afford us abundant specimens of

this variety. A feeling allied to this is produced by the solemnity with which a converted German Jew addressed to an Exeter Hall audience the not inappropriate invitation: 'My brethren, let us *bray*.'

The affectation of science or of talent, resulting in the exhibition of ignorance or of dulness, are among the most legitimate objects of ridicule. The orator who did not know whether a certain idea was in Cicero or Tully; the traveller who, when asked if, in crossing the country, he had taken the hypotenuse, answered that he had taken the diligence; the Scotch laird who advised his neighbour, when going to see the Painters of Italy, to see also the Glaziers of Switzerland, — all fall under a part of this category. The various readings of Virgil by Scriblerus are examples of another branch of it; but of this kind, perhaps one of the best is the emendation attributed to one of the dullest of Shakespeare's commentators, of a passage in *As You Like It*, where, instead of the figurative and forced reading of 'tongues in trees,' etc., it is proposed to correct it in an obvious and easy way: —

'And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running  
    brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything:'

For which read: —

'And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds *leaves* in trees, *stones* in the running  
    brooks,  
Sermons in *books*, and good in everything.'

Among the instances of ridiculous absurdity in what may be called *suicidal* statements, are those extravagances which are known as Gasconades. In these, the speaker wishing to magnify his character or achievement, so vastly overstates his case as to defeat his purpose by becoming incredible —

'Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,  
And falls on the other side.'

The Gascon priest who came so quickly to do a charitable action that his guardian angel could not keep pace with him; the Gascon officer who said that his mattresses were all stuffed with the whiskers of the men he had killed in duels; and the other native of the same region who alleged that the only firewood used at his father's *château* consisted of the batons belonging to those of his family who had been Marshals of France, — excite our laughter from the

very fact that they so far overdraw their account with our credulity. It seems a favourite style of jest with Americans to push a wonderful fact or story to such a degree of exaggeration as to be literally a *reductio ad absurdum*. The examples of this figure among them are too numerous to require quotation. But we may observe that they are not in general Gasconades, but palpable caricatures of the national tendency to boasting, and meant to ridicule it by over-doing it. The comic effect on the stage of the sayings and doings of gasconading cowards is familiar to us by the frequent representation of such characters, as in the Miles Gloriosus, Bobadil, and Falstaff.

In Southey's *Omniana* we are told of a drunken squabble at Malta between some soldiers and sailors, in which a good specimen is given of the ludicrous, in what may be termed *suicidal* evidence. Each party alleged the other to be the aggressors, the soldiers swearing that the sailors assaulted them with an oath, and with this exclamation, 'Who stops the line of march there?' while the sailors swore that the soldiers in first attacking them burst in upon them, calling out, 'Heave-to, you lubbers! or we'll run you down!' From the reciprocal imputation to each other of their own professional slang, it was plain that both were lying, and both to blame.

In the examples of the ludicrous which we have hitherto noticed, the absurdity attaches to the hero of the piece or the speaker of the saying. We shall now notice another and quite different class, where there are two parties to the drama, and where the failure or discomfiture consists in the defeat of one of them by the ready retort, the dexterous evasion, or the disappointing answer of the other. A rather vulgar, but really good specimen of this kind, is found in the well-known epigram, 'Jack eating rotten cheese,' etc., the jest of which consists in the second party acquiescing in the boast of the first as to killing his thousands like Samson, and then improving the parallel by suggesting the identity of the weapon used.

Mr. Burton, in his very pleasant book *The Scot Abroad*, gives us some examples of the wit and good breeding of Lord Stair, the ambassador. One of these, Mr. Burton tells us, 'rests on his remarkable resemblance to the Regent Orleans, who, desiring to turn a scandalous insinuation or jest on it, asked the Ambassador if his mother had ever been in Paris?' The answer was, 'No; but my father was!' 'There is per-

haps,' it is added, 'no other retort on record so effective and so beautifully simple. If the question meant anything, that meaning was avenged; if it meant nothing there was nothing in the answer.'

Whether this anecdote happened with Lord Stair, we shall not attempt to determine; but it would be strange if he had all the merit of it, as the jest was already on record. Macrobius gives it as having been directed against the Emperor Augustus: 'Intraverat Romam similimus Cæsari, et in se omnium ora converterat. Augustus adduci hominem ad se jussit, visumque hoc modo interrogavit: Dic mihi, adolescens, fuit aliquando mater tua Romæ? Negavit ille; nec contentus adjecit: "Sed pater meus sæpe." Nor is the witticism left buried in the obscurity of Macrobius, for it appears as No. 52 of Lord Bacon's Apophthegms. But even Macrobius's story about Augustus is not the first edition of the joke; for Valerius Maximus tells it of a Roman proconsul, who found in his province a Sicilian very like him, and, on suggesting a similar question, received the same answer.

It really seems very difficult to say an original thing upon any subject whatever. Few sayings have been more admired than that which is ascribed to Louis XII., when urged to resent an offence which he had received before his accession, '*Ce n'est point au roi de France à venger les injures faites au Duc d'Orléans.*' Now, what says Mr. De Quincey on this subject? In a 'Letter addressed by him to a Young Man whose Education has been Neglected,' and which, we believe, appeared first in the *London Magazine* in 1823, he introduces a Frenchman taking credit to his nation for the sublimity of the French king's saying, and asking De Quincey what he thought of it. 'Think! said I, why I think it is a magnificent and regal speech, and such is my English generosity, that I heartily wish the Emperor Hadrian had not said the same thing fifteen hundred years before.' He then gives in a foot-note his authority for this answer, and which runs thus: 'Submonente quodam ut in pristinos inimicos animadverteret, negavit se ita facturum, adjecta civili voce — Minimè licere Principi Romano, ut quæ privatus agitasset odia — ista Imperator exequi. *Spartian in Had. — Vid. Histor. Augusti.*'

This seems at first sight pretty much to the point, and we confess that, though with some misgivings as to the Latinity, we had such confidence in De Quincey's acquaintance with the Augustan History, that we long considered the French king's claim to

be held the first and true inventor of the saying in question, as at an end. But lately on turning over several editions of the Augustan collection, and looking particularly at Spartian's life of Hadrian, we were surprised to discover that *no such anecdote is there to be found*, nor is there a trace of any such words as De Quincey quotes. It is true that Spartian mentions the fact that Hadrian took no notice of his old enemies: 'Quos in privata vita inimicos habuit, imperator tantum neglexit; ita ut uni quem capitale habuerat, factus Imperator, diceret *Evasiati.*' The question at issue, however, between the Frenchman and De Quincey, was not as to the originality of Louis's conduct, but as to the novelty of the peculiarly dignified form of words in which the sentiment was announced. Many princes have acted in the same magnanimous manner, and it is not likely that any man in modern times will find out a new virtue. Hadrian himself was not original in this kind of clemency, for Suetonius describes Vespasian as '*Offensarum inimiciorumque minime memor executorve;*' and speaks of his portioning out in a munificent manner the daughter of Vitellius his old enemy. But neither Vespasian nor Hadrian is reported to have expressed the feeling which influenced them in any speech that can approach to the moral sublimity which is admitted to mark the French king's saying. It is remarkable, too, that Casanovi in a note on the passage from Spartian which we have quoted, notices the resemblance of Hadrian's conduct to that of Louis XII., and then gives in Latin the French king's saying as a '*vox aurea:*' '*Nam cur illum sui stimulantem ut Ludovicum Trimolum, qui sibi olim multum nocuisset, pro meritis acciperet, Ego vero, inquit, non faciam: neque enim Galliarum regem decessus offensas inimicitiasque Aurelianensis Ducem meminisse aut exequi.*'

It is possible that a Roman prototype of this saying may be found somewhere, but we have not yet succeeded in tracing it, and in that state of matters, looking to the failure of the only authority on which De Quincey proceeds, we think Louis entitled (at least *ad interim*) to the merit, not having first practised this princely generosity, but of having first embodied in beautiful form, 'what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.' Our theory of De Quincey's statement is, that he wrote the Letter in question at a distance from books, or under an invincible repugnance to consulting them; that writing to an unlearned correspondent, and probably to

not very learned circle of readers, he thought he might trust his memory and take some liberties; that he remembered the parallel in conduct and character between Hadrian and Louis, with Casaubon's note on the subject, and that he either dreamed or imagined the rest, and wrote down in Latin as original what is in truth a mere reflex and paraphrase of the French saying. We are the more inclined to this view, from finding another inaccuracy in the same Letter, where he ascribes to Trajan, with misplaced magniloquence, the deathbed saying which Suetonius reports of Vespasian, 'Imperatorem stantem mori oportere,' and which Vespasian seems to have uttered, as he did other things, with a strange mixture of jest and earnest.

De Quincey has a more amusing and more accurate passage on the subject of this kind of plagiarism in a little paper on War, which first appeared, we think, in an Edinburgh periodical. He there points out how bare the modern sayers of good things would be left, if stripped of all the borrowed plumes with which they are invested. 'Universally it may be received as a rule,' he says, 'that when an anecdote involves a stinging repartee, or collision of ideas, fancifully and brilliantly related to each other by resemblance or contrast, then you may challenge it as false.' He denounces the Greeks as the principal parties who have forestalled us by saying our good things before ourselves, and he instances Talleyrand 'as having been extensively robbed by the Greeks of the second and third centuries,' as may be easily ascertained by having the said Greeks searched, when the stolen jewels will be found upon them. 'But one,' he adds, 'and the most famous in the whole jewel-case, sorry am I to confess, was nearly stolen from the bishop, not by any Greek, but by an English writer, viz., Goldsmith, who must have been dying about the time that the Right Reverend French knave had the goodness to be born. That famous *mot* about language as a gift made to man for the purpose of concealing his thoughts is lurking in Goldsmith's *Essays*.' This is nearly correct. Not strictly in what are called his *Essays*, but in a paper of Goldsmith's in *The Bee*, there is a passage where he says that whatever may be thought by grammarians and rhetoricians, men of the world hold 'that the true use of speech is not so much to express our wants, as to conceal them.'

To return to the case of repartees involving a *quid pro quo*: it is told of Lord Braxfield, with probably the same truth as pervades other stories imputed to him, that

on a thief pleading in extenuation that he could not help stealing when he had an opportunity, the Judge answered, 'That is just the way with us: for we can't help hanging a thief when we get hold of him.' But this rejoinder, too, is old, and is substantially the same as one told of Zeno the philosopher, with whom a pilfering slave had tried to excuse himself by the Stoic doctrine of fate. 'Zeno philosophus, quum servum in furto deprehensum cæderet. atque ille diceret, fatale sibi esse furari: Et cædi, inquit Zeno.' We add the Greek of Diogenes Laertius: Δούλον ἐπὶ κλοπῇ ἑμασίγιον τοῦ δὲ ἐπόντος, Εἰμαρτό μοι κλέψαι. Καὶ δαρήναι, ἔφη.

A recent writer upon Lawyers has expressed a doubt whether Sir Nicholas Bacon really uttered, to a criminal who claimed kindred with him, the answer which he is said to have made, that Hog was not Bacon until it was hung; but as the story is among Lord Bacon's Apophthegms, we see no reason to question its authenticity.

A great many other well-known jests consist in this apparent acquiescence in the view suggested by the first speaker, and in then turning the argument against him on his own premises. Thus we have the story in the *Chevraxana*, where Masson, having applied to a brother collegian for the loan of a book, is told that it cannot be lent out, but may be read in the owner's rooms, and has then an opportunity of making a similar reply to his friend when he asks him for the lone of his pair of bellows. Or, take the other instance, where the officer, on the eve of a battle, asked leave of absence of the Marshal de Toiras, that he might see his father, who was ill, and immediately had his request granted, with the observation, 'Père et mère honoreras afin que tu vives longuement.' One of the best and most effective retorts of the kind is that of the Spanish ambassador to Henry IV. of France, which is more original, and not less pungent, than Lord Stair's reply. It is found in the *Men agiana*: 'Henri IV. pour rabatre l'orgueil d'un Ambassadeur Espagnol, lui dit que s'il lui prenoit envie de monter à cheval, il iroit ouir messe à Milan, déjeuner à Rome, et diner à Naples. Sire, lui répondit l'Ambassadeur, votre Majesté allant de ce pas pourrait le même jour aller ouir vêpres en Sicile,' alluding to the massacre of the French in Sicily in 1282. An old repartee of a similar kind is one of Cicero's, who, when asked by Pompey where his son-in-law was, answered, 'With your father-in-law;' and a good modern one is the French dialogue between the *Comte* who had no territory and the *Abbé* who had

no convent, where the Count, inquiring for the locality of the other's Abbey, is answered, 'Dont you know? it is in your own County.' Somewhat of the same character, but in a more genial spirit, is the reply of Marshal Turenne to the servant who excused his having slapped him from mistaking him for a fellow-servant, — 'Et quand c'est été Georges, eût-il fallu frapper si fort?' 'Trait charmant,' says Marmontel, 'qu'on ne peut entendre sans rire et sans être attendri.' A common modern jest of this class, as to a lady's age, is one of Cicero's: 'Fabia Dolabellæ dicenti, triginta se annos habere: "Verum est," inquit Cicero, "nam hoc viginti annis audio."'

A happy example of *evasion* is given by the Edgeworths in the story of the old beggar woman who besieged General V — and his wife for charity: "for, sure, didn't I dream last night that her ladyship gave me a pound of tea, and that your honour gave me a pound of tobacco!" "But, my good woman," said the General, "do not you know that dreams always go by the rule of contrary?" "Do they so, please your honour?" rejoined the woman; "then it must be your honour that will give me the tea, and her ladyship that will give me the tobacco!"

Some of our readers may still remember the amusement afforded by the late Sir William Allan's story of the Minister and the Cuddie, which most of us, in the days when he told it, believed to be of Scotch extraction. It happens, however, to be a very old joke, not traceable perhaps to classical times, but a great favourite, and a standing jest against the clergy from the middle ages downwards. The general idea, or as we may call it, the *algebraic* expression of the incident, seems to be this: 'Vanity, when fishing for praise, catches nothing but mortification.' A monk, chanter, or preacher, while exercising his functions with a stentorian power of voice, is flattered to see in the church an elderly female in tears, and apparently much affected by his performance. On afterwards asking the cause of her emotion, he finds it arises from the likeness between his voice and that of an ass or 'cuddie' which she or her husband had lately lost. We meet with this story in Bonerius, a German writer of metrical fables in the fourteenth century, in whose collection it occurs as No. 82, under the title, 'Von einem Pfaffen und von einem Esel.' We meet with it again in Poggio's *Facetiæ* in the fifteenth century, under the title, 'Concionatoris asinina vox.' But we may notice, as proving the superior art with

which Poggio tells a story, that in Bonerius we are informed from the first of the reasons of the woman's demeanour, while in Poggio the explanation is reserved to be equally surprising to the reader as it is a disappointment to the inquirer. It is to be found repeated in half-a-dozen other writers, in various forms — in Latin and in French verse, well as in French and Italian prose.

The enjoyment that proceeds from the absurdities of weaklings and fools has always had a recognised place, though none of a very high order, in the range of merriment. The sight of those who have the beard and body of a man, with the intellect of a baby, produces great mirth and satisfaction to the vulgar mind. Court and Court fools and *slow-coaches* of all kinds, and still more, perhaps, *absent* men, please us by the absurd discrepancy between what they do, and what they ought to do, and perhaps think they are doing. It is in this department of the Comic that there seems most foundation for the theory of Hobbes, 'that the passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves by comparison with the infirmity of others; or with our own formerly; for men laugh at the follies of themselves past where they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour.' We always thought that of the innumerable Londoners who laughed at Lord Dundreary, a large proportion did so with increased heartiness from the comfortable conviction that here was at least one 'fellow' to whom they were intellectually superior.

But there is another and better way in which fools and simpletons become a source of amusement, and that is by the unexpected displays which they sometimes make of wit, spirit, or ingenuity, for which one gave them no credit, and, in particular, by the successful retorts upon assailants who had looked upon them as an easy prey. The latent and fitful power of turning round upon a too confident adversary was a well-known characteristic and essential ingredient in the character of the Court Jester who, amid the eccentricities of an unsettled and ill-regulated intellect, was often more knave than fool. The flashes of sense and cleverness that thus came out were all the more striking from the general darkness and dulness which they enlivened, as they always command that sympathy which we so readily bestow upon the weak, when they get the better of the strong or impatient.

Some of the sayings or answers ascribed to Fools are very good. We think it was Will Somers, Henry the Eighth's jester, who said of Wolsey, against whom he had a grudge, that if he was made Pope, it would be a great boon; 'for that Peter, the first Pope, being a Fisherman, had ordered people to eat fish in Lent for the good of the trade, but that Wolsey, being a butcher's son, would be all for butcher-meat.' We know well the revenge that poor Archie Armstrong took upon Archbishop Laud, who had forbidden him to speak of such magistrates, but could not prevent him from saying, as his grace before meat, 'Great praise to God, and little Laud to the Devil.' It is reported of more than one Court fool, and among others of Triboulet, the fool of Francis I., that when told by his sovereign that if a certain courtier beat him to death, as he threatened, he would hang him the hour after, his request was that his Majesty would rather do so the hour before. The earliest French fool on record seems to have been one, named Jean, at the Court of Charles the Simple, of whom Dr. Doran tells us some anecdotes. 'This good fellow's influence was so great, that Charles once remarked to him he thought they had better change places. As Jean did not look well pleased at the proposal, Charles asked him if he were not content at the idea of being a king. 'Oh, content enough,' was the reply, 'but I should be exceedingly ashamed at having such a fool.' It was this fool who once tried his master's nerves by rushing into his room one morning, with the exclamation, 'Oh, sire, such news! four thousand men have risen in the city.' 'What!' cried the startled king, 'with what intention have they risen?' 'Well, said Jean, placing his finger on his nose, 'probably with the intention of lying down again at bed-time.'

One of the best examples of this kind of unlooked-for sagacity occurs in the story in Rabelais, where a cook seeking to charge a porter for eating a crust of bread to the accompaniment of the savour that came from his kitchen, the dispute is referred to a poor fool who is passing, and who, after gravely hearing the parties, decides that the cook shall be paid for the smell of his shop with the *chint* of the porter's money.

We should add that this element seems to be the essence of the wit in that portion of *Don Quixote* which relates to Sancho's administration as Governor of Barataria. He is obviously put there to make an ass of himself, but disappoints his patrons, and de-

lights his readers, by the unlooked-for sagacity of his decisions.

Our old Scottish Chap-books, as well as our miscellaneous Collections of vernacular Jests, show how much the popular mind entered into the lucky sayings and doings of fools and naturals; among whom, by a strange perversity, the venerable name of George Buchanan came to be enrolled, and had connected with it all the current jokes and evasions attributed to the King's jester. Johnson speaks of the melancholy that is felt in contemplating the contradictions of life,

'Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise,'

but there is sometimes a compensating satisfaction in viewing on the other side these exceptional gleams of courage in the cowardly, and wisdom in the foolish. Yet, on the whole, to minds of a more advanced culture, the subject is painful and perplexing. Dr. Doran's industrious History of Court Fools is not a pleasing book. It is impossible to read it without regret that men of rank and station should ever have found a standing amusement in such exhibitions of human infirmity, and we feel something deeper than regret in seeing the strange medley of folly and cleverness, of sense and sensuality, by which these unhappy instruments of courtly mirth were generally distinguished, and the cruel treatment which they too often met with. Nor are there wanting instances that rouse our warmest indignation, where men of birth and true talent have been tyrannically compelled, like Laberius, to play the *mime*, but who, with a worse fate than his, have been destined to that doom for life. Here it is that we ought specially to remember the rule of Aristotle, that the true Comic ceases where pain or suffering begins; and in our mirth more than in anything else we should resolve, with Wordsworth,

'Never to blend our pleasure or our pride  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.'

In the review which we have now taken of the *laughable*, our chief object has been to illustrate the idea with which we set out, that a failure, defeat, or disappointment, in matters neither involving dignity nor inferring pain, was the main, if not the essential element in ridicule. In doing so, it will be seen how little we have come in contact with what may properly be called *wit*, or with those current witticisms which fill our ordinary jest-books, and of which a very



fair collection is to be found in the later work, of which the title is prefixed to this article. But we suspect it must be conceded that Wit is not necessarily or essentially Comic. There are many witty sayings and many witty books which do not make us laugh: and some comedies counteract their own object by an excess of that ingredient. On the other hand, when Wit is exerted in a situation otherwise laughable, it has the strongest influence in heightening the effect. It would not be difficult to illustrate this view, as well as some other aspects of the ludicrous; but we shall stop for the present, as we believe that no subject is more easily overdone than one which is not serious.

From Fraser's Magazine.

'A CHARM OF BIRDS.'

Is it merely a fancy that we English, the educated people among us at least, are losing that love for spring which among our old forefathers rose almost to worship? That the perpetual miracle of the budding leaves and the returning song-birds awakes no longer in us the astonishment which it awoke yearly among the dwellers in the old world; when the sun was a god who was sick to death each winter, and returned in spring to life and health, and glory; when the death of Adonis, at the autumnal equinox, was wept over by the Syrian women, and the death of Baldur, in the colder north, by all living things, even to the dripping trees, and the rocks furrowed by the autumn rains; when Freya, the goddess of youth and love, went forth over the earth each spring, while the flowers broke forth under her tread over the brown moors, and the birds welcomed her with song; when, according to Olaus Magnus, the Goths and South Swedes had, on the return of spring, a mock battle between summer and winter, and 'welcomed the returning splendour of the sun with dancing and mutual feasting, rejoicing that a better season for fishing and hunting was approached?' To those simpler children of a simpler age, in more direct contact with the daily and yearly facts of Nature, and more dependent on them for their bodily food and life, winter and spring were the two great facts of existence; the symbols, the one of death, the other of life; and the battle between the two—the battle of the sun with darkness, of winter with spring, of death with life, of bereavement with love—lay at the root of all their

myths and all their creeds. Surely a change has come over our fancies. The seasons are little to us now. We are nearly as comfortable in winter as in summer, or in spring. Nay, we have begun, of late, to grumble at the two latter as much as at the former, and talk (and not without excuse this year) of the treacherous month of May, and of 'summer having set in with its usual severity.' We work for the most part in cities and towns, and the seasons pass by us unheeded. May and June are spent by most educated people anywhere rather than among birds and flowers. They do not escape into the country till the elm hedges are growing black, and the song-birds silent, and the hay cut, and all the virgin bloom of the country has passed into a sober and matronly ripeness—if not into the sere and yellow leaf. Our very landscape painters, till Creswick arose and recalled to their minds the fact that trees were sometimes green, were wont to paint few but brown autumnal scenes. As for the song of birds, of which in the middle age no poet could say enough, our modern poets seem to be forgetting that birds ever sing.

It was not so of old. The climate, perhaps, was more severe than now; the transition from winter to spring more sudden, like that of Scandinavia now. Clearance of forests and drainage of land have equalised our seasons, or rather made them more uncertain. More broken winters are followed by more broken springs; and May-day is no longer a marked point to be kept as a festival by all childlike hearts. The merry month of May is merry only in stage songs. The May garlands and dances are all but gone: the borrowed plate, and the milkmaids who borrowed it, gone utterly. No more does Mrs. Pepys go to lie at Woolwich, 'in order to a little ayre and to gather May-dew' for her complexion, by Mrs. Turner's advice. The Maypole is gone likewise; and never more shall the puritan soul of a Stubbs be aroused in the indignation at seeing 'against Maie, every parish, towne, and village assemble themselves together, both men, women, and children, olde and young, all indifferently, and goe into the woodes and groves, hilles and mountaines, where they spend the night in pastyme, and in the morning they returne, bringing with them birch bowes and braunches of trees to deck their assembly withal . . . They have twentie or fourtie yoke of oxen, every oxe having a sweete nose-gay of flowers tyed on the tippe of his hornes, and these draw home this Maypole (this stincking idol rather) which is covered

all over with flowers and hearbes, with two or three hundred men, women, and children following it with great devotion. . . . And then they fall to banquet and feast, daunce and leap about it, as the heathen people did at the dedication of their idollies, whereof this is a perfect pattern, or the thing itself.

This, and much more, says poor Stubbs, in his 'Anatomic of Abuses,' and had, no doubt, good reason enough for his virtuous indignation at May-day scandals. But people may be made dull without being made good; and the direct and only effect of putting down May games and such like was to cut off the dwellers in towns from all healthy communion with Nature, and leave them to mere sottishness and brutality.

Yet perhaps the May games died out, partly, because the feelings which had given rise to them died out before improved personal comforts. Of old, men and women fared hardly, and slept cold; and were thankful to Almighty God for every beam of sunshine which roused them out of their long hybernation; thankful for every flower and every bird which reminded them that joy was stronger than sorrow, and life than death. With the spring came not only labour, but enjoyment:

In the spring, the young man's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love,

As lads and lasses, who had been pining for each other by their winter firesides, met again, like Daphnis and Chloe, by shaft and lea; and learnt to sing from the songs of birds, and to be faithful from their faithfulness.

Then went out troops of fair damsels to seek spring garlands in the forest, as Scheffel has lately sung once more in his 'Frau Aventure;' and, while the dead leaves rattled beneath their feet, hymned 'La Regine Avrillouse' to the music of some Minnesinger, whose song was as the song of birds; to whom the birds were friends, fellow-lovers, teachers, mirrors of all which he felt within himself of joyful and tender, true and pure; friends to be fed hereafter (as Walther von der Vogelweide had them fed) with crumbs upon his grave.

True melody, it must be remembered, is unknown in the tropics, and peculiar to the races of those temperate climes, into which the song-birds come in spring. Some of the old German Minnelieder seem actually copied from the songs of birds. 'Tauderadel' does not merely ask the nightingale to tell no tales; it repeats, in its cadences, the

nightingale's song, as the old Minnesinger heard it when he nestled beneath the lime tree with his love. They are often almost as inarticulate, these old singers, as the birds from whom they copied their notes; the thinnest chain of thought links together some bird-like refrain: but they make up for their want of logic and reflection by the depth of their passion, the perfectness of their harmony with nature. The inspired Swabian, wandering in the pine-forest, listens to the blackbird's voice till it becomes his own voice; and he breaks out, with the very carol of the blackbird —

Vogele im Tannenwald pfeifet so hell.  
Pfeifet den Wald aus und ein, wo wird main  
Schätze sein?  
Vogele im Tannenwald pfeifet so hell!

And he has nothing more to say. That is his whole soul for the time being; and like a bird, he sings it over and over again, and never tires.

Another, a Nieder-Rheinischer, watches the moon rise over the Löwenburg, and thinks upon his love within the castle hall, till he breaks out in a strange, sad, tender melody — not without stateliness and manly confidence in himself and in his beloved — in the true strain of the nightingale:

Verstohlen geht der Mond auf,  
Blau, blau Blümelein,  
Durch Silberwöckchen führt sein Lauf.  
Rosen im Thal, Mädcl im Saal, o schönste  
Rosa!

Und siehst du mich,  
Und siehst du sie,  
Blau, blau Blümelein,  
Zwei treu're Herzen sah'st du nie;  
Rosen im Thal u. s. w.

There is little sense in the words, doubtless, according to our modern notions of poetry; but they are like enough to the long, plaintive notes of the nightingale to say all that the poet has to say, again and again, through all his stanzas.

Thus the birds were, to the mediæval singers, their orchestra, or rather their chorus; from the birds they caught their melodies; the sounds which the birds gave them they rendered into words.

And the same bird key-note surely is to be traced in the early English and Scotch songs and ballads, with their often meaningless refrains, sung for the mere pleasure of singing:

Binnorie, O Binnorie,

or

With a hey lillelu and a how lo lau,  
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie,  
or

She sat down below a thorn,  
Fine flowers in the valley,  
And there has she her sweet babe born,  
And the green leaves they grow rarely,

or even those 'fal-la-las,' and other nonsense refrains, which, if they were not meant to imitate bird notes, for what were they meant?

In the old ballads, too, one may hear the bird key-note. He who wrote (and a great rhymer he was) —

As I was walking all alane,  
I heard twa corbies making a mane,

had surely the 'mane' of the 'corbies' in his ears before it shaped itself into words in his mind: and he had listened to many a 'wood-wele' who first thrummed on harp, or fiddled on crowd, how —

In summer, when the shawes be shene,  
And leaves be large and long,  
It is full merry in fair forest  
To hear the fowles' song.

The wood-wele sang, and wolde not cease,  
Sitting upon the spray;  
So loud, it wakened Robin Hood  
In the greenwood where he lay.

And Shakespeare — are not his scraps of song saturated with these same bird notes? 'Where the bee sucks,' 'When daisies pied,' 'Under the greenwood tree,' 'It was a lover and his lass,' 'When daffodils begin to peer,' 'Ye spotted snakes,' have all a ring in them which was caught not in the roar of London, or the babble of the Globe theatre, but in the woods of Charlecote, and along the banks of Avon, from —

The ouzel-cock so black of hue,  
With orange-tawny bill;  
The throstle with his note so true;  
The wren with little quill;  
The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  
The plain-song cuckoo gray —

and all the rest of the birds of the air.

Why is it again, that so few of our modern songs are truly songful, and fit to be set to music? Is it not that the writers of them — persons often of much taste and poetic imagination — have gone for their inspiration to the intellect, rather than to the ear? That (as Shelley does by the skylark, and Wordsworth by the cuckoo), instead of try-

ing to sing like the birds, they only think and talk about the birds, and therefore however beautiful and true the thoughts and words may be, they are not song? That they have not, like the mediæval songsters, studied the speech of the birds, the primæval teachers of the melody, nor even melodies already extant, round which, as round a framework of pure music, their thoughts and images might crystallise themselves, certain thereby of becoming musical likewise. The best modern song writers, Burns and Moore, were inspired by their own old national airs; and followed them, Moore at least, with a reverent fidelity, which has had its full reward. They wrote words to music; and not, as modern poets are wont, wrote the words first, and left others to set music to the words. They were right; and we are wrong. As long as song is to be the expression of pure emotion, so long it must take its key from music, — which is pure emotion, untranslated as yet into the grosser medium of thought and speech — often (as in the case of Mendelssohn's songs without words) not to be translated into it at all.

And so it may be, that in some simpler age, poets may go back, like the old Minnesingers, to the birds of the forest, and learn of them to sing.

And little do most of them know how much there is to learn; what variety of character, as well as variety of emotion, may be distinguished by the practised ear, in a 'charm of birds' (to use the old southern phrase), from the wild cry of the misel-thrush, ringing from afar in the first bright days of March, a passage of one or two bars repeated three or four times, and then another and another, clear and sweet, and yet defiant (for the great 'stormcock' loves to sing when rain and wind is coming on, and faces the elements as boldly as he faces hawk and crow) — down to the delicate warble of the wren, who slips out of his hole in the brown bank, where he has huddled through the frost with wife and children, all folded in each other's arms like human beings, for the sake of warmth, — which, alas! does not always suffice; for many a bunch of wrens may be found, frozen and shrivelled, after such a winter as this last. Yet even he, sitting at his house-door in the low sunlight, says grace for all mercies (as a little child once worded it) in a song so rapid, so shrill, so loud, and yet so delicately modulated, that you wonder at the amount of soul within that tiny body, and then stops suddenly, as a child who has said its lesson, or got to the end of the ser-

ves a self-satisfied flirt of his tail, s in again to sleep.  
 ictor? I know not how much vari-  
 character there may be between  
 the same species, but between spe-  
 species the variety is endless, and  
 — as I fondly believe — in the dif-  
 of their notes. Each has its own  
 inarticulate, expressing not thought  
 editary feeling; save a few birds  
 te those little dumb darlings, the  
 flycatchers, who have built under  
 room window this twenty years,  
 have absolutely nothing to say, and  
 ngly have the wit to hold their  
 ; and devote the whole of their  
 stellet to sitting on the iron rails,  
 off them a yard or two to catch a  
 y in air, and fitting back with it to  
 st.  
 listen (to return) to the charm of  
 any sequestered woodland, on a  
 forenoon in June. As you try to  
 gle the medley of sounds, the first,  
 , which will strike your ear will be  
 d, harsh, monotonous, flippant song  
 chaffinch, and the metallic clinking  
 r three sorts of titmice. But above  
 e-tops, rising, hovering, sinking, the  
 k is fluting, tender and low. Above  
 tures outside the skylark sings — as  
 e can sing; and close by, from the  
 rings out the blackbird's tenor — rol-  
 audacious, humorous, all but articu-  
 from the tree above him rises the  
 f the thrush, pure as the song of an-  
 ore pure, perhaps, in tone, though  
 so varied nor so rich as the song of  
 htingale. And there, in the next  
 the nightingale himself: now croak-  
 s a frog; now talking aside to his  
 the nest below; and now bursting  
 o that song, or cycle of songs, in  
 f any man finds sorrow, he himself  
 inds none. All the morning he will  
 nd again at evening, till the small  
 and the chill before the dawn: but  
 voice sounds melancholy at night,  
 ll alone, or only mocked by the am-  
 blackcap, it sounds in the bright  
 g that which it is, the fulness of joy  
 e. True, our own great living poet  
 how —

In the topmost height of joy  
 passion clasps a secret grief, —

leridge may have been somewhat too  
 when he guessed that —

Some night wandering man, whose heart was  
 pierced  
 With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,  
 Or slow distemper, or neglected love  
 (And so, poor wretch, filled all things with him-  
 self,  
 And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale  
 Of his own sorrow) — he and such as he,  
 First named these sounds a melancholy strain,  
 And many a poet echoes the conceit.

But that the old Greek poets were right,  
 and had some grounds for the myth of Phi-  
 lomela, I do not dispute, though Sophocles,  
 speaking of the nightingales of Colonos,  
 certainly does not represent them as lam-  
 menting. The Elizabethan poets, however,  
 when they talked of Philomel, 'her breast  
 against a thorn,' were unaware that they  
 and the Greeks were talking of two differ-  
 ent birds — that our English *Lusciola Lus-*  
*cinia* is not *Lusciola Philomela*, which (I  
 presume) is the Bulbul of the East. The  
 true Philomel hardly enters Venetia, hardly  
 crosses the Swiss Alps, ventures not into  
 the Rhine-land and Denmark, but pene-  
 trates (strangely enough) further into  
 South Sweden than our own *Luscinia*:  
 ranging meanwhile over all Central Europe,  
 Persia, and the East, even to Egypt.  
 Whether his song be really sad, let those  
 who have heard him say. But as for our  
 own *Luscinia*, who winters not in Egypt and  
 Arabia, but in Morocco and Algeria, the  
 only note of his which can be mistaken for  
 sorrow, is rather one of too great joy; that  
 cry, which is his highest feat of art, which  
 he cannot utter when he first comes to our  
 shores, but practises carefully, slowly, gradu-  
 ally, till he has it perfect by the beginning  
 of June; that cry, long, repeated, louden-  
 ing and sharpening in the intensity of ri-  
 ing passion, till it stops suddenly, exhausted at  
 the point where pleasure, from very keen-  
 ness, turns to pain.

How different in character from his song  
 is that of the gallant little black-cap in the  
 tree above him. A gentleman he is of a  
 most ancient house, perhaps the oldest of  
 European singing birds. How perfect must  
 have been the special organisation which  
 has spread, seemingly without need of alter-  
 ation or improvement, from Norway to the  
 Cape of Good Hope, from Japan to the  
 Azores. How many ages and years must  
 have passed since his forefathers first got  
 their black caps? And how intense and  
 fruitful must have been the original vitality  
 which, after so many generations, can still  
 fill that little body with so strong a soul,  
 and make him sing as Milton's new-created

birds sang to Milton's Eve in Milton's Paradise. Sweet he is, and various, rich, and strong, beyond all English warblers, save the nightingale: but his speciality is his force, his rush, his overflow, not so much of love as of happiness. The spirit carries him away. He riots up and down the gamut till he cannot stop himself; his notes tumble over each other; he chuckles, laughs, shrieks with delight; throws back his head, droops his tail, sets up his back, and sings with every fibre of his body: and yet he never forgets his good manners. He is never coarse, never harsh, for a single note. Always graceful, always sweet, he keeps perfect delicacy in his most utter carelessness.

And why should we overlook, common though he be, yon hedge-sparrow, who is singing so modestly, and yet so firmly and so true? or cock-robin himself, who is here, as everywhere, honest, self-confident, and cheerful? Most people are not aware, one sometimes fancies, how fine a singer is cock-robin now in the spring time, when his song is drowned by, or at least confounded with, a dozen other songs. We know him and love him best in winter, when he takes up (as he does sometimes in cold, wet summer days) that sudden wistful warble, struggling to be happy, half in vain, which surely contradicts Coleridge's verse:

In nature there is nothing melancholy.

But he who will listen carefully to the robin's breeding song on a bright day in May, will agree, I think, that he is no mean musician; and that for force, variety and character of melody, he is surpassed only by black-cap, thrush, and nightingale.

And what is that song, sudden, loud, sweet, yet faltering, as if half ashamed? Is it the willow-wren, or the garden warbler? The two birds, though very remotely allied to each other, are so alike in voice, that it is often difficult to distinguish them, unless we attend carefully to the expression. For the garden warbler, beginning in high and loud notes, runs down in cadence, lower and softer, till joy seems conquered by very weariness; while the willow-wren, with a sudden outbreak of cheerfulness, though not quite sure (it is impossible to describe bird songs without attributing to the birds human passions and frailties) that he is not doing a silly thing, struggles on to the end of his story with a hesitating hilarity, in feeble imitation of the black-cap's bacchanalian dactyls.

And now — is it true that

In nature there is nothing melancholy? —

Mark that slender, graceful, yellow warbler, running along the high oak boughs like a perturbed spirit, seeking restlessly, anxiously, something which he seems never to find; and uttering every now and then a long anxious cry, four or five times repeated, which would be a squeal, were it not so sweet. Suddenly he flits away, and flutters round the pendant tips of the beech-sprays like a great yellow butterfly, picking the insects from the leaves; then flits back to a bare bough, and sings, with heaving breast and quivering wings, a short, shrill, feeble, tremulous song; and then returns to his old sadness, wandering and complaining all day long. Is there no melancholy in that cry? It sounds sad: why should it not be meant to be sad? We recognise joyful notes, angry notes, fearful notes. They are very similar (strangely enough) in all birds. They are very similar (more strangely still) to the cries of human beings, especially children, when influenced by the same passions. And when we hear a note which to us expresses sadness, why should not the bird be sad? Yon wood-wren has had enough to make him sad, if only he recollects it; and if he can recollect his road from Morocco hither, he maybe recollects likewise what happened on the road — The long weary journey up the Portuguese coast, and through the gap between the Pyrenees and the Jaysquivel, and up the Landes of Bordeaux, and through Brittany, flitting by night, and hiding and feeding as he could by day; and how his mates flew against the lighthouses, and were killed by hundreds; and how he essayed the British Channel, and was blown back, shrivelled up by bitter blasts; and how he felt, nevertheless, that 'that was water he must cross,' he knew not why: but something told him that his mother had done it before him, and he was flesh of her flesh, life of her life, and had inherited her 'instinct' (as we call hereditary memory, in order to avoid the trouble of finding out what it is, and how it comes). A duty was laid on him to go back to the place where he was bred; and he must do it: and now it is done; and he is weary, and sad, and lonely; and for aught we know thinking already that when the leaves begin to turn yellow, he must go back again, over the Channel, over the Landes, over the Pyrenees, to Morocco once more. Why should he not be sad? He is a very delicate bird, as both his shape and his note testify. He can hardly keep up his race here in England; and is accordingly very uncommon,

while his two cousins, the willow-wren and the chaff-chaff, who, like him, build for some mysterious reason domed nests upon the ground, are stout, and busy, and numerous, and thriving everywhere. And what he has gone through may be too much for the poor wood-wren's nerves; and he gives way; while willow-wren, black cap, nightingale, who have gone by the same road, and suffered the same dangers, have stoutness of heart enough to throw off the past, and give themselves up to present pleasure. Why not?—who knows? There is labor, danger, bereavement, death in nature; and why should not some, at least, of the so-called dumb things know it, and grieve at it as well as we?

Why not?—Unless we yield to the assumption (for it is nothing more) that these birds act by some unknown thing called instinct, as it might be called *x* or *y*; and are, in fact, just like the singing birds which spring out of snuff-boxes, only so much better made, that they can eat, grow, and propagate their species. The imputation of acting by instinct cuts both ways. We, too, are creatures of instinct. We breathe and eat by instinct: but we talk and build houses by reason. And so may the birds. It is more philosophical, surely, to attribute actions in them to the same causes to which we attribute them (from experience) in ourselves. 'But if so,' some will say, 'birds must have souls.' We must define what our own souls are, before we can define what kind of soul or no-soul a bird may or may not have. The truth is, that we want to set up some 'dignity of human nature;' some innate superiority to the animals, on which we may pride ourselves as our own possession, and not return thanks with fear and trembling for it, as the special gift of Almighty God. So we have given the poor animals over to the mechanical philosophy, and allowed them to be considered as only mere cunningly devised pieces of watch-work, if philosophy would only spare us, and our fine human souls, of which we are so proud, though they are doing all the wrong and folly they can from one week's end to the other. And now our self-conceit has brought its own Nemesis; the mechanical philosophy is turning on us, and saying, 'The bird's "nature" and your "human nature" differ only in degree, but not in kind. If they are machines, so are you. They have no souls, you confess. You have none either.'

But there are those who neither yield to the mechanical philosophy nor desire to stifle it. While it is honest and industrious

(as it is now) it can do nought but good, because it can do nought but discover facts. It will only help to divide the light from the darkness, truth from dreams, health from disease. Let it claim for itself all that it can prove to be of the flesh, fleshly. That which is spiritual will stand out more clearly as of the Spirit. Let it thrust scalpel and microscope into the most sacred penetralia of brain and nerve. It will only find everywhere beneath brain and beneath nerve, that substance and form which is not matter or phenomena, but the Divine cause thereof; and while it helps, with ruthless, but wholesome severity, to purge our minds from idols of the cave and idols of the fane, it will leave untouched, more clearly defined, and therefore more sacred and important than ever—

Those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
Are yet the master light of all our seeing;  
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal silence; truths that wake  
To perish never;  
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,  
Nor man nor boy,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy.

Then sing, ye birds, sing out with joyous sound,

as the poet philosopher bids you. Victorious analysis will neither abolish you, nor the miraculous and unfathomable in you and in your song, which has stirred the hearts of poets since first man was man. And if any one shall hint to us that we and the birds may have sprung originally from the same type; that the difference between our intellect and theirs is one of degree, and not of kind, we may believe or doubt: but in either case we shall not be greatly moved. 'So much the better for the birds,' we will say, and none the worse for us. You raise the birds towards us, but you do not lower us towards them. What we are, we are by the grace of God. Our own powers and the burden of them we know full well. It does not lessen their dignity or their beauty in our eyes to hear that the birds of the air partake, even a little, of the same gifts of God as we. Of old said St. Guthlac in Crowland, as the swallows sat upon his knee, "He who leads his life according to the will of God, to him the wild deer and the wild birds draw more near;" and this new theory of yours may prove St. Guthlac right.

St. Francis, too, he called the birds his brothers. Whether he was correct, either theologically or zoologically, he was plainly free from that fear of being mistaken for an ape, which haunts so many in these modern times. Perfectly sure that he himself was a spiritual being, he thought it at least possible that birds might be spiritual beings likewise, incarnate like himself in mortal flesh; and saw no degradation to the dignity of human nature in claiming kindred lovingly with creatures so beautiful, so wonderful, who (as he fancied in his old-fashioned way) praised God in the forest, even as angels did in heaven. In a word, the saint, though he was an ascetic, and certainly no man of science, was yet a poet, and somewhat of a philosopher; and would have possibly — so do extremes meet — have hailed as orthodox, while we hail as truly scientific, Wordsworth's great saying —

Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods  
And mountains; and of all that we behold  
From this green earth; of all the mighty  
world  
Of eye and ear — both what they half create,  
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise  
In Nature and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being.

C. KINGSLEY.

From the London Review.

#### FALSE FACES.

WE find in "Adam Bede" what to us seems a part explanation of a very difficult social problem. Speaking of Hetty, Miss Evans says that "her face had a language that transcended her feelings." And then she goes on to say that "there are faces which nature charges with a meaning and a pathos not belonging to the single human soul that flutters beneath them but speaking the joys and sorrows of foregone generations; eyes that tell of deep love which doubtless has been, and is somewhere, but not paired with these eyes, perhaps paired with pale eyes that can say nothing — just as a national language may be instinct with poetry unfelt by the lips that use it." We often meet people with a plain story enough written in their faces, but when we have studied their natures, we find our reckoning completely falsified by our acquaintance with them. This, unfortunately for men, occurs most frequently with

women. It is the greatest mistake to suppose that, except in a very unsophisticated time of life indeed, a woman allows her countenance to tell anything upon her; but, apart from her power and instinct of deception, there is again that — if we may so term it — physiological advantage which she derives from her ancestors, and which enables her without effort to wear an expression which may be eminently more attractive than that which she could claim in her own right. If a man is first brought to love a woman for her face he is pretty certain to continue to set the tune of his thoughts about her to that keynote. He expects certain qualities are dormant in her mind which he alone has been clever enough to perceive. He wonders how her own family circle do not appear to believe her capable of all he is satisfied she can do and think. It would startle him a little if he were to learn that the pensive nose and thoughtful forehead came to Louisa from her great-grandmother, and that the mental attributes bestowed by him upon those features have been completely eliminated during the transition. This is the danger of studying physiognomy — one danger at least of studying a lady's face. The odds are all against our being right. The fiftieth part of an inch may put us out, and bring around calamitous eventualities. And yet it is assuredly the case that there are men and women who believe in faces long after the owners of the faces have given the most distant lie and contradiction to their own countenances. Love, or whatever the feeling may be termed, does blind Titania to Nick Bottom's ears. Men will cling to their ideal of a woman's face for years after the woman has utterly negated every expectation to which it gave a prompting. They will watch as patiently and as perseveringly sometimes for the due sentiment to come to its surface, and play upon it as the angler watches his trout-flies on the surface of the stream. This very anxiety and interest often renders matrimony more endurable. One reason why brothers and sisters so usually quarrel when living together is, that they are thoroughly up in every move and thought in their own circle. Faces tell no untruths to them. They make no allowances on the score of expression, and sisters who would be amiable, before strangers will not care to rehearse in private. They wear a look for the guest, and a look for the family dinner. This is a danger to which a guest is exposed. He has his ideal face, if he be romantic, from which he expects all that can

make him happy. The lady who sits opposite may either have this as an inheritance, or put on something like it when she dresses. If her attractiveness be from the first source she deserves no credit for it, and her character may utterly belie it; if she accomplishes it by the second plan, her admirers may be assured that she will no more take the trouble of keeping it up to please him, once the necessity for pleasing him seems to depart with marriage, than she will take the trouble of being sentimental about him two years after that event. A plain or an ugly woman, if she cannot make herself handsome, can always make herself desirable to some one, and that one is the man whose ideal expression corresponds with the mask for society with which nature has provided the sex. This is what is meant by the saying, that a woman is seldom unmarried save through her own fault. Every woman gets many chances if she but knew them; not every woman, however, will recognise the lover whose infatuation is sufficiently profound and desperate to bring him to the point. Unreasoning admirers, if ladies but knew it, — admirers who are caught with eyes, or "tangled in Nærea's golden hair," make as good husbands as the most sensible and speculating of admirers. A man who has plunged hopelessly into a sentimental attachment, accepts the situation after a while with a steady and enduring pertinacity, if only fairly encouraged; and nothing will bring him more swiftly or more assuredly to this state than the sight of a type and manner of face on which some subtle emotion is stirred within him whenever he sees it.

To turn for a moment from the more sentimental aspect of false faces, it is curious to notice what complete changes in the character of a countenance is effected by age, and above all how great is the change when death lays its hand upon it. Apart from the alteration due to physical reasons, there is unquestionably an unaccountable relapse into phases of expression which we have seemingly dropped years ago. One of the most touching incidents of the death-bed is the recognition by parents and relatives of a youth and freshness on the face of the departed, and of an expression associated with school-time, boyhood, and the spring of life. Harsh and hard-featured men and women when lying at rest, have

little of the ruggedness and the ungraciousness which they carried with them through the world. Even old age — old age sinking out in decay — takes a strange beauty at the close, and a score of years, with the furrows and the lines of years, disappear, to permit, as it were, a trace of the beautiful child-time to return again. Or is it that all our other faces were "false faces" except this? Perhaps so. Death is very sincere and very truthful. It would be pleasant at least to think that when passion was spent, the socket burned down, and thought and brain asleep, nature herself comes to vindicate whatever is good in us by a distinct and final manifestation. The brother of Death, as the poet calls Slumber, does not treat us so. In dreams our faces often seem worn and weary, and even convulsive to those who look on us in that state. We do not cast away the false face at night. We bear it as our thoughts have formed it, and our working existences, but at the finish we are done with it. The face of a dead wife will seem far more familiar to those who have known her in girlhood, than to the man who has known her as husband for more years than they have seen her.

With all faces we should be tolerant. Men and women hide themselves from each other by face as well as by words, and after a while the effort costs them nothing; the expression is set. Your physiognomist is as great a fool as your lover, and just as likely to be mistaken. No one except a born idiot who is sealed on the forehead with idiocy, would carry his true inner character into the market world; and no woman ever does. But what we cannot perceive may not be so bad, and may be better than that which we think we can detect. Many persons play a game of brag with those whom they meet in this respect, by assuming what is called an impenetrable countenance. There is a necessity for this, as there is for reserve of every other kind. We can no more with social decency express our hatred, contempt, love, horror, rage, or impatience on our countenances, than we can the corresponding sentiments in language. Motley in faces is our only wear during life; in death we shall be fixed and consistent, smiling and placid generally, until the worm has his turn at us where no one sees in the dark.



From the Spectator.

HATS AND BONNETS.

Is the funnel-shaped hat, the Hat of Europe, the distinctive mark of the West, which no Asiatic mentions without scorn, and no man who wears it ever dreams of defending by any argument of health, beauty, or convenience, about to perish? It looks like it, for the extraordinary superstructure has at last been attacked in the rational way. Artists have denounced the tall hat, doctors have condemned it, wits have satirized it, quiet citizens have allowed that it has every bad quality a head-dress can have, and still Western mankind has pertinaciously adhered to a costume it did not approve. The attack was too revolutionary. Some people wanted us all to go bareheaded, which seemed to men accustomed to go covered impossible; some to adopt the wideawake, which was condemned as vulgar; some to fall back on a straw hat, which was inconvenient. A man with a bare head is half-dressed, wideawakes are worn by grooms, a straw hat breaks when lifted properly in a bow, and altogether every substitute failed. At last some genius hit out a bright idea. Leave the silk hat alone, but lower its crown, and, lo! the work was done. Monthly, almost hourly, the height of the funnel hat declines, the brims widen, the edges turn up, until, if the reformers have only nerve and cash, we shall in twelve months be wearing a reasonable headdress, — a low, stiff sombrero of silk-covered card-board, with soft interior edges, than which no one could wish for a more reasonable or more becoming covering. It will be light, for there will be little of it; will shade the eyes and neck — far more important — because it has broad brims; can be taken off for a bow, because those brims are stiff; and will not heat the head, because it has the single merit of the old hat — it admits of scientific ventilation. Shorten the silk-covered funnel to three inches at most, widen the brims to at least two and a half, turning them up a little, make the inside edges soft with an india-rubber belt, — the linen or paper substitute is a blunder, and india-rubber only a makeshift till chemistry helps the hatter, — and we shall have a head covering acceptable at once to the hygeist, the artist, and the philosopher who believes equality incomplete without at least a possible democracy of dress. There never will be any democracy of the kind — only look at the tailors' fitter in his perfect costume! — but that is of minor importance.

He will think there is, and as under a Household Suffrage he is master, that will mollify him, and not hurt anybody. Seriously, no head-dress has ever been invented which will better answer its many purposes — be lighter, cheaper, cooler, or a more perfect protection than the low-crowned, broad-brimmed, well-made silk "hat." It is the head-dress of our great grandfathers, — who came out well in portraits, — improved and simplified by the utilitarian genius of the year 1867. It is not perfect yet, but if the Prince of Wales can only be kept straight, and does not reduce the height of his hat more than an inch a month, and does not ask Parliament for any money, so as to become unpopular, we shall win the Hat game yet.

It is just possible that the ultimate result of the Bonnet movement may be equally satisfactory. People's judgments upon the bonnet of to-day are disturbed, because they will import into the controversy the entirely irrelevant question of the most artistic method of dressing women's hair. Just as they thought they were condemning crinoline when they were really discussing the morality of ankles, so they think they are discussing bonnets when they are really abusing chignons. If the chignon has anything to do with the bonnet, argument becomes impossible or futile; we might as well discuss the glove that would best suit people who wore artificial thumbs. The bonnet of the day is a very good bonnet, even considered by itself, and it is only an introduction to something better. It has, in the first place, all the negative qualities. It does not hide the face like a poke. It is not brazen, like a pork-pie. It does not necessarily surrender the complexion to all the winds of heaven, or that particular wind which in Britain suggests that the "other place" must lie due east. It does not ruin the complexion by compelling its wearer to throw a red shade on pink cheeks, or a green shade on an alabaster face, or a blue tinge over a creamy blonde, or an orange tint over, — best colour of all, let the poets say what they like, — the glowing brunette. It is, — ask any woman else, — supremely comfortable, it will arrange itself to any rational mode of dressing the hair, — chignons are warts, not adornments, — it admits of any colour, it will carry any veil, it can be made at any price, or of any material, and, — that such felicity should be attainable to husbands! — it will pack in any box. The band-box, that impossible article of luggage which nobody would carry, — even couriers shied at it, — which

nobody could protect from the smash it was made to invite, which nobody dared abandon, and which always had to be replaced after a day's journey, is extinct, as extinct as those marvellous contrivances made in the posting days, and called imperials, and in which only lady novelists nowadays believe. *Their* aristocratic heroines always carry them on railway journeys, and somehow or other get them under the seat. There is not a woman in Western Europe who is not the prettier for the bonnet of to-day, and we would wish it an eternity of duration, but that, in the first place, the natural man has a capacity of being bored by sameness; and in the second, there is a possibility of a still better change. Suppose the bonnet glides into the hood, we mean the hood, and not the mantilla. We have doubts about the mantilla. The milliner countesses who write on fashions say it is coming in for all but walking costumes, but that will not do. So are emeralds instead of opals, but the people will buy neither, nor mantillas either. The point for the philosopher in dress is the bonnet, or rather head covering which the majority of cultivated Western women are likely to wear in the street, and we see hopeful signs that it may by possibility be the hood, the only head-dress ever worn by women which really covers the head, which can be made of any thickness or any material, which allows of any arrangement of the hair, which requires no separate packing or carriage, and which enables its wearers to be covered or uncovered without tedious processes of preparation. With the hood five seconds will fit a lady for the streets, a saving of at least ten per cent of the available time of half the human race. Healthy, convenient, and cheap, or costly at discretion, the hood has every artistic recommendation. It frames the picture to perfection, with a frame of any fitting breadth or colour, and it preserves as no bonnet except the poke has ever done, that distinction between indoor and outdoor costume, that reserve in display which, above all things, keeps up the charm of feminine variety. It suits all complexions and all ages, being in fact itself of every age, the very same hood which looks piquante on a girl looking grave and quiet on the matron of forty-five. No bonnet has that quality, and the grand reason why bonnets are so often condemned by artists is that Fashion requires them to be all alike, while Nature insists on as many shades of meaning in them as there are years in a woman's life.

From The Economist.

ON SOME POLITICAL EFFECTS OF THE SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS OF LATER TIMES.

(COMMUNICATED.)

THE progress which has been made during the last two generations in searching out the secrets of Nature, and in subjecting her latent forces to the service of man, has never been equalled or even approached during any period of similar duration in the history of the world.

We will enumerate, in somewhat like chronological order, the most important of the discoveries thus alluded to:

The improvement of the steam engine. Gas illumination. Steam navigation. Railways. Photography. The electric telegraph.

Let the reader figure to himself, if he can, what a step backward for mankind the sudden removal of even one of these would be. How the well-being of the world would be prejudiced. How the comforts of almost every person in all civilised countries would be interfered with. It would seem to most of us that the march of human events would be arrested, if we were suddenly replaced in the same condition as that of our forefathers 70 or 80 years ago.

No one indeed can doubt that the material condition of mankind has been vastly improved in consequence of the recent changes, and the same thing may be said in many respects as to his moral condition. Still, there are matters falling chiefly and primarily under the domain of politics, where it appears to the writer that the line of movement has been rather retrograde than progressive, and to some of these the attention of the reader is now called.

The independence of all but the larger European States is completely destroyed. None but the five great Powers can any longer exert self-action. The minor States — such as Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, the Scandinavian Monarchies, Greece, Turkey, and Portugal — exist only upon sufferance, and are mainly supported by the mutual jealousies of the great Monarchies, aided by a respect for law and justice, which, however feeble, is more forcibly felt by mankind at large than in former times.

Italy and Spain occupy what may be considered an intermediate position. The first, indeed, may hereafter, if wisely governed, rise above that state of feebleness which now characterises her. Spain, owing to the nature of her territories and the peculiar qualities

of her people, possesses powers of resistance which might intimidate or weary out the most powerful invader.

Let us now cast our eyes backwards, and regard the state of Europe, as respects the independence of nations in former times.

Three hundred years ago took place the revolt of the Seven United Provinces. For nearly eighty years they contended against Spain, which for a great part of the time had the largest fleets, the best trained armies, and the greatest generals in the world at her disposition; yet the Dutch finally and completely succeeded; and two centuries ago they struggled against the combined efforts of France and England, and came safely out of the conflict. During the great war, which ended in the overthrow of the attempt of Louis XIV. to establish his supremacy in Europe, they were one of the most important members of the Grand Alliance.

The resistance of Venice to the league of Cambray may be cited as another instance of the power of resistance in small States in the early part of the 16th century.

Again, early in the 17th century, Gustavus Adolphus, landing in Pomerania with 15,000 men, gave a check to the supremacy of the House of Austria and the Papal authority, from which neither has ever recovered.

We may here, too, allude to the effectual resistance of Frederick of Prussia to the combined attacks of France, Austria, and Russia, during the seven years' war.

But how, it will be asked, are these changes to be connected with recent scientific discoveries?

The answer is, that the improvements in the art of administration now enable the great powers to put forth all their strength, and that this improvement in the art of administration owes a great part of its efficiency to railroads, good ordinary roads, the electric telegraph, &c., &c.

Time and space have ever been great obstacles to the full exertion of military power on the part of Governments ruling over extensive territories. The first is now annihilated; the second reduced to a fraction of its former condition.

It is probable that the various States which owned Philip II. as their sovereign contained as large a population as that of Prussia before the Bohemian campaign, yet Philip II. never brought upon one field of battle, unless at St. Quentin, which was just beyond the frontier of his richest and most populous provinces, so many as 50,000 men, while Prussia, out of half a million of

men under arms, displayed, on the field of Sadowa, more than 200,000. In fact, the overthrow of Austria was closely connected with her defective administration, and this again with the want of railroads, &c., &c.

It is, of course, much easier to administer well, and, indeed, to govern well, a small country than a large one. Thus Holland could, two or three centuries ago, really exert all her strength, while Spain could only call forth a very small portion of her latent power.

Of course it need hardly be remarked that the general quality of the system of rule in the two countries, leading in the one to a rapid increase of population, wealth, and knowledge, while her enemy was sinking rapidly into poverty and ignorance, had much to do with the result of the struggle between them.

Other examples might readily be cited from the page of history, calculated to show how the influence of defective administration on large States in former times, protected the smaller States in the enjoyment of independence.

But then it will be said: Is it on the whole better for mankind that they should be divided into many States of moderate size, than into a few large States? There are many reasons for saying that it is so.

Small States differing in race, language, and form of government, exhibit a greater variety in the moral and intellectual condition of their inhabitants, than can be expected were they to be united in one great State.

In the former condition of things too, there will be far more scope for the exhibition of much of the highest order of talent. There will be more ministers, more chief judges, &c., &c.

In a country like France, within a few years, there will be no variety. The Gascon, the Picard, and the Norman will blend together, until the whole population will appear as if cast in the same mould.

Now surely the existence of variety among mankind is a good. One set of men possess what another want, and the result is advantageous on the whole.

Who can doubt that there exists far more mental power and varied knowledge in the two millions of Swiss than in an equal population forming four or five French Departments, or that the Swiss would go backwards after a few generations, if conquered by France and governed on the French system?

Or who, again, can doubt that the union of Belgium with France, or of Holland

with Germany, would be a retrograde change for the smaller countries ?

There would be a less demand in them than now exists for superior ability and virtue of certain kinds, and the supply of such high qualities would fall off. Experience seems to confirm this opinion.

It is an indisputable fact, that the number of great men has been far larger, proportionally, in small than in large communities. In proof of this, it is only necessary to point to the Greek Republics — Athens especially ; to Florence in the middle ages ; to England — then a country with a small population — from the middle of the 16th to the middle of the 17th century ; to Holland, and even to Scotland, which, although united to England under one Sovereign since the accession of James I., yet has retained, even to the present time, a separate political existence.

It may be doubted whether the absorption, in form or in substance, of the smaller States by Prussia is likely to be advantageous to Germany, having reference simply to her internal condition.

It is, however, advantageous to her, and that in the highest degree, as affording the only means by which she can be preserved from the gigantic evil of being ravaged and plundered by the French hereafter, as has happened to her five or six times since the early part of the thirty years' war.

We have given reasons which will account for the existence in great numbers of some classes of distinguished men in small States ; but it does not appear why, under the law of supply and demand, great poets and artists, &c., &c., should also usually have been citizens of small States. Yet everybody knows that such has been the fact. Perhaps the late Mr. Buckle, who was of opinion that everything appertaining to man fell under the rule of average, would have been able to explain this phenomenon.

A careful review of the probable condition of the civilized world, when it becomes divided, as will hereafter happen, among a few large States, would lead to the anticipation that the people of the future will perhaps be prosperous and happy, but that they will be far more homogeneous and more uniform in quality than at present ; that with an increase of wealth, and the more equal spread of knowledge and education, the general level will be raised, but that there will be fewer lofty eminences than in times past.

One is sometimes tempted to ask, are there any, or at any rate many, great men in

our day ? To this question no satisfactory answer can be given by their contemporaries.

It must be left to future generations to decide upon the merits of a Stephenson, a Grote, a Tennyson, a Mill, a Bismark, even of a Napoleon, and to assign them appropriate niches in the Temple of Fame.

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From The Saturday Review, 15 June.

#### THE SULTAN'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

THE expected visit of the SULTAN to England ought to excite, not only emotions of curiosity, but instincts of hospitality. Even if the Turks have no claim on England as allies and political clients, the honour of the country is in some degree concerned in the reception of the head of the Mahometan world. It would be a scandal that so great and so rarely seen a potentate should be compelled to look from the first-floor windows of an inn, or the apartments of an unoccupied palace. If a country which once thought itself the first in the world cannot create an army or a navy, it might at least find a dinner and a bed for travelling Sovereigns. The abdication of the ceremonious and representative functions of Royalty is regarded with a patience which may soon become exhausted ; and if the SULTAN is exposed to the neglect which has been suffered by other national guests, there will be fresh cause for discontent and irritation. It is possible that an Oriental prince may be disposed to estimate the comparative importance of Western rulers by the splendour and liberality of their respective Courts ; and he may hold, with still better reason, that deficient courtesy indicates political dislike or indifference. It seems that the Emperor of RUSSIA, who lately entertained the Prince of WALES with studied magnificence, cannot even be invited to return the visit, in default of a Royal hostess to make him welcome, or of a delegated host. As the SULTAN is more adventurous, or less familiar with the peculiarities of the English Court, it may be hoped that in some form he will receive the attention which is due to his rank and to his unwonted effort. Hitherto the only public body which has prepared to do its duty is the underrated Corporation of London. It is something to have a municipal body with money, with liberality, with a gorgeous hall, and an abundance of gold plate ; and it is fortunate that Mr. MILL

and Mr. AYRTON have not yet reformed the LORD MAYOR into a merely utilitarian Chairman of Pavements and Sewers. The Athenians retained the title of King long after they had established a Republic, that the titular archon might perform certain religious functions which had once been associated with the Crown. The Mansion House and the Guildhall ought to be valued as the only remaining temples of national hospitality. The Corporation has voted a considerable sum for the entertainment of the SULTAN, nor could its superfluous revenues be more properly expended.

The Ottoman Sovereign will be accompanied or preceded by his greatest vassal; and it will be necessary for diplomatists and masters of the ceremonies to remember that the former Viceroy of Egypt has recently expanded into a King. His special title has been announced in many unintelligible forms, and it is impossible for Europeans to appreciate the shades of greatness and the reserves of subordination which belong to the designations of various Eastern dignities. It appears that the ruler of Egypt is something higher than a prince or grand duke, and he may be supposed to be a King in the sense in which Frederick I. of Prussia was King, although he still acknowledged a feudal deference to the Emperor of the Romans. When the Pasha of Egypt visited England five years ago, he was allowed to spend much money in purchases at the Exhibition, and he received various attentions from companies and individuals. If he had been Pasha of the most insignificant province in Asia Minor he could not have been more candidly reminded by official neglect that he was still technically a subject and a private person. His recent elevation in rank will furnish a convenient excuse for repairing the error. It is not necessary to inquire whether the new King of Egypt governs his own subjects justly; and if he is charged with French predilections, there is the more reason for creating or cultivating the elements of regard for England. The alliance and goodwill of Egypt must be obtained by persuasion or pressure, and stately lodgings, salutes, and reviews are cheaper than threats or blockades. If the chief of the English Executive was a President with five thousand a year, the entertainment of foreign Princes would naturally devolve on clubs and corporate bodies. Under the present Constitution, public hospitality ought to be practised by the acknowledged head of society; but it is better that a duty should be per-

formed by volunteers than that it should be altogether forgotten.

Old-fashioned Mussulmans will probably feel a superstitious uneasiness at the innovation of a sight-seeing SULTAN, who resolves to visit the capital cities of Western Christendom. Since the Ottoman conquest in the middle of the fifteenth century, no European Sovereign has seen Constantinople, nor has a Turkish Padijah passed the frontier of his own dominions, except as an invading enemy. Even in the last generation the appearance of the Great Turk in London would have seemed a surprising anomaly. When the father of the present SULTAN became a reformer, his first measure was the massacre of his standing army; but the progress of degeneracy or change is rapid even in the East, and it may be doubted whether the humblest subject of the Porte would now be put to death without some kind of trial. The Parliamentary forms which have been transplanted to Cairo are not yet introduced at Constantinople; but the Turks have newspapers, a national debt, and all the ordinary conditions of civilization. The SULTAN himself is a model of domestic constancy to a single wife, and he is about to visit the Paris Exhibition. Such a victory over ancient habits and prejudices perhaps indicates the approaching extinction of Turkish dominion in Europe, for only conscious weakness could cause the abandonment of the picturesque oddities of Asiatic despotism. The Turks are warlike fanatics, or they are nothing; and they can scarcely believe in an hereditary chief of their religion who comports himself like a foreign infidel. The POPE, who is preparing an ecclesiastical Exhibition of his own, is perhaps wiser than his ancient counterpart or rival in declining to join the mob of Kings and Emperors at Paris. In England, if not in France, the SULTAN will be a less embarrassing guest.

The visit of the SULTAN to Europe may probably be undertaken with diplomatic objects, for he must be well aware of the anarchy and danger which he temporarily leaves behind him. His ablest general, with the available resources of the Empire at his disposal, has, in a campaign of two months, not yet succeeded in crushing a handful of mountaineers. The insurrection has, indeed, been fostered by the Greeks of the mainland, but their enterprises have proved the inefficiency of the Turkish navy, as well as the courage and seamanship of the blockade-running captains and crews. European intervention on behalf of the Cretan

insurgents is imminent; and as soon as the nominal or virtual independence of the island is secured, similar experiments will be tried in the continental provinces. If the SULTAN hopes to obtain from the English Government active aid against his own subjects, he will find that the Ambassador at Constantinople has represented with perfect accuracy the neutral policy of the Foreign Office. A stranger and a sovereign has little opportunity of ascertaining the state of public opinion; but there is no country in Europe, with the exception perhaps of Austria, where religious or political prejudice against the Turks is so little prevalent as in England. A few ecclesiastical partisans, and a few political theorists, cultivate a certain sympathy with the Greeks, either as Christians or as a subjugated race; but it is generally felt that, even if the SULTAN is in a false position, he is not voluntarily an oppressor or exterminator. There is no danger of his becoming the victim of political assassination, nor is there in all his dominions a tribe or a village which has been treated with the cruelty which Russia has for many years exhibited to Poland. The chorus of adulation which has been raised since the escape of the Emperor ALEXANDER does little credit to those who assume to express French or English feeling. Regicide is an abominable crime, but its objects cannot purge the guilt of oppression by the dangers which they may incur. If the descendant of OTHMAN has the misfortune to be a Mahometan, he is guiltless of deliberate persecution, and he has never held an ethnological Congress for the purpose of encouraging disaffection among the subjects of neighbouring States. Perhaps it is a mistake to discuss the characters or the conduct of princes, who have a claim to hospitable reception, not because they are wise or good, but on account of their exalted rank, and as the representatives of great communities. If the SULTAN may be thought to be the head of a decaying house, he is still the heir of rulers who were once the most powerful in the world, and he is the first dignitary of a religious community which numbers its votaries by scores of millions. So conspicuous a potentate ought to be received with all pomp and ceremony, for the honour of England, if not as a mark of regard to his country and dynasty.

From the Saturday Review, 15 June.

## AMERICA.

THE results of the last five-yearly census justify the unbounded confidence of Americans in the increasing prosperity and power of their country. Notwithstanding the losses of the war, the population of the Northern States has increased by three or four millions, and the United States already outnumber every European nation except France, Germany, and Russia. By the end of the century the Republic will have passed all its rivals, even if its boundaries are not extended by conquest and annexation. The decisive result of the civil war may perhaps prevent for many generations future attempts at disruption. The United States are more compact and homogeneous than the Roman Empire under AUGUSTUS, and it seems that, even in the most distant future, they can have no foreign enemy to fear. Abundance of land, a growing population, traditions of energy, of industry, and freedom, render it probable that the North American continent will be the seat of a higher material prosperity than has hitherto been attained. The customs of the country are adapted to its circumstances, although the central authority neither commands nor deserves extraordinary respect. The farmers, traders, and mechanics who constitute the community manage all their common affairs at home, and they are almost entirely indifferent to the qualifications of Presidents, Senators, and members of Congress. The absence of poverty, and the universal diffusion of the rudiments of education, render government easy or unnecessary, and the mediocrity and vulgarity which prevail at Washington neither offend the popular taste nor habitually affect the fortunes of the nation. American politicians have long since forgotten that WASHINGTON and the other founders of the Republic were gentlemen. In modern times the majority of the day is always noisy and arrogant, and the minority submits and grumbles. The few English politicians whose memories extend back beyond 1860 regard with constant amusement the exact reproduction by the dominant Republicans of the old-fashioned Democratic insolence. Before the war, the Southern leaders refused to allow any discussion of the topics which they regarded as peculiarly important and delicate. The Presidents of their choice, in their Messages to Congress, habitually scolded the Northern malcontents as if they had been insubordinate schoolboys; and

England was frequently threatened with American vengeance on account of her supposed objection to slavery.

It is now the turn of the Northern Republicans to be overbearing, and they are not disposed to neglect the opportunity. Mr. KELLY, a member of Congress, lately informed a public meeting at Mobile that he could say what he liked, because he had the army of the United States at his back. As it was his pleasure to denounce secession in the most violent language, and to exalt the negroes at the expense of the whites, it is not surprising that, in the absence of the soldiery, his language provoked a riot. Grave and prudent citizens of the Southern States advise their countrymen to accept in silence all the vituperation which the good taste of Republican missionaries can address to a conquered people. The time may perhaps come for expressing the feelings which must be excited by the speeches of Mr. KELLY and Mr. WILSON; but in the United States a defeated party, and even a minority, knows better than to expect generosity of language. The immediate object of the Northern emissaries is to induce the negroes to give their votes to Republican candidates; and as long as the best part of the white population is disfranchised, the South may perhaps send representatives to Congress who will swell the existing majority. As the proscription wears out with time, and with the accession of voters who were too young to take part in the war, the white electors will not be disposed to follow the political lead of the inferior race. The paradoxes of American politics are as transient as they are startling, and it is impossible that eight millions of men of European descent should permanently allow themselves to be outvoted or governed by four millions of Africans. Even if it be true that slavery has solved the difficult problem of eradicating barbarism, an emancipated negro slave cannot be equal to two white freemen. It is true that the North can easily redress the balance as long as it is armed, organized, and in earnest; but sooner or later the ties of race and language will exert their natural influence, and the citizen of Massachusetts or New York will discover that he has more in common with an American of Virginia than with a black Republican. Notwithstanding the popular demand for philanthropic equality, several Northern States still refuse to concede the suffrage to the negro. Within five years the immigration of coloured settlers was prohibited by the law of Illinois, and it was from a consciousness of absurd inconsisten-

cy, rather than from a change of sentiment, that the State rescinded the exclusion. It is probably with a sound political instinct that Northern Legislatures endeavour to guard their own communities against a mixture of unequal races which may hereafter affect and endanger the entire social fabric. From Maine to Louisiana the acclimatized white American reproduces an extraordinarily uniform type. The habits, prejudices, and manners of the inhabitants of different States have probably peculiarities of their own, but to strangers they are almost undistinguishable. The institutions of the country suit the people, but it is extremely unlikely that they will be adapted to the character of negroes or of Indian and Spanish Mexicans. Democracy has, in three or four generations from the establishment of independence, effectually swamped refinement and education; but coarseness may coexist with vigour; nor does the rapid degeneracy of statesmen imply any corresponding decline in the energy of the people. American gentlemen must acquiesce in the supremacy of the class which is represented in Congress and in the public offices, but the sovereign multitude will not be equally tolerant of the pretensions of slaves or semi-barbarians to equality with themselves. It is only under a despotism that the Syrian or the Gaul can enjoy the privileges of a Roman citizen. The revolutionary faction in England, now small in numbers, but not contemptible in ability, contemplates the establishment rather of French absolutism than of American democracy.

One consequence of the separation which has been established in the United States between high cultivation and political activity is found in the entire absence of any general feeling of responsibility for the profound immorality of parties and their leaders. Once only in modern times a great domestic struggle has aroused feelings of earnest patriotism in both sections of the United States. The vigour of the North in the conduct of the civil war was only less remarkable than the unequalled heroism of the South, and on either side the best men were most zealous and active in the contest for empire or for independence. With the return of peace, the national conscience has subsided into its normal repose. Foreign affairs are unluckily not managed, like the business of townships or counties, by those whose interests and character are concerned in prudent and decorous administration. No American seriously considers that his country has duties, or

reign States have rights. The literature of the Union exhibits not a protest against the impudent aid is afforded by politicians to the Fe-  
 onspiracy. Even Democratic oppo-  
 of Republican policy report, as a mere  
 of news, the organization of armies  
 principal American cities for the pi-  
 invasion of Canada. A casuist  
 argue that in such matters the people  
 United States are rather non-moral,  
 onscious of right or wrong, than pos-  
 immoral. There are Governments  
 in Europe which might be equally  
 less of justice, but the American  
 of Representatives is the only na-  
 assembly in the world which is capa-  
 the wanton folly of a unanimous vote  
 pathy with Ireland and Crete, passed  
 e purpose of affectedly expressing  
 antipathy to England and Turkey.  
 ro or three years the Americans pro-  
 in the most violent language against  
 gligence which had allowed one Con-  
 te cruiser during the entire war to  
 from an English port. To drill an  
 in time of profound peace for an at-  
 n an unoffending neighbouring coun-  
 thought by politicians an expedient  
 cunning, by idlers an amusing ecce-  
 , and by the most enlightened Ameri-  
 curious illustration of their own na-  
 character. There are no grievances  
 res in Canada, nor are there indige-  
 ncontents who are likely to take part  
 he rebels. The war, if it occurs, will  
 : in the simple practice of murder  
 obbery, and yet it will not provoke  
 favourable comment from any Ameri-  
 calist, except on the ground that the  
 als will probably be the principal suf-

It is not surprising that the sects of  
 enthusiasts which attract Mr. HER-  
 z DIXON's indiscriminate admiration  
 commence their fantastic systems by  
 diation of all concern with American  
 s, and often openly renounce their  
 nces to the United States. The silly  
 icious women who legislate for the  
 omunities take advantage of the  
 st point in the national character ;  
 e most muddle-headed of fanatics re-  
 vith disgust the intrigues, the clamour,  
 e falsehood of the primary assemblies  
 nventions which are the original ele-  
 of the Government and Legislature  
 ashington. As the reform of the na-  
 institutions is obviously impossible, it  
 to a male or female charlatan better  
 come a Mormon or a Shaker than to  
 in the unsavoury occupation of elect-

ing or of seeking for election. The monks  
 of the middle ages often fled from the world  
 under the influence of similar motives.

DRIFTING.

*" Successuque acrior ipso*

*" Prona petit maria et pelago decurrit aperto."*

ON ! let the good ship reel before the breeze,  
 Borne on the shifting tides of chance and  
 change ;  
 On, to untravell'd gulfs and islands  
 strange,  
 Atlantis new, or old Hesperides.  
 On ! though no pilot's eye the issue sees,  
 Charts thrown aside, and helm at random  
 turned,  
 The crew bewildered, wiser counsel spur-  
 ed,  
 And dark clouds gathering o'er the foam-fleck-  
 ed seas.  
 What matter, so with laugh and jest and jeer  
 The ship speeds on, nor slackens on her  
 way,  
 And shouts of many voices shut out fear,  
 And late-grasp'd power lives out its little  
 day ?  
 Come good, come ill, we sing and pipe and  
 dance,  
 Slaves of each passing wind of Circumstance.  
 — *Spectator.* E. H. P.

*Faith's Work Perfected ; or Francke's Orphan  
 House at Halle.* Edited and translated by W.  
 L. Gage. (Low and Son.) — Mr. Gage's in-  
 troduction to this quaint little work would be  
 improved if he did not speak of Carlyle as cari-  
 caturing things in his ribald zigzag way, and as  
 virulently attacking almost every Christian.  
 We notice these blemishes the more, that the  
 tone of the whole work is so naïve, so trustful,  
 so charitable. Francke's own account of the  
 manner in which he first began his work of in-  
 structing the orphans of Halle, how money  
 came in, sometimes by gifts of fourpence half-  
 penny, at other times by gifts of 150*l.* ; how he  
 was frequently at a loss, and God sent an im-  
 mediate answer to his prayers, is almost mirac-  
 ulous. At one time, he says, he tried to find  
 one poor orphan to educate ; four were brought  
 to him to choose from ; " relying upon the  
 Lord, I ventured to take all four." The one or  
 the four had to be supported on the interest of  
 75*l.*, yet Francke seems to have found that four  
 could be supported just as easily as one. One  
 of his most singular entries is, " To my sur-  
 prise, a public hangman came in to see me, and  
 brought me sixteen shillings, which, coming  
 from such a quarter, gave me new assurance of  
 the favour of God." — *Spectator.*



and many of his brother Arctic travellers, are enthusiastic in their endeavours to complete the record of Arctic discovery, and are anxious that the honour of this completion should not be taken from England. Among common sailors the Polar expeditions are, oddly enough, extremely popular, and should another be organized for reaching the North Pole, there will be no lack of willing hands to bring it to a successful issue.

There are several other papers in the Journal of much interest and value; but our space prevents a longer notice of their merits. Together they form a volume of immense scientific importance, and show that the Royal Geographical Society is relaxing none of its energy in prosecuting scientific discovery in all quarters of the world.

SWEDENBORG'S RELIGIOUS MADNESS.— In 1858 a small volume was offered for sale to the Royal Library at Stockholm. It proved to be a diary kept by Swedenborg between 1743 and 1744; and the extracts cited by Mr. White show that he passed through well-known stages of religious madness. A sense of desolation was experienced, though in a mild form; but soon, he says, "all was heavenly, clear at the time, but inexplicable now. In one word, I was in heaven, and heard speech that no tongue can utter, nor the glory and the innermost delight which followed this speech." He next believed that Jesus Christ appeared to him in person; and in the whole of his subsequent life he believed himself to be a divinely chosen instrument for conveying religious truth to man. As a curious instance of his mode of interpreting his visions, we find this entry: "Dr. Morsus appeared to be courting a handsome girl, and she allowed him to do with her what he liked. I joked with her because of her easy consent. She was a handsome girl, and grew taller and prettier. This means that I should obtain information and meditate about the muscles." In London, he appears to have gone quite out of his mind, stripping himself naked, and rolling in a deep muddy gutter; but he did not remain in this condition, and was soon able to take care of himself, and act rationally until his death, though seeing visions and receiving spiritual visitants nearly the whole time. Returning home, he resumed his official duties, and employed his leisure in learning Hebrew; but believing himself to have a divine mission, he soon

resigned his assessorship, and devoted the rest of his life to theological pursuits. The theological career of Swedenborg could only be fairly traced in connection with the history of religious thought. His followers consider that the reality of his alleged visits to heaven and hell, and the truth of his opinions, are shown by the force of internal evidence. No one doubts Swedenborg's veracity or honesty, and those whose minds impel them to accept his system as a matter of faith find no difficulty in believing that he was favoured above other mortals with a spiritual insight. Others, while admitting that his multitudinous writings contain many beautiful and true ideas, see no reason for entirely separating his case from thousands of others, in which cerebral disorder has existed, and given rise to analogous hallucinations. We do not intend to discuss or describe his theological views. They are tolerably well known, and his followers circulate them abundantly in tracts and publications easily obtained. One very fine thought occurs in his delineation of the spirit worlds, which he conceives to be untrammelled by limitations of space. Nearness of mind and heart, according to his philosophy, cause spirits to appear in each other's presence, and no physical journeying is necessary to bring together those whom active love and sympathy unite. As a rule, his statements concerning heaven and hell are nothing more than ingenious applications of the notion that terrestrial existence is the type of all existence. Joys and pains, temptations, clothes, houses, &c., &c., are, according to his descriptions, much the same in the spirit worlds as on earth, and it is difficult to understand how any one can see in such delineations proof of any thing more than an ingenious constructive faculty, acting more or less under the stimulus of cerebral disease. Great stress has been laid by some on Swedenborg's apparent knowledge of events not within the reach of ordinary faculties to discover. For example, at Guttenburg, he is reported to have described a fire then raging at Stockholm, 300 miles distant, and after appearing to watch the progress of the flames, he exclaimed, "Thank God, the fire is extinguished the third door from my house;" which proved to be correct. A few other stories of an analogous nature are handed down with evidence of authenticity more or less complete. Such narratives are, no doubt, puzzling. They belong to a very numerous class; and, in all ages, visions, dreams, and presentiments have occasionally proved true. To affirm that such cases cannot possibly be more than chance coincidences would be to assume a knowledge we do not possess, while to maintain that they are proofs of supernatural agency is to invent an explanation not warranted by the evidence.—*Intellectual Observer.*

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## WITH THE CHILDREN.

S. AND A.

SWEET Rose-in-bloom is almost three,  
And baby Alice scarcely one;  
The dearest girlies they to me  
The summer day doth smile upon.

Our baby with the blue, blue eyes,  
Our baby with the bonny hair!  
Sweet face, so sweet in its surprise,  
As if her little world more fair

And beautiful each loving day  
Unfolded with her tender bloom;  
Alas, the ministry of those  
Who have a baby in the room

Is love that longs to break the heart  
And find its wings to fold her close,  
The heavenly angel sweet and sad  
Whose guardianship asks no repose.

O Rose-in-bloom, and little love,  
Well may the fairest mother face  
Exquisite tenderness and grief  
Blend in ineffable embrace!

Her kisses press where tears have dropped,  
For love like hers, so pure, so blest,  
May only bend a little while,  
Its shelter wings above the nest!

S. P. B.

25 June, 1867.

## THE BRIDE AT SEA.

(Ship Arizona, June 21, 1867.)

FROM the Narrows to the Sea  
Glides the bark that beareth Thee!  
Southward points its eager prow:  
O, ye Tempests! Calm ye now.

Hatteras! lift thy morning star!  
Cheer the Pale One from afar:  
All serene be all thy sky,  
Smooth thy waves and waft her by.

Blow, ye Trade-Winds! Softly blow:  
Fan her spirits, rising slow;  
To her cheeks the rose restore,  
Eyes relume to dim no more.

Flower-Isles! set in liquid glass,  
Wreath your gates for her to pass,  
Midway hung, in mystic show,  
Heaven above and heaven below.

Rude, Caribbean Sea! be still;—  
Charm'd as by the Fair One's will:  
Let no wild wave break its thrall,  
From the Isles to Aspinwall.

Isthmus! o'er thy Sultry Land,  
Speed her to the Western strand;  
Like a dream her transit be,  
Every breath from evil free.

Great Pacific! world at large!  
Welcome thou this youthful charge:  
Bear the Atlantic's blooming boast,  
Like morning's blush along thy coast.

Then, like evening's glory, gay  
With gathered lights of all the day;  
Brilliant presage of the rise,  
Fairer yet, of other skies:—

Thus, with splendid memories wrought  
To firmaments of glorious thought;  
And hopes of happier times to come;  
Through the Golden Gateway—lead her home!

O, not alone! Still at her side,  
He leads who well deserves such bride:  
And a whole host debark at call,  
For Who saves her, so saveth all!

If, mid these shadowy symbols, we  
No more each other's form may see;  
A better prospect God hath given—  
Mary!—O, let us meet in heaven!

—Tribune.

## NOTES.

Stanza 2. "Pale One," not naturally, but sea-  
faringly.

Stanza 3. "Spirits, rising slow," beginning to re-  
cover.

Stanza 7. "Blooming boast," quite well, and rosy  
as ever.

Stanza 10. "Whole host," United States Regulars.

# THE TENANTS OF MALORY.

BY J. S. LE FANU,

Author of "Uncle Silas," "Guy Deverell," "The House by the Churchyard," &c., &c.

## CHAPTER I.

### CONCERNING TWO LADIES WHO SAT IN THE MALORY PEW.

THERE were tenants at last in Malory; and the curiosity of the honest residents of Cardyllian, the small and antique town close by, was at once piqued and mortified by the unaccountable reserve of these people.

For four years, except from one twisted chimney in the far corner of the old house, no smoke had risen from its flues. Tufts of grass had grown up between the paving-stones of the silent stable-yard, grass had crept over the dark avenue, which, making a curve near the gate, is soon lost among the sombre trees that throw a perpetual shadow upon it; the groves of nettles had spread and thickened among their trunks; and in the signs of neglect and decay, the monastic old place grew more than ever triste.

The pretty little Welsh town of Cardyllian stands near the shingle of a broad estuary, beyond which tower the noble Cambrian mountains, high and dim, tier above tier. Undulating hills, broken by misty glens, and clothed with woods, rise from the opposite shore, and are backed, range behind range, by the dim outlines of Alpine peaks and slopes, and flanked by purple and gold-tinted headlands, rising dome-like from the sea.

Between the town and the gray shingle stretches a strip of bright greensward, the Green of Cardyllian, along which rows of pleasant houses, with little gardens in front, look over the sea to the mountains.

It is a town quaint, old, and quiet. Many of the houses bear date anterior to the great civil wars of England, and on the oak beams of some are carved years of grass during which Shakespeare was still living among his friends, in Stratford-on-Avon.

At the end of long Castle-street rise the battlements and roofless towers of that grand old feudal fortress which helped to hold the conquest of Wales for the English crown in the days of tabards, lances, and the long-bow. Its other chief street strikes off at right angles and up hill from this, taking its name from the ancient church, which, with its churchyard, stands divided from it by a low wall of red sandstone, surmounted by one of those tall and fanciful iron rails, the knack of designing which seems to be a lost art in these countries.

There are other smaller streets and by-lanes, some dark with a monastic stillness, others thinly built, with little gardens and old plum and pear trees peeping over grass-grown walls, and here and there you light upon a fragment of that ancient town wall from which, in the great troubles which have helped to build up the glory of England, plumed cavaliers once parleyed with steel-capped Puritans. Thus the tints and shadows of a great history rest faintly even upon this out-of-the-way and serene little town.

The permanent residents of Cardyllian for half the year are idle, and for mere occupation are led to inquire into and report one another's sins, vanities, and misdeeds. Necessity thus educates them in that mutual interest in one another's affairs, and that taste for narrative, which pusillanimous people call prying and tattle. That the people now residing in Malory, scarcely a mile away, should have so totally defeated them was painful and even irritating.

It was next to impossible to take a walk near Cardyllian without seeing Malory; and thus their failure perpetually stared them in the face.

You can best see Malory from the high grounds which, westward of the town, overlook the estuary. About a mile away you descry a dark and rather widespread mass of wood, lying in a gentle hollow, which, I

think, deepens its sombre tint. It approaches closely to the long ripple of the sea, and through the foliage are visible some old chimneys and glimpses of gray gables. The refectory of the friary that once stood there, built of gray and reddish stones, half hid in ivy, now does duty as a barn. It is so embowered in trees, that you can scarcely, here and there, gain a peep from without at its tinted walls; and the whole place is overhung by a sadness and seclusion that well accord with its cloistered traditions. That is Malory.

It was Sunday now. Over the graves and tombstones of those who will hear its sweet music no more, the bell had summoned the townsfolk and visitors to the old church of Cardyllian.

The little town boasts, indeed, a beautiful old church, Gothic, with side-aisles, and an antique stained window, from which gloried saints and martyrs look down, in robes as rich and brilliant as we see now-a-days only upon the kings and queens of our court cards. It has also some fine old monuments of the Verney family. The light is solemn and subdued. There is a very sweet-toned organ, which they say is as old as the reign of Charles I., but I do not know how truly. In the porch are hung in chains two sacrilegious roundshot, which entered the church when Cromwell's general opened his fire, in those days of sorrow when the liberties of England were in the throes of a birth. Beside the brilliant stained window, engraven upon a brass plate, is a record of the same "solemn times," relating how certain careful men, to whom we are obliged, had taken down, enclosed in boxes, and buried, in hope of a typical resurrection, the ancient window which had for so long beautified "this church," and thus saved it from the hands of "violent and fanatical men."

When "the season" is still flourishing at Cardyllian, the church is sometimes very full. On the Sunday I speak of it was so. One pew, indeed, was quite relieved from the general pressure. It was the large panelled enclosure which stands near the communion rails, at the right as you look up the aisle toward the glowing window. Its flooring is raised a full foot higher than the surrounding level. This is the seat of the Verney family.

But one person performed his devotions in it, upon the day of which I speak. This was a tall, elegantly slight young man, with the indescribable air of careless fashion; and I am afraid he was much more peeped

at and watched than he ought to have been by good Christians during divine service.

Sometimes people saw but the edge of his black whisker, and the waves of his dark hair, and his lavender-gloved hand resting on the edge of the pew. At other times — when, for instance, during the Litany, he leaned over with his arms resting on the edge of the pew — he was very satisfactorily revealed, and elicited a considerable variety of criticism. Most people said he was very handsome, and so, I think, he was — a dark young man, with very large soft eyes, and very brilliant even teeth. Some people said he was spoiled by an insolent and selfish expression of countenance. Some ladies again said that his figure was perfect, while others alleged that there was a slight curve — not a stoop, but a bend at the shoulder, which they could not quite sanction.

The interest, and even anxiety, with which this young gentleman was observed, and afterwards discussed, were due to the fact that he was Mr. Cleve Verney, the nephew, not of the present Viscount Verney, but of the man who must very soon be so, and heir presumptive to the title — a position in the town of Cardyllian, hardly inferior to that of Prince of Wales.

But the title of Verney, or rather the right claimant of that title, was then, and had been for many years, in an extremely odd position. In more senses than one, a cloud rested upon him. For strong reasons, and in danger, he had vanished more than twenty years ago, and lived, ever since, in a remote part of the world, and in a jealous and eccentric mystery.

While this young gentleman was causing so many reprehensible distractions in the minds of other Christians, he was himself though not a creature observed it, undergoing a rather wilder aberration of a similar sort himself.

In a small seat at the other side, which seems built for privacy, with a high paneling at the sides and back, sat a young lady, whose beauty riveted and engrossed his attention in a way that seemed to the young gentleman, of many London seasons, almost unaccountable.

There was an old lady with her — a lady-like old woman, he thought her — slight of figure, and rubrically punctual in her up-risings, and down-sittings. The seat holds four with comfort, but no more. The oak casing round it is high. The light visits it through the glorious old eastern window, mellowed and solemnized — and in this

chiar'oscuro, the young lady's beauty had a transparent and saddened character which he thought quite peculiar. Altogether he felt it acting upon him with the insidious power of a spell.

The old lady — for the halo of interest of which the girl was the centre included her — was dressed, he at first thought, in black — but now he was nearly sure it was a purple silk.

Though she wore a grave countenance, suitable to the scene and occasion, it was by no means sombre — a cheerful and engaging countenance on the contrary.

The young lady's dress was one of those rich Welsh lineys, which exhibit a drape of thick-ribbed, dark gray silk, in great measure concealed by a short but ample cloak or coat of black velvet — altogether a costume, the gravity of which struck him as demure and piquant.

Leaning over the side of his pew, Mr. Cleve Verney prayed with a remarkable persistence in the direction of this seat. After the Litany, he thought her a great deal more beautiful than he had before it, and by the time the Communion service closed, he was sure he had never seen any one at all so lovely. He could not have fancied, in flesh and blood, so wonderful an embodiment of Guido's portrait of Beatrice Cenci. The exquisite brow, and large hazel eye, so clear and soft, so bold and shy. The face voluptuous, yet pure; *funeste* but innocent. The rich chestnut hair, the pearly whiteness, and scarlet lips, and the strange, wild, melancholy look — and a shadow of fate. Three-quarters, or full face, or momentary profile — in shade, now — in light — the same wonderful likeness still. The phantom of Beatrice was before him.

I can't say whether the young lady or the old observed the irregular worship directed towards their pew. Cleve did not think they did. He had no particular wish that they should. In fact, his interest was growing so strangely absorbing that something of that jealousy of observation which indicates a deeper sentiment than mere admiration, had supervened, and Mr. Cleve conducted his reconnoitring with alyness and caution.

That small pew over the way, he was nearly certain, belonged to Malory. Now Malory is a dower house of the Verneys. His own grandmother, the Venerable Dowager Lady Verney, as much to her annoyance the *Morning Post* respectfully called her, was at that time the incumbent. But though she held it with the inflexible gripe of an old lady whose rights were not to be trifled with, she would not reside, and the place

was, as I have said, utterly neglected, and the old house very much out of repair.

Why, then, should the Malory pew be thus tenanted? These ladies, he had no doubt, sat there of right — for if the seat had been opened to the congregation at large, in the then state of pressure, it would have been filled. Could they possibly be of kindred to the Verneys, and sit where they did by virtue of an order from the Dowager.

So Cleve Verney began to count up cousins whom he had never seen, and left off no wiser.

Close by this dark Malory pew, is a small side-door of the church. There is another like it, a little lower down, in the opposite wall, not far from the Verney pew, and through these emerge the files of worshippers, while the main column shuffles and pushes through the porch. So, when the Rector had pronounced his final blessing, Cleve Verney having improved the little silence that follows to get his hat and cane into his hand, glided from his seat before the mass of the congregation were astir, and emerging on the little gravel walk, stepped lightly down to the stone stile, from whence you command a view of every exit from the churchyard.

He stood with one foot upon it, like a man awaiting a friend, and looking listlessly toward the church. And as he loitered, a friend did turn up whom he very little expected to see. A young man, though hardly so young as Cleve — good-looking, decidedly, with light golden moustache, and a face so kind, frank, and merry, it made one happy to look at it.

"Ah! Sedley! I had not an idea. What brings you here?" said Cleve, smiling, and shaking his hand moderately, but keeping his large eyes steadily on the distant point at which he expected to see the unknown ladies emerge.

"Down here just for a day or two," answered Tom Sedley. "I was above you in the gallery. Did you see that beautiful creature in the Malory seat, right before you? By Jove, she's a stunning girl. There was an old woman with her. I think I never saw so beautiful a being."

"Well, I did see a pretty girl at the other side of the church, I *think*; isn't *that* she?" said Cleve, as he saw the two ladies — the younger with one of those short black veils which nearly obliterate the face of the wearer behind the intricacies of a thick lace pattern.

"By Jove! so it is," said Sedley; "come along — let us see where they go."

They were walking almost solitarily, followed only by an old servant who carried their books, toward the entrance at the further side of the churchyard, a small door opening upon a flight of steps by which you descend into one of the deserted back streets of Cardyllian.

Cleve and Sedley pursued as little conspicuously as possible. The quaint street into which the stone stairs led them follows the mouldering shelter of the old town wall.

Looking along the perspective of this street, if such the single row of small old houses confronting the dark ivied wall may be termed, the two young gentlemen saw the figures in pursuit of which they had entered it, proceeding in the direction of Malory.

"We mustn't get too near; let us wait a little, and let them go on," suggested Sedley in a whisper, as if the ladies could have overheard them.

Cleve laughed. He was probably the more eager of the two; but some men have no turn for confidences, and Cleve Verney was not in the habit of opening either his plans or his feelings to any one.

## CHAPTER II.

### ALL THAT THE DRAPER'S WIFE COULD TELL.

THIS street in a few hundred steps emerging from the little town changes its character into that of a narrow rural road, overhung by noble timber, and descending with a gentle curve toward the melancholy woods of Malory.

"How beautifully she walks, too! By Jove, she's the loveliest being I ever beheld. She's the most perfectly beautiful girl in England. How I wish some d—d fellow would insult her, that I might smash him, and have an excuse for attending her home."

So spoke enthusiastic Tom Sedley, as they paused to watch the retreat of the ladies, leaning over the dwarf stone wall, and half hidden by the furrowed stem of a gigantic ash-tree.

From this point, about a quarter of a mile distant from Malory, they saw them enter the wide iron gate, and disappear in the dark avenue that leads up to that sombre place.

"There! I said it was Malory," exclaimed Sedley, laying his hand briskly on Cleve's arm.

"Well I hope you're pleased; and tell me,

now, what stay do you make at Cardyllian, Tom? Can you come over to Ware — not to-morrow, for I'm not quite sure that I shall be there, but on Tuesday, for a day or two?"

No — Tom Sedley couldn't. He must leave to-morrow, or, at latest, on Tuesday morning; and, for to-day, he had promised to go to afternoon service with the Etherages, and then home to tea with them. He was to meet the party on the Green.

So after a little talk, they turned together toward the town; and they parted near the Verney Arms, where Cleve's dog-cart awaited him. Having given his order in the hall, he walked into the coffee-room, in which, seated demurely, and quite alone, he found stout Mrs. Jones, the draper's wife — suave, sedate, wearing a subdued Sabbath smile upon her broad and somewhat sly countenance.

Her smile expanded as Cleve drew near. She made a great and gracious courtesy, and extended her short fat hand, which Cleve Verney took and shook — for the tradition of homelier, if not kindlier times, still lingered in Cardyllian, and there were friendly personal relations between the great family and the dozen and a half of shopkeepers who constituted its commercial strength.

So Cleve Verney joked and talked with her, leaning on the back of a chair, with one knee on the seat of it. He was pleased to have lighted upon such a gossip as good Mrs. Jones, the draper, who was waiting for the return of her husband, who was saying a word to Mr. Watkyn Hughes, in the bar, about a loan of his black horse for a funeral next morning.

"So it seems Lady Verney has got a tenant in Malory?" he said at last.

"Yes, indeed, sir," she replied, in her most confidential manner; "and I hope — I do indeed — it may turn out such a thing as she would like."

Mrs. Jones usually spoke in low and significant tones, and with a mystery and caution worthy of deeper things than she often talked about.

"Why, is there any thing odd?" asked the young gentleman curiously.

"Well, it is not, now, altogether what I would wish for Lady Verney. I haven't seen any of the Malory family, excepting in church to-day; not one, indeed, sir; they are very strange; they never come into the town — not once since ever they came to Malory! but dear me! you know, sir, that might be, and yet every thing as we could wish, mightn't it; yes, sure; still you know,

people *will* be *talking*; it's a pity we don't mind our own business more, and let others be, isn't it, sir?"

"Great pity; but — but what's the matter?" urged Cleve Verney.

"Well, Master Cleve, you know Cardyl-ian, and how we *do talk* here; I don't say *more* than *other* places, but we *do*, and I do not like *repeatin'* every thing I hear. There's more mischief than good, *I think*, comes of *repeatin'* stories."

"Oh! come, pray what's the good of a story except to repeat it? I ought to know, perhaps I should tell Lady Verney about it," said Cleve, who was really curious, for nothing could be more quiet than the get up and demeanour of the ladies.

"They haven't been here, you know, very long," murmured Mrs. Jones earnestly.

"No, I *don't* know. I know nothing about it; *how* long?"

"Well, about five weeks — a little more; and we never saw the gentleman once; he's never been down to the town since he came; never, indeed, sir, not once."

"He shows his sense; doesn't he?"

"Ah, you were always pleasant, Master Cleve, but you don't think *so*; no, you don't *indeed*; his conduct is *really most singular*, he's never been outside the walls of Malory all that time, in the *daylight*; very odd; he has hired Christmass Owen's boat, and he goes out in it *every night*, unless twice, the wind was too high, and Owen didn't choose to venture his boat. He's a *tall* man, Christmass Owen says, and holds himself straight, like an officer, for people *will* be making *inquiries*, you know; and he has *gray* hair; not *quite* white, you know."

"How *should* I know?"

"Ah, ha! you were always *funny*; yes, indeed, but it is *gray*, gone *quite* gray, Christmass Owen says."

"Well, and what about the ladies?" inquired the young gentleman. "They're not gone gray, *all*? though I shouldn't wonder much, in Malory."

"The *ladies*? *Well*. There's *two*, you know; there's Miss Sheckleton, that's the elderly lady, and all the Malory accounts in the town is opened in her name. Anne Sheckleton, very *reg'lar* she is. I have nothing to say concerning her. They don't spend a *great deal*, you understand, but their money is *sure*."

"Yes, of course; but, you said, didn't you? that there was something not quite right about them."

"Oh, dear, no, sir: I did not say quite

*that*; nothing *wrong*, no sure, but very odd, sir, and most *unpleasant*, and that is all."

"And that's a good deal; isn't it?" urged Cleve.

"Well, it is something; it is *indeed* a *great deal*," Mrs. Jones emphasized oracularly.

"And *what* is it? what do you know of them, or the people here what do they *say*?"

"Well, they say, putting this and that together, and some hints from the servant that comes down to order things up from the town, for servants, you know, will be talking, that the family is *mad*."

"*Mad!*" echoed Cleve.

"That's what they say."

"The whole family are *mad!* and yet continue to manage their affairs as they do! By Jove, it is a comfort to find that people can get on without heads, on emergency."

"They don't say, no, dear me! that *all* that's in the house are mad; *only* the old man and the young lady."

"And what is she mad upon?"

"Well, they don't say. I don't know — melancholy I do suppose."

"And what is the old gentleman's name?"

"We don't *know*, the *servants* don't know, they say; they were hired by Miss Sheckleton, in Chester, and never saw the old gentleman, nor the young lady, till after they were two or three days in Malory; and one night comes a carriage, with a mad-house gentleman, they do say, a doctor, in charge of the old gentleman, and the young lady, poor thing! and so they were handed over by him, to Miss Sheckleton."

"And what sort of lunacies do they commit? They're not pulling down the house among them, I hope?"

"Very gentle — very. I'm told, quite, as you may say, *manageable*. It's a *very* sad thing, sir, but *what* a world it is! yes, indeed. Isn't it?"

"Ay, so it is. I've heard that, I think, before."

"You may have heard it from *me*, sir, and it's long been my feeling and opinion, dear me! The longer I live the more melancholy sights I see!"

"How long is Malory let for?"

"Can't say, indeed, sir. That is they may give it up every three months, but has the right to keep it two whole years, that is if they *like*, you understand."

"Well, it is rather odd. It was they who sat in the Malory seat to-day?"



"That was Miss Sheckleton, was the old lady; and the young one, didn't you think her very pretty, sir?"

"Yes — she's pretty," he answered carelessly. "But I really could not see very well."

"I was very near as she turned to leave — before she took down her veil — and I thought what a really *beautiful* creature she was!"

"And what do they call her?"

"Miss Margaret, sir."

"Margaret! a pretty name — rather. Oh! here's Mr. Jones;" and Mr. Jones was greeted — and talked a little — somewhat more distantly and formally than his goodwife had done — and Mr. and Mrs. Jones, with a dutiful farewell, set off upon their Sunday's ramble.

### CHAPTER III.

#### HOME TO WARE.

"MAD!" thought Cleve. "What an awful pity if she is. She doesn't *look* mad — melancholy she may. She does not look a *bit* mad. By Jove, I don't *believe* a word of it. It's utterly out of the question that the quiet old lady there could bring a mad girl to church with her. And, thus resolved, Cleve walked out of the coffee-room, and, awaiting his conveyance, stood on the steps of the Verney Arms, from whence he saw Wynne Williams, the portly solicitor of Cardyllian and of a wide circle of comfortable clients round it. Wynne Williams is omniscient. Nothing ever happens in Cardyllian that he does not know with precision.

"Wynne," Cleve called up the quiet little street, and the attorney, looking over his fat shoulder, arrested his deliberate walk, and marched swiftly back, smiling.

So there was another greeting; and some more questions ensued, and answers, and then said Cleve —

"So Malory's let, I hear."

"Yes," said the attorney, with a slight shrug.

"You don't like the bargain, I see," said Cleve.

"It's a mismanaged place, you know. Lady Verney won't spend a shilling on it, and we must only take what we can get. We haven't had a tenant for five years till now."

"And who has taken it?"

"The Reverend Isaac Dixie."

"The devil he has. Why old Dixie's not mad, is he?"

"No, he's no fool. More like the other thing — rather. Drove a hard bargain — but I wouldn't take it myself at the money."

"Doesn't he live there?"

"No. There's an old gentleman and two ladies; one of them an old woman."

"And what's the old gentleman's name, and the young lady's?"

"Don't know, indeed; and what does it matter?" The attorney was curious, and had taken some little trouble to find out. "The Reverend Isaac Dixie's the tenant, and Miss Sheckleton manages the family business; and devil a letter ever comes by post here, except to Miss Sheckleton or the servants."

"Old Mother Jones, the draper's wife, over the way, says the girl and the old fellow are mad."

"Don't believe it. More likely he's in a fix, and wants to keep out of sight and hearing just now, and Malory's the very place to hide a fellow in. It's just possible, you know, there may be a screw loose in the upper works; but I don't believe it, and don't for the world hint it to the old lady. She's half mad herself about mad people, and if she took that in her head, by Jove, she'd never forgive me," and the attorney laughed uneasily.

"You do think they're mad. By Jove, you do. I *know* you think they're mad."

"I *don't* think they're mad. I don't know any thing about them," said the good-humoured attorney, with Dundreary whiskers, leaning on the wooden pillar of the Verney Arms, and smiling provokingly in the young man's face.

"Come now, Wynne, I'll not tell the old lady, upon my honour. You may as well tell me all you know. And you *do* know; of course, you do; you *always* know. And these people living not a mile away! You *must* know."

"I see how it is. She's a pretty girl, and you want to pick up all about her, by way of inquiring after the old gentleman."

Verney laughed, and said —

"Perhaps you're right, though, I assure you, I didn't know it myself. But is the old fellow mad, or is there any madness among them?"

"I do assure you, I know no more than you do," laughed Mr. Wynne Williams.

"He may be as sober as Solomon, or as mad as a hatter, for any thing I know. It's nothing to me. He's only a visitor there, and the young lady, too, for that matter; and our tenant is the Reverend Isaac Dixie."

"Where is Dixie living now?"

"The old shop."

"I know. I wonder he has not wriggled on and up a bit. I always looked on Dixie as the bud of a dignitary; he has had time to burst into a Bishop since I saw him. Dixie and I have had some queer scenes together," and he laughed quietly over his recollections. "He and I spent three months once together in Malory, do you remember. I dare say he does. He was tutor and I pupil. Charming time. We used to read in the gun-room. That was the year they had the bricklayers and painters at Ware. Do you remember the day you came in exactly as I shielded the ink-bottle at his head? I dare say the mark's on the wall still. By Jove, I'd have killed him, I suppose, if I'd had the luck to hit him. You must come over and see me before I go. I'm quite alone; but I can give you a matton-chop and some claret, and I want to show you the rifle I told you of. You'll be delighted with it."

And so this young man, with large dark eyes, smiled and waved his farewell, and, with a groom behind him, drove at a rapid pace down the street, and away toward Ware.

"He'll do that seven miles in five and thirty minutes," thought the attorney, looking after him drowsily; and his speculation taking another turn, he thought mistily of his political possibilities, for he had been three years in the House, and was looked upon as a clever young man, and one who, having many advantages, might yet be — who could tell where, and have power to make the fortunes of many deserving attorneys.

Cleve meanwhile was driving at a great pace toward Ware. I don't suppose a town life — a life of vice, a life of any sort, has power to kill the divine spark of romance in a young man born with imagination.

Malory had always had a strange and powerful interest for him. A dower house now, it had once been the principal mansion of his family. Over it, to his eye, hung, like the sombre and glowing phantasms of a cloudy sunset, the story of the romance, and the follies and the crimes of generations of the Verneys of Malory. The lordly old timber that rise about its chimneys and gables, seemed to him the mute and melancholy witnesses of bygone tragedies and glories.

There, too, in the Steward's House, a veritable relic of the ancient Friary, lived dreamy old Rebecca Mervyn; he wondered how he had forgotten to ask whether she was still

there. She had seemed to his boyish fancy one of those delightful German ambiguities — half human, half ghost; her silent presents of taffy, and faint wintry smile and wandering gaze, used to thrill him with "a pleasing terror." He liked her, and yet he would have been afraid to sit alone in her latticed room with that silent lady, after twilight. Poor old Rebecca! It was eight years since he had last seen her tall, and, silent form, — silent, except when she thought herself alone, and used to whisper and babble as she looked with a wild and careworn gaze over the sea, toward the mighty mountains that build it round, line over line, till swell and peak are lost in misty distance. He used to think of the Lady of Branksome Tower, and half believe that old Rebecca was whispering with the spirits of the woods and cataracts, and lonely headlands, over the water.

"Is old Rebecca Mervyn there still?" he wondered on. "Unless she's dead, poor thing, she is — for my grandmother would never think of disturbing her, and she shall be my excuse for going up to Malory. I ought to see her."

The door of her quaint tenement stood by the court-yard, its carved stone chimney top rose by the roof of the dower-house, with which, indeed, it was connected. "It won't be like crossing their windows, or knocking at their hall door. I shan't so much as enter the court-yard, and I really ought to see the poor old thing."

The duty would not have been so urgent, had the face that appeared in church that day been less lovely.

He had never troubled himself for eight years about the existence of old Rebecca. And now that the image, after that long interval, suddenly returned, he for the first time asked himself why old Rebecca Mervyn was over there? He had always accepted her presence as he did that of the trees, and urns, and old lead statues in the yew walk, as one of the properties of Malory. She was a sort of friend or client of his grandmother's — not an old servant plainly, not even a housekeeper. There was an unconscious refinement, and an air of ladyhood in this old woman. His grandmother used to call her Mrs. Mervyn, and treated her with a sort of distinction and distance that had in it both sympathy and reserve.

"I dare say Wynne Williams knows all about her, and I'll go and see her, at all events." So he thought as his swift trotter flew under the noble trees of Ware, along the picturesque road which commands the

seaward view of that unrivalled estuary flanked by towering headlands, and old Pandillion, whose distant outline shows like a gigantic sphinx crouching lazily at the brink of the sea. Across the water now he sees the old town of Cardyllian, the church-tower and the ruined Castle, and, farther down, sad and sequestered, the dark wood and something of the gray front of Malory blurred in distance, but now glowing with a sort of charm that was fast deepening into interest.

## CHAPTER IV.

## ON THE GREEN OF CARDYLLIAN.

WARE is a great house, with a palatial front of cut stone. The Hon. Kiffyn Fulke Verney seldom sees it. He stands next to the title, and that large residue of the estates which go with it. The title has got for the present into an odd difficulty, and cannot assert itself; and those estates are, pending the abeyance, compulsorily at nurse, where they have thriven, quite thrown off their ailments and incumbrances, and grown phethorically robust.

Still the Hon. Kiffyn Fulke Verney is not, as the lawyers say, in perception of one shilling of their revenues. He feels indeed that he has grown in importance—that people seem more pleased to see him, that he is listened to much better, that his jokes are taken and laughed at, and that a sceptical world seems to have come at last to give him credit for the intellect and virtues of which he is conscious. All this, however, is but the shadow of the substance which seems so near, and yet is intangible.

No wonder he is a little peevish. His nephew and heir presumptive—Cleve—runs down now and then for shooting or yachting; but his uncle does not care to visit Ware, and live in a corner of the house. I think he liked the people of Cardyllian, and of the region round about, to suffer and resent with him. So they see his face but seldom.

Cleve Verney sat, after dinner, at an open window of Ware, with one foot on the broad window-stone, smoking his cigar, and gazing across the dark blue sheet of water, whose ripples glimmered by this time bright in the moonlight, toward the misty wood of Malory.

Cleve Verney is a young man of accomplishment, and of talents, and of a desultory and tumultuous ambition, which sometimes engrosses him wholly, and sometimes sickens and loses its appetite. He is conceited—

affecting indifference, he loves admiration. The object for the time being seizes his whole soul. The excitement of even a momentary pursuit absorbs him. He is reserved, capricious, and impetuous—knows not what self-mortification is, and has a pretty taste for dissimulation.

He is, I think, extremely handsome. I have heard ladies pronounce him fascinating. Of course, in measuring his fascinations, his proximity to a title and great estates was not forgotten; and he is as amiable as a man can be who possesses all the qualities I have described, and is selfish besides.

Now Cleve Verney was haunted, or rather possessed, for the present, by the beautiful phantom—sane or mad, saint or sinner—who had for so long, in that solemn quietude and monotony so favourable for the reception of fanciful impressions, stood or sat, nun-like, book in hand, before him that day. So far from resisting, he encouraged this little delirium. It helped him through his solitary evening.

When his cigar was out, he still looked out toward Malory. He was cultivating his little romance. He liked the mystery of it. "Margaret—Margaret," he repeated softly. He fancied that he saw a light for a moment in the window of Malory, like a star. He could not be sure; it might be the light of a boat. Still it was an omen—the emblem of life—an answer of hope.

How very capricious all this was! Here was a young man, before whom yearly the new blown beauties of each London season passed in review—who fancied he had but to choose among them all—who had never experienced a serious passion, hardly even a passing sentiment—now strangely moved and interested by a person whom he had never spoken to—only seen—who had seemed unaffectedly unconscious of his presence; who possibly had not even seen him; of whose kindred and history he knew nothing, and between whom and himself there might stand some impassable gulf.

Cleve was in the mood to write verses; but that relief, like others, won't always answer the invocation of the sufferer. The muse is as coy as death. So instead, he wrote a line to the Rev. Isaac Dixie, of Clay Rectory, in which he said—

"My dear Dixie,

You remember when I used to call you 'Mr. Dixie,' and 'Sir.' I conjure you by the memory of those happy days of innocence and Greek grammar, to take pity on my loneliness, and come here to Ware,

where you will find me pining in solitude. Come just for a day. I know your heart is in your parish, and I shan't ask you to stay longer. The *Wave*, my cutter, is here; you used to like a sail (he knew that the Rev. Isaac Dixie suffered unutterably at sea, and loathed all nautical enjoyments), or you can stay in the house, and tumble over the books in the library. I will make you as comfortable as I can; only do come and oblige,

Your old pupil,  
CLEVE VERNEY.

P.S. — I shall be leaving this *immediately*, so pray answer in person, by return. You'll get this at nine o'clock to-morrow morning at Clay. If you take the 11.40 train to Llwynon — you see I have my "Bradshaw" by me — you will be there at four, and a fly will run you across to Cardyllian in little more than an hour, and there you will find me, expecting, at the Chancery; you know Wynne Williams's old house in Castle-street. I assure you, I really do want to see you, *particularly*, and you must not fail me. I shan't detain you a moment longer than your parish business will allow. Heavens, what a yarn have I post-scribbled!"

He walked down to the pretty little village of Ware, which consists of about a dozen and a half of quaint little houses, and a small venerable church, situated by the road that winds through a wooded glen, and round the base of the hill by the shore of the moonlighted waters.

It was a romantic ramble. It was pleasant, because it commanded, across the dark blue expanse, with its flashing eddies, a misty view, now hardly distinguishable, of Malory, and, pleasanter still, because his errand was connected with those tenants of old Lady Verney's, of whom he was so anxious to learn *anything*.

When Tom Sedley, with the light whiskers, merry face, and kind blue eyes, had parted company that afternoon, he walked down to the Green of Cardyllian. In the middle of September there is a sort of second season there; you may then see a pretty gathering of muslins of all patterns, and silks of every hue, floating and rustling over the Green, with due admixture of

White waist-coats and black,  
Blue waist-coats and gray,

with all proper varieties of bonnet and hat, pork-pie, wide-awake, Jerry, and Jim Crow. There are nautical gentlemen, and

gentlemen in Knickerbockers; fat commercial gents in large white waistcoats, and starched buff cravats; touring curates in spectacles and "chokers," with that smile proper to the juvenile cleric, curiously meek and pert; all sorts of persons, in short, making brief holiday, and dropping in and out of Cardyllian, some just for a day and off again in a fust, and others dawdling away a week, or perhaps a month or two, serenely.

It's hey-day of fashion has long been past and over; but though the "fast" people have gone elsewhere, it is still creditably frequented. Tom Sedley was fond of the old town. I don't think he would have reviewed the year at its close, with a comfortable conscience, if he had not visited Cardyllian, "slow" as it certainly was, some time in its course.

It was a sunny Sunday afternoon, the Green looked bright, and the shingle glittered lazily beyond it, with the estuary rippling here and there into gleams of gold, away to the bases of the glorious Welsh mountains, which rise up from the deepest purple to the thinnest gray, and with many a dim rift and crag, and wooded glen, and slope, varying their gigantic contour.

Tom Sedley, among others, showed his reverence for the Sabbath, by mounting a well brushed chimney-pot. No one, it is well established, can pray into a Jerry. The musical bell from the gray church tower hummed sweetly over the quaint old town, and the woods and hollows round about; and on a sudden, quite near him, Tom Sedley saw the friends of whom he had been in search!

The Etherage girls, as the ancient members of the family still called them, were two in number. Old Vane Etherage of Hazelden, a very pretty place, about twenty minutes' walk from the Green of Cardyllian, has been twice married. The result is, that the two girls belong to very different periods. Miss Charity is forty-five by the parish register, and Miss Agnes, of the blue eyes and golden hair, is just nineteen and four months.

Both, smiling after their different fashions, advanced upon Tom, who strode up to them with his chimney pot in one hand, and waving and kissing the other, and smiling prodigiously.

Miss Charity, of the long waist, and long thin brown face, and somewhat goggle eyes, was first up, and asked him very volubly, at least eleven kind questions, before she had done snaking his hand, all which he answered them, laughing, and at last, said he —

"Little Agnes, are you going to cut me?"

How well you look! Certainly there's no place on earth like Cardyllian, for pretty complexions is there?"

He turned for confirmation to the curious-brown thin countenance of Miss Charity, which smiled, and nodded acquiescence. "You're going to-morrow, you say; that's a great pity; every thing looking so beautiful."

"*Every thing*," acquiesced Tom Sedley, with an arch glance at Agnes, who blushed, and said merrily—

"You're just the same old fool you always were, Tom; and we don't mind one word you say."

"Aggie, my dear!" said her sister, who carried down the practice of reproof from the nursery; and it was well, I suppose, that Miss Aggie had that arbitress of proprieties always beside her.

"I suppose you have no end of news to tell me. Is any one going to be married? Is any one dying, or any one christened? I'll hear it all by and by. And who are your neighbours at Malory?"

"Oh, quite charming!" exclaimed Miss Agnes eagerly. "The most mysterious people that ever came to a haunted house. You know Malory has a ghost."

"Nonsense, child. Don't mind her, Mr. Sedley," said Miss Charity. "I wonder how you can talk so foolishly."

"Oh, that's nothing new. Malory's been haunted as long as I can remember," said Tom.

"Well, I did not think Mr. Sedley could have talked like that!" exclaimed Miss Charity.

"Oh, by Jove, I know it. *Every one* knows it that ever lived here. Malory's full of ghosts. None but very queer people could think of living there; and Miss Agnes, you were going to say"—

"Yes, they are awfully mysterious. There's an old man who stalks about at night, like the ghost in "Hamlet," and never speaks, and there's a beautiful young lady, and a gray old woman who calls herself Anne Sheekleton. They shut themselves up so closely—you can't imagine. Some people think the old man is a maniac or a terrible culprit."

"Highly probable," said Tom; "and the old woman a witch, and the young lady a vampire."

"Well, hardly that," laughed Miss Agnes, "for they came to church to-day?"

"How can you both talk such folly," interposed Miss Charity.

"But you know they would not let Mr. Pritchard up to the house," pleaded Miss

Agnes. Mr. Pritchard, the curate, you know"—this was to Tom Sedley—"he's a funny little man—he preached to-day—very good and zealous, and all that—and he wanted to push his way up to the house; and the cross old man they have put to keep the gate took him by the collar, and was going to beat him. Old Captain Shrapnell says he *did* beat him with a child's cricket-bat; but *he hates* Mr. Pritchard, so I'm not sure; but, at all events, he was turned out in disgrace, and blushes and looks dignified ever since whenever Malory is mentioned. Now, every one here knows what a good little man poor Mr. Pritchard is, so it must have been sheer hatred of religion that led to his being turned out in that way."

"But the ladies were in church, my dear Aggie; we saw them, Mr. Sedley, *to-day*; they were in the Malory pew."

"Oh, indeed?" said Tom Sedley artfully; "and you saw them pretty distinctly, I dare say."

"The young lady is quite beautiful, we thought. I'm so sorry you were not in our seat; though, indeed, people ought not to be staring about them in church; but you would have admired her immensely."

"Oh, I saw them. They were the people nearly opposite to the Verney's seat, in the small pew? Yes, they were—that is, the young lady, I mean, was perfectly lovely," said little Tom, who could not with any comfort practise a reserve.

"See, the people are beginning to hurry off to church; it must be time to go," said Charity.

So the little party walked up by the courthouse into Castle-street, and so turned into quaint old Church-street, walking demurely, and talking very quietly to the solemn note of the old bell.

## CHAPTER V.

### A VISIT TO HAZELDEN.

THEY all looked toward the Malory seat on taking their places in their own; but that retreat was deserted now, and remained so, as Tom Sedley at very brief intervals ascertained, throughout the afternoon service; after which, with a secret sense of disappointment, honest Sedley escorted the Etherage "girls" up the steep road that leads through the wooded glen of Hazelden to the hospitable house of old Vane Etherage.

Every one in that part of the world knows that generous, pompous, and boisterous old

gentleman. You could no more visit Cardyllian without seeing Vane Etherage, than you could visit Naples without seeing Vesuvius. He is a fine portly bust, but little more. In his waking hours he lives alternately in his Bath chair and in the great leathern easy-chair in his study. He manages to shuffle very slowly, leaning upon his servant on one side, and propped on his crutch at the other, across the hall of the Cardyllian Club, which boasts about six-and-thirty members, beside visitors, and into the billiard-room, where he takes possession of the chair by the fire, and enjoys the agreeable conversation of Captain Shrapnell, hears all about the new arrivals, who they are, what screws are loose, and where, and generally all the gossip and scandal of the little commonwealth of Cardyllian.

Vane Etherage had served in the navy, and, I believe, reached the rank of captain. In Cardyllian he was humourously styled "the Admiral," when people spoke of him, not to him; for old Etherage was fiery and consequential, and a practical joke which commenced in a note from an imaginary secretary, announcing that "The Badger's Hunt" would meet at Hazelden House on a certain day, and inducing hospitable preparations, for the entertainment of those nebulous sportsmen, was like to have had a sanguinary ending. It was well remembered that when young Sniggers of Sligh Farm apologised on that occasion, old Etherage had arraigned with Captain Shrapnell, who was to have been his second, that the Admiral was to fight in his Bath chair — an evidence of resource and resolution which was not lost upon his numerous friends.

"How do you do, Sedley? Very glad to see you, Tom — very glad indeed, sir. You'll come to-morrow and dine; you must, indeed — and next day. You know our Welsh mutton — you do — you know it well; it's better here than in any other place in the world — in the whole world, sir; the Hazelden mutton, and, egad, you'll come here — you shall, sir — and dine here with us to-morrow; mind, you shall."

The Admiral wore a fez, from beneath which his gray hair bushed out rather wildly, and he was smoking through an enormous hubble-bubble pipe as Tom Sedley entered his study, accompanied by the ladies.

"He says he's to go away to-morrow," said Miss Charity, with an upbraiding look at Sedley.

"Pooh — nonsense — not *he* — not *you*, Tom — not a bit, sir. We won't let you. Girls, we won't *allow* him to go. Eh? —

No — no — you dine here to-morrow, and next day."

"You're very kind, sir; but I promised, if I am still in Cardyllian to-morrow, to run over to Ware, and dine with Verney."

"What Verney?"

"Cleve Verney."

"D — him."

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Miss Charity, grimly.

"Boh! — I hate him — I hate *all* the Verneys," bawled old Vane Etherage, as if hating were a duty and a generosity.

"Oh — no, papa — you *know* you don't — that would be *extremely wicked*," said Miss Charity, with that severe superiority with which she governed the Admiral.

"Begad, you're always telling me I'm wicked — and we know where the *wicked* go — that's catechism, I believe — so I'd like to know where's the difference between that and d — ing a fellow?" exclaimed the portly bust, and blew off his wrath with a testy laugh.

"I think we had better put off our bonnets and coats? — The language is becoming rather strong — and the tobacco," said Miss Charity, with dry dignity, to her sister, leaving the study as she did so.

"I thought it might be that *Kiffyn* Verney — the uncle fellow — Honorable Kiffyn Verney — *dis-honorable*, I call him — that old dog, sir, he's no better than a cheat — and I'd be glad of an opportunity to tell him so to his face, sir — you have no *idea*, sir, how he has behaved to me!"

"He has the character of being a very honorable man, sir — I'm sorry you think so differently," said honest Tom Sedley, who always stood up for his friends, and their kindred — "and Cleve — I've known from my childhood, and I assure you, sir, a franker or more generous fellow I don't suppose there is on earth."

"I know nothing about the jackanape, except that he's nephew of his roguish old uncle," said the florid old gentleman with the short high nose, and double chin. "He wants to take up Llanderis, and he *shan't* have it. He's under covenant to renew the lease, and the devil of it is, that between me and Wynne Williams we have put the lease astray — and I can't find it — nor *he* either — but it will turn up — I don't care twopence about it — but no one shall humbug me — I won't be gammoned, sir, by all the Verneys in England. *Stuff* — sir!"

Then the conversation took a happier turn. The weather was sometimes a little squally with the Admiral — but not often — genial and boisterous — on the whole

sunny and tolerably serene — and though he sometimes threatened high and swore at his servants, they knew it did not mean a great deal, and liked him.

People who lived all the year round in Cardyllian, which from November to May, every year, is a solitude, fall into those odd ways and little self-indulgences which gradually metamorphose men of the world into humorists and grotesques. Given a sparse population, and difficult intercommunication, which in effect constitute solitude, and you have the conditions of barbarism. Thus it was that Vane Etherage had grown uncouth to a degree that excited the amazement of old contemporaries who happened, from time to time, to look in upon his inviolated retirement at Cardyllian.

The ladies and Tom Sedley, in the drawing-room, talked very merrily at tea, while old Vane Etherage, in his study, with the door between the rooms wide open, amused himself with a nautical volume and his terrestrial globe.

"So," said Miss Agnes, "you admired the Malory young lady — Margaret, our maid says, she is called — very much to-day."

"I did, by Jove. Didn't you?" said Tom, well pleased to return to the subject.

"Yes," said Agnes, looking down at her spoon — "Yes, I admired her; that is, her features are very regular; she's what I call extremely handsome; but there are prettier girls."

"Here, do you mean?"

"Yes — here."

"And who are they?"

"Well, I don't say here *now*; but I do think those Miss Dartmores, for instance, who were here last year, and used to wear those blue dresses, were decidedly prettier. The heroine of Malory, whom you have fallen in love with, seems to me to want animation."

"Why, she couldn't show a great deal of animation over the Litany," said Tom.

"I did not see her then; I happened to be praying myself during the Litany," said Miss Agnes, recollecting herself.

"It's more than *I* was," said Tom.

"You ought not to talk that way, Mr. Sedley. It isn't nice. I wonder you can," said Miss Charity.

"I would not say it, of course, to strangers," said Tom. "But then, I'm so intimate here — and it's really true, that is, I mean, it was to-day."

"I wonder what you go to church for," said Miss Charity.

"Well, of course, you know, it's to pray; but I look at the bonnets a little, also; every fellow does. By Jove, if they'd only say truth, I'm certain the clergymen peep — I often saw them. There's that little fellow, the Rev. Richard Pritchard, the curate, you know — I'd swear I've seen that fellow watching you, Agnes, through the chink in the reading-desk door, while the sermon was going on; and I venture to say he did not hear a word of it."

"You ought to tell the rector, if you really saw that," said Miss Charity severely.

"Pray, do no such thing," entreated Agnes; "a pleasant situation for me!"

"Certainly, if Mr. Pritchard behaves himself as you describe," said Miss Charity; "but I've been for hours shut up in the same room with him — sometimes here, and sometimes at the school — about the children, and the widows' fund, and the parish charities, and I never observed the slightest levity; but you are joking, I'm sure."

"I'm *not*, upon my honour. I don't say it's the least harm. I don't see how he can help it; I know if *I* were up in the air — in a reading-desk, with a good chink in the door, where I thought no one could see me, and old Doctor Splayfoot preaching his pet sermon over my head — *wouldn't* I peep? — that's all."

"Well, I really think, if he makes a habit of it, I *ought* to speak to Doctor Splayfoot. I think it's my *duty*," said Miss Charity, sitting up very stiffly, as she did when she spoke of duty; and when once the notion of a special duty got into her head, her inflexibility, as Tom Sedley and her sister Agnes knew, was terrifying.

"For mercy's sake, my dear Charry, do think of *me*! If you tell Doctor Splayfoot, he'll be certain to tell it all to Wynne Williams and Doctor Price Apjohn; and every creature in Cardyllian will know everything about it, and a great deal more, before two hours; and once for all, if that ridiculous story is set afloat, into the church door I'll never set my foot again."

Miss Agnes' pretty face had flushed crimson, and her lip quivered with distress.

"How can you be such a fool, Aggie! I'll only say it was at *our seat*, and no one can possibly tell which it was at — you or I; and I'll certainly tell Doctor Splayfoot that Mr. Sedley saw it."

"And I'll tell the Doctor," said Sedley, who enjoyed the debate immensely, "that I neither saw nor said any such thing."

"I don't think, Thomas Sedley, you'd do any thing so excessively wicked!" exclaimed Miss Charity, a little fiercely.

"Try me," said Tom, with an exulting little laugh.

"Every gentleman tells the truth," thrust abe.

"Except where it makes mischief," parried Tom, with doubtful morality and another mischievous laugh.

"Well, I suppose I had better say nothing of *Christianity*. But what you do is your own affair! my duty I'll perform. I shall think it over; and I shan't be ruffled by any folly intended to annoy me." Miss Charity's thin brown cheeks had flushed to a sort of madder crimson. Excepting these flashes of irritability, I can't charge her with many human weaknesses. "I'll not say *who* he looked at — I've promised that; but, unless I change my present opinion, Doctor Splayfoot shall hear the whole thing to-morrow. I think in a clergyman any such conduct in church is *unpardonable*. The effect on other people is positively ruinous. You, for instance, would not have talked about such things in the light you do, if you had not been encouraged in it by seeing a clergyman conducting himself so."

"Mind, you've promised poor little Agnes, you'll not bring her into the business, no matter what I do," said Sedley.

"I have certainly."

"Well, I'll stay in Cardyllian tomorrow, and I'll see Doctor Splayfoot." Sedley was buttoning his coat and pulling on his gloves, with a wicked smile on his good-humoured face. "And I'll tell him that you think the curate ogles you through a hole in the reading-desk. That you like him, and he's very much gone about you; and that you wish the affair brought to a point; and that you're going to appeal to him — Doctor Splayfoot — to use his authority either to effect *that*, or to stop the ogling. I will, upon my honour!"

"And I shall speak to papa to prevent it," said Miss Charity, who was fierce and literal.

"And that will bring about a duel, and he'll be shot in his Bath chair, and I shall be hanged —" old Vane Etherage, with his spectacles on, was plodding away serenely at the little table by the fire, over his *Naval Chronicle* — "and Pritchard will be deprived of his curacy, and you'll go mad, and Agnes will drown herself like Ophelia, and a nice little tragedy you'll have brought about. Good night; I'll not disturb him" — he glanced toward the unconscious Admiral — "I'll see you both to-morrow, after I've spoken to the Rector." He kissed his hand, and was gone.

## CHAPTER VI.

## MALORY BY MOONLIGHT.

WHEN Tom Sedley stepped out from the glass door on the gravel walk, among the autumn flowers and the evergreens in the pleasant moonlight, it was just nine o'clock, for in that primitive town and vicinage people keep still wonderfully early hours.

It is a dark and lonely walk, down the steep Hazelden-road, by the side of the wooded glen, from whose depths breaks and rises the noise of the mill-stream. The path leads you down the side of the glen, with dense forest above and below you; the rocky steep ascending at the left hand, the wooded precipice descending into utter darkness at your right, and beyond that black against the sky, the distant side of the wooded ravine. Cheery it was to emerge from the close overhanging trees, and the comparative darkness, upon the high road to Cardyllian, which follows the sweep of the estuary to the high street of the town, already quiet as at midnight.

The moon shone so broad and bright, the landscape looked so strange, and the air was so frosty and pleasant, that Tom Sedley could not resist the temptation to take a little walk which led him over the Green, and up the steep path overhanging the sea, from which you command so fine a view of the hills and headlands of the opposite side, and among other features of the landscape, of Malory, lying softly in its dark and misty woodlands.

Moonlight, distance, hour, solitude, aided the romance of my friend Tom Sedley, who stood in the still air, and sighed toward that antique house.

With arms folded, his walking-cane grasped in his right hand, and passed, sword fashion, under his left arm, I know not what martial and chivalric aspirations concerning death and combat rose in his good-natured heart, for in some temperaments the sentiment of love is mysteriously associated with the combative, and our homage to the gentler sex connects itself magnanimously with images of wholesale assault and battery upon the other. Perhaps if he could have sung, a stave or two might have relieved his mind; or even had he been eloquent in the language of sentiment. But his vocabulary, unhappily, was limited, and remarkably prosaic; and not even having an appropriate stanza by rote, he was fain to betake himself to a cigar, smoking which, he at his leisure walked down the hill toward Malory.



Halfway down, he seated himself upon the dwarf wall, at the roadside, and, by the ivied stem of a huge old tree, smoked at his ease, and sighed now and then.

"I can't understand it—it is like some confounded witchcraft," said he. I can't get her out of my head."

I dare say it was about the same time that his friend Cleve Verney was performing, though not with so sublime an enthusiasm, his romantic devotions in the same direction, across the flickering water, from Wars.

As he stood and gazed, he thought he saw a figure standing near the water's edge on the shingle that curves in front of Malory.

If a living figure, it was very still. It looked gray, nearly white, in the moonlight. Was there an upright shaft of stone there, or a post to moor the boats by? He could not remember.

He walked slowly down the road. "By Jove! I think it's moving," he said aloud, pulling up all at once and lowering his cigar. "No, it isn't moving, but it *did* move, I think—yes, it has changed it's ground a little—hasn't it? Or is it only my standpoint that's changed?"

He was a good deal nearer now, and it did look much more like a human figure—tall and slight, with a thin gray cloak on—but he could not yet be quite certain. Was there not a resemblance in the proportions—tall and slight? The uncertainty was growing intense; there was a delightful confusion of conjecture. Tom Sedley dropped his cigar, and hastened forward with an instinctive stealthiness in his eagerness to arrive before this figure—if such it were—should be scared away by his approach.

He was now under the shadow of the tall trees that overhang the outer wall of Malory, and cast their shadows some way down upon the sloping shore, near the edge of which a tall female figure was undoubtedly standing, with her feet almost touching the ripple of the water, and looking steadfastly in the direction of the dim headland of Pendillion, which at the far side, guards the entrance of the estuary.

In the wall of Malory, at some three hundred yards away from the gate, is a small door, a little sally-port that opens a nearly direct access from the house to the rude jetty where the boats are sometimes moored. This little door stood now wide open, and through it the figure had of course emerged.

Tom Sedley now for the first time began

to feel a little embarrassed. The general privacy of the place, the fact that the jetty, and in point of law the strand itself, here, belonged to Malory, from which the private door which still stood open, showed that the lady had emerged—all these considerations made him feel as if he were guilty of an impertinence, and very nearly of a trespass.

The lady stood quite still, looking across the water. Tom Sedley was upon the road that skirts the wall of Malory, in the shadow of the great trees. It would not have done to walk straight across the shingle to the spot where the lady stood, neither could he place himself so as to intercept her return to the doorway, directly; so, as a less obvious stratagem, he made a detour, and sauntering along the water's edge, like a man intent solely on the picturesque, with a beating heart he approached the female, who maintained her pose quite movelessly until he had approached within a few steps.

Then she turned, suddenly, revealing an old and almost agonized face, that looked, in the intense moonlight, white, and fixed as if cut in stone. There is something ludicrous in the sort of shock which Tom Sedley experienced. He stood staring at the old lady with an expression which, if she had apprehended it, would not have flattered her feminine self-esteem, if any of that good quality remained to her.

"I beg your pardon sir," said the old woman, with a nervous eagerness, drawing near. "But, pray, can you see a sail in that direction, a yawl, sir, they call it, just *there*?"—she pointed—"I fancied about two miles beyond that vessel that lies at anchor *there*!" I can't see it now, sir, can you?"

She had come so close that Sedley could see not only the deep furrows, but the finely etched wrinkles about the large eyes that gazed on him, and from him to the sea, with an imploring stare.

"There's no sail, ma'am, between us and Pendillion," said Sedley, having first raised his hat deferentially, for did not this strange old lady with her gray mantle drawn over her head, nevertheless, represent Malory, and was not Malory saddened and glorified by the presence of that beautiful being whom he had told himself a thousand times since morning service, he never, *never* could forget."

"Ha, ha! I thought I saw it, exactly, sir, in *that* direction; pray look more carefully, sir, my old eyes tire, and fail me."

"No, ma'am, positively nothing there. How long ago is it since you first saw it?"

"Ten — twenty — minutes, it must be."

"A yawl will run a good way in that time, ma'am," said Tom with a little shake of his head, and a smile. "The yawl they had at Ware last year would make eight knots an hour in this breeze, light as it is. She might have been up to Bryll by this time, or down to Pendrewist, but there's no sail, ma'am, either way."

"Oh! sir, are you very sure?"

"Quite sure, ma'am. No sail in sight, except that brig just making the head of Pendillion, and that can't be the sail you saw, for she wasn't in sight twenty minutes since. There's nothing more, ma'am, except boats at anchor."

"Thank you, sir," said the lady, still looking across the water, and with a deep sigh. "No, I suppose there's none. It sometimes happens to me, fancy, I suppose, and long expectation, from my window, looking out. It's a clear view, between the trees, across the bay to Pendillion; my eyes tire, I think; and so I fancy I see it. Knowing, that is, feeling so very sure, it will come again. Another disappointment for a foolish old woman. I sometimes think it's all a dream." She had turned and was now stumbling over the large loose stones toward the door. "Foolish dreams — foolish head — foolish old head, yet, sir, it may be that which goes away may come back, all except life. I've been looking out that way," and she turned and moved her hand towards the distant headlands. "You see nothing?"

"No sail, ma'am," answered Tom.

"No, no sail," she repeated to the shingle under her feet, as she picked her steps again homeward.

"A little longer — another wait; wait patiently. Oh! God, how slowly years and months go over!"

"May I see you to the door, ma'am?" asked Tom Sedley, prosaically. The old lady, thinking, I dare say, of other things, made him no answer, a silence which he accepted as permission, and walked on beside her, not knowing what to say next, and terribly anxious to hit upon something, and try to found an acquaintance. The open door supplied him.

"Charming place this Cardyllian, ma'am. I believe no one ever was robbed in it. They leave their doors open half the night, just like that."

"Do they, indeed?" said she. I think she had forgotten her companion altogether in the interval. "I don't remember. It's fifteen years and upwards, since I was there."

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I live here, at Malory." She nodded, and raised her eyes to his face as she spoke.

Suddenly she stopped, and looked at him more earnestly in silence for some seconds, and then said she —

"Sir, will you forgive me? Are you related to the Verneys?"

"No, I haven't that honour," said he, smiling. "I know Cleve Verney very well, and a very good fellow he is; but we're not connected; my name is Sedley — Thomas Sedley."

"Sedley!" she repeated once or twice, still looking at him. "I don't recollect the name. No — no connection, I dare say, Cleve; and how is Cleve?"

"Very well; he's at Ware, now, for a few days."

"Ah! I dare say, and very well; a pretty boy — very pretty; but not like — no, not the least."

"I've heard people say he's very like his father was," said Tom.

"Oh! yes, I think so; there is a likeness," acquiesced she.

"His father's been dead a long time, you know?"

"I know; yes. Cleve is at Oxford or Cambridge by this time?" she continued.

Tom Sedley shook his head and smiled a little.

"Cleve has done with all that ever so long. He's in the House of Commons now, and likely to be a swell there, making speeches, and all that."

"I know — I know. I had forgot how long it is since; he was a clever boy, wild, and talkative; yes, yes, he'll do for Parliament, I suppose, and be a great man, some day, there. There was no resemblance though; and you, sir, are like him, he was so handsome — no one so handsome."

Tom Sedley smiled. He fancied he was only amused. But I am sure he was also pleased.

"And I don't know. I can make out nothing. No one can. There's a picture. I think they'd burn it, if they knew. It is drawn in chalks by a French artist; they colour so beautifully. It hangs in my room. I pray before it, every morning, for him."

The old lady moaned, with her hands folded together, and still looking steadfastly in his face.

"They'd burn it, I think, if they knew there was a picture. I was always told they were a cruel family. Well, I don't know. I forgive him; I've forgiven him long ago. You are very like the picture, and even more like what I remember him. The pic-

ture was taken just when he came of age. He was twenty-seven when I first saw him; he was brilliant, a beautiful creature, and when I looked in his face, I saw the sorrow that has never left me. You are wonderfully like, sir; but there's a difference. You're not so handsome." Here was a blow to honest Tom Sedley, who again thought he was only amused, but was really chagrined.

"There is goodness and kindness in your face; his had little of that, nothing soft in it, but every thing brilliant and interesting; and yet you are wonderfully like."

She pressed her hand on her thin bosom.

"The wind grows cold. A pain shoots through me while I look at you, sir. I feel as if I were speaking to a spirit, God help me! I have said more to you to-night than I have spoken for ten years before; forgive me, sir, and thank you, very much."

She turned from him again, took one long look at the distant headland, and then, with a deep sigh, almost a sob, she hastened towards the door. He followed her.

"Will you permit me to see you to the house?" he pleaded with a benevolence, I fear not quite disinterested. She was by this time at the door, from which with a gesture, declining his offer, she gently waved him back, and disappeared within it, without another word. He heard the key turned in the lock, and remained without, as wise with respect to his particular quest, as he had arrived.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### A VIEW FROM THE REFECTORY WINDOW.

THE old discoloured wall of Malory, that runs along the shore overshadowed by grand old timber, that looks to me darker than any other grove, is seven feet high, and as he could see neither through nor over it, and could not think of climbing it; after a few seconds spent in staring at the gray door, Tom Sedley turned about and walked down to the little hillock that stands by the road-side, next the strand, and from the top of this he gazed, during an entire cigar, upon the mullioned windows of Malory, and was gratified by one faint gleam of a passing candle from a gallery window.

"That's a nice old woman, odd as she is; she looks quite like a lady; she's certainly not the woman we saw in church to-day; how well she looked; what a nice figure, that time, as she stood looking from the

shore; that cloak thing is loose to be sure; but, by Jove, she might have been a girl almost; and what large eyes she has got, and a well-shaped face. She must have been quite charming, about a hundred years ago; she's not the mother: she's too old; a grand-aunt, perhaps; what a long talk we had, and I such a fool, listening to all that rubbish, and never getting in a word about the people, that peerless creature!"

His walk home to Cardyllian was desultory and interrupted. I should not like to risk my credit by relating how often he halted on his way, and how long, to refresh his eyes with the dim outlines of the trees and chimneys of Malory; and how, very late and melancholy, and abstracted, he reached his crib in the Verney Arms.

Early next morning, in pursuance of a clever idea, Tom Sedley made, I admit, his most picturesque and becoming toilet. It consisted of his black velvet knickerbocker suit, with those refined jack-boots of shining leather, and the most charming Jerry that had ever appeared in Cardyllian, and away he marched over the hill, while the good people of the town were chumping their muffins and sipping their tea, to the back gate of Malory.

It stood half open, and with as careless a boldness as he could assume, in he went, and walked confidently up the straight farmyard lane, girt with high thorn hedges. Here, bribing a rustic who showed symptoms of churlishness, with half a crown, he was admitted into a sort of farmyard, under pretext of examining the old monastic chapel and refectory, now used as a barn, and some other relics of the friary, which tourists were wont to admire.

From the front window of the refectory, there is a fine view of the distant mountains. Also, as Tom Sedley recollected, a foreground view, under the trees, in front of the hall-door, and there, with a sudden bound at his heart, he beheld the two ladies who had yesterday occupied the Malory pew, the old and the young, busy about the flower-bed, with garden gauntlets on, and trowel in hand.

They were chatting together cheerily enough; but he could not hear what they said. The young lady now stood up from her work, in a dress which looked to him like plain holland; she had on one of those poked bonnets of the same material, which were very effectual sun-shades, and became some faces so well, when ruralizing young ladies wore them, some years ago.

The young lady had pushed hers a little

back, and stood on the grass, at the edge of the flowers, with her trowel glittering in the early sun, in her slender right hand, which rested upon her left; her pretty right foot was advanced a little on the short grass, and showed just its tip, over the edge of the flower-bed. A homely dress and rustic appliances. But, oh! that oval, beautiful face!

Tom Sedley—the “peeping Tom” of this story—from his deep monastic window, between the parting of the tall trees, looked down upon this scene in a breathless rapture. From the palmy days of the Roman Pantheon down, was ever Flora so adored?

From under his Gothic arch, in his monkish shade, Tom could have stood, he fancied, forever, gazing as friar has seldom gazed upon his pictured saint, on the supernatural portrait which his enthusiasm worshipped.

The young lady, as I have described her, looking down upon her old companion, said something with a little nod, and smiled; then she looked up at the tree-tops from where the birds were chirping; so Tom had a fair view of her wonderful face, and though he felt himself in imminent danger of detection, he could not move. Then her eyes, with a side-long glance, dropped on the window where he stood, and passed on instantly.

With the instinct which never deceives us, he felt her glance touch him, and knew that he was detected. The young lady turned quietly, and looked seaward for a few moments. Tom relieved his suspense with a sigh; he hoped he might pass muster for a tourist, and that the privileges of such visitors had not been abridged by the recluses.

The young lady then quietly turned and resumed her work, as if nothing had happened; but, I think, she said something to her elderly companion, for that slim lady, in a tweed shawl, closely broached across her breast, stood up, walked a step or two backward upon the grass, and looked straight up at the window, with the inquisitive frown of a person a little dazzled or near-sighted.

Honest Tom Sedley, who was in a rather morbid state all this morning, felt his heart throb again, and drum against his ribs, as he affected to gaze in a picturesque absorption upon the distant headlands.

The old lady, on the other hand, having distinctly seen in the deep-carved panel of that antique wall, the full-length portrait of our handsome young friend, Tom Sedley, in his killing knickerbocker suit of black velvet, with his ivory-headed cane in his hand, and that “stunning” Jerry which so exactly suited his countenance, and of which

he believed no hatter but his own possessed the pattern, or could produce a similar masterpiece.

The old lady with her hand raised to fend off the morning sun that came flickering through the branches on her wrinkled forehead, and her light-gray eyes peering on him, had no notion of the awful power of her gaze upon that “impudent young man.”

With all his might, Tom Sedley gazed at the Welsh headlands, without even winking, while he felt the basilisk eye of the old spinster in gray tweed upon him. So intense was his stare, that old Pandillion at last seemed to nod his mighty head, and finally to submerge himself in the sea. When he ventured a glance downward, he saw Miss Anne Sheckleton with quick steps entering the house, while the young lady had recommenced working at a more distant flower-bed, with the same quiet diligence.

It was to be feared that the old lady was taking steps for his expulsion. He preferred anticipating her measures, and, not caring to be caught in the window, left the refectory, and walked down the stone stairs, whistling, and tapping the wall with the tip of his cane.

To him, as the old play-books say, entered, from the side next the house, and just as he set the sole of his resplendent boot upon the paving-stones, a servant—short, strong, and surly was the man. He did not seem disposed for violence, however, for he touched an imaginary hat-brim as he came up, and informed Mr. Sedley, who was properly surprised and pained to hear it, that he had in fact committed a trespass; that since it had been let, the place was no longer open to the inspection of tourists; and, in short, that he was requested to withdraw.

Tom Sedley was all alacrity and regret. He had never been so polite to a groom in all his life. The man followed him down the back avenue, to see him out, which at another time would have stirred his resentment; and when he held the gate open for him to emerge, Tom gave him no less than three half-crowns—a prodigality whereat his eyes opened, if not his heart, and he made a gruff apology for the necessities imposed by duty, and Tom interrupted him with—

“Quite right, perfectly right; you could do nothing else. I hope the la—your master is not vexed. You must say I told you to mention how very much pained I was at having made such a mistake. Say that I, Mr. Sedley, regret it very much, and beg to apologise. Pray don’t forget. Good-morning; and I’m very sorry for having

given you so much trouble — this long walk."

This tenderness his bow-legged conductor was also in a mood to receive favourably. In fact, if he had not told him his name was Sedley, he might have settled affirmatively the question at that moment before his mind — whether the intruder from whom silver flowed so naturally and refreshingly might not possibly be the Prince of Wales himself, who had passed through the village of Ware, only seven miles away, three weeks before.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

#### A NIGHT SAIL.

POOR Tom Sedley! The little excitement of parting with the bull-necked keeper of his "garden of beauty," over, his spirits sank. He could not act the unconscious tourist again, and recommit the premeditated mistake of the morning. His exclusion was complete.

Tom Sedley paid a visit that day at Hazelden, and was depressed, and dull, and absent to such a degree, that Miss Charity Etherage, after he had gone away, canvassed the matter very earnestly, and wondered whether he was quite well, and hoped he had not had bad news from London.

I don't know how Tom got over all that day; but at about four o'clock, having paid his penny at the toll-gate of the pier of Cardyllian, he was pacing up and down that breezy platform, and discussing with himself the possibility of remaining for another Sunday, on the chance of again seeing the Malory ladies in church.

Lifting up his eyes, in his meditation, he saw a cutter less than a mile away, making swiftly for the pierhead, stooping to the breeze as she flew, and beating up the spray in sparkling clouds from her bows. His practised eye recognised at a glance the "Flake," the victorious yacht of Cleve Verney. With this breeze it was a run without a tack from Ware jetty.

In less than five minutes, she furlled her sails, and dropped anchor close to the pier stair; and Cleve Verney in another minute stepped upon it from his punt.

"You're to come back in her, to Ware, this evening," said he, as they shook hands. "I'm so glad I've found you! I've to meet a friend at the Verney Arms, but our talk won't take very long; and how have you been amusing yourself all day? Rather slow, isn't it?"

Tom Sedley told his story.

"Well, and what's the name?" inquired Cleve.

"I can't tell; they don't know at the hotel; the Etherages don't know. I asked Castle Edwards, and he doesn't know either," said Sedley.

"Yes, but that fellow, the servant, who turned you out at Malory. —"

"He did not turn me out. I was going," interrupted Tom Sedley.

"Well, who saw you out? You made him a present; he'd have told you, of course. Did he?"

"I didn't ask him."

"Come, that's being very delicate indeed! All I can say is, if I were a spoony as you are, on that girl, I'd have learned all about her long ago. It's nothing to me; but, if you find out her name, I know two or three fellows in town who know everything about everybody, and I'll make out the whole story — that is, if she's anybody."

"By Jove! that's very odd. There he is, just gone into the Golden Lion, that groom, that servant, that Malory man," exclaimed Tom Sedley very eagerly, and staring hard at the open door of the quaint little pot-house.

"Well, go; give him a pound, it's well worth it," laughed Cleve. "I'm serious, if you want to learn it; no fellow like that can resist a pound; and if you tell me the name, I'll make you out all the rest, I really will, when I get to town. There, don't let him get off, and you'll find me at the Verney Arms."

So saying, Cleve, nodding his irresolute friend toward the Golden Lion, walked swiftly away to meet the Reverend Isaac Dixie. But Dixie was not at the Chancery; only a letter, to say that "most unhappily" that morning, Clay Rectory was to undergo an inspection by a Commissioner of Dilapidations; but that, D.V., he would place himself next day, at the appointed hour, at his honoured pupil's disposal.

"Those shovel-hatted martinet!"

they never allow a minute for common sense, or any thing useful — always pottering over their clerical drill and pipe-clay," said Cleve, who, when an idea once entered his mind, pursued it with a terrible concentration, and hated an hour's delay.

So out he came disappointed, and joined Sedley near the Golden Lion.

They said little for a time, but walked on, side by side, and found themselves sauntering along the road toward Malory together.

"Well, Sedley, I forgot, — what about that man? did he tell you any thing?"

"I do believe if a fellow once allows a girl to get into his head, ever so little, he's in a sort of way drunk — worse than drunk — systematically foolish," said honest Sedley, philosophizing. "I've been doing nothing but idiotic things ever since church time yesterday."

"Well, but what did he say?"

"He took the pound, and devil a thing he said. He wouldn't tell any thing about them. I give you leave to laugh at me. I know I'm the greatest ass on earth, and I think he's the ugliest brute I ever saw, and the most uncivil; and, by Jove, if I stay here much longer, I think he'll get all my money from me. He doesn't ask for it, but I go on giving it to him; I can't help it; the beast!"

"Isn't there a saying about a sage, or something, and his money being soon parted?" asked Cleve. "I think if I were so much gone about a girl as you are, and on such easy terms with that fellow, and tipped him so handsomely, I'd have learned her name, at least, before now."

"I can't; every thing goes wrong with me. Why should I risk my reason, and fall in love with the moon? The girl wouldn't look at me; by Jove, she'll never even see me; and it's much better so, for nothing can possibly come of it, but pain to me, and fun to every one else. The late train does not stop at our station. I can't go to-night; but, by Jove, I'll be off in the morning. I will. Don't you think I'm right, Cleve?"

Tom Sedley stopped short, and faced his friend — who was, in most matters, his oracle — earnestly, laying his hand upon his arm. Cleve laughed at his vehemence, for he knew Tom's impulsive nature, his generous follies, and terrible impetuosity, and, said he — "Right, Tom; always a philosopher! Nothing like the radical cure, in such a case, absence. If the cards won't answer, try the dice, if they won't do, try the balls. I'm afraid this is a bad venture; put your heart to sea in a sieve! No, Tom, that precious freightage is for a more substantial craft. I suppose you have seen your last of the young lady, and it would be a barren fit of friendship to say that I believe you have made any impression. Therefore save yourself, fly, and try what absence will do, and work and play, and eating and drinking, and sleeping abundantly in a distant scene, to dissipate the fumes of your intoxication, steal you away

from the enchantress, and restore you to yourself. Therefore I echo — go."

"I'm sure you think it, though you're half joking," said Tom Sedley.

"Well, let us come on. I've half a mind to go up myself and have a peep at the refectory," said Cleve.

"To what purpose?"

"Archæology," said Cleve.

"If you go in there, after what occurred this morning, by Jove, I'll not wait for you," said Sedley.

"Well, come along; there's no harm, I suppose, in passing by. The Queen's highway, I hope, isn't shut up," answered Verney.

Sedley sighed, looked toward Malory, and not being in a mood to resist, walked on toward the enchanted forest and castle, by his companion's side.

When they came by the dark and narrow cross-road that skirts the southern side of Malory to the farmyard gate, nailed on its pier, on a square bit of board, in fresh black and white paint, they read the following words: —

#### NOTICE.

No admission at this gate to any but servants or others employed at Malory.

Any person found trespassing within the walls will be prosecuted according to law.

— September, 18—.

When the young men, in a momentary silence, read this warning, the ingenuous countenance of Tom Sedley flushed crimson to the very roots of his hair, and Cleve Verney was seized with a fit of laughter that grew more and more violent the more grave and reproachful grew Tom Sedley's aspect.

"Well, Tom, I think, if we have any dignity left, we had better turn our backs upon this inhospitable refectory, and seek comfort elsewhere. By Jove! a pretty row you must have made up there this morning to oblige the Governor to declare the place in a state of siege, and mount his artillery."

"Come away, Cleve; that is, as soon as you've done laughing at that board. Of course, you know as well as I do, that my coming in, and looking as, I hope, any gentleman might, at that stupid old barn, this morning, could not possibly be the cause of that offensive notice. If you think it is pointed at me, of course, it's more amusing, but if not, hang me if I can see the joke."

Tom Sedley was out of spirits, and a little testy, and very silent all the way back to Cardyllian. He refused Cleve's invitation to Ware. He made up his mind to return to London in the morning; and this being his last evening in this part of the world, he must spend it at Hazelden.

So these young gentlemen dined together at the Verney Arms, and it grew dark as they sat by the open window at their wine, and the moon got up and silvered the distant peaks of shadowy mountains, and they grew silent and dreamy as they might in the spell of distant music.

But the people of Hazelden kept early hours, and Tom Sedley suddenly recollected that he must go. They parted, therefore, excellent friends, for Sedley had no suspicion that Cleve was his rival, and Cleve could afford to be amused at Sedley's rivalry.

When Verney got on board, there was a light breeze. "We'll run down toward Penruthyn Priory," said he; and round went the cutter, leaning with the breeze, and hissing and snorting through the gentle swell as she flew on towards the headland on which stands that pretty monastic ruin.

She glided into the black shadow cast by the solemn wall of cloud that now hid the moon from sight, away from the hundred star-like lights of Cardyllian, flying swiftly backward on the left, close under the shapeless blackness of the hill, that rises precipitously from the sea, and over which lies the path from the town to Malory, and onward by the wooded grounds of that old mansion, now an indistinguishable mass of darkness, whose outline was hardly visible against the sky.

I dare say, the thought of crossing the light of these windows had its share in prompting this nautical freak, and toward these Cleve's gaze was turned, when, on a sudden, the man looking out at the bows shouted "Starboard;" but, before the boat had time to feel the helm, the end of the cutter's boom struck the mast of a small boat; a shout from several voices rose suddenly, and was almost instantaneously far behind. Round went the yacht; they hailed the boat.

"She's lost her mast, I think," said one of Cleve's men.

"D—you, where are your lights?" shouted a stern, fierce voice.

"No one overboard?" cried Cleve.

"No, no. You'll be the *Wave*, sure?" Mr. Cleve Verney, from Ware?" replied a different voice.

"Who are those fellows, do you know?" asked Cleve of his men.

"That will be Christmass Owen, sir."

"Oh!" exclaimed Cleve. "And the other's the old gentlemen from Malory?"

"Well, I think 'twill be him, sure."

In another minute, the punt of the yacht was alongside the boat, with a message from Cleve, inviting the old gentleman on board, and offering to put him ashore wherever he liked best.

Shortly and grimly the courtesy was refused. The wrath of the old man, however, seemed to have subsided, and he gathered himself within the folds of his silence again. All had passed in a darkness deeper than that of Styx. A dense screen of cloud had entirely hid the moon; and though so near, Cleve could not see the old man of Malory, about whom he was curious, with a strange and even tender sort of curiosity, which, certainly, no particular graciousness on his part had invited. In a few minutes more, the boat, with the aid of another spar, was on her course again, and the *Wave* more than a mile away on hers.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### THE REVEREND ISAAC DIXIE.

At five o'clock next day, Cleve Verney was again in Cardyllian.

Outside "The Chancery" stood a "fly," only just arrived. He had come only a minute or two before, and was waiting in the chamber which was still called the state room.

The room is long, and panelled with oak, and the farther end is the fireplace. The ceiling above the cornice slopes at each side with the roof, so as to give it quite a chapel-like effect; a high carved oak mantel-piece, and a carved wainscoting embedding in its panels a symmetrical system of cupboards, closed the perspective, and, as Cleve entered at the door in the further wall, gave effect to the solitary figure of the Reverend Isaac Dixie, who was standing with his back to the fire-place on the threadbare hearth-rug, waiting, with an angelic smile, and beating time to a sacred melody, I am willing to believe, with his broad flat foot.

This clerical gentleman looked some six or seven and forty years old, rather tall than otherwise, broad, bland, and blue-chinned, smiling, gaitered, and single-breasted.

"Capital place to read out the Ten Commandments," exclaimed Cleve. "Glad to see you, old Dixie. It's a long time since we met."

The clergyman stepped forward, his chin a little advanced, his head a little on one side, smiling roisily with nearly closed eyes, and with a broad hand expanded to receive his former pupil's greeting —

"I've obeyed the summons, you see; punctually, I hope. Delighted, my dear, distinguished young pupil, to meet you, and congratulate you on your brilliant successes, delighted, my dear Cleve," murmured the divine, in a mild rapture of affection.

"That's not so neat as the old speech, Dixie; don't you remember?" said Cleve, nevertheless shaking his great soft red hand kindly enough. "What was it? Yes, you were to be my *tutamen*, and I your *dulce decus*. Wasn't that it?"

"Ha, yes, I may have said it; a little classic turn, you know; ha, ha! not altogether bad — not altogether? We have had many agreeable conversations — colloquies — you and I, Mr. Verney, together, in other and very happy days," said the clergyman, with a tender melancholy smile, while his folded hands faintly smoothed one another over as if in a dream of warm water and wash-balls.

"Do you remember the day I shied that awful ink-bottle at your head? by Jove, it was as large as a tea-pot. If I had hit you that time, Dixie, I don't think we'd ever have found a mitre to fit your head."

"Arch, arch — ha, ha! dear me! yes — I had forgot that — yes, quite — you were always an arch boy, Cleve. Always arch, Mr. Verney."

"Very arch — yes, it was what old Toler called the office bottle; do you remember? it weighed three or four pounds. I think you were glad it was broken; you never got one like it into the room again. I say if it had caught you on the head, what a deal of learning and other things the Church would have lost?"

Whenever it was Cleve's pleasure to banter, the Reverend Isaac Dixie took it in good part. It was his ancient habit, so on this occasion he simpered agreeably —

"It was in the little study at Malory. By the by, who are those people you've put into Malory?" continued Cleve.

"Ha — the — the people who occupy the house?" asked the clergyman, throwing out a question to gain time.

"Come — who are they?" said Cleve, a little briskly, throwing himself back in his seat at the same time, and looking in Dixie's face —

"Well, I'm the person responsible; in fact the lease is to me."

"Yes, I know that; go on."

"Well, I took it at the request of Miss Sheckleton, an elderly lady, whom" —

"Whom I don't care to hear about," interrupted Cleve. "There's an old gentleman — there's a young lady; who are *they*? I want their names."

The Reverend Isaac Dixie was evidently a little puzzled. He coughed, he looked down, he simpered, and shook his head.

"You don't want to tell me, Dixie."

"There is *nothing* I should not be most happy to tell my distinguished pupil. 'I've been always frank, quite frank with you, Mr. Verney. I've never had a secret.'"

Cleve laughed gently.

"You wrong me if you think I have," and the Rector of Clay dropped his eyes, and coloured a little, and coughed. "But this is not mine — and there really is a difficulty."

"Insuperable?"

"Well, really, I'm *afraid* that term expresses it but too truly," acquiesced the clergyman.

"What a bore!" exclaimed Cleve. "Shut the window, if it isn't too much trouble, like a dear old Dixie — a thousand thanks."

"I assure you I would not say it," resumed the Rector of Clay, "if it were not so — and I hope I'm in the habit of speaking truth — and this secret, if so trifling a thing may be seriously so termed, is not mine, and therefore not at my disposal."

"Something in that, old Dixie. Have a weed?" he added, tendering his cigars.

"Thanks, no; never smoke now," said he, closing his eyes, and lifting his hand as if in a benediction.

"Oh, to be sure, your Bishop — I forgot," said Cleve.

"Yes, a-ha; strong opinions; very able lecture — you have no doubt read it."

"With delight and terror. Death riding on a pipe-clay coloured horse. Sir Walter Raleigh, the man of sin, and the smoke of the Bottomless pit, reeking of cheroots. You used not to be such a fool, old Dixie. I'm your bishop now; I've said it, mind — and no one sees you," said Cleve, again offering his cigars.

"Well, well; any thing, any thing; thanks, just for *once, only once*," and he selected one, with a playful bashfulness.

"I'm your bishop — I don't forget. But you must wait till I'm — what d'ye call it? — *consecrated* — *there*, you need not laugh. Upon my honour, I'm serious; you shall have your choice; I swear you shall," said Cleve Verney, who stood very near the title and estates of Verney, with all their comfortable advowsons appendant.



The Reverend Isaac Dixie smiled affably and meekly with prospective gratitude, and said he softly —

"I'm only too happy to think my distinguished, and I may say, honoured pupil, should deem me fit for a weighty charge in the Church; and I may say, although Clay has been considered a nice little thing, some years ago, yet, since the vicar's — I must say, most unreasonable — claim has been allowed, it is really, I should be ashamed to say how trifling in emolument; we have all our crosses to bear, my dear pupil, friend, and I may say, patron — but it is good, nay, pleasant to me to have suffered disappointments, since in their midst comes no trifling balm in the confidence you are pleased to evidence in my humble fitness."

The clergyman was moved. A gleam of the red western sun through the window, across his broad, meek, and simpering countenance, helped the effect of his blinking eyes, and he hastily applied his handkerchief.

"Isaac, Isaac, you shan't come that over me. I *don't* think you fit — not a bit. I'm not an Aristides, only a bishop; and I don't pretend to more conscience than the rest." His eye rested on him with an unconscious disdain. "And for the life of me, I don't know why I intend doing any thing for you, except that I promised, and your name's lucky, I suppose; you used to keep telling me, don't you remember, that all the promises were to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob? and you are Isaac, in the middle — *medio tutissimus* — and I think Isaac is the queerest mixture of Jew and boodle in the Old Testament, and — and — so on."

The sentence ended so because Cleve was now lighting his cigar. The clergyman smiled affably, and even waggishly, as one who can bear to be quizzed, and has a confidence in the affection of the joker; and Cleve smoked on serenely and silently for a little.

"And those are really my intentions respecting you," he resumed; "but you are to do as I bid you in the mean time, you know. I say, you mustn't snub your bishop; and, upon my honour, I'm perfectly serious, you shall never see my face again, nor hear of me more, if you don't, this minute. tell me every thing you know about those people at Malory."

"Are you really *serious*, Mr. Verney? — really so?"

"Yes, quite so; and I can keep my word, as you know. Who are they?"

"You are placing me in the most awk-

ward possible position; pray consider whether you really *do* make a point of it."

"I *do* make a point of it."

"I, of course, keep *nothing* from you, when you press it in that way; and beside, although it is awkward, it is, in a measure *right*, inasmuch as you are connected with the property, I may say, and have a right to exact information, if you thus so insist upon it as a duty."

"Come, Dixie, who *are* they!" said Cleve peremptorily.

"Well, he's in some difficulties just now, and it is really vital that his name should not be disclosed, so I entreat you won't mention it; and especially you won't mention me as having divulged it."

"Certainly; of course I don't want to set the beaks on your friend. I shan't mention his name, depend upon it, to mortal. I've just one reason for wishing to know, and I have brought you a journey, here and back, of a hundred and forty miles, precisely to answer me this question, and I *will* know."

"Well, Mr. Verney, my dear sir, I venture to wash my hands of consequences, and unfeignedly relying upon your promise, I tell you that the old gentleman now residing in very strict seclusion at Malory, is Sir Booth" — he paused as if willing that Cleve should supply the surname, and so, perhaps, relieve him of a part of the disclosure.

"Sir Booth *what*?"

"Don't you know?"

"No. You can't mean Sir Booth Fanshawe."

"Sir Booth — Sir Booth Fanshawe; yes," said the clergyman, looking down bashfully, "I *do* mean Sir Booth Fanshawe."

"*By Jove!* And don't you think it was rather a liberty, bringing Sir Booth Fanshawe to occupy our house at Malory, after all that has passed?" demanded Cleve Verney, rather sternly.

"Well, *no*, it really did *not* — I'm grieved if I have erred in judgment; but it never *did* strike me in that light — never in that point of view; and Sir Booth doesn't know who it belongs to. It never struck me to tell him, and I don't think he has an idea."

"I don't care; but if my *uncle* hears, he'll not like it, I can tell you."

"I should not for any earthly consideration have made myself accessory to any thing that could possibly have given a moment's pain to my honoured patron, the Honourable Kiffyn Fulke Verney, or to my honoured pupil" —

"Why, yes, my uncle might do you a mis-

chief; as for me, I don't care. Only I think it was rather cool, considering how savage he has always been — what a lot of money he has cost us — getting up contests and petitions, and vilifying us wherever he could. He has left no stone unturned — but that's all over; and I think you've committed an indiscretion, because he hasn't a guinea left, and my sensible old grandmother will positively make you pay the rent, and that will be as unpleasant as sharing your tithes with the vicar."

"We are not all so wise as perhaps we should be in our generation," said the Reverend Isaac Dixie, with an apostolic simper that was plaintive and simple. To quiet the reader's uneasiness, however, I may mention that this good man had taken particular care to secure himself against a possible loss of a shilling in the matter. "And there are claims to which it is impossible to be deaf — there is a voice that seems to say, turn not thou away."

"Do stop that. You know very well that Booth Mildmay was once a man who could give you a lift; and you did not know, perhaps, that he is ruined."

"Pardon me; but too well. It is to protect him against immediate and melancholy consequences that I ventured, at some little risk, perhaps, to seek for him an asylum in the seclusion of Malory."

"Well, it wasn't all sentiment, my dear Dixie; there's a gold thread of a ravelled tuff running through it somewhere; for whatever the romance of Christianity may say, the practice of the apostles is, very much, nothing for nothing; and if old Mildmay wasn't worth obliging, I dare say Hammerdon wrote or spoke to you. Come, your looks confess it."

"Lord Hammerdon, I have no hesitation in saving, did suggest" —

"There, that will do. Will you come over to Ware, and dine with me? I'm sure old Jones can give you a bed."

The Reverend Isaac Dixie, however could not come. There was to be a religious meeting in the morning at Clay schoolhouse; the bishop was to be there; and the rector was himself to move a resolution, and had not yet considered what he was to say.

So he stepped with a bland countenance and a deliberate stride into his fly again; and from its window smirked sadly, and waved his hand to the future patron of Fribbledon Cum Fleece, as he drove away; and the clergyman, who was not always quite celestial, and could, on safe occasions, be sharp and savage enough, exploded in a coarse soliloquy over the money, and the

day and the ease he had sacrificed to the curiosity of that young man, who certainly had some as *odious* points as it had ever been his lot to meet with.

## CHAPTER X.

## READING AN EPITAPH.

CLEVE VERNEY next afternoon was again on board his yacht. Wind and tide both favouring, the cutter was running under a press of canvas that brought her gunwale to the water's edge once more for Penruthyn Priory. This time it was no mere aquatic whim; it was pursuit.

Searching the wooded sea-board of Malory with his glass, from the terrace of Ware, he had seen an open sail-boat waiting at the jetty. Down came a servant with cloaks and rugs. Cleve grew more and more interested as he adjusted the focus of his glass more exactly. On a sudden, from the little door in the boundary wall, emerged two ladies. There was no mistake; he could swear to them. They were the very same whom he had seen on Sunday in the Malory seat.

He watched till he saw the boat round the point, and then — "Yes," he thought, "they are certainly going to Penruthyn Priory."

And away went Cleve Verney in pursuit of the shadow which he secretly adored. From Ware to Penruthyn Priory is about six miles, and by the time the pursuing cutter was in motion the chase had made more than a mile of her course, and was within two of the landing-point at the ruin.

Cleve saw the two ladies disembark. It was now plain that they had come either to visit the ruins, or for a walk in that wild and lonely park called the Warren. Cleve had brought his gun with him, only for an excuse.

Little more than five minutes after the arrival of the open boat, Cleve Verney set his foot upon the rude landing-place, as old perhaps as the Priory itself; a clumsy little pier, constructed of great rocks, overgrown with sea-rack, over which slippery platform he strode with reckless haste, and up that steep and pretty little winding lane, the trees overhanging which look centuries old, stooping and mantled in ivy. They may have heard the tinkle of the bells of the prior's mule, as he ambled beneath their boughs, and the solemn swell of the monkish requiem from the melancholy little churchyard close by, under the old Priory windows. The thick

stone wall that fences this ancient by-road is clasped together with ivy, and hoar with lichens, irregular, and broken as the battlements of a ruined tower. The approach, and the place itself, are in their picturesque sadness and solitude the very scene and setting of such a romance as Cleve Verney was pursuing.

Into the Warren, by the stile up this road's side, went Cleve, and climbed the gray rocky hillock that commands an extensive view of that wild park; but there they were not.

Well, they must, then, have pursued the path up to the Priory, and thither he followed.

Oh, ho! here they are; the young lady at a little distance looking up at the singular ruin; the old lady engaged in an active discussion with shrewish old Mrs. Hughes, who was very deaf, and often a little tipsy, and who was now testily refusing the ladies admission within the iron gate which affords access to the ruins, of which she held the keys.

No situation could have been more fortunate for Cleve. The Warren and the Priory being his uncle's property, and the termagant Mrs. Hughes his officer, he walked up to the visitor, inquired very courteously the object of the application, and forthwith ordered the portress to open the gate and deliver up her keys; which she did, a good deal frightened at sight of so unexpected a *deus ex machina*.

An unmistakable gentleman, handsome, and plainly a sort of prince in this region, the old lady, although she did not know to whom she was obliged, was pleased at his offer to act as Cicerone here, and accepted it graciously.

"My young friend will be very glad; she draws a little, and enjoys such sights immensely. Margaret!" she called. The young lady turned, and Cleve saw before him once more in flesh and blood, that wonderful portrait of Beatrice Cenci, which had haunted him for three days.

The young lady heard what her companion had to say, and for a moment her large eyes rested on Cleve with a glance that seemed to him at once haughty, wild, and shy.

With one hand he held the gate open, and in the other his hat was raised respectfully, as side by side they walked into the open court. They each bowed as they passed, the elder lady very cheerily, the younger with a momentary glance of the same unconscious superiority, which wounded him more than his pride would have al-

lowed; and a puzzled recollection fitted across his mind, of having once heard, he could not remember when, that Booth Farshawe had married a beautiful Italian, an heiress (a princess — wasn't she?) — at all events, a scion of one of their proud old houses, whose pedigrees run back into the Empire, and dwarf into parvenus the great personages of Burke's Peerage. What made it worse was, that there was no shyness, no awkwardness. She talked a good deal to her companion, and laughed slightly once or twice, in a very sweet tone. The old lady was affable and friendly; the young lady, on the contrary, so far from speaking to him, seemed hardly to give herself the trouble of listening to what he said. This kind of exclusion, to which the petted young man certainly was not accustomed, galled him extremely, the more so that she looked, he thought, more beautiful than ever, and that her voice, and pretty slightly foreign accent, added another charm to the spell.

He made them a graceful little lecture on the building, as they stood in the court. If she had any cleverness she would see with what a playful and rapid grace he could convey real information. The young lady looked from building to building as he described them, but with no more interest in the speaker, it seemed to him, than if the bellman of Cardyllian had been reading it from a handbill. He had never done any thing so well in the House of Commons, and here it was accepted as a piece of commonplace. The worst of it was that there was no finesse in all this. It was in perfect good faith that this beautiful young lady was treating him like a footman.

Cleve was intensely piqued. Had she been less lovely, his passion might have recoiled into disgust; as it was, with a sort of vindictive adoration, he vowed that he would yet compel her to hang upon his words as angels' music, to think of him, to watch for him, to love him with all that wild and fiery soul which an intuition assured him was hers.

So with this fierce resolve at his heart, he talked very ageeably with the accessible old lady, seeming, in a spirit, I dare say, altogether retaliatory, to overlook the young lady's presence a good deal.

"I've got the key of the church also; you'll allow me, I hope, to show it to you. It is really very curious — a much older style than the rest of the building — and there are some curious monuments and epitaphs."

The old lady would be charmed, of course, and her young companion, to whom

she turned, would like it also. So Cleve, acting as porter, opened the ponderous door, and the party entered this dim and solemn Saxon chapel, and the young lady paused and looked round her, struck, as it seemed, with a sense of something new and very interesting.

"How strange! How rude it is, and irregular; not large, and yet how imposing!" murmured the girl, as she looked round with a momentary awe and delight. It was the first remark she had made, which it was possible for Cleve Verney to answer.

"That's so true! Considering how small it is, it does inspire a wonderful awe," said he, catching at the opportunity. "It's very dark, to be sure, and that goes a long way; but its style is so rough and cyclopean, that it overcomes one with a feeling of immense antiquity; and antiquity is always solemn. A gift from people so remote and mysterious as those who built this chapel is affecting."

At this point, Cleve Verney paused, either his ideas failed him, or he felt that they were leading him into an oration. But he saw that the young lady looked at him, as he spoke, with some interest; and he felt more elated than he had done for many a day.

"Is that a broken pillar?" asked Miss Sheckleton, — as I shall for the future call the elder lady.

"That's the font — very ancient — there's some odd carving about it, which has puzzled our antiquaries," said Cleve, leading the way to it.

The young lady had not followed. His exposition was to Miss Sheckleton, whose inquisitiveness protracted it. It was dry work for Cleve. The young lady had seated herself in a sort of oak stall, and was looking up at the groining of the round ribbed arches, at some distance. The effect was singular. She was placed in the deep chiaro-oscuro. A strong gleam of light, entering through a circular aperture in the side wall, illuminated her head and face with a vivid and isolated effect; her rich chestnut hair was now disclosed, her bonnet having fallen back, as she gazed upward, and the beautiful oval face was disclosed in the surrounding shadow with the sudden brilliancy and isolation of a picture in a phantasmagoria.

Verney's eyes were not upon the font on which he was lecturing, his thoughts were wandering too, and Miss Sheckleton observed perhaps some odd vagueness and iteration in his remarks; but the young

lady changed her position, and was now examining another part of the church.

Cleve either felt or fancied, seeing, as the Italians say, with the tail of his eye, that she was now, for a moment, looking at him, believing herself unseen. If this were so, was it not the beginning of a triumph? It made him strangely happy.

If Cleve had seen those sights in town, I can't say whether their effect would have been at all similar; but beautiful scenery, like music, predisposes to emotion. Its contemplation is the unconscious abandonment of the mind to sentiment, and once excite tenderness and melancholy, and the transition to love is easy upon small provocations. In the country, our visions flit more palpably before us; there is nothing there, as amid the clatter and vulgarities of the town to break our dreams. The beautiful rural stillness is monotony itself, and monotony is the spell and the condition of all mesmeric impressions. Hence young men, in part, run the dangers of those enchanted castles called country houses, in which you lose your heads and hearts, whither you arrive jubilant and free, and whence you are led by delicate hands, with a silken halter round your necks, with a gay gold ring in your obedient noses, and a tiny finger crooked therein, and with a broad parchment pinned upon your patient shoulders, proclaiming to the admiring world that your estates have gone the way of your liberties, and that you and they are settled for life.

"Now, *this*," said he, pointing to a block of carved stone placed in the aisle, "is the monument of old Martha Nokes; pray ask your young lady to come for one moment; it's worth reading."

"*Margaret!*" called the elder visitor, in the subdued tone suited to the sacred place. "Come, darling, and see this."

"This inscription is worth reading, and I can tell you about the old woman, for I remember her quite well. I was eight years old when she died. Old Martha Nokes; she died in her hundred and twentieth year."

The young lady stood by and listened and read. The epitaph related her length of service, her fidelity, and other virtues, and that "this stone was placed here in testimony of the sincere and merited esteem, respect, and affection cherished for the deceased, by Eleanor, Viscountess (Dowager) Verney, of Malory."

"There's some beautiful embroidery on satin, worked by her more than a hundred and fifteen years ago, at Ware," said Cleve

Verney. "They say such work can't be had now. 'In the course of her long pilgrimage,' you see by the epitaph, 'she had no less than twenty-three substantial offers of marriage, all which she declined, preferring her single state to the many cares and trials of wedded life, and willing also to remain to the end of her days in the service of the family of Verney. (to whom she was justly grateful,) and in which she had commenced her active and useful, though humble life, in the reign of King George the First.' So you see she spent all her life with us; and I'll tell our people, if you should happen to pass near Ware — it's not an hour's sail across — and would care to see it, to show you her embroidery, and her portrait; and if there's anything else you think worth looking at; there are some pictures and bronzes; they'll be quite at your service; my uncle is hardly ever at Ware; and I only run down for a little boating and shooting, now and then."

"Thank you," said the old lady, and utter silence followed. Her young companion glanced at her for a moment, and saw her look blank and even confounded. She averted her gaze, and something, I suppose, struck her as comical, for, with a sudden little silvery laugh, she said —

"What a charming, funny old woman she must have been!"

And with this excuse she laughed more — and again, after a little interval. Nothing more contagious than this kind of laughter, especially when one has an inkling of the cause. Cleve looked at the font, and lowered his large eyes to the epitaph of the Virgin Martha Nokes, and bit his lips, but he *did* laugh a little in spite of himself, for there was something nearly irresistible in pleasant Miss Sheckleton's look of vacant consternation.

#### CHAPTER XI.

#### FAREWELL.

THE young lady was instantly grave, with even a little fiery gleam of anger in her eyes, he thought. He could not help raising his also, now quite gravely and even respectfully, looking on her.

"I think you know who we are," she said a little suddenly and haughtily.

"You are at present living at Malory, I believe," said he, with a respectful evasion.

"Yes; but I mean *who* we are," said Margaret, very pale, very proud, and with

her splendid hazel eyes fixed full upon him with the irresistible inspiration of truth.

"I have heard — in part accidentally — something."

"Yes," said the girl; "you are Mr. Cleve Verney, and my name is Fanshawe; and my father, Sir Booth Fanshawe, is at present living at Malory."

"My dear! are you mad?" gasped Miss Sheckleton aghast.

"Yes. We are the people who live at Malory, and my father had hoped that he might have escaped there the observation of all but the very few persons who take a friendly interest in him. The place was looked out and taken for us by a person of whom we know nothing — a clergyman, I believe. I have now, for the first time, learned from that gravestone to whom the place belongs. We know nothing of the townspeople or of neighbors. We have lived to ourselves; and if he had known that Malory belonged to the Verneys, I hope you believe he would neither have been mad or mean enough to come here, to live in the house of his enemies."

"Oh, Margaret! Margaret! you have ruined your father," said poor Miss Sheckleton, pale as a ghost, and with her trembling fingers in the air.

"I assure you, Miss Fanshawe," said Cleve, "you do me a cruel injustice when you class me with Sir Booth Fanshawe's enemies. There have been those miserable money matters, in which I never had, nor could have had, any influence whatsoever. And there has been political hostility, in which I have been the victim rather than the aggressor. Of course, I've had to fight my battles as best I could; but I've never done anything unfair or unmanly. You plainly think me a personal enemy of Sir Booth's. It pains me that you do so. In the sense in which you seem to think it, I never was, nor in any sense could I continue to be so, in his present — his present" —

The young man hesitated for a word or a paraphrase to convey a painful meaning without offence.

"His present ruin, and his approaching exile," said the young lady.

"I'm sure, sir, what you say is exactly so," pleaded poor Miss Sheckleton, nervously. "It was, as you say, all about elections, and that kind of thing, which, with him, you know, never can be again. So, I'm sure, the feeling is all over. Isn't it, Mr. Verney?"

"I don't think it matters much," said the

young lady, in the same tone of haughty defiance. "I don't — girls, I believe, never do understand business and politics. All I know is this — that my father has been ruined. My father has been ruined, and that, I hope, will satisfy his enemies. I know *he* thinks, and *other* people think — people in no way mixed up in his affairs — people who are *impartial* — that it was the cruelty and oppression of Mr. Kiffyn Verney — your uncle, I think you say — that drove him to ruin. Well, you now know that my father is at Malory."

"He does, darling. We may be overheard," said Miss Sheckleton in an imploring tremor.

But the young lady continued in the same clear tone —

"I can't say what is considered fair and mainly, as you say, in political enmity; but, seeing what it has done, I have no reason to believe it very scrupulous or very merciful; therefore, with some diffidence, I ask only, whether you can promise that he shall not be molested for a few days, until some other refuge shall have been provided for us? And when we shall have left England for ever, you will have no more to fear from my father, and can afford, I think, to forget his name."

There was a kind of contradiction here, or rather one of those discords which our sense of harmony requires, and mysteriously delights in — for while her language was toned with something of the anguish of pleading, her mien and look were those of a person dictating terms to the vanquished. Had she but known all, they might have been inspired by the workings of his heart. Her colour had returned more brilliantly, her large eyes gleamed, and her beautiful eyebrow wore that *anguine* curve which is the only approach to a scowl which painters accord to angels. Thus, though her tones were pathetic, she stood like a beautiful image of Victory.

In the silence that followed, Cleve stood before her for a moment confounded. Too many feelings were on a sudden set in motion by this girl's harangue, to find a distinct resultant in words. His pride was stung — something of anger was stirred within him; his finer sympathies, too, were moved, and a deeper feeling still.

"I'm afraid you think me a very mean person, indeed," said Cleve. "To no one, not to my uncle, not to any living person, will I so much as hint that I know anything of Sir Booth Fanshawe's present place of abode. I don't think that we men are ever quite understood by you. I hope *that* is it.

I *hope* it is not that you entertain a particularly ill opinion of me. I haven't deserved it, you'll find I *never* shall. I hope you will employ me. I hope, Miss Sheckleton, you will employ me, wherever, in *any* way, you think I can be of use. Your having, although I know it is perfectly accidental, come to Malory, places me under a kind of obligation, I wish you would allow me to think so, of hospitality; there is no room for generosity here; it would be a misplaced phrase; but I wish, *very* much, that you would put my goodwill to the proof, and rely upon my fidelity; only give me a trial."

I believe that every one who is speaking all in earnest, and, for the moment, quite from a good impulse, looks more beautiful in that momentary glow of paradise, and certainly no handsomer young fellow, to my mind, could have been imagined than Cleve Verney, as he stood uncovered before the beautiful stranger, and pleaded for her good opinion.

The young lady was silent, and looked at Miss Sheckleton, as if deputed her to answer, and then looked away.

"You're very kind. I *know* you won't deceive us, Mr. Verney," said Miss Sheckleton, with an imploring look, and laying her hand unconsciously upon his arm. "I am sure you won't disappoint us; but it is a great difficulty; you've no idea, for Sir Booth feels very strongly, and in fact we don't mention the name of your family to him; and I'm sure — indeed I *know* — if he were aware that Malory was Verney property, he would never have come here, and if I were to tell him, he would leave it at once. It was a very old friend, Lord Hammerdon who employed a clergyman, a Mr. Dixie, I think, a friend of his, to look out a suitable place in a very quiet neighbourhood; and so, without making — without, indeed, the *power* of making inquiry, we came down here, and have just made the discovery — two discoveries, indeed — for not only does the place belong to your family, but you, Mr. Verney, are aware that Sir Booth is here."

"Sir Booth will do me the justice to trust my word. I assure you — I swear to you — no mortal shall learn the secret of his residence from me. I hope Miss Fanshawe believes me I'm sure *you* do, Miss Sheckleton," said Cleve.

"We are *both* very much obliged," said the old lady.

The girl's eyes were lowered. Cleve thought she made just a perceptible inclination to intimate her acquiescence. It was

clear, however, that her fears were satisfied. She raised her eyes, and they rested on him for a moment with a grave and even melancholy gaze, in which — was there confidence? That momentary, almost unconscious glance, was averted, but Cleve felt unaccountably happy and even proud.

"It is then understood," said he, "that I am not to charge myself with having caused, however unintentionally, any disturbance or embarrassment of your plans. Do you think — it would give me so much pleasure — that I might venture to call upon Sir Booth Fanshawe, to make him in person that offer of my humble services, in any way in which he might please to employ me, which I have already tendered to you?"

He saw the young lady turn an alarmed glance upon her companion, and press her hand slightly on her arm, and the old lady said quickly —

"Not for the world! Nothing would vex him more. That is, I mean, it is better he should not think that he has been recognised; he is impetuous, and, as you must know, a little fiery, and just now is suffering, and, in fact, I should not venture, although I need not say, I quite appreciate the feeling, and thank you very much."

A silence followed this little speech. The subject that had engrossed and excited the little party was for the present exhausted, and no one was ready at the moment to start another.

"We have detained you here, most unreasonably, Mr. Verney, I'm afraid," said Miss Sheckleton, glancing towards the door. "The evenings have grown so short, and our boatman said we should be longer returning; and I think we should have been on our way home before now."

"I only wish you would allow me to set you down at Malory, in my boat; but I know that would not do, so you must allow me to see you on board your own."

More time had passed, a great deal, during this odd scene, than it takes to read my note of it. When they stepped forth from the door of the tenebrous little church, the mellow light of sunset was streaming along the broken pavement and grass, and glow-

ing on the gray walls and ivy of the old building.

Margaret Fanshawe was very silent all the way down to the little stone pier, at which the boat was moored. But the old lady had quite recovered her garrulous good spirits and energy. There was something likable and even winning in Miss Anne Sheckleton, sixty years though she looked. She did not hide her gray locks; they were parted smoothly over her intelligent forehead, and in her clear, pleasant face you could see at times a little gleam of waggery, and sometimes the tenderness of sentiment. So that there remained with her that inextinguishable youth of spirit that attracts to the last.

Cleve was not one of those fellows who don't understand even so much self-denial as is necessary to commend them to old ladies on occasion. He was wiser. He walked beside her slight figure and light firm step, talking agreeably, with, now and then, a stolen glance at the silent girl. Miss Sheckleton was an old woman such as I love. Such as remains young at three-score, and is active still with youthful interests, and a vein of benevolent romance.

And now they stood at the gunwale of the boat; and Miss Sheckleton, smiling a little anxiously, gave him her hand at parting.

"May I?" said he in a tone respectful and even melancholy, at the same time, extending his hand with hesitation toward the young lady beside him.

There was a little motion in her hand, as if she would have shut or withdrawn it, but she looked at him with grave eyes; was there doubt in them, or was there confidence? and gave him her hand too, with a sad look. There was one strong violent throb at his heart as he pressed that slender gauge; and then it seemed to stand still for a moment; and he heard the evening breeze among the leaves, like a sigh along the shore. Was it an omen?

The next moment he was standing alone, with his hat in his hand, smiling and waving an adieu over the glittering waves to the receding boat.

From the Spectator, June 8.

## THE NEW INDUSTRIAL GOSPEL.

THERE are signs about us on every side which seem to proclaim more and more clearly every day, that the old fabric of trade and commerce, the machinery by means of which the English nation has hitherto produced and distributed the various necessities and luxuries of life, is doomed. First, and above and beneath all, lies the labour question, pressing now more importunately than ever upon us. We venture to assert that no one who has even dipped into the evidence given before the Trades' Unions' Commission, can possibly believe that the old relations of master and man will ever be restored here. The representatives of either side have, beyond all question, succeeded in producing the most damaging evidence as to the action of Masters' Unions and Men's Unions. Both sides deplore the antagonism which exists. Mr. Mault (the Secretary of the Master Builders' Association) vies with Mr. Applegarth (the Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners) in praising arbitration, and hoping for some solution in this direction. These are the two principal witnesses hitherto examined. But, on being pressed, you see at once that neither of them has any real faith in the arbitration plank. Indeed, how can the remedy work unless made compulsory? and, the moment you try to carry out the machinery of compulsion the staff breaks, and runs into your hand. The one conclusion to which the spectator finds himself irresistibly driven is, that the present system of armed watchfulness, breaking out constantly into open war, is one infinitely disastrous for the nation, which, indeed, it behooves the nation by all lawful methods to get quit of.

But if matters have come to this pass in the sphere of productive industry, how stands the case when we come to distribution? Here, again, we have sorrowfully to confess that there is scarcely a sound spot from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. The system of retail trade is little better than one giant mass of fraud and puffing. To justify this assertion, we would appeal to the published returns as to adulteration, and conviction for false weights and measures, on the one hand; and, on the other, to the private experience of every head of a household. The traces, upon which every housekeeper comes only too often, of a combination between trades-

people and servants to rob the consumer, should be enough to convince the most sceptical that scarcely an article enters a house in our day which has not had its price enhanced by a commission to more than one person, who is violating the most ordinary principles of morality in the transaction. It is needless to cite instances of a fact so well established. Here, again, the nation is the sufferer, and must bestir itself to root out a disease which is preying upon its vitals.

That in other and higher departments of human activity the case is no better, let the annals of the Courts of Chancery and Bankruptcy witness. The machinery of both is positively clogged by the mass of business arising from the winding-up of fraudulent companies, until the astounding details almost cease to arouse indignation. The recent case of the National Savings' Bank, in which 40,000*l.* was spent on management and directors' fees, on a subscribed capital of 31,000*l.*, and the collapse of which has probably spread wider ruin than the sack of a great city, is no unique specimen of what is going on, even in such departments as Insurance, in which, at any rate, one might hope that funds would be held sacred.

In a community which recognizes perfect freedom of action, of course it is impossible that such a state of things should have come to pass without a re-action, and attempts to mend matters in one direction and another. Of what has been done and is doing in the way of associations and industrial partnerships, in which possibly a remedy for strikes and locks-out may lie, we do not propose to speak to-day, but with regard to distribution a very remarkable movement has arisen, on which it would be well that public attention should be fixed just now. There, as in many other great reformations, the impulse has come from below. For twenty years and upwards the working people of the North have been organizing their co-operative stores for the purpose of bringing the producer and consumer together, restoring ready-money payments, just weights, and honest goods, and at the same time saving the profits of middlemen. The marvellous success of these stores has attracted the notice of the upper classes. The Civil Service Supply Association is only the best known of several societies which is doing for the middle and upper what the stores have done for the working classes. While the movement was confined to these latter, there was, comparatively speaking, little opposition to it. The Act under which



they were established placed limits to the amount of capital of these societies, and restrictions on their trading powers, which it was no doubt believed would render them harmless enough. But the success of the new societies founded on the same principles, but adopting the more flexible if more dangerous machinery of the Joint Stock Companies' Act, has fairly roused the trading classes to a sense of the gravity of the situation. Readers who are curious in such matters will do well to expend a few pence in the purchase of a number or two of *The Grocer*, a *Trade Circular*. In its columns, they will find proof enough of the light in which all efforts to reach the wholesale markets by outsiders are regarded by the so-called "legitimate trade." In the advertising columns, they may discover what wholesale houses refuse to supply co-operative societies, and these are held up for admiration. In the last number, there is an attack on the "Birmingham Supply Association," lately founded there, giving the names of the Committee, and sneering at "gentlemen who consent to act on a shop-keeping committee." In another column retailers are exhorted to be "wise in time, and discard the samples of all wholesale houses who either supply families or co-operative stores, and trade only with houses whose business is transacted with legitimate dealers in tea." In other quarters, the same disposition is showing itself. An Agricultural Association has been started for the purpose of enabling farmers and country gentlemen to purchase implements, seeds, and manures of the best qualities at wholesale prices. The unlucky agriculturist, it seems, pays something like an average of 25 per cent commission for his goods, which "the legitimate dealers" look upon as their perquisite by right divine. Fortunately for the Association, and for the public which it hopes to benefit, Mr. Greening, the manager, had taken the precaution of procuring before starting contracts with a large number of wholesale houses for the supply of implements, &c. Had this not been done, the Association would undoubtedly have been starved in its infancy, as "the legitimate trade" is now putting forth its strength, and coercing the wholesale houses to hinder, if possible, their supplying the enemy on any terms. We call attention to these facts thus early, that our readers may be aware of the issue that has to be tried. If the public, through superstitious veneration for "old use and wont" and "legitimate trade" allows these co-operative experiments in the upper classes to

be now snuffed out, it deserves to be delivered over to the spoilers for another generation.

Of those who may be inclined to sneer at the tendency apparent in so many of the leading men in our co-operative societies and associations to exalt their industrial method into a sort of religious faith, we would only ask seriously, "Can we afford just now to look *any* honest faith in the mouth?" They have shown beyond all question that they can give their members better articles of all kinds at cheaper rates than they could ever procure them elsewhere. They have restored the tone of trade in large districts by their rigid insistence on ready-money payments. They have converted thousands of careless and improvident workmen to thrifty habits. Well, then, if over their libations of unadulterated tea and coffee (the movement, be it remarked, is very nearly allied to the Temperance movement), they go on to declare that co-operation is neither more nor less than the application of the Sermon on the Mount to trade, — that it will fit into and regenerate every branch of commercial industry, — that co-operators have already knocked a big hole in the English Temple of Mammon, and that the whole structure is bound to come down with a run in about eighteen months' time, and millennium to set in in good earnest, why not let them have their swing? What have we to offer them in the place of their faith, such as it is? "Keep business and morals apart," says the legitimate trading community; "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." "As you have done with your limited companies and false weights and measures," the co-operative fanatic retorts, "and look what has come of them." "Enlightened self-interest," the political economist suggests; and the co-operator declares that his creed embraces the doctrine, so far as it is good for any thing. "Unfettered competition tempered in certain directions by arbitration, and councils of conciliation," preaches the self-made man, conscious of an unbounded capacity in himself for harvesting the results of the toil of the brain and muscle of others. But the co-operator "spews unlimited competition out of his mouth" as an invention of the Devil, and declares Councils of Conciliation to be an anachronism in a state of society in which all men will be fellow-workers, with the same interests, and neither strike nor lock-out will be possible any more. What can you say to such fanatics? Illusions! Utopia! Well, then, let them alone, and they

will come down of themselves. What says the good Book? "If the thing be of men, it will come to naught;" if not, let us be satisfied with the old Rabbi's authority as to our chances of overthrowing it. We will back Gamaliel on such a point against all the indomitable Plugsons of Undershot who ever lived. All we ask, however, is a fair field, and no favour for the co-operators in the campaign about to open in the higher walks of industry.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.\*

Of all the figures that appear on the dark canvas of the French Revolution, none flashes out more strangely, to vanish as suddenly, than that of Charlotte Corday: yet is the apparition one that must stir the hearts of men for ever, filling them with wonder and pity not unmixed with admiration, irreconcilable though the great act of her life be with law human or divine, and deeply as public opinion in Christendom has branded assassination with infamy. Her present biographer, M. Chéron de Villiers, claims her throughout his book with much emphasis as a true daughter of the Catholic Church, laying stress on certain evidences of early piety, and of a devotion stricter than was usual even in a conventual education. He triumphantly cites as a proof of her strict orthodoxy that she constantly refused to attend the preaching of Fauchet the constitutional bishop of Calvados, and in her last moments rejected the offices of the Abbé Lothringer, both priests 'sétris d'elle de la qualification d'intrus.' So be it, if the Holy Catholic Church wishes to claim her as saint and martyr; but we confess that her own words, letters, and demeanour throughout those six days from the 18th of July (the day of the murder) till the 19th, when she submitted herself so calmly to the executioner, seem rather to prove her entire indifference to such matters. She had done that which she believed herself appointed to do; she had given liberty to France; and the fulfilment of her task was not a crime to confess to any priest; with that blood on her hands, she was ready to go before God who had required it of her.

So at least we read her mental attitude

\* *Marie-Anne-Charlotte de Corday d'Armont: sa Vie, son Temps, ses Ecrits, son Procès, sa Mort.* Par M. Chéron de Villiers. Paris: Amyot. 1866.

in those strange pages addressed to Barbaroux from the Abbaye, and dated 'the second day of the preparation for Peace.'

'Je jouis délicieusement de la paix depuis deux jours; le bonheur de mon pays fait le mien,' she says, and as she firmly believes that she has accomplished this, she is able to write jestingly of all the little incidents of her journey to Paris in the sweltering July heat, with her disagreeable companions in the diligence, and of the offer of marriage made her by one of them whom she left 'de très-mauvaise humeur.' Of the great event she gives no details, leaving Barbaroux to learn them from other sources; but she says: 'As I was really calm (vraiment de sangfroid), I suffered from the cries of some women, but those who save their country cannot notice what it costs.' The anticipations of rest in the Elysian Fields with Brutus and some ancients savour more of Plutarch's Lives than of the Breviary; but we must give a summary of the facts collected by M. Chéron de Villiers in the work before us concerning the history of this wonderful girl. M. de Villiers seems to have heard in his youth many reminiscences of the beauty, the piety, and the ardent patriotic feeling of Charlotte Corday from his grandmother Mme. Riboulet, between whom and the future heroine a girlish friendship had existed. These traditions seem to have stimulated his industry in collecting all that can be known of her antecedents, so that his book may be fairly considered exhaustive on the subject, telling us both what we are to believe and what we are not: for Charlotte Corday's early years have furnished plenty of apocryphal matter to her biographers; documents being scarce, imagination has largely supplied the want. An actual authority, however, is a certain Mme. de M—— née Levallant, a resident at Caen in the year preceding the Revolution, and intimate with the Corday family. Her memoir appeared in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, embodied in a paper of Casimir Perrier's, and along with it, two letters addressed by Charlotte to Mme. de M——. To these M. de Villiers adds a hitherto unpublished letter to his grandmother, then Mdlle. Rose Fougeron du Fayot, which, as it is new, we will transcribe in its own place. These materials, however, would hardly by themselves swell the volume to its actual bulk without the addition of a memoir of Marat, a notice of the Abbé Raynal, his celebrated letter to the Assembly in 1791 given at length, and a great deal of other matter with which we are not at present concerned.

Marie-Anne-Charlotte de Corday d'Armont, for she bore all these names, and was familiarly known as Marie Corday, though history has selected Charlotte as her distinguishing appellation, was the daughter of a poor though noble Norman family, and in the female line she could claim the great Corneille as an ancestor, a fact not without significance in forming her character in the heroic mould. Losing her mother early, her father's exceedingly narrow means induced him to leave her for a few years in the care of her uncle the Abbé Corday, curé of Vicques; and at fourteen she and a younger sister were by the kindness of Mme. de Belzunce received into the Abbaye aux Dames at Caen. There Marie enjoyed the best education, and more liberty than usually falls to the lot of pensionnaires in a convent. She was brought up along with Mdlle. Alexandrine Forbin the niece of the abbess, and allowed free intercourse with all the old friends of her family. Among them was this Mme. de M——, then Mdlle. Levaillant, whose earliest recollection of 'la petite Marie Corday' was seeing the child fall and hurt herself severely, and then refuse to complain or even acknowledge that she was hurt. 'Cette petite fille est dure à elle-même; elle ne se plaint jamais.' At the time that she entered the Abbaye aux Dames, she is described as 'une jeune personne accomplie, soumise, laborieuse, bonne et prévenante envers tous, avec un goût pour les lectures sérieuses peu habituel à une femme.' Corneille, J. J. Rousseau, and the Abbé Raynal, were, we know from herself, her favourite modern authors. The Abbé, indeed, she always speaks of as 'mon maître,' and from him she drew the saying 'on ne doit pas la vérité à ses tyrans' with which she justified the artifice which gained her access to her victim. Much given to reverie, she brooded in solitude over the ideas of antique virtue described in the works of these men, and dreaming of Sparta and Rome she became an ardent republican in heart even before the Revolution. No lover of modern days ever made any impression on her affections, says Mme. de M——; but here this lady and Mme. Riboulet are at variance. The latter, Marie's more immediate contemporary and confidante, assures us that Henri de Belzunce, the nephew of the abbess, saw her frequently during the years 1787-89, and was passionately attached to her; that she returned his affection and looked forward to marriage with him. In 1789, he was murdered in the streets of Caen, his body atrociously mutilated, and his head

carried in triumph on a pike. A collision between de Belzunce's regiment and the populace brought about this catastrophe, which sank deep into Marie's heart, and strengthened the detestation with which she regarded those who incited the people to commit such horrors in the name of liberty, and to soil the sacred cause with a thousand crimes. Mme. Riboulet witnessed her intense suffering at this time, silent and self-controlled as were her love and grief; and she had no doubt that in this event might be found the key to the stern resolve that followed, nor have we. Mme. de Belzunce survived her nephew barely a year; and during the short period which yet intervened before the suppression of convents in 1790 Mme. de Pontécoulant ruled in the Abbaye aux Dames. This abbess also had a nephew, M. Gustave Doucet de Pontécoulant, whose name appears in connection with Marie Corday's in the closing scene of her life. When the convent was closed to them, the demoiselles de Corday returned to their father's roof at Argentan; but poverty there had deepened rather than otherwise, and Marie took the resolution in June 1791 of claiming the hospitality of a distant relative, an old Mme. de Bretteville, a widow of some substance, who lived alone in a large house in Caen, known as Grand Manoir. Here for two years more the enthusiastic girl lived, watching the progress of events. The society she mixed in was small, and principally royalist in their views. Eléonore de Faudos became her attached friend, and in two years' time both royalist and republican died on the same scaffold. Mme. de M—— describes Marie as having now developed into an exceedingly beautiful woman, and, whatever discrepancies may exist between the different portraits of her (Siccardi's being considered the best), there can be no doubt that hers was a very noble beauty, grave and intellectual in expression, as well as exquisite in form and colouring; while the remarkable sweetness and harmony of her voice in speaking was a charm that remained long in the memory of those who had heard it. The letter to her dear Rose du Fayot (Madame Riboulet) is dated from Grand Manoir, the 28th of January, 1793:—

Vous savez l'affreuse nouvelle, ma bonne Rose: votre cœur comme mon cœur en a été saillé d'indignation: voilà donc notre pauvre France livrée aux misérables qui nous ont déjà fait tant de mal. Dieu sait où cela s'arrêtera. Moi, qui connais vos bons sentiments, je puis vous en dire ce que je pense. Je frémis d'horreur et d'indignation. Tout ce qu'on peut rêver d'affreux se trouve dans l'avenir que nous pré-

parent de tels évènements. Il est bien manifeste que rien de plus malheureux ne pouvait nous arriver. J'en suis presque réduite à envier le sort de ceux de nos parens qui ont quitté le sol de la patrie, tant je désespère pour nous de voir revenir cette tranquillité que j'avais espérée il n'y a pas longtemps. Tous ces hommes qui devaient nous donner la liberté l'ont assassinée; ce ne sont que des bourreaux. Pleurons sur le sort de notre France. Je vous sais bien malheureuse, et je ne voudrais pas faire couler encore vos larmes par le récit de nos douleurs. Tous mes amis sont persécutés: ma tante est l'objet de toute sorte de tracasseries depuis qu'on a su qu'elle avait donné asyle à Delphin quand il a passé en Angleterre. J'en faisais autant que lui si je pouvais, mais Dieu nous retient ici pour d'autres destinées. . . . Nous sommes ici en proie aux brigands; nous en voyons de toutes les couleurs; ils ne laissent personne tranquille, ça en serait à prendre cette république en horreur si on ne savait que les forfaits des humains n'atteignent pas les cieux. Bref, après le coup horrible qui vient d'épouvanter l'univers, plaignés-moi, ma bonne Rose, comme je vous plains vous-même, parcequ'il n'y a pas un cœur sensible et généreux qui ne doive répandre des larmes de sang. Je vous dis bien des choses de la part de tout le monde, on vous aime toujours bien.

MARIE DE CORDAY.

Her orthography and grammar are doubtful; but her expressions are forcible, and read by the light of after events some of them are very significant. 'On ne meurt qu'une fois,' she says, speaking of some terrible scenes that had been enacted, 'et ce qui me rassure contre les horreurs de notre situation c'est que personne ne perdra en me perdant.' And again: 'Je n'ai jamais compté la vie que par l'utilité dont elle pouvait être.'

She reads with avidity all the journals and pamphlets that she can obtain, and daily she hears of fresh excesses, more blood flowing in the streets; Marat claiming five hundred thousand heads for the guillotine, and styling himself and his journal 'L'Ami du Peuple'; the struggle between the Montagne and the Gironde inclining each day towards the triumph of the former, till Marat is victorious and the Girondist chiefs, eighteen in number, are in flight. Caen is their place of refuge. Among them are Buzot, Duchâtel, Guadet, Pétion, Salles, Valady, and Barbaroux at their head. Marie, who saw in these men the party of moderation, the only hope of France, eagerly sought for an introduction to Barbaroux, and a petition to present to the Convention in favour of her old friend Mdlle. Forbin, Chanoinesse of Troyes, who in the alienation of church property had suffered losses,

was a pretext for asking for an interview at the Hôtel de l'Intendance, which she obtained. On this, as on every other occasion, when she saw Barbaroux, it was remembered that Marie was attended, as befitted a demoiselle, by an old servant of Mme. Bretteville's. Calumny was not slow to put an injurious construction on these interviews, but in history the name of Charlotte Corday, as of Joan d'Arc, however it fared with them amid the strife of tongues in their own day, must stand for ever pure and spotless among women. Barbaroux undertook to write to his colleague in the Convention, Lauze de Perret, then in Paris, on the affairs of Mdlle. Forbin, and invited Mdlle. Corday to return in a few days. She did so, and the result of one or two more interviews was that Marie volunteered to go in person to Paris to see De Perret, and to accelerate the transaction of Mdlle. Forbin's business; also to take charge of letters of political importance from the Girondist deputies to their party in Paris. It is plain that she has had long conversations with Barbaroux on the state of France, that he has found in her an intelligence that can grasp the situation, and an agent whom he can trust, for her offer is accepted, and she is told that the despatches will be ready for her in eight days. She has listened to Barbaroux' description of the men who are carrying all before them in Paris, and there can be no doubt, that when she asked to be the bearer of letters to the capital, where the ostensible object of her visit was furthering a hopeless legal claim on the part of a 'suspecte,' the resolution to kill Marat had been formed. It is equally certain that no hint of her resolve ever passed her lips, and that Barbaroux was entirely ignorant of it. To Pétion, who was present at the last interview, and who spoke to her rather ironically, her reply was, 'Vous me jugez aujourd'hui sans me connaître, citoyen Pétion, un jour vous saurez qui je suis.' There were signs in those last days, which those who remembered them afterwards knew to be marks of deep emotion in her controlled nature, when she took what she felt to be an eternal farewell of the few friends left in Caen. On the 6th of July, she visits one relative, Mme. Gautier de Villiers, at Versson; the lady is occupied in household cares with her servants, but reading some trouble in Marie's eyes, she dismisses them. 'Je viens te dire adieu: j'ai un voyage à faire.' To all questions her answers are evasive, her mind evidently entirely pre-occupied; suddenly she snatches a handful of peas in their shells from the heap before Mme. de

Villiers, crushes them and throws them down, embraces her cousin and leaves without another word. The 7th she occupies herself in burning all her papers, every address and proclamation of the Girondists; and then is present at a review of the national guard of Caen, by General Wimpfen.

Next day Barbaroux consigns to her his letter to De Perret, along with his other despatches. Her passport had been got some months before, and all was en règle now. 'The document,' says M. de Villiers, 'is in the collection of M. von Hunolstein;' we have seen what purported to be the same in that of M. Feuillet de Conches. There is an unlucky coincidence about these gentlemen's originals; but this one is not of much consequence. One more duty remained before leaving Caen, and that was to write to her father, and this letter also is new to the world:—

Je vous dois obéissance, mon cher papa, cependant je pars sans vous voir, parceque j'en aurai trop douleur. Je vais en Angleterre, parceque je ne crois pas qu'on puisse vivre en France heureux et tranquille de bien lontems. En partant, je mets cette lettre à la poste pour vous, et quand vous la recevrez je ne serai plus en ce pays. Le ciel nous refuse le bonheur de vivre ensemble comme il nous en a refusé d'autres. Il sera peut-être plus clément pour notre patrie. Adieu, mon cher papa, embrasés ma sœur pour moi et ne m'oubliez pas.

9 Juillet. CORDAY.

Mme. de Bretteville believed when her young cousin quitted Grand Manoir, on the 9th July, that she was going to visit her father.

Before we follow the avenger of blood, whom inexorable fate and the slow trot of the Norman horses are carrying along the dusty highway to Paris to find her victim, let us glance at the previous history of Marat, and trace his progress to the hateful eminence he has attained. France did not give him birth. His parents were Swiss colonists, and Jean Paul Marat came into the world a subject of the great Frederick at Boudry, near Neufchâtel, in 1744. Medicine was the profession he selected; but he soon abandoned the humbler walks of the healing art for dreams of vast scientific discoveries, which were to raise him far above his fellow men. His ambition and vanity seem to have been inordinate, even at the early age of sixteen, when he asked permission to accompany a scientific expedition sent by Louis XV. under the Abbe Chappe to Tobolsk, and was refused. He visited London in 1778, and there, beside a novel,

*Roman de Cœur*, characterised by M. de Villiers as 'prétentieux, fade, maldit et nauséabond,' he printed a work on *Man, and the Laws which govern the Union of Mind and Matter in Man*. In the eighth volume of the *Miscellanies* of the Philobiblon Society are some interesting letters addressed to Marat, as well as a very long and curious one of his to M. Roume de Saint-Laurent, which are little known. Among them we find a civil note of Lord Lyttelton's to Marat, who had apparently sent him his MSS., complimenting him on the ability displayed in the performance, but adding that his (Lord Lyttelton's) own want of anatomical knowledge prevented him from judging of the worth of M. Marat's theories. In 1780, he published *Discoveries on Light and Researches on Fire*; but these failed to attract the notice he desired, or that he believed they deserved: and, in reviewing his career in the long letter to Saint-Laurent in 1784, he attributes the failure of these works to the jealousy of the Academy, which, he believed, never ceased to persecute him, and was resolved to ignore all his discoveries. Voltaire certainly did not spare him; criticising his work *De l'Homme*, he concludes:—

Personne ne trouvera bon qu'on traite les Locke, les Mallebranche, les Condillac, d'homme orgueilleusement ignorants. . . Si M. J. P. Marat traite mal ses contemporains, il faut avouer qu'il ne traite pas mieux les anciens philosophes. . . C'est un grand empire que le néant, régné-y.

A work of his on the use of electricity in medicine was, however, crowned by the Academy of Rouen, and on the strength of this success he obtained the post of 'médecin aux écuries de M. le Comte d'Artois,' a very humble one in comparison with the magnificent offers which, if we are to believe him, he had received from foreign princes; twenty-four thousand a year from one northern potentate if he would go to live and work in his dominions! At the conclusion of his epistle to Saint-Laurent, the injured man of science winds up with a fervent protestation of his zeal for religion and morals, and an assurance that the testimony of all who have ever known him must infallibly be, that he is 'un homme de bien, dans la plus rigoureuse acception du terme.' And so to this bitterly disappointed man came the eventful year of 1789. He was not slow to feel the tempest in the air, or to guess that when the old order was shaken and the passions of men let loose, a place

not be found for such a one as him. He the power of the press to inflame those masses, and, practised scribe as he was, to a journal calling itself *L'Ami du Peuple* an easy resource. One of the electoral agents of Paris sent him as its deputy to Convention in September, 1792, where, the first day that his hideous physiognomy was seen alongside of Danton and Despard, it was decreed that royalty should be forever abolished in France, and public Acts should date henceforth from the first year of the Republic. Seated with Despard, breathing out rage and spite, his utterances were those of a man drunk, not with new wine, but with old; and such was the frenzy of the time, that he became the idol of a large section of the Parisian mob: a truly fearful Moloch, sitting at No. 20 in the old Rue des Cordeliers, with Simonne Evrard, his mistress, whom a direful disease was drawing nearly to death in July, 1793, when Charlotte Corday's knife reached him. Arriving in Paris on the 11th, Mdlle. de Corday gave the remainder of that day and the following one to visiting De Perret on the Rue Forbin's account. On the evening of the 12th, alone in her room in the Hotel de la Providence, Rue des Vieux Augustins, she wrote her 'Adresse aux Français' on a sheet of paper which she folded, and placed in her dress. It fell out next day under Chabot's rude handling, and M. von Soltstein claims to possess it now. It is well known how, early on the morning of the 13th July, she bought the knife in the Rue de la Harpe, how she twice on that day sought admission to the Citizen Marat, and was repulsed, till at last, at sundown, when he was in the bath, hearing her talk to the servant in the anteroom, he decided that the young woman who said she brought news of importance from Caen to give which should be admitted. In a few minutes she cried 'A moi, ma chère amie, à moi!' and in the terrified woman of his household; there is a dark stream of blood on the wall, and the tyrant is dead. The woman who has sent the blow so unerringly home does not attempt to escape or to deny: 'Ne craignez rien, c'est bien moi qui l'ai tué.' For some time she underwent an examination by the police with perfect calmness, and at two o'clock in the morning she was removed to the prison, repeating several times, 'J'ai remplit ma tâche, d'autres feront le reste.' But on the sight of the crowds surging in the streets ready to tear her in pieces, she fainted. She is buried in the cemetery of the Cordeliers in Paris. The Jacobins cover his bust

with crape and laurels, many refuse to believe the fact. It is announced in the Assembly; the safety of the Republic is menaced, says Hébert, Marat is the victim of the aristocrats: 'Citoyens, soyez fermes, entourez vos magistrats, et méfiez-vous surtout des chapeaux verts,' alluding to the colour worn by Mdlle. Corday. Here was work for Fonquier Tinville, whose hand was never slack at such tasks; by the 16th, the preliminary formalities were accomplished, the remains of Marat were committed with imposing ceremonies to the tomb, and Charlotte Corday was summoned from the Abbaye before the Revolutionary Tribunal. In the interval, she had written the first letter to Barbaroux, of which we have already spoken, and she addressed to the Comité de Sécurité Générale the following request:—

Citoyens,—Puisque j'ai encore quelques instants à vivre, pourrais-je espérer que vous me permettiez de me faire peindre? Je voudrais laisser cette marque de mon souvenir à mes amis; d'ailleurs, comme on chérit l'image des Bons Citoyens, la curiosité fait quelquefois rechercher ceux des grands criminels, ce qui sert à perpétuer l'horreur de leurs crimes. Si vous daignez faire attention à ma demande, je vous prie de m'envoyer demain un peintre en miniature. Je vous renouvelle celle de me laisser dormir seule. Croyés, je vous prie, à toute ma reconnaissance.—MARIE CORDAY.

There is a tremendous irony in the allusion to the 'Bons Citoyens,' whose image posterity delights to preserve, when those she was addressing were employed in ordering pictures and statues of Marat, and proclaiming his apotheosis. The presence of two gendarmes night and day in her apartment was an insult which she attributed to the ingenuity of Chabot: 'Il n'y a qu'un Capucin qui puisse avoir ses idées.' The room she occupied was the one but lately tenanted by Madame Roland. Jeanne Marie Phlippon too was beautiful, and a republican, and died on the scaffold with the words 'liberty and country' on her lips: her attitude was noble before her judges, and in the tumbril—encouraging fainter-hearted women to die. Yet hers was a very different character from Charlotte Corday's; if her white robe has no blood-stain on it, that terrible autobiography, lately given to the world, shows many another smirch and rent in the fair fabric, and her ruthless and unblushing self-dissection is positively revolting.

At eleven o'clock on the 16th July, the accused was led before her judges, after the

examination of all who could be cited as witnesses was over. Her demeanour remained unchanged throughout all the interrogations; and she showed but one anxiety—to prove that she had no accomplice. The arrest of Fauchet, whose acquaintance she had never made, and of Lauze de Perret, disturbed her. To every question as to her own act her answers are clear and decisive; some are very striking from their directness and simplicity. Towards the close of the trial, she says in answer to the remark of Montané, the president, that, since no person had incited her, it must have been from the public journals that she had learnt to regard Marat as the enemy of France: 'Oui, je savais qu'il pervertissait la France. J'ai tue un homme pour en sauver cent mille. J'étais républicaine avant la Révolution, et je n'ai jamais manqué d'énergie.—Qu'entendez-vous par énergie?—La résolution que prennent ceux qui mettent l'intérêt particulier de côté, et savent se sacrifier pour leur patrie.' She was desired to name an advocate, and complying with this form she named Doucet de Pontécoulant, deputy for Caen to the Convention, and nephew of the last abbess of the Abbaye aux Dames; but he was at that moment in hiding on account of his political liaison with Vergniaud and the Gironde, for he was not one of the Montagne as she supposed. Charlotte Corday was ignorant of this; ignorant, too, that the summons could not reach him till too late, and that he consequently in no degree deserved the epithet of 'un lâche' with which she stigmatised him. M. Chauveau de la Garde offered to supply his place, and was accepted; but in truth there was nothing for an advocate to say after the admission made by the accused. Her letters to Barbaroux, and her last farewell to her father, were read in evidence against her, and the president asked her if she had nothing further to add to Barbaroux: 'Il n'y a plus qu'une phrase à mettre,' she replies; 'la voici: le chef de l'anarchie n'est plus; vous aurez la paix.' Fouquier Tinville roused her to a last reply when he insinuated that from the accuracy with which she had struck her victim in a fatal spot, murder must have been familiar to her: 'Oh, le monstre! Il me prend pour un assassin!' This closed the trial. Sentence of death: to be executed on the 19th. Here is what she wrote to her father just before receiving it:—

Pardonnés-moi, mon cher papa, d'avoir exposé de mon existence sans votre permission: J'ai vengé bien d'innocentes victimes, j'ai prévenu bien d'autres désastres. Le peuple, un jour désabusé, se réjouira d'être délivré d'un tyran. Si j'ai cherché à vous persuader que je passais en Angleterre, c'est que j'espérais garder l'incognito; mais j'en ai reconnu l'impossibilité. J'espère que vous ne serez point tourmenté. En tous cas, je crois que vous auriez des défenseurs à Caen. J'ai pris pour défenseur Gustave Doucet; un tel attentat ne permet nulle défense, c'est pour la forme. Adieu, mon cher papa. Je vous prie de m'oublier, ou plutôt de vous réjouir de mon sort; la cause en est belle. J'embrasse ma sœur, que j'aime de tout mon cœur, ainsi que tous mes parens. N'oubliez pas ce vers de Corneille:

'Le crime fait la honte et non pas l'excuse.'  
C'est demain à huit heures, qu'on me jage.  
Ce 16 juillet. CORDAY.

The last two hours of life were spent sitting to the painter Hauer, and before he had finished transferring her features to the canvas the 'toilette des morts' had to be made, for the executioner was impatient. Then came the long drive in the tumbrel from the Conciergerie to the Place de la Révolution. She was its only occupant that day, and during the whole of the way she stood upright surveying the crowded streets with interest. The progress was slow, from the dense multitude that thronged around the vehicle to look at her. 'Vous trouvez que c'est bien long, n'est-ce pas?' said Sanson once, when he heard her sigh. 'Bah! nous sommes toujours sûrs d'arriver.' The savage howls which usually greeted the victims on that last journey were hushed into silence, or into whispered exclamations of pity by the majesty of her attitude, her youth, and her beauty. The sight sank with fatal effect into the heart of poor Adam Lux, whose passion cost him his head three months later. At a window in the Rue St. Honoré, Robespierre, Danton, and Camille Desmoulins too were looking on as she passed. Her head fell amid a few cries of 'Vive la nation!' She was not the only victim to the manes of Marat: twenty-one of the Girondist chiefs suffered on the 31st of the following October; and Vergniaud was right when he said of Charlotte Corday, 'Elle nous tue, mais elle nous apprend à mourir.'

From the North British Review.

*The Biglow Papers.* Second Series. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1867.

*The Tent on the Beach.* J. G. WHITTIER. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1867.

*Flower-de-Luce.* By H. W. LONGFELLOW. London : G. Routledge and Sons.

*Golden Leaves from the American Poets.* London : F. Warne and Co. 1866.

THE two nations of the civilized world which have most in common are the two whose acquaintance with each other is, in many respects, the most imperfect. Their separate political history is included within a century, and when they write of each other it is already to draw contrasts, like those drawn by Herodotus between the manners of the Greeks and the Egyptians. 'Fathers and mothers in America,' writes Mr. Trollope, 'seem to obey their sons and daughters naturally, and as they grow old become the slaves of their grandchildren.' 'An Englishman,' writes Mr. Emerson, 'walks in a pouring rain, swinging his closed umbrella like a walking-stick, wears a wig, or a shawl, or a saddle, or stands upon his head, and no remark is made.' Religion in America, asserts Mr. Trollope, is characterized by a certain rowdiness. Religion in England, declares Mr. Emerson, is torpid and slavish. Both authors confirm, by their example, the statement, that 'it is hard to write about any country so as not to represent it in a more or less ridiculous point of view ; and yet both are candid and able beyond the majority of critics. The relationship existing between Englishmen and Americans makes them ignorant of their mutual ignorance. They are near enough to set great store by each other's judgments, and not near enough to form just judgments extemporaneously. Their jealousies are those of competitors : their disputes the *χαλεποί πόλεμοι ἀδελφῶν*. Their community of speech is itself too often a medium of offence, for it dispenses with a study of the language ; and in studying the languages we learn something also of the habits and social histories of France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. The facility of travel, which makes it easy to acquire first impressions, is a temptation to the superficial traveller. The Americans have no good book about England. Mr. Willis's *Pencillings by the Way*, and Mrs. Stowe's *Sunny Memories*, are mere portfolio sketches. Washington Irving was half an Englishman ; he liked our country, and made himself familiar with our manners, but in writing about them he confined himself

mainly to pleasant literary and local reminiscences. The least satisfactory works of the two foremost American authors of recent years are those concerned with their English experiences. Every chapter of Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Old Home* exhibits his delicate picturesque power and quiet subtle thought, but it is the work of a retiring artist, wanting in unity and the historic grasp requisite to the comprehension of our national life as a whole. The mass of Englishmen will never forgive the writer for calling their wives portly and themselves 'bulbous,' while impartial critics are constrained to accept his own sentence on himself, — 'Jotting down the little acrimonies of the moment in my journal, and transferring them thence to these pages, it is very possible I may have said things which a profound observer of national character would hesitate to sanction.' Seven years earlier, Emerson's *English Traits*, in spite of much that is true and telling in their keen and polished epigrams, had shown how deceptive the impressions derived from a brief sojourn amongst us may be. But it would be well if the majority of our lively sketches of American society were inspired by even as fair a spirit as that which animated either of those two accomplished authors. The ambition of the ordinary English tourist in the States is satisfied when he has seen Niagara, called at the White House, and been introduced to the *litterati* of Boston, to whom he afterwards refers with an exceptional complacency. To this day the only attempt to give a philosophical account of American civilisation by a writer on our side of the Atlantic, is the work of the illustrious and lamented De Tocqueville ; and the changes of the last thirty years, in a country where events follow each other like the shifting scenes of a stage, call for a revisal even of his carefully considered estimates. Professor Cairnes's excellent book is avowedly limited in its range ; and the still more recent *New America* of Mr. Hepworth Dixon, though undoubtedly the most suggestive of that writer's works, deals professedly with the outskirts and anomalies of Transatlantic life. Untravelled Englishmen know much less of America, less of her geography, her history, her constitution, and of the lives of her great men, than Americans know of England. Of the mistakes on both sides, ludicrous and grave, we have the larger share. Distance no doubt magnifies in their eyes our Chartist demonstrations and Fenian riots ; but they have never so misconceived a British statesman, as, four years ago, we misconceived Mr. Lincoln,



or gone so far astray in regard to any crisis of our history as we did in reference to the moving springs and results of their civil war. The source of this greater ignorance lies not so much in greater indifference as in greater difficulty. England is one, compact and stable. The United States are many, vast, various, and in perpetual motion. An old country is a study, but a new country is a problem. It is hard to realize the past, but it is harder to understand the present; to predict the future is impossible. Antiquity is brought to our fireides in the classics, till Athens and Rome 'to us are nothing novel, nothing strange.' We are more familiar with the Acropolis than the western Capitol, with Mount Soracte than the Catskills, with Peisistratus than with Jefferson Davis, with Tiberius Gracchus than with William Lloyd Garrison. Our scholars know more about Babylon than about Chicago. Dante immortalizes for us the Middle Age, Plantagenet England is revived in Chaucer, the inner life of modern England has a voice in Tennyson and the Brownings. Where is the poet who will reveal to us 'the secrets of a land,' in some respects indeed like our own, but separated in others by differences which the distance of 3000 miles of ocean only half represents,—which, starting on another basis, has developed itself with energies hitherto unknown, in directions hitherto unimagined? Who will become the interpreter of a race which has in two centuries diffused itself over a continent, the resources of which are not more than half discovered, and has to absorb within itself and harmonize the discordant elements of other races, for whom the resources of the Old World are more than half exhausted? *Caret vate sacro*; but it does not want poetical aspirations as well as practical daring:—

'This land o' ourn, I tell ye's, gut to be  
A better country than man ever see.  
I feel my sperit swellin' with a cry,  
That seems to say, "Break forth an' prophesy."  
Oh, strange New World, that yet wast never  
young,  
Whose youth from thee by gripin' want was  
wrung;  
Brown foundlin' o' the woods, whose baby  
bed  
Was prowled round by the Injun's cracklin'  
trud;  
An' who grew'st strong thru' shifts, an'  
wants, an' pains,  
Nursed by stern men with empires in their  
brains.'

An English traveller has recently said, that 'in no part of its (*sic*) national career have the United States been so successful as in that of literature;' but most critics will venture to reverse his judgment. The number of writers in the States is immense. Mr. Griswold informs us that he has in his own library more than 700 volumes of native novels and tales, and his list of 'remarkable men' is like Homer's catalogue of ships. Every Yankee village has its miniature copy of Milton, or Byron, or Shelley—

'A whole flock of Lambs, any number of  
Tennysons;  
In short, if a man has a luck to have any sons,  
He may feel pretty certain that one out of  
twain  
Will be some very great person over again.'

America has given birth to more than a fair proportion of eminent theologians, jurists, economists, and naturalists; but, with the exception of Russia, no great modern country has, in the same number of years, produced fewer works of general interest likely to become classical; and Bishop Berkeley's sanguine prophecy of 'another golden age of arts' in the happier Empire of the West still awaits fulfilment.

The conditions under which the communities of the New World were established, and the terms on which they have hitherto existed, have been unfavourable to art. The religious and commercial enthusiasms of the first adventurers on her shores, supplying themes to the romancers of distant countries and later ages, were themselves antagonistic to romance. The first recorded verse written in America, bearing the date 1630 (*i.e.* a generation after Spenser had celebrated 'The Indian Peru,' in his *Fairy Queen*), is a doggerel list of 'New England's Annoyances:—

'The place where we live is a wilderness wood,  
Where grass is much wanting that's fruitful  
and good.

If fresh meat be wanting to fill up our dish,  
We have carrots and pumpkins and turnips  
and fish;

We have pumpkins at morning and pumpkins  
at noon,

If it was not for pumpkins, we should be un-  
done.'

The early colonists had to conquer nature before admiring it, to feed and clothe before analysing themselves. The spirit which tore down St. Regulus, and was afterwards revived in England in a reaction against

music, painting, and poetry, the Pilgrim Fathers bore with them in the 'Mayflower,' and planted across the seas. The ordinary cares of existence still beset their successors, to the exclusion of its embellishments. While Dryden, Pope, and Addison were polishing stanzas and adding grace to English prose, with them,

'The need that pressed sorest,  
Was to vanquish the seasons, the ocean, the forest.'

Their Puritanism has left only one considerable literary monument, in the massive work of Jonathan Edwards, published about the middle of the eighteenth century. The War of Independence, absorbing the whole energies of the nation, developed military genius, statesmanship, and oratory, but was hostile to what is called polite literature. The United States have had to act their Iliad, and it is yet unsung. They have had to piece together the *disjecta membra* of diverse races, sects, and parties in a παντοπαλιον πολεμισιν. Their genius is an unwedded Vulcan, melting down all the elements of civilisation in a gigantic furnace, and welding them afresh. An enlightened people in a new land, where 'almost every one has facilities elsewhere unknown for making his fortune,' it is no wonder that the pursuit of wealth has been the leading impulse of Americans, nor is it perhaps to be regretted that much of their originality has passed into machines instead of poems, or that their religion itself has taken a practical turn. The possible arena of their literature has hitherto been confined to the north-eastern corner of the Union. 'Lean and impoverished' as the common life of that comparatively barren sea-board may appear, it is there alone that the speculative and artistic tendencies of recent years have found room and occasion for development. Our travellers recognise a peculiar charm in the manly force and rough adventurous spirit of the Far West but the poetry of the pioneer is unconscious — 'the moving incident' is not his trade. The boasted culture of the South has always been limited in extent and in degree. The rare hothouse fruit of wealth and luxurious leisure, it has been best displayed in an appreciation of the advantages of education in the Northern schools, — schools which it is impossible to overpraise. In the world of letters at least, the Southern States have shone by reflected light; nor is it too much to say, that, mainly by their connexion with the North, the Carolinas have been saved from sinking

to the level of Mexico and the Antilles. Since the Revolution days, it is amazing how few of the thinkers of America have been born south of Mason and Dixon's line. The almost solitary name of Calhoun is a poor equivalent for those of Prescott, Motley, Bancroft, Webster, Lowell, Bryant, Emerson, Sumner, Dana, Holmes, and Hawthorne, which belong to the single State of Massachusetts. Whether we look to India or Louisiana, it would seem that there is something in the fire of a tropical sun which takes all the poetic fire out of Anglo-Saxon veins, and the indolence which is the natural concomitant of despotism has the same benumbing effect. Like the Spartan marshalling his Helots, the planter lounging among his slaves was made dead to art by a paralysing sense of his own superiority. Some years ago, a scheme to establish a Southern University was abandoned, because the 'cuticular aristocracy' refused to associate with the teachers. All genuine Transatlantic literature is inspired by the spirit of confidence in labour. It can only flourish in a free soil, and for all its vitality, all its aspirations, its scant performance and large promise, we must turn to New England. Its defects and merits are those of the national character as developed in the Northern States, and we must explain its peculiarities by reference to the physical and moral conditions by which they are environed.

The Romans lived under the same sky as the Italians; the leading traits of the modern Swiss are like those of the modern Dutch; another race than the Anglo-Saxon would have made another America; but we cannot avoid the belief that the climate and soil of America have had something to do in moulding the Anglo-Saxon race, in making its features approximate to those of the Red Indian, and stamping it with a new character. An electric atmosphere, a temperature ranging sometimes from 50° to 100° in twenty-four hours, have contributed largely to engender that restlessness which is so conspicuous 'a note' of the people. A territory which seems boundless as the ocean has been a material agent in fostering an ambition unbridled by traditional restraints. When European poets and essayists write of Nature, it is to contrast her permanence with the mutability of human life. We talk of the everlasting hills, the perennial fountains, the ever-recurring seasons. 'Damna tamen celeres reparant celestia luncæ, nos ubi decidimus' — In the same spirit, Byron contemplates the sea and Tennyson a running stream, and

Sir Walter Raleigh writes 'Our leaf once fallen springeth no more.' In America, on the other hand, it is the extent of Nature that is ever present to the mind; the infinity of space rather than the infinity of time is opposed to the limited rather than to the transient existence of man. Nothing strikes a traveller in that country so much as this feature of magnitude. The rivers, lakes, forests, plains, and valleys, Niagara itself, with its world of waters, owe their magnificence to their size; and by a transference not unnatural, although fallacious, the Americans generally have modelled their ideas of Art after the same standard. Their wars, their hotels, their language, are pitched on the huge scale of their distances. Compared with Europeans, they have gained in surface what they have lost in age.

'That untravelled world, whose margin fades  
For ever and for ever when they move,'

is all their own, and they have the hopes of a continent to set against the memories of a thousand years. Where Englishmen recall, Americans anticipate. In thought and action, they are constantly rushing into empty spaces. New York 'central park, and the largest streets in the plan of Washington, are on the outer verges of these cities. Emigration is a normal condition of a great part of the inhabitants. When the backwoods man's fields in Iowa begin to look less wild, he crosses the Missouri. We have heard of a North Virginian farmer complaining that he had neighbors within fifty miles, and preparing to move away from the encroachment.

'I'm crowded just to think that folks are nigh,  
And can't bear nothing closer than the sky.'

The domestic attachments of the people have been underrated; but it is rare to find a family mansion rooted to the same town or district. 'Jonathan,' says Mr. Lowell, 'is one drop of a fluid mass who knows where his home is to-day, but can make no guess of where it may be to-morrow.' The tie which unites one generation with another is easily broken, and this want of continuity in life breeds a want of continuity in ideas. The American mind, in which fitfulness and pertinacity are strangely mixed, delights in speculative and practical, social and political experiments, as Shakerism, Mormonism, Pantagamy; and the very tenacity with which the majority of Americans cling to their

written Constitution is due in part to the acknowledged want of other anchorages. Within this fence every thing is allowed; European idealism and materialism are each in turn outstripped by a host of authors,—from Emerson to Walt Whitman,—who have tried to glorify every form of human life, from the transcendental to the brutish. The habit of instability is fostered by the rapid vicissitudes of commerce, and the melting of one class into another, by which all landmarks, but that of a temporary public opinion, are drifted away. The great fault of the people is *impatience*; they will not stop to verify and study details, and satisfy themselves with generalizations, which are superficially conclusive rather than suggestive or rich. The mass of them have never learnt that 'raw haste is half-sister to delay;' or that 'works done least rapidly art most cherished.' Our agriculturists tell us that they have run over their land like locusts, leaving heaps of stones behind them. Solid Scotch engineers inform us that a shaft which takes six weeks to turn on the banks of the Clyde is thrown out from the yards of New York in a fortnight; that the steamboats on the Mississippi are built of veneer, and the summer-houses of papier-maché. This is not quite so; but there is a grain of truth in the exaggeration. The makeshifts, which were at first a necessity with the Northern settlers, have grown into a custom; and beginning with a bravery, like that of the grandiloquent preambles to their codes, they end sometimes in the sublime, sometimes in the ridiculous.

Some of the artistic as well as many of the social peculiarities of the United States may doubtless be traced to their form of government. After the obvious wants of life are provided for, Democracy stimulates the production of literature. An intellectual world, where the utility if not the beauty of knowledge is universally recognized, rises on the ruins of rank. There is a race in which the prize is to the swift, and every one tries to draw the eyes of others by innumerable efforts,—*multa non multum*. Art is abundant and inferior; white-washed wood and brick, 'cheap and excellent substitutes,' pass for marble, and rhymical spasms for poetry. Antiquity presents only apparent exceptions to this rule. Athens ultimately attained the utmost democracy consistent with the institution of slavery, but her citizens had previously inherited, from a past so vague that they claimed to have originally sprung from their narrow soil, a set of prescriptions in

pre-established harmony with the Hellenic mind. The ideas of Limit and Order were paramount on their stage; their most agitated assemblies were still critical, and no orator ventured to address them in the style of a Western member of Congress. Formality is the prevailing defect of Aristocratic literatures; they are apt to be precise and restricted. A Democratic literature runs the risk of lawlessness, inaccuracy, and irreverence. From either extreme, the Athenian and Florentine and Elizabethan classics were preserved by the artistic inspirations of a flexible tradition. The one is displayed in the so-called Augustan ages of letters, when men of genius, caring more to cultivate style than to establish truth, more to captivate the taste than to stir the passions, moved, with clipt wings, in a charmed circle of thought. The other is most conspicuously developed in America, a country which is not only democratic but youthful, without the modesty of youth, unmellowed by the past, and untrammelled by authority; where the spirit of adventure is unrestrained by feelings of personal loyalty; where order and regularity of all kinds are apt to be misnamed subservience; where vehemence, vigor, and wit are common—good taste, profundity, and imagination rare; a country whose untamed material imparts its tamelessness to the people, and diverts them from the task of civilization to the desire of conquest. 'We have,' writes one of their own censors, himself not wholly unaffected by the national vices which he has yet the wisdom to condemn,—'We have need of a more rigorous scholastic rule, such an asceticism as only the hardihood and devotion of the scholar himself can enforce. We live in the sun, and on the surface,—a thin, plausible superficial existence, and talk of muse and prophet, of art and creation. But out of our shallow and frivolous way of life how can greatness ever grow?'

American literature is cramped on another side by the spirit of imitation. Up to the present time it has been, in great measure, an offshoot or prolongation of the literature of Europe. Native artists have been prone to take their intellectual culture from abroad, and to seek the sources, the rules, and the sanctions of their art in the Old World. Their themes are frequently European; their treatment of them still more so; and their highest ambition, like that of all colonists, has hitherto been to receive a favourable verdict, not from the country of their birth, but from that of their ancestors.

Franklin was a practical disciple of Locke; Jefferson of the French Revolution. Latterly the Americans have followed the French in dress, talk, eating, and architecture, the English and Germans in thought; their bonnets are Gallican, but their books are Teutonic. 'The literary genius of Great Britain,' says De Tocqueville, 'still darts its rays into the recesses of the forests of the New World. I read the feudal play of *Henry V.* for the first time in a log-house. They draw on the treasures of English literature, and I find the literature of England growing on their own soil. The small number of men who write are English in substance, and still more in form.' Of the great number of men who have written since the date of this criticism, only a few have written anything to refute it. Another French critic has remarked that Washington Irving paints all countries but his own in the style of Addison; a remark applicable to all his works, except his *Knickerbocker*, which is, because of its greater nationality, the most salient of the group. Fenimore Cooper, though possessed of less artistic power, less fluency, and less variety of illustration than Irving, is more vigorous and peculiar. His sea pieces, and, making allowance for their monotony, his delineations of Western character and scenery, are unsurpassed in their kind; but, on land at least, he everywhere remembers Scott, and his heroes, his conversations, and his mottoes disclose the latent imitation. As in the works of the Scotch novelist the semi-barbarous feudal spirit is represented in conflict with modern law, in those of Cooper the enterprise of New England is struggling against the ruggedness of nature and a savage life. The writers of the last thirty years have been making strenuous efforts towards nationality; but they are still hampered by Transatlantic associations. In the style of Mr. Motley, one of the most original among them, we cannot help tracing the influence of Carlyle, and the reaction begun by Emerson against the reign of Lockist and Scotch psychology (a movement which merits a separate and extended consideration) is admitted to have derived its first impulse from *Sartor Resartus*. The tyranny which five centuries' load of classics in the same tongue exercises over the mind of a nation not yet a century old is very much strengthened by the non-existence of an international copyright, which leads to the intellectual market being glutted with stolen goods. As long as a publisher in Boston or New York can republish a good book written in Edinburgh or

London without paying for it, he is likely to prefer an undertaking which involves no risk and comparatively no outlay, to another which involves both, i.e., the republication of the English to the first publication of an American book; for the English book has already attained its reputation, and its popularity in America is secured; while the American book, for the copyright of which he has to pay, has, except in the case of a few authors, still to win its spurs. If the people of the United States had spoken a language of their own, it is probable they would have gained in originality; as it is, they are only now beginning to sign their intellectual declaration of independence, — a fact confessed among the latest words of their own greatest artist: — ‘Bred in English habits of thought as most of us are, we have not yet modified our instincts to the necessities of our new modes of life. Our philosophers have not yet taught us what is best, nor have our poets sung to us what is most beautiful, in the kind of life that we must lead, and therefore we still read the old English wisdom, and harp upon the ancient strings.’

Two-thirds of the writing of the author who is, on the whole, the greatest of American poets, are a long commentary on this confession. Mr. LONGFELLOW'S works are entirely free from the special defects that stamp the national literature of his country. He has none of the somewhat uncouth power and spasmodic exaggeration of his Western contemporaries; he is all grace and polish and inexhaustible sweetness. One of his earliest books, ‘Hyperion,’ strikes the key-note of the majority of his minor poems. The source of their inspiration is Outre Mer, among Rhenish feudal towers, Flemish towns, and Alpine passes. Like Irving in the variety and extent of his culture, and superior to him in genius, his imagination is rather Teutonic than English. Cut Germany out of his volume, and you cut out nearly half. He lingers in Nuremberg, Bruges, and Prague, and chooses for his emblem of life's river, not the Ohio, nor the Hudson, nor the Assabeth, but ‘the Moldau's rushing stream.’ He has given us the best translation in the world from Swedish, German, Spanish, and Italian authors, and many of his best verses are avowedly suggested by old proverbs, or sentences, or bits of old romance. A few words from an old French author give him the burden of the ‘Old Clock on the Stair;’ a leaf out of Mather's *Magnalia Christi* is rhymed into the ‘Phantom Ship;’ the ballad of the Count Arnaldos sets him dreaming over the

‘Secret of the Sea;’ a verse of Euripides is the overture to his ‘Voices of the Night;’ a few lines from Goethe gather up the essence of the ‘Psalm of Life.’ In the *New World*, but not wholly of it, he dwells with almost wearisome fondness on the word ‘old.’ Volumes of old days, old associations that we cannot buy with gold, quaint old cities, old poets and painters, sweet old songs, old haunted houses, dear old friends, the gray old manse, Nature the dear old nurse, dear old England, — on phrases and thoughts like these his fancy broods. American verse is frequently rough hewn and audacious, sometimes obscure and pedantic, and its novelty is often more striking than its truth. Every sentence that Longfellow has penned is as clear as crystal and as pure as snow. He wears his weight of learning ‘lightly as a flower,’ and though he rarely creates, he cannot touch without adorning. He puts our best thoughts into the best language, with that high art which conceals itself. An American poet in his songs of labour, he has yet no sympathy with ‘the loud vociferations of the street;’ and in those days of strife he retires into the sanctuary of the *Divina Commedia*, till

‘The tumult of the time disconsolate,  
To inarticulate murmurs dies away.’

Severe critics complain of his want of concentration and intensity, and of the conventionality of his epithets (a frequent fault of his earlier poems), but his position as the laureate of women and children and gentle men is unimpregnable; and there are seasons when we prefer his company to that of the ‘grand old masters.’ His perpetual refrain of ‘Peace on earth, good will to men,’ is soothing to ‘weary hearts;’ and when we seek an anodyne rather than a stimulant,

‘His songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care.’

Generally speaking, his later works are his strongest. More is said in less space, his ideas follow one another with greater rapidity, and his imagery is more striking. There is nothing in the ‘Voices of the Night’ so powerful as Victor Galbraith, or the ‘Hebrew Cemetery,’ or the verses on the death of Wellington or Enceladus; scarcely anything so effective as the ‘Bells of Lynn,’ or so tender as the exquisite address to children entitled ‘Weariness.’

Longfellow's command of verse alone proves him to be a genuine poet. There

are passages in the 'Arsenal,' the 'Occultation of Orion,' the 'Building of the Ship,' and the Household Poems, unsurpassed in melody by any in contemporary English verse. The introduction to 'Hiawatha,' the closing lines of 'Evangeline,' and some of the character-sketches which preface the tales of the 'Wayside Inn,' have a music equally attractive and more decidedly original. The highest flights of Mr. Longfellow's imagination are in the strange old-world story of the 'Golden Legend,' but his fame most securely rests on 'Hiawatha.' This poem, in which a series of idylls are strung together on the thread of an idea common to Indian and Scandinavian legend, has that refreshing flavour of nationality wanting in many of the author's works, and it yields to none of them in artistic finish. The monotony of the verse is like that of a bird's song, which has only two or three notes, and yet, from its everlasting freshness, never palls upon the ear. Most modern attempts to reproduce old ballads put new wine into old bottles; but the American poet has here thrown himself as completely into the spirit of aboriginal Western life as he has into that of Gothic Paganism in the 'Challenge of Thor.' Like Chibiabos the musician, he is at home among the pine-groves and the prairies, and 'the great lakes of the northland,' and

'All the many sounds of nature  
Borrow sweetness from his singing.'

Longfellow's descriptions charm us more than they astonish. Inferior in luxuriance to those of 'Enoch Arden,' in subtlety to Browning's Italian pictures, they are superior in simplicity. They do not adorn nature as a mistress with the subjective fancies of a lover; they bring her before us as a faithful nurse careful for her children. In 'Evangeline' the poet follows the wheels of the emigrants' waggon through 'billowy bays of grass, ever rolling in sunshine and shadow,' and 'over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck.' 'Hiawatha' speaks of nature with the familiarity of an inhabitant; there is no trace of the grandiose style of the tourist. In the best episodes of the volume, as the account of the hero's childhood and his friends, of the wooing of Minnehaha, of the Son of the Evening Star, of the Ghosts and the Famine — the parable of human life, with its incidents of birth, love, and death, of civilization and decay, is told in a narrative of childlike tenderness and masculine grasp.

A recent New York critic ridicules the

European view that 'Hiawatha' is an American poem; it belongs, he holds, to the wigwam and not to the exchange. It is true that the feverish ardour of Wall Street has no place in its pages, but it is none the less manifestly Transatlantic and *sui generis*. In celebrating Red Indian life it inevitably discloses some of the features of the race which has come into close contact with that life. Mr. Dixon has dwelt very justly on the extent to which the New Zealand myth about the strength of the dead man passing into his conqueror applies to the pioneers of the West. 'Hiawatha' sings of the decadence of a primitive people in strains that recall by their pathos the old Briton legends of the death of Arthur: but it has also a prophetic side; from the meeting-point of two races it looks before as well as after.

'I beheld too in that vision  
All the secrets of the future.

All the land was full of people,  
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving;  
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling  
But one heart beat in their bosoms.  
In the woodlands rang their axes;  
Smoked their towns in all the valleys.  
Over all the lakes and rivers  
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.'

When De Tocqueville asserted that America had not yet produced a poet, only a single poem could be appealed to in contradiction of his statement, and the collective works of the author of this poem help to vindicate another generalization of the French critic. Hé remarks, that 'in democratic communities, where men are all socially insignificant, and each one sees his fellows when he sees himself, poetry will be less apt to celebrate individuals, that it will seldom be dramatic, but will incline to dwell either on external nature, or on the ideas which concern mankind in general, it will be either descriptive or abstract. Mr. BRYANT is a poet of nature and contemplation. His masterpiece, 'Thanatopsis,' was written fifty years ago. The following extract must serve to illustrate the style of its verse and thought: —

'Yet not to thine eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone — nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world — with  
kings,  
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the  
good;  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills

Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun, — the  
vales

Stretching in pensive quietness between ;  
The venerable woods — rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green ; and poured  
round all,

Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste, —  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite hosts of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that  
tread

The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings  
Of morning, — and the Barcan desert pierce,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods,  
Where rolls the Oregon — and hears no  
sound

Save his own dashings — yet the dead are  
there.'

The reason why Mr. Bryant has never surpassed, and seldom equalled this effort of his youth, is to be found partly in the cast of his mind, which is characterized by a narrow greatness, and partly in the fact, that during the great portion of his life he has been forced 'to scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen' as the editor of a daily newspaper, a fact to which he makes a touching reference at the close of his 'Green River.' But not even Longfellow has penetrated so deeply into the Western woods as Bryant has done. He has lived in thronging streets, an honest and energetic politician, but in his leisure hours his fancy has roamed away to breezy hills and valleys and the undulating sea of the prairies —

'The gardens of the desert,  
The unshorn fields boundless and beautiful;  
For which the speech of England has no  
name.'

The perpetual autumn of his writings is peculiar. They lead us to the margin of plains broader than English shires, by the banks of rivers flowing oceanward with a mournful sound, through sombre wildernesses, and over fallen leaves. Bryant has written smoothly in various measures, but he is never lively. An American 'Alastor,' he loves 'the air that cools the twilight of the sultry day,' better than morning 'clad in russet vest.' In the beautiful verses on the 'Death of the Flowers,' his ear catches a dirge-like tune in the wind : —

'The south wind searches for the flowers  
whose fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood and by  
the stream no more.'

The high rank grass of the wild meadow is to his eye the garniture of the graves of a race represented by his 'Disinterred Warrior.' Devoid of the exuberance of his contemporaries, he lingers 'where old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,' and he contemplates 'the living present' with resignation rather than hope. All his best pieces, as 'The Evening Wind,' 'The Forest Hymn,' 'Monument Mountain,' 'The Burial Place,' and 'The Past,' are set to the same slow music, and pervaded by the thought of life as the avenue of death. If we compare his 'Address to a Waterpool' with Wordsworth or Shelley's 'Skylark,' we appreciate the monotony of his mind, which is like that of Cowper without Cowper's occasional vivacity. Mr. Bryant stands on a high level, but the space he covers is limited; he has no touch of humour, and only the distant pathos of prevailing melancholy. Master of his position where he is at home — in the woods, — he loses his inspiration when he draws near his own cities. His exclusive nature-worship has a parallel in the feeling which animates some of the most graphic passages in New England prose, — such as the following from one of Emerson's earlier essays : —

'It is the halcyon season of our pure October weather. The day immeasurably long, sweeps over the broad hills and warm wide fields. To have lived through all its sunny hours seems longevity enough. The solitary places do not seem quite lonely. At the gates of the forest, the surprised man of the world is forced to leave his city estimates of great and small, wise and foolish. The knapsack of custom falls off his back with the first steps he makes into these precincts. Here is sanctity which shames our religions, and reality which discredits our heroes. Here we find nature to be the circumstance which dwarfs every other circumstance, and judges like a god all men that come to her. We have crept out of our crowded houses into the night and morning. . . . The incommunicable trees begin to persuade us to live with them and quit our life of solemn trifles. Here no history, or church, or state, is interpolated on the divine sky and the immortal year.'

This is a one-sided spirit; but it is a spirit with which we have all an occasional sympathy. To a disposition like that of Mr. Bryant it is permanently congenial. Thus, in the following verse he gives voice to the impulse which, even in settled countries, often induces eccentric men of culture to banish themselves for a season from society; — the impulse which made captive the 'Scholar Gipsy,' which the hero of Locksley

Hall welcomes for a moment, and then rejects :—

'Ay! this is freedom, these pure skies  
Were never stained with village smoke;  
The fragrant wind that through them flies  
Is breathed from wastes by plough un-  
broke.  
Here with my rifle and my steed  
And her who left the world for me,  
I plant me where the red-deer feed,  
In the green forest, and am free!'

Imaginative and ardent minds oppressed by the 'weariness, the fever, and the fret,' of what Mr. Arnold calls 'this strange disease of modern life,' try to escape from the region of the real drama into that of the ideal lyric, 'arva beata petamus arva divites et insulas,' and have now and then endeavoured to convert it into an actual idyll, as when Thoreau buried himself in a log-hut by Walden Lake, or Winthrop, leaving his ledgers in New York, scoured over the crags of Oregon, or Horne (of 'Orion') was found mining in a quarry of New South Wales. But this *émigré* spirit when put into practice ultimately cures itself; a poet soon tires of working with his hands for a livelihood. The aspirations of Clough's 'Bothie' are stifled by the *vitiæ curæ* of a hard life, or terminate in the catastrophes of a fanaticism, such as Hawthorne has branded with his genius in the 'Blithedale Romance.' The Philosophical refugees find that the solitude they desired charms only by its contrast with the civilization they have left; as the beauty of the sea is its contrast with the shore. But this wandering impulse, strong in the ancient Greek and the modern English race, has colonized and civilized the world; it is especially strong in the Anglo-American; the very restlessness which makes his city so noisy bids him long for a remoter rest, and this longing acts in conjunction with more material demands to drive him across the Mississippi, and pioneer the way to the Pacific.

The growth of a history on their own soil is, in the minds of most Americans, a requisite to the development of national art. English history does not supply the background which they desiderate, for they cannot associate that history with what they see around them. Memories of the Revolution War have suggested some stirring verses, as 'Paul Revere's Ride' in the 'Way-side Inn,' but the most effective American national works of recent date owe their generative impulse to the political movements of the last quarter of a century. The assertion of Henri Beyle that politics are like a stone

tied round the neck of literature, and Goethe's warning to the young Germans, who were charging him with a lack of patriotic fervour—'Remember politics are not poetry,' must be accepted with a reservation. As a rule, the wider the grasp of the poet, the farther is he removed from the partisan. In Shakespeare, as in Chaucer, this comprehensiveness is so extreme, that he includes in his view of life (like that of a remote star with an infinitesimal parallax) only the common points, and excludes from it the differences of the Catholic and Protestant systems of faith. Dante and Milton, with a narrower range, take more definite sides; but their highest poetry is universal, it transcends the strife of Guelph and Ghibelline, of Puritan and Cavalier. On the other hand, poetry of a secondary, though still of a high order, may in many cases be referred to the suggestions of living history, i.e., to politics. Ballads, not legendary or purely domestic, have often a political face; and this is true of the songs which, like the 'Marseillaise,' help to fight the battles, or, according to Fletcher of Saltoun, make the laws of a nation. The stalks of asphodel which move to and fro the Gygouian rock grow under its shadow. Even if we admit that the heroic thought which inspires heroic deeds comes from a loftier source, the shrewd thought that condemns or ridicules degenerate deeds is an offshoot of local or temporary circumstances. Satire, not merely personal, is almost always more or less political. The poetry of Sophocles seems to confirm Goethe's dictum, that of Aristophanes disproves it. 'Paradise Lost' is comparatively impartial, but polemical animus points all the wit of 'Hudibras.' The *Biglow Papers*, a series of metrical pamphlets, born of the great social and political struggle of the New World, are among the most original contributions to its literature. Previous to the publication of this work, Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL was already known on both sides of the Atlantic as the author of an extensive volume of miscellaneous verses. Generally speaking, his earlier efforts are more impetuous than powerful. Buoyant and vigorous, but bearing everywhere the marks of haste, they display more fancy than imagination. Lowell's genius everywhere appears in contrast to Bryant's. Far from shrinking into solitary places, he loves great cities and their cries, and sets them to rhyme with hearty good-will. When he goes into the country it is to have his blood sent faster through his veins by the spring morning, and not to dream among autumn woods. We may read the following, one of



the best of his descriptions, by the side of 'Thanatopsis':—

'And what is so rare as a day in June,  
Then if ever come perfect days;  
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays.  
Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur or see it glisten:  
Every clod feels a stir of might,  
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And grasping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.'

Or turn the page to the picture of the grim old castle, which 'summer besieges on every side,' or hear 'Allegra,' or 'The Fountain,' or the 'Indian Summer Reverie:' the same jubilant energy or 'flush of life' pervades them all, and the same apparent carelessness. The passage from which we have quoted runs on 'leaping and flashing' through a long page before it comes to a period, and repeats itself more than once. Mr. Lowell's earlier style is apt to be both verbose and tautological; faults only half redeemed by its fluency and richness. He writes, *currente calamo*, in utter disregard of Pope's 'greatest art' and, unchecked by any reverences, contemns 'the dead blaspheming Past,' 'Bibliolatry,' and the 'dotard Orient,' after the fashion in which an English poetaster (since converted to Conservatism) was used to deal with 'old opinions, rage, and tatters.' The imagery in those poems, drawn direct from nature, is generally true and suggestive, showing a keen eye and a fine sense of analogies. That drawn from history is less successful. Few Americans know how to use the classics with due reticence; and Mr. Lowell's pages are infected with such school-boy commonplaces as Phidian Joves, Syracusean tyrants, Dodona groves, Olympus, Ganymede, Tyrtæan harps, and rattling shields at Marathon, and now and then confused by abstractions more bombastic than metaphysical. His semi-political and social verses are noble and manly exhortations, never wanting in fine lines and finer thoughts, but many of them are spoilt by mixed metaphors and 'horticultural rhetoric.' We read them at first with a glow of enthusiasm, but their fire seems to burn lower on revisal. The 'Ode to Freedom,' the verses on 'The Capture of Fugitive Slaves,' and those on the 'Present Crisis' (bearing the date 1845), are thickset with stirring watchwords; few are more capable of being recited with effect on platforms, but they will not bear analysis. Mr. Lowell's early volume is by no means the

product of a poetaster: his 'Irene,' 'The Requiem,' 'The Token,' 'The Beggar Bard,' and 'The Growth of the Legend,' are really fine poems,—but its weaker and more spasmodic verses are calculated to encourage poetasters. His prevailing faults as a grave writer are, that he frequently confounds aspiration with inspiration, and never knows when to stop. In the 'Fable for Critics,' which may be compared with Leigh Hunt's 'Feast,' and with 'Suckling's Session of the Poets,' he breaks ground on the field where he has since found his richest harvest. The intrinsic merit of this piece lies in its candour and the general excellence of its criticisms, in the course of which the 'whole tuneful herd' of American authors are reviewed with keen appreciation and good-natured banter. The catholicity of the author's taste and his discernment are conspicuous in his lines on Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Cooper, Irving, Edgar Poe, and Judd, the author of the striking Transatlantic romance of 'Margaret.' He perhaps overpraises Mr. Willis, and under-estimates Byrant, but in his review of the latter he does full justice to Wordsworth. In several instances he shows himself alive to the prevailing defects of his countrymen, which are also his own. The following, on a now obscure writer of Maine, has a wide applicability:—

'Neal wants balance; he throws his mind always too far,  
And whisks out flocks of comets and never a star;  
He has so much muscle, and longs so to show it,  
That he strips himself naked to prove he's a poet.'

The style of the 'Fable for Critics' is rapid and sparkling, its 'rhymental trinkets' glitter like icicles in moonlight; it is 'all armed with points, antithesis, and puns,' which follow each other like sparks from a Leyden jar. Apollo's lament for Daphne, near the commencement, illustrates his manner of coruscating in verbal allusions; the reference to Alcott, the brilliant talker and nebulous writer, is even more salient:—

'While he talks he is great but goes out like a taper,  
If you shut him up closely with pen, ink, and paper.  
Yet his fingers itch for them from morning till night,  
And he thinks he does wrong if he don't always write:

In this, as in all things, a lamb among men,  
He goes to sure death when he goes to his  
pen.'

Page after page of this sort of thing becomes tiresome, and sometimes, as in the *Epitaphs* on a graveyard, is even tasteless. Lowell has on all occasions enough of wit, but seldom 'as much again to govern it.' In his recent pleasant volume of 'Fireside Travels,' he still runs riot in puns, which are at the best 'the *a-b abs* of humour,' as these:—'Bull enters St. Peter's with the *spine* of St. Paul's drawn over his eyes like a criminal's cap, ready for instant execution, rather than confess that the English Wren had not a stronger wing than the Italian Angel.' 'Milton is the only man who ever got much poetry out of a cataract—and that was a cataract in his eye!!!' But there is much about even his earlier works which induces us to forgive those 'violences,'—his love of freedom and truth, his hate of all meanness, and the honest expression of both, the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* without our paralysing caution 'staves from the burly old Mayflower lay,' and 'a smack of the pine woods,' in which we 'drones of the Old World' find an invigorating refreshment.

Mr. Lowell informs us that his view of the Mexican War as a national crime, perpetrated in the interest of slavery, led to the publication in 1846 of the first of his series of 'Biglow Papers.' This series closed in 1848; after an interval of thirteen years the second began to appear in 1861; it concludes with an imaginary speech addressed to the Republican March Meeting of last year. In reviewing those remarkable productions, in which, through the masks of three distinct types of New England character, the poet endeavours to enforce his own political and patriotic sentiments, we have little to add to his own defence of the dialect in which they are written. Bishop Percy, in dedicating his 'Reliques' to the Countess of Northumberland, apologizes for bringing the rude songs of ancient minstrels before the notice of her who adorns courts by her presence, and diffuses elegance by her example,'—an apology conceived in the spirit and couched in the fine language of the eighteenth century. But the success of Percy's experiment marked the beginning of a reaction in favour of simpler modes of thought and expression, which, in spite of the bad example of Johnson and the great example of Gibbon, has ever since been gaining ground in England. The revived

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study of our old literature, the rise of a national philology, the influence of Burns and Wordsworth, have combined to direct attention to the primitive forms of our speech, preserved in outlying districts. Our living scholars dwell on the part played by dialectical regeneration in arresting the corruptions of a language, and the advantages of reinforcing it from its living roots. What were once called vulgarisms have in many cases carried the day against 'diction,' and our authors are willing to admit as true, and with some reservations to act upon the mottoes prefixed to the second series of the 'Biglow Papers'—'Unser sprach ist auch ein sprach.' 'Vim rebus aliquando ipsa verborum humilitas affert.' The indispensable condition to the use of a country dialect is, that it be natural to the writer; it must be 'unser sprach.' There is as much affectation in the assumption of a *patois* as in a starched and swollen style of speech; and the Scotticisms of an Oxonian, besides being generally incorrect, are as incongruous as the classical drapery of the Ayrshire bard's letters to Clarinda. Mr. Lowell has taken pains to show that the peculiarities of the Yankee dialect are not indigenous, that the pronunciations and meanings given to old words, now strange to Englishmen, and the use of words now unknown in England, were familiar to Spenser, Drayton, Shakespeare, Ben Johnson, Webster, and Middleton, even to Herrick, Herbert, Dryden, and Swift. This vindication of their parentage (supported by Dr. Marsh, and other authorities in philology) is successful as an answer to what Mr. Lowell calls 'the European Mrs. Grundy;' but we are more concerned to know that he has been happy in his use of the words and phrases in question. A man of culture and refinement, the chances were greatly in favour of his failure; but the permanent popularity of his work is a voucher for his success. He is not only at home in the rural dialect, it seems to fit his genius better than the English of his university. In some instances—

'The ploughman's whistle, or the trivial flute,  
Finds more respect than great Apollo's lute;'

because the tune is of more consequence than the instrument; and our author is an admirable player on his satiric idyllic flute. The quasi-dramatic form which he has adopted is also fortunate, as it confines a too discursive fancy within limits. His penchant for classical allusion finds vent in

a sort of self-satire through the mouth of the worthy though pedantic Puritan minister. Hosea Biglow himself, the rough New England patriot, is ready, like Admiral Rodney, to 'damn the Trojans and damn the Greeks,' while the letters of Mr. Sawin are excellent examples of one of the most effective forms of satire,—that in which contemptible qualities are stripped of their varnish by the sheer effrontery of the wearer.

'The Biglow Papers,' though written as pamphlets, are better matured and more condensed than Mr. Lowell's other works (for passion, and even political fervour, as well as meditation intensifies), their style is more trenchant and original, and they are really humorous. The English doubt as to the existence of an American humour is analogous to the French problem, 'Can a German have *esprit*?' Humor is a word of many meanings. When we say it is related to wit as imagination to fancy, we only shift the controversy as to its proper meaning. In the Greek classics it shows itself mainly in the guise of a lambent irony; in the English as a subtle appreciation of the curiosities of character. In Sterne and Fielding, as in Ben Jonson, we have every man in his humour. In some forms it implies the sense of a contradiction or conflict between the higher and lower phases of human nature, in others a full perception of the whole character, in others the power of isolating and concentrating the attention on single features. The vivid personification of such features constitutes the humour of Dickens, and this, the least mellow and refined of its forms, is that which almost alone we find in the New World. American humour seldom penetrates to the under-currents of human life; its insight is clear, but not very deep; it relies largely on exaggeration, and a blending of jest and earnest, which has the effect of singing comic words to a sad tune. The examples given in Mr. Lowell's preface go to establish this; he makes us laugh by instancing the description of a negro so black that charcoal made a chalk mark upon him, and of a wooden shingle 'painted so like marble that it sank in the water.' Mr. Brown (Artemus Ward) excited the same kind of laughter by his remark, in pointing to a mountain on his canvas, 'The highest part of this mountain is the top.' In both cases the amusement is owing to a shock of surprise, produced in the one case by a falsehood plausibly pretending to the truth, in the other by a truism pretending to be a novelty. Similarly, when the last-named writer, among his anec-

dotes of the conscription, tells us that 'young man who was drawd claimed to exempt because he was the only son of a widow'd motter who supported him,' amusement is all in the unexpected turn of the last three words. Whereas the humor of Falstaff, of Corporal Trim, of Major Dennis, and Bishop Blougram, consists in its truth; what they do or say no longer surprises us; it is absurd as a part of human life is absurd, and laughing at them we laugh at something of ourselves. The humour of the 'Big Papers,' like the Scotch 'wut,' is removed on the one side by its breadth from epigrammatic wit of the Duuciad, on the other from the humour of our great dramatists by the obviousness of its ideas. Of characters with which it plays, Birdofree Sawin is a thorough grotesque (Mr. Biglow is almost wholly serious), and Ison Wilbur a mere sketch of a patri-pedant. The book derives its popularity from the incisive force of the expression given to the sentiments shared by the author with a large section of his countrymen, and many of the lines most frequently quoted owe everything to their startling directness, as

'Ef you take a sword and dror it,  
And go stick a feller thru',  
Gov'ment aint to answer for it;  
God 'll send the bill to you ;'

or in the lines of the pious editor's characteristically clenched with a pun—

'I don't believe in principle;  
But, O, I du in interest ;'

or in the honest candidate's declaratory letter, where the log-rolling of election is ridiculed in the verse,

'Ef you git me inside the White House,'

In these instances, as in the satires on martial glory—so favorite a theme with modern reformers, the humour consists in tearing the paint off dishonesty, and leaving it naked to its own condemnation. It is the same power that has given such wide celebrity to the famous thoughts of Mr. J. P. Robinson, as in the verse about the Apostles, where the contrast between Christian profession and military practice is drawn with a recklessness of conventionalities that delights some readers and horrifies others. The religion of Americans is more homespun than that of Englishmen; but it is neither less sincere nor less fervid,

the quaintness of their language in speaking of sacred things may be paralleled by passages from our elder divines, who lived at a time when men faced the facts of spiritual experience more boldly than we do, because they were more closely inwoven with their every-day life. Mr. Lowell speaks of the common sense of his hero being 'vivified and heated by conscience.' His own poetic powers are set on fire by moral indignation. He is a good hater, and his hatreds sharpen the edge of his most effective verses. There is a fine satiric scorn in the following, put into the mouth of Calhoun:—

'Freedom's keystone is Slavery, that ther's no doubt on,  
It's suttin' that's — wha'd ye call it? — divine,  
And the slaves that we ollers make the most out on  
Air them north o' Mason and Dixon's line.  
The mass ough' to labour an' we lay on soffies,  
That's the reason I want to spread Freedom's aree;  
It puts all the cunniness on us in office,  
And reels our Maker's orig'nal idee —  
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he.'

Such lampoons as these were the *agentia verba Lycamben* which, with *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and the speeches of Garrison, Phillips, and Sumner, helped to hasten the 'irrepressible conflict' of the two contending forces in the Western Continent. Of those two forces Mr. Lowell had written in 1846:—

'Ef I'd my way I hed ruther  
We should go to work an' part  
They take one way — we take t' other;  
Guess it wouldn't break my heart.

Fifteen years afterwards he had changed his mind, or rather events had changed it. The nation had grown greater, the adverse interests more imposing, and the passions on both sides more frantic. Her success in the affair of Texas made the South drunk as with new wine; disdaining equality, she aspired to a permanent domination, and after triumphing in the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, suffered her first defeat in Kansas. Then came the Dred-Scot decision, the Boston Anti-slavery riots, the raid of John Brown. The South hung John Brown. 'That,' replied Emerson, on behalf of Massachusetts, — 'that consecrates the gallows.' Men in this temper must either part or fight; and the manner in which the South attempted to part made it necessary for them to fight. Armed by the stealthy

treachery of five years, she began the attack on the United States in the same fashion in which she had begun the attack on Kansas, in the fashion of Brooks's attack on Mr. Sumner. The second series of the 'Biglow Papers' is animated by the spirit of an uncompromising Unionist as well as that of an Abolitionist. Copperheads and Secessionists, as such, are lashed as mercilessly as the Slaveholders, whom the following mock glorification of Southern society, put into the mouth of a mean political scamp, was certainly not calculated to conciliate. Mr. Sawin *loquitur*, — having settled in 'Old Virginny,' and married a lady of the 'fus' fem'ly' there, whose maiden name was Higgs —

'Fact is we air a different race, an' I for one,  
dout see,  
Sech havin' ollers ben the case, how w' ever did agree.  
It's sunthin' thet you lab'rin folks up North hed ough' to think on  
That Higgses cant demean themselves to rulin' by a Lincoln;  
Thet men (an guv'nors tu) that hez sech Normal names ez Pickens,  
Accustomed to no kin' o' work, 'thout tis to givin lickers,  
Cant measure votes with folks that git their living from their farms,  
And probly think that Law's ez good ez hev-in' coats o' arms.'

Nevertheless our hero feels some difficulty about the financial condition of his adopted country, and fears that 'swappin silver off for lead ain't the sure way to win:—

'An' fact it *doos* look now ez though — but folks must live and larn —  
We should git lead, an' more'n we want, out o' the Old Consarn.  
But when I see a man so wise an' honest ez Buchanan  
A-lettin us hev' all the forts, an' all the arms an' cannon,  
Admittin' we wuz nat'lly right, and you wuz nat'lly wrong,  
Coz you wuz lab'rin folks an' we wuz what they call bong-tong,  
An' coz there warn't no fight in ye morn'n in a mashed potato,  
While two o' us can't skurcely meet but what we fight by natur,  
An' th'aint a bar-room here would pay for openin' on 't a night,  
Without it giv' the priverlege o' bein' shot at sight,  
Which proves we're Natur's noblemen, with whom it don't surprise  
The British aristoxty should feel boun' to sympathize,' etc.

Throughout the volume there is a relic of the spirit which 'smote Agag, hip and thigh, from Aroer unto Minnith;' but the writer recognises the difficulty and delicacy, as well as the magnitude, of the task before his country.

'Thet exe of ourn,' says the ghost of an old Ironside, who appears to Biglow in a dream, 'opened a gap that ain't bridged over yet —

Slavery's your Charles, the Lord hez gin the  
exe,  
"Our Charles," sez I, "hez gut eight million  
necks."

Lowell's satire has lost none of its former point and pregnancy, his patriotism glows with a deeper fervour. His songs rise out of the battle-field 'like rockets druv' by ther own burnin', intensified by the feeling of a personal loss, strengthened by 'the strain of being in deadly earnest,' and dignified by the proud conviction, laid up in the heart of every true New Englander, that

'Earth's biggest Country's gut her soul  
An' risen up Earth's greatest nation.'

The serious poetry of this volume reaches a higher standard than the author has elsewhere attained. The short rural romance entitled 'The Courtin', is one of the freshest bits of pastoral in the language, and the descriptions incidental to the longer pieces, — as that of the rail-posts 'like ghosts o' sogers should'rin' ghosts o' guns,' of the blackbirds 'chat'rin' in tall trees, and settlin' things in windy congresses,' of the spring leaping from April into June, and the lines on the singing of the Bobolink are all the more effective because they are only incidental. As a specimen of Lowell's graver and maturer music, we select, with difficulty, the following stanzas from a poem in which tender regrets are mixed with triumph, in verses both soft and strong, artistic and original: —

'Under the yaller pines I house,  
When sunshine makes them all sweet  
scented,  
An' hear among their furry boughs  
The baskin' west wind purr contented,  
While way o'erhead, ez sweet an' low  
Ez distant bells thet ring for meetin',  
The wedged wil' geese their bugles blow  
Further an' further south retreatin'.

'Or up the slippery knob I strain  
An' see a hundred hills like ialan's  
Lift their blue woods in broken chain  
Out o' the sea o' snowy silence  
The farm-smokes, sweetes' sight on air,  
Slow thru' the winter air a shrinkin',  
Seem kin' o' sad, and roun' the hearth  
Of empty places set me thinkin'.

'Rat-tat-tat tattle thru' the street  
I hear the drummers makin' riot,  
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet  
Thet follered once an' now are quiet —  
White feet ez snowdrops innercent  
That never knowed the paths o' Satan,  
Whose comin' steps there's ears that won't  
No, not livelong, leave off awaitin'.

'T'a'n't right to hev the young go fast  
All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,  
Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust  
To try an' make b'lieve fill their places  
Nothin' but tells us wut we miss,  
Ther's gaps our lives can't never fay in,  
An' thet world seems so fur from this  
Lef' for us loafers to grow gray in!

'My eyes cloud up for rain; my mouth  
Will take to twitchin' roun' the corners;  
I pity mothers, tu, down South,  
For all they sot among the scorners:  
I'd sooner take my chance to stan'  
At Judgment where your meanest slave is,  
Than at God's bar hol' up a han'  
Ez drippin' red ez your'n, Jeff Davis!

'Come Peace! not like a mourner bowed  
For honor lost an' dear ones wasted,  
But proud to meet a people proud,  
With eyes that tell o' triumph tasted.  
Come, with han' grippin' on the hilt,  
An' step that proves ye Victory's daugh-  
ter,  
Longin' for you, our sperits wilt  
Like shipwrecked men's on raf's for water!

'Come while our country feels the lift  
Of a gret instinct shoutin' forwards,  
An' knows that freedom a'n't a gift  
Thet tarries long in han's o' cowards.  
Come sech ez mothers prayed for, when  
They kissed their cross with lips thet  
quivered,  
An' bring fair wages for brave men,  
A nation saved, a race delivered!'

We have come a long way here from  
'Hail Columbia!' and 'The Star-spangled  
Banner.' To reverse the mistake of a great  
English statesman, Jefferson Davis has  
made a nation of the North, and the weld-  
ing heat of a war, 'worthy a Milton to de-  
fend and a Lucan to sing,' has refined the

hearts of the people, whom it has united by withdrawing them from the pursuit of selfish ends and studies of European art, to the realization of a great national aim. During the last six years, in America, the bonds of foreign fashion have been broken, and even commerce has become a secondary interest. The heroic deeds and feelings of a time when from Maine to Colorado it has been a disgrace to have done nothing for the common cause,

'Have cast in shadow all the golden lore  
Of classic Greece and Rome.'

The same impulse which has made patriots of poets, and has given us Longfellow's 'Wreck of the Cumberland,' and his beautiful 'Christmas Bells,' and the terse dramatic lines entitled 'Killed at the Ford,' has also made poets of patriots, and has given us the 'Biglow Papers.'

The only sentences of this volume which an Englishman need read with regret are those in which the author discloses his feeling towards England. Like many of his co-patriots, he persists in confounding together the perfectly consistent action of our Government, and the inconsistent and unsympathetic criticisms of a portion of our press. The *spretæ injuria formæ* still rangles in his mind, he delights in calling Concord Road 'John Bull's Run,' and asserts that we have undone the healing work of fifty years. In his idyll entitled 'Mason and Slidell' he exclaims—

'Shall it be love or hate, John?  
It's you that's to decide.'

The critics of both nations can perform no worthier task than that of pointing the way to a wise decision, and helping to smooth over international jars by a candid recognition of each other's excellences; but nothing more should be needed to secure the harmonious action of the two great sections of the Anglo-Saxon race, than the mutual consecration of the maxim which Mr. Lowell has himself so nobly expressed, 'Our true country is bounded on the north and the south, on the east and the west, by Justice.'

Mr. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER is the lyricist *par excellence* of America, and the best of his lyrics have a nerve, swing, and fire that imparts to the reader a share of the writer's enthusiasm. His verse, rapid as a torrent, is perpetually overflowing its banks. Lowell, in an appreciative criticism, attributes to him

'A fervour of mind that knows no separation  
'Twixt simple excitement and pure inspiration.

Then his grammar's not always correct, nor  
his rhymes,  
And he's prone to repeat his own lyrics some-  
times.'

No one stands more in need of the advice, once given to Southey, 'Squeeze out the whey,' and to no works more than to his is the maxim *πλέον ἡμῶν παντός* more applicable. The 'Tent on the Beach' is unusually free from the author's prevailing defects; but some of the pieces are still diffuse, and the number of those which have any marked originality is limited. The idea which gives a semblance of unity to the larger half of the volume is slightly modified from that of the 'Wayside Inn.' On an American sea-shore, which recalls the sands between Nahant and Lynn, three friends—a 'lettered magnate,' a sun-tanned traveller, and an editor—have pitched a tent, there to 'fling their loads of custom down,' and 'escape a while from cares that wear the life away.' To the editor, who

'Had left the Muses' haunts to turn  
The crank of an opinion mill,'

the common air is still 'thick with dreams,' and, during the picnic, he entertains the company by telling tales. We have seldom read a pleasanter or more graceful set of tales in verse. They are remarkable for their smoothness, a quiet beauty of sentiment, and occasional instances of vivid imagery in the descriptions. The music of Rivermouth Rocks, the Palatine, and the Grave by the Lake, recalls and rivals that of Longfellow's best ballads. But few of them leave a permanent impression, none are so vigorous as the best of those in the 'Wayside Inn' while they wholly want the realistic subtlety of Clough's 'In Mare Magno.' The most striking of the series is 'The Brother of Mercy,' Piero Luca, who, on his deathbed, feeling himself too poor for the 'grand company' of heaven, is abandoned by the stern monk, his confessor, but welcomed by the angels as one who, like Abu Ben Adhem, loves his fellow-men. The same supreme trust in the Divine love, which is the sum of Whittier's ardent faith, appears in the beautiful religious verses entitled the 'Eternal Goodness,' and 'Our Master.' These are catholic hymns in the widest sense, commended by their humility as well as their comprehensiveness. The spirit which per-

vades them is condensed in the following verses:—

'And so, beside the silent sea.  
'I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from Him can come to me,  
On ocean or on shore.

'I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air,  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.

'O brothers! if my faith is vain,  
If hopes like these betray;  
Pray for me that my feet may gain  
The sure and safer way.'

Some of the strongest lines in the book are in the address to 'Thomas Starr King,' which, with the valediction to Bryant, have the rare merit of condensation. Its finest music is in the stanzas entitled 'Revisited.' Of the national lyrics the most powerful is perhaps 'Laus Deo,' a grand burst of acclamation, suggested by the passage of Lincoln's constitutional amendment. Nothing in this volume does full justice to Mr. Whittier's narrative power. His masterpiece in this direction is 'Maud Muller,' an original and more innocent version of Browning's 'Statue and the bust,' springing up in an American meadow.

When we compare an author like Whittier with EDGAR ALLAN POE, the relative estimate we form of their works must depend on our view of the province of poetry. If its aim be to astonish or to fascinate, Poe takes a high rank among poets; according to Wordsworth's view of poetry, he has hardly a place among them at all. He teaches us nothing, and, living in one world, writes in another. All we know of the personality of the authors we have been reviewing adds to the charm of their works. Regarding Poe's career, it is enough to say that polite literature has no terms to describe it. He was both mad and bad, and ostentatious in his madness and his badness. The vain and captious jealousy of his criticisms, and his habitual meanness, are, if possible, more repulsive than his other vices, with which literary critics are less concerned. But there are some who maintain that he is the greatest of American poets. This is an exaggeration of his powers only surpassed by his own exaggeration of them. It is true, however, that, by pure intensity of delirium, he now and then takes a flight beyond that of any other Western poet. His 'Politian' is perhaps the stupidest fragment of a play that has ever been written; but, in his lyrics,

the fervour of his sympathy for himself makes artistic recompense for his want of sympathy for others. The passion of 'Annabel Lee' is at a white heat, and is pervaded by a pathos as deep as 'the sounding sea.' The classic finish of the best of his verses have any meaning is unsurpassed, and exquisitely musical cadences give an irresistible charm even to those which are nonsensical. 'The Raven' is, at the worst, a marvellous piece of mechanism, and same delicacy of touch is everywhere visible in the rushing lines of 'Annie,' 'Eula,' 'Ulalume,' 'Leonore,' and 'The City by Sea.' An appreciative though over-ingenious biographer has directed attention to the precocity of Poe's genius; more remarkable is the purity of his poems. By the side of his life they are like nuns in a convent of a disorderly city; but they at the same disadvantage: their isolation gives them an air of unreality. The 'Liners, yellow, glorious, golden' of his 'float and flow' on the roof of an imaginary palace. As a romancer Poe inhabits a morbidly analytic world of Balzac; as a poet he is not human, much less American, and has no proper place in our review.

A much more considerable Transatlantic writer comes under the category of great prose authors who have amused themselves and not unfrequently delighted their readers, by their verse; but Mr. Emerson's two modes of speech are with his different modes of expounding the same philosophy, and they fall to be considered together. It is enough here to remark that the title of 'The Sphinx,' given to one of his poems, is a fit epithet for many of others; three-fourths of them are pervaded and spoiled by the gold dust of mysticism. Emerson has been called 'A Plotinus-Maitaine,' whose range 'has Olympus for a pole, for the other the Exchange,' and whose muse has a practical as well as a transcendental phase. His best pieces, as the 'Wendell,' the 'Inscription for Concord Monument,' and 'Goodbye, proud World,' are inspired by his sympathy with the active energy of American life, and by his love of Nature. Fresh as a breeze from his native hills, they bear the mark of a master hand and arrest our attention the more strongly that the moods of mind they present are so strange to our fashions.

In closing for the present our remarks on American literature, we desire to express our regret for the scant justice we have been able to render to several of the authors we have named. The critics of one nation

must, to a certain extent, regard the works of another from an outside point of view. Few are able to divest themselves wholly of the influence of local standards; and this is pre-eminently the case when the early efforts of a young country are submitted to the judgment of an older country, strong in its prescriptive rights, and intolerant of changes, the drift of which it is unable or unwilling to appreciate. English critics are apt to bear down on the writers and thinkers of the New World with a sort of aristocratic hauteur; they are perpetually reminding them of their immaturity, and their disregard of the *juste milieu*. Such sentences as these, where half-truths are clad in discourtesy, cannot fail to excite an unpleasant feeling:—'Over American society there is diffused an incurable vulgarity of speech, sentiment, and language, hard to define, but perceptible in every word and gesture.' 'People of refinement in the States are overrefined: they talk like books, and everywhere obtrude their superior education.' Americans, on the other hand, are hard to please. Ordinary men among them are as sensitive to foreign and, above all, to British censure as the *irritable genus* of other lands. Mr. Emerson is permitted to impress home truths on his countrymen, as 'Your American eagle is very well; but beware of the American peacock.' Such remarks are not permitted to Englishmen; if they point to any flaws in Transatlantic manners or ways of thinking, with an effort after politeness, it is 'the good-natured cynicism of well-to-do age; if they commend Transatlantic institutions or achievements, it is, according to Mr. Lowell, 'with that pleasant European air of indirect self-compliment in condescending to be pleased by American merit which we find so conciliating.' Now that the United States have reached their full majority, it is time that England should cease to assume the attitude of their guardian, and time that they should cease to be on the alert to resent the assumption.

We have dwelt to some length on the serious obstacles to the establishment of a national literature in the New World, and trust not to be accused of condescension in referring to some of its advantages. Foremost among these is its *freshness*. The Authority, which is the guide of old nations constantly threatens to become tyrannical; they wear their traditions like a chain; and, in the canonization of laws of taste, the creative powers are depressed. Even in England we write under fixed conditions, with the fear of critics before our eyes; we are

all bound to cast our ideas into similar moulds, and the name of 'free-thinker' has grown into a term of reproach. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* is perhaps the last English book written without a thought of being reviewed. There is a gain in the habit of self-restraint fostered by this state of things but there is a loss in the consequent lack of spontaneity; and we may learn something from a literature which is ever ready for adventures. In America the love of uniformity gives place to impetuous impulses, the most extreme sentiments are made audible, the most noxious 'have their day, and cease to be;' and truth being left to vindicate itself, the overthrow of error, though more gradual, may at last prove more conclusive. A New England poet can write with confidence of his country as the laud

'Where no one suffers loss, or bleeds  
For thoughts that men call heresies.'

Another feature of American literature is its *comprehensiveness*: what it has lost in depth it has gained in breadth. Addressing a vast audience, it appeals to universal sympathies. In the Northern States, where comparatively few have leisure to write well, almost every man, woman, and child can read, and does read. Books are to be found in every log-hut, and public questions are discussed by every scavenger. During the war, when the Lowell factory-girls were writing verses, the 'Biglow Papers' were being recited in every smithy. The consequence is that (setting aside the newspapers) there is little that is sectional in the popular religion or literature; it exalts and despises no class, and almost wholly ignores the lines that in other countries divide the upper ten thousand and the lower ten million. Where manners make men, the people are proud of their peerage, but they blush for their boors. In the New World there are no Grand Seigneurs, and no human vegetables; and if there are fewer giants there are also fewer manikins. American poets recognise no essential distinction between the Village Blacksmith and 'the caste of Vere de Vere': our Burns wrote for the one, Byron for the other; Longfellow, to the extent of his genius, writes for both at once. The same spirit which glorifies labour denounces every form of despotism. American slavery, partly from its being an anachronism, and partly from its being based on an antagonism of race, was in many respects worse than Athenian slavery. But there is no song of an Athenian slave.



When the ancients were unjust to their inferiors, they were so without moral disquietude; the lie had got into the soul. Christianity, which substituted the word 'brother,' for 'barbarian,' first gave meaning to the word humanity; but the feudalism of the Middle Ages long contended successfully against the better teaching of the Church; the spirit of Froissart held its ground against that of Langland. At this day our greatest living author has allowed his hero-worship to degenerate into a vindication of a worse than feudal tyranny. The best literature of America is an Areopagitica of Freedom. The verses of her poets thrill with the assertion of right against might. Children are her favourite poetic types. A woman's book, inspired by ordinary talent, and written in a mediocre style, having for its main excellences only a fervid honesty and a hatred of oppression, was among the moving springs of her great political and social revolution.

From the Boston Advertiser, 3 July.

#### MAXIMILIAN.

MAXIMILIAN lies dead in a "hospitable grave" under the ruins of his Mexican throne. Of all modern "usurpers," the kindest, the wisest and the best, he has paid the forfeit of his life for sharing in the ambitious plans of the "Man of December." Of a house that is famous in history for its hatred of reform and of liberty, he alone is known to have shared the spirit of the age, to have favoured progress in civilization and to have sympathised with the aspirations of the times. And yet, while Hungary crowns his brother, and France does honour to his tempter, he has been cut off in the flower of his youth by the bullets of his republican victors. As it was the President, not the man, whom Boston honoured the other day, it was the invader and not the Prince whom Mexico shot. It is the usual fate of representative men, for good and for evil, in every nation on the globe. We may deplore it, but we are powerless to avert it.

Maximilian was undoubtedly invited to Mexico by Mexicans. The same party had intrigued for an American protectorate with Iturbide as nominal chief; and it was only when Congress defeated Mr. Corwin's celebrated scheme that they applied to Europe. They can hardly be termed traitors; for their ruling motive was to establish a stable government in their distracted country.

The French forces lauded at Vera Cruz

in December, 1861. For nearly a year they did nothing but wait — making trivial demonstrations on Puebla — being anxious, it is alleged, to ascertain whether our government would practically enforce the Monroe doctrine. As we had enough to do at that period to enforce the more famous and more vital Jackson doctrine — "the Union must and shall be preserved" — the French encountered no opposition from us. Puebla fell in May, 1863, and the City of Mexico was delivered into the hands of General Forey on the 12th of June. In Napoleon's instructions to this commander, he ordered him, after capturing the City of Mexico, "to aid the Mexicans in establishing in conformity with their wishes, a government which may have some chance of stability," and which would "assure to France the redress of the wrongs of which she complains." Another paragraph very plainly indicated that Napoleon preferred a monarchy. And then followed the declaration which has secured for Napoleon the well-earned detestation of the American people — which no subsequent politeness has ever obliterated, or ever can, because it was spoken in the hour of our apparent helplessness: —

"It is our interest that the republic of the United States shall be powerful and prosperous; but it is not at all to our interest that she should grasp the whole Gulf of Mexico, rule thence the Antilles as well as South America, and be the sole dispenser of the products of the New World."

Nor have the American people forgotten his repeated attempts to convince the world of the sincerity of this declaration by endeavouring to induce England to join with him in recognizing the southern confederacy.

And again, in this important state paper, Napoleon declared: —

"If Mexico preserve its independence, and maintain the integrity of its territory, if a stable government be there established with the aid of France, we shall have restored to the Latin race on the other side of the ocean its force and its prestige; we shall have guaranteed the safety of our own and the Spanish colonies in the Antilles."

Gen. Forey, on the 11th of June, convened a committee of thirty-five eminent Mexican citizens, who were authorized to call an assembly of notables from the various States, to determine upon a government for Mexico. This committee issued a manifesto

to the people, which "accepted the situation," as we phrase it, and invested Almonte, Salas, and Ormalchea with the supreme executive power.

Forey returned to France, and was succeeded by Bazaine in August, 1863. He called together the notables—the same party who had before sought first American and then French protection—and this body proclaimed a constitution, declaring a limited hereditary monarchy, the chief to bear the title of emperor, and offering the crown to Maximilian. A deputation was appointed to tender the throne to Maximilian—which it did in September, 1863. He agreed to accept it if "the result of the vote of the whole country" should confirm the choice of the notables, and the great powers of Europe should guarantee the stability of his throne.

The question was submitted to the people. It is both asserted and denied that the election was free and untrammelled. It is idle to discuss the point to day. Mexico has settled it for all time. Maximilian was declared elected, and on the 10th of April formally accepted the crown. In May, 1864, he landed at Vera Cruz; on the 12th of June he arrived in the City of Mexico, and at once entered the arduous task of endeavoring to establish a stable government over an unwilling people.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate the events of his reign. Constantly baffled in his statesmanlike efforts to civilize Mexico, alike by insurgent patriots and disaffected allies—deserted by Napoleon when he found that his hopes of our national dissolution had ended by the surrender of General Lee—he struggled gallantly indeed, but in vain, until, at last, betrayed by his most trusted generals, he fell into the hands of the liberal forces.

Personally, Maximilian has an excellent record. Born in 1832, the son of Francis Charles Joseph, Archduke of Austria, when his father, on the abdication of Ferdinand, renounced his claim to the throne in favour of his eldest son, Francis Joseph, the present Emperor, he stood next in order of succession to the crown. As a youth he was studious and bore an excellent character in one of the most immoral cities of Europe. The various offices that he filled endeared him to the people; for he was an indulgent and generous officer and ruler. Indeed he was so liberal to the people of the Italian provinces that his brother recalled him in indignation at his conduct. In order to accept the Mexican throne he made great sacrifices in Austria, and there is little

room for doubt that he left Europe with the belief that he would be able to regenerate Mexico. He made every effort to conciliate Juarez and other liberal leaders and to induce an immigration into Mexico.

He might easily have escaped from the country even long after the evacuation of the French; but a sense of personal honour and of duty to his friends impelled him to share their fate. There is something pathetic in the tone of the letters to his counsellors and generals which the liberals have lately intercepted and published. He appears to have tried zealously to check the brutality of his partisans; but he was powerless to control the military Frankenstein which he had created. He played with edged tools; and he has paid the forfeit. That Napoleon may yet receive his share of the penalty due for the crime against Mexico, is to-day the sincere desire of a large majority of our people.

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#### BELSHAZZAR IN PARIS.

If we may trust the glowing account that has been brought us by the Cable of the ceremony at the distribution of prizes at the Paris Exposition by the French Emperor, few more splendid pageants can have been witnessed by the present generation. Seventy-one thousand people assembled in the great central hall of the building, crowded every passage of approach, and loaded every balcony; and the surge of an ocean of outsiders beat for long hours against the walls of the Imperial Gasometer. When the magnificent procession, with its high stepping horses, its gilded carriages, its mounted soldiery, its generals in uniform, its ladies arrayed like the lilies of the field and Solomon to boot, its princes and potentates, had reached the Hall of Ceremony, it would seem that every thing this earth has of luxury and grandeur was centered in that single spot. High on a throne of royal state, which far outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind, the Emperor exalted sat. On one side was the Empress in white satin and silver lace, with pearls and diamonds about her throat, and one great gem that told her beats of heart in flashes of an imperial ray. On the other sat Haroun al Raschid, or what is left of him, and about the skirts of these three lights of empire there gathered a crowd of princes, princelings, nobles, dignitaries, statesmen, officials, lackeys, and so on, till, at a vast remove, one began to feel the existence of the swarming people of Paris and

the world. And, while the eye took in this manifold spectacle, there burst into sound the hitherto dumb, expectant instruments of the band of twelve hundred musicians; a wonderful embroidery of flute, and violin, and harp, and trumpet, on a background of rolling organ harmony, fringed with the jangling music of joy-bells. Then, when silence fell again, the Emperor stood up in his high place, and made a speech, so pure, and good, and wise, that one marvels as he reads it whether the old legends may not be true that tell how a man's own spirit was sometimes rapt out of his body, for a season, while an angel or a demon took the vacant place and blessed or cursed out of the unaccustomed lips.

One curious incident that occurred just at this moment the Cable, doubtless for fear of injuring the harmony of the narrative, omits to mention. When Mr. Hughes, the inventor of the Printing Telegraph, was called up to receive his prize, the Emperor took his hand, making him an exception to all the other recipients of medals. Mr. Hughes, as he touched the Imperial finger, slipped into the august palm of his serene Highness a little bit of paper containing the last message received by the Cable, and printed by the machine for which he was just being decorated. It contained these words: "Maximilian is shot. His last words were 'Poor Carlotta!'" His Royal Serenity read the telegram, and immediately gave evidence of a fearful agitation. His cheek blanched, his hands trembled, and the diamonds on the Imperial garter quivered so in the sunlight, that a shout arose from the admiring multitude. What the Emperor thought is, of course, not to be exactly known. But we may conjecture that he heard over all the shouts and music, above the booming of guns and the salvos of artillery, the single shot that was death to his insane ambition as to his deluded duke, the single cry as of a woman — young, beautiful, and good — answering to the last cry of her young husband — "Poor Carlotta!" "Poor Maximilian!"

Where, in all this tumult of rejoicing, this whirl of splendor, this pomp of luxury, were the victims of his crafty and wicked lust of power. For the rest of his life he drags the bodies of these dead about with him. Whenever he goes that pale face shall look at him as from out the cell where, in madness and utterest desolation, she is to drag out the remnant of life. When he looks into the face, still comely, of that wife of his, he shall see, not her eyes, but another's, full of reproach too bitter and too silent to bear. He shall

live; but, hard heart, dull conscience, low mind that he has — the heart shall feel, and the conscience shall prick, and the mind shall know that these victims are with him to the end. That shot he shall forever hear, and that cry. His judgment-day is come, and all the pomp and splendor that he can gather about him shall not avail to hide him from himself. — *Tribune*, July 4.

From Good Words.

#### A CRATER IN THE MOON.

NOT among the countless phenomena that we see around us, and the myriad wonders of the distant sky, is there one that bears witness to creative design more forcibly than the airless moon; and in the naked form of our satellite appears, I think, the most obvious objection to what is called the Nebular Hypothesis, at least as it is held in a spirit of unbelief. A tendency among gases to intermingle is a well-known natural law; and if, without intelligent interference, a vapoury chaos concentrated into a world of orbs, it has never been shown how certain elements which are abundant in the principal bodies of a system could be absent in the only secondary which we are enabled closely to examine. The polar snows of Mars, the changeable nature of the markings on his disk, and other unmistakable signs, show him to possess seas and clouds, like the earth; and the spectroscope has detected aqueous vapor in the remoter planets. How is it, then, that the moon also, in the gathering of its mass, did not include the constituents of air and water? Many varieties of constitution appear, indeed, in the spectrum analysis of the stars. For instance, the element hydrogen, which we know, on the eminent authority of Mr. Huggins, to be widely diffused through nature, is not recognized in some of them, such as *Betelgeuse* and *Beta Pegasi*; and if we grant that all matter originally existed in a gaseous state, it may be maintained, generally, that any difference in the composition of the bodies of the universe points to an interference and a fiat opposed to any natural law that can be surmised by the nebular cosmogonists. However, the differences between distant suns are not, of course, so striking as those that are exhibited by bodies closely allied to each other, like the earth and the moon. It may be worthy of remark, also, that the exception to a common arrange-

ment in our system should be found in a satellite — a fact that seems to indicate (as we may say with all reverence) a special object in creative plan, enabling the moon, devoid of ocean or atmosphere, to give us precisely and unalterably the degree of light that is most beneficial conjointly with the circumstances of size, mass, and distance, which are connected with essential qualities other than light-giving; and we may regard the nature of the lunar surface as contributing to the same effect.

In this surface, as we may fairly speculate, are only the crystalline rocks, as fresh as they were left by the producing fires. No moisture within to break them up in the melting frost — no rain, no storm, no air, no waste them away by chemical or mechanical forces. In the brighter parts are, probably, the glistening planes of the feldspar, the glassy sheets of the mica, the retted lustre of the quartz, and the varied glitter of countless minerals unworn and undimmed, and uncovered by aqueous strata or vegetation. Many a metal in unoxidized brilliancy may there be doing a service that we little consider. So, also, in wide formations, may the stones esteemed the rarest and most precious on earth; and jewels, such as based the structure revealed at Patmos, and far removed from the curiosity of man, may be shining for his real benefit in the distant satellite. But the moon is not all thus bright. There are large shadowy areas, whose extent serves, no doubt, to attemper her light to a designed amount. The rock products of fire are often of sombre aspect; and the dusky tracts which constitute the flat portions of the lunar surface, are, it may be, vast overflows of trap. Those wide districts are by no means of uniform shading as they appear to the naked eye. The telescope proves them of different tints, in which red, blue, and green predominate; and the colors that were at one time ascribed to vegetation are, more likely, due to the various rocks. Greenstones and porphyries of many hues, and other minerals, may assist in dimly variegating the broad level; and the black columns of the basalt, with a development compared to which the wonders of Antrim or Staffa would dwindle into specks, may rise above the plain undistinguishable by any optic power that we possess.

To prove indisputably the volcanic nature of the moon's surface, nothing appeared to be wanting since the invention of the telescope but the sight of an actual eruption; and, though there are a few

other instances on record of appearances significative of such an occurrence, yet none seem to have been near so striking or so well observed as the recent obscuration of a crater situated in the dark plain known as the *Mare Serenitatis*. An event of this kind makes the friends of science doubly rejoice that the moon has no cloud-bearing envelope. If she had, our acquaintance with her surface would be slight indeed; and we should in a great degree be debarred from some of the most interesting branches of astronomical inquiry. It is generally considered that in the case of the primary planets, with the exception of *Mars*, we see only the light reflected from their clouds; and it seems certain, that, if the clouds in a lunar atmosphere did not completely shut out the disk from our view, they would at least prevent any close examination, such as could lead to a discovery like the obscuration of the crater above referred to.

This crater, called LINNE after the great Swedish naturalist of that name, which has been classically corrupted into Linneus, was first observed by Riccioli in 1653; and since that time its features have been recorded by various other observers. It is described as a deep cavity some 5 1-2 miles in diameter, and an easy object for the telescope. Even at the time of full moon, when the shadows that give prominence to lunar details are lost in the general illumination, Linné was not difficult to detect; and it was, therefore, with no little surprise that the distinguished observer Schmidt, of the Athens observatory, perceived, in October last, only an appearance like a white luminous cloud in place of the deep, shadowy crater.

It is on the line of sunrise or sunset on the moon — technically called the *terminator* — that the structure of her surface is best observed. Here it is, when the direct sudden shafts of day strike full on each bristling peak, and while still an ebon-black and impenetrable night fills the intermediate valleys, that the difference of feature and the contrast of height and hollow are most distinctly visible. This boundary between night and day, with a sharpness unmodified by any twilight, presents a jagged outline more remarkable than the edges of a piece of lead suddenly cooled from a melted state by immersion in water. The bright and the dark indents of a hundred shapes and sizes are continually changing as the sunlight advances; and slender filaments, seemingly as fragile as if they ought to yield to the brush of a feather, may be

seen curving brightly into the lunar night, and gradually gathering up their proportions from the darkness until they shine out in complete development as "ring mountains."

It was under these circumstances, when the crater in question ought to be best defined, that Schmidt made the discovery of its obscuration. But Linné seems to have been obscured before. Schröter saw it in November, 1788, as a small ill-defined patch on the moon's surface. Since then, however, and up to October, 1866, it appeared as a crater with distinct outlines and walls of considerable brightness.

The configuration of the lunar surface is, indeed, considered by some philosophers not to show any greater igneous action than what might be betrayed by the earth itself, were its covering of sedimentary strata removed. In a most instructive and eloquent paper on "the Lesser Light" by Mr. Carpenter, of the Royal Greenwich Observatory [see *Once a Week*, December, 10, 1864], he says, speaking of the earth, "Suppose the alluvial deposits, the shelly sedimentary strata, the surface soils and detritus of all kinds cleansed away so as to lay bare the original igneous crust, that crust, so far as geological reasoning can picture to us, would present an appearance similar to the moon."\* Yet, although it may be quite true that the moon has never been more subject to volcanic disturbance than the earth, it still seems reasonable to suppose that she was, at least, equally so; and we are not

\* There are various places on the earth where the character of lunar scenery is considered to be tolerably well represented, — such as the Phlegrean Fields of Naples, the district of the Puy-de-Dôme, Caldera of Palma, in the Canary Islands, &c.; but it strikes me that one of the nearest approaches to a ring mountain, with central hill and crater, is described in Atkinson's "Travels in Siberia and Chinese Tartary," p. 401. The ring, however, like many in the moon, is broken. Atkinson says, — "To the south rose half a mountain in a precipice of not less than 2,500 feet above the lakes; while, on the north side, at a distance of about 900 yards, are cliffs corresponding in outline to those opposite. Between these precipices, at the head of the valley, a vast dome-like form rises. . . . It was a most singular place — a complete chaos of granite, slate, jaspar, and porphyry, heaped up in the utmost confusion. . . . After scrambling over large blocks, we stood on what appeared to be the outward rim of a vast circle formed by a confused mass of rocks thrown together in the wildest manner, about twenty yards broad, from which the stones sloped down to a great bowl or crater from 300 to 400 yards in diameter, and about 50 feet deep. This was covered with blocks of stone of every size from a cube of 12 inches to a mass weighing 50 tons. Standing on the brim, I examined the precipices on either side, and could not help concluding that the mountain had been burst asunder by this mass of matter when heaved up." Apart from any theory of formation, the resemblance between this and a crater in the moon seems very remarkable.

led by analogy to consider as extinct in the forces that are persistently manifested in our own planet. To prove that the moon also retains them has been, therefore, the eager ambition of modern astronomers. They have given up, even from the days of Hudibras, the hope of ever becoming acquainted with these beings, who, according to the satirist,

" — live in caverns underground,  
Of eight miles deep and eighty round,"

they yet never despaired of detecting, modifications of lunar features, the obvious proofs of recent volcanic action. Superficial changes such as many that have occurred on the earth within the brief period might be easily noticed on a moon. Lava streams of forty or fifty miles in length, ten or fifteen in breadth, like those that flowed from the Skaptá Jokul in 1783, would form very striking objects indeed; and, more remarkable, with its lights and shadows would be the elevation of a mountain like Jorullo, which rose sixteen hundred feet from the plain in 1759. But there has been no discovery of any such additions to the great lunar landscape, although, as already remarked, the disappearances of Linné are not the only observed phenomena of this kind; and, in a place previously hidden by a white cloud, Mr. Knott discovered two new craters in December, 1864. It is probable, however, that the present obscuration will turn out the most important that has hitherto been noticed, and the most instructive to the investigation of lunar physics.

In a letter published in the *Intellectual Observer*, January, 1867, Herr Schmidt describes the phenomenon as follows: — "At some time past, I find that a lunar crater situated in the *Mare Serenitatis* has been visible. It is the crater which Michner named Linné, and is in the fourth section of Lohrman under the sign A. I have known this crater since 1841, and even at the present it has not been difficult to see. In October and November, 1866, at its epoch of maximum visibility — i.e., about the time of the rising of the sun on its horizon — this crater, whose diameter is 5.6 English miles, has completely disappeared, and in its place there was only a little whitish luminous cloud." In a letter appearing in the *Astronomical Register*, March, 1867, he says that "not only is a crater never visible, but there appears in good light, and with magnifying powers from 300 to 600 at most, a very delicate hill of 300 toises diameter (1,918.4 English feet), and 5 or 6 toises

(between 30 and 40 English feet) in height. As a crater, Linné has entirely disappeared.

"The light spot is always visible; but the crater-form has never been visible from October until the present time.

"January 25. — No crater, and the light cloud visible. In it (as on December 26) a very fine black point; to the west of it a fine white summit."

In a letter to the *Astronomische Nachrichten* (see translation in the *Astronomical Register*, May, 1867, by W. T. Lynn, Esq., B.A., F.R.A.S.) Schmidt says, — "At the time of the labours of Lohrman and Mädler, 1822–32, Linné was a deep crater more than 5,000 toises (6 English miles) broad, and very deep, distinctly visible as a crater; when near the phase, it was more or less overshadowed. . . . At least since 1866, October 16, the crater-form of Linné, at the time of oblique illumination, cannot at all be seen. The Athens refractor shows in the interior of its figure at times a fine black point 300 toises (1,918·4 English feet) in diameter."

It must be said that all this is not very clear, for it seems easier to consider the black point a depression than an elevation.

In a letter from the Roman astronomer, Father Secchi, to the French Academy, he says, — "On the evening of the 10th (February) between nine and ten o'clock, the crater Linné entered into the sun's light, and close by the limiting circle a small prominent point was seen with a little shadow, and round this point an irregular circular coronas very flattened. On the 11th, a very small crater was distinctly seen, surrounded by a brilliant white aureole, which glittered against the dark ground of the *Mare Serenitatis*. The size of the orifice of the crater was at most one-third of a second, and the aureole was a little larger than *Sulpicius Gallus*. I insist on this comparison because it shows that Beer and Mädler could never have figured a crater as big and as well marked as that which they assigned to Linné for the white spot which at present exists. In fact, *Sulpicius Gallus* is much larger than the little crater which forms the centre of the spot. It cannot be doubted that a change has taken place, and it seems probable that an eruption has filled the ancient crater with a material white enough to look bright against the dark ground of the sea."

Neither is this description very distinct; but on the whole, it would seem that the black spot, which Schmidt considers a hill, appears to Secchi as a crater; and Secchi's "small prominent point with a shadow"

may possibly be the fine white summit west of the black point noticed by Schmidt.

Without further observations it, would be premature to speculate with any confidence on the probable conditions of the eruption. It would appear, according to Secchi's view, that the outbreak has already ceased, after filling up the greater part of the old crater, and leaving quite an inconsiderable one in its place; so that there is now, in fact, no obscuration in the proper sense of the term. If, on the other hand, there is no sign of any crater whatever, the eruption may still be going on, and the crater may be filled with an over-boiling mass of bright matter which is flowing away from it on all sides; or it may be really obscured by a vapour. Schmidt does not think that there is a vapour, as appears in a letter translated from the *Cologne Gazette* for the *Intellectual Observer* (April, 1867) by Mr. Lynn. Schmidt says, — "An eruption of vapour or ashes is not probable, because a shadow of that which covered the crater would be thrown at sunrise and sunset; but this is never the case. Had the crater sunk below, in its place a great shadow would be visible during the phase. Had the ring-mountain been destroyed, the fragments would throw shadows; which also is not the case. Had the crater been filled up by an eruption of fluid or powdery matter without overflowing, the interior black shadow at sunrise and sunset would indeed disappear; but there would remain a hill throwing a shadow on the outside. This was the appearance seen by Schröter in 1790 in the central part of Posidonius, and by Julius Schmidt in the same object in February, 1849. But such a mass of matter may also have flowed out over the outside banks, and covered the surrounding declivity with a very gradually sloping inclination. This would prevent the casting of a shadow outside at the phase. Such an event would explain all the phenomena presented by Linné, and it is the kind of event which, in the mud volcano in the peninsula of Taman, so closely described by Abich, has so striking an analogue on our earth. The spreading of the overflowing bright mass over the dark plain gives occasion to the origin of broad formations similar to a halo, which are seen frequently upon the moon, especially in the so-called *Mare*."

But there seems to be no reason why a condensing vapour should not assume the same shadowless slope; and, considering that the ejected matter may have appeared in a vaporous, a fluid, or a solid state, or in different states, it is evident that great caution should be used, for the present, at least,

in offering any decided opinion as to its condition. It may be noticed as a striking fact, that the obscuration in Schröter's time passed away; and it might be expected that the present would also come to an end without any permanent filling-up of the crater. However, the two "obscurations" seem very different in character, as the first was a darkening, while brightness and absence of shadow distinguish the recent phenomenon; and the final effects of both may be very different also.

If the body that obscures the old form of Linné is really a vapour, it would afford an independent proof of the airless condition of the moon in showing the absence of winds over her surface. If winds were there, it should certainly display their action, and could not persistently maintain its circular shape. But its outline has remained unchanged. The white cloud, if cloud it is, betrays no yielding to any superficial force, and its solemn pall hangs motionless over the awful vault.

But here still would be only a confirmation of what is otherwise established; and it may not be inapt to notice one of its peculiar effects in connection with the eruption of Linné, supposing the moon to be inhabited by sentient beings. If, then, our satellite contains a form of life suited to the conditions that obtain there — and we cannot know whether it does or not — it is plain that, unless, indeed, the vibrations of the ground serve with adapted organs for the purpose of hearing, the eruption of Linné, however great it may be, and frightful to the sight, can yield no sound. The whole land may heave with a force unknown in our most dreadful earthquakes; a hundred chasms may yawn wide, and breathe forth their breath of flame; the lofty peak may cleave asunder before the issuing lightning; the sun may darken behind the volleyed rocks, or the lofty shroud of vapour; and the encircling cliff for miles may fall down in uttermost confusion — still there are no smothered rumblings in the deep abyss — no thunder among the hills — no roaring in the red throat of the fire-mountain; for even Ruin, wielding her greatest terrors, can have no voice in the airless space; and were all the volcanoes of the moon in eruption together they would be as noiseless as, to human ears, the cushioned feet of a butterfly lighting on a flower.

I will not here discuss how an atmosphere of some kind might be expected to result from the discharges of gas from volcanoes, if from no other source. A perfectly transparent, and, at the same time, sound-trans-

mitting air covering might exist if only the absence of oxygen or hydrogen forbid the formation of water and its consequent phenomena of evaporation, rain, and mist. However, the moon affords no proof of an envelope even such as this; and any subject relating to her is rightly treated under the assumption that she possesses none.

Now, proceeding with the supposition that the ejected matter which is visible to us might, possibly, be the vapour of minerals in that powdery state which seems transitional between a fluid and a gas, it may be interesting to consider how a vapour would behave at the surface of the moon.

For this it will be sufficient to recollect that the rising of a light body is, properly speaking, caused by the weight of that in which it is immersed, where the heavier particles tend to gravitate into its place, and push it upwards. It is plain, therefore, that this vapour could not rise on account of its lightness where there is no upbearing medium; and its total elevation would, consequently, be due to gaseous elasticity and impulsive force. Even if there was an atmosphere of greater specific gravity than the highly heated vapour, still the latter, after its ejection, should begin so quickly to lower in temperature that its expansion to any considerable extent would be impossible; and the result, in any case, would be, probably, what might be called a rain of recondensing minerals.

In point of fact, the white cloud might be a condensing vapour; or it might be a solid or fluid outpour; or it might be the resulting formation of matter ejected in any shape. But, be this as it may, it seems established on a high authority — and this is the point of paramount importance — that the moon betrays the continued existence of those forces which, in the operations of countless ages, have impressed her surface with a character so strange, so wild, and so forlorn, that if such scenes were discovered in some hitherto unexplored region of the earth, they would freeze with awe the blood of the beholder.

It may be regretted that the phenomenon did not occur in a crater more remarkable and generally known than Linné, for there is, probably, not a person living, besides Schmidt himself, whose acquaintance with the place, derived from his own observations of twenty-five years, would enable him to pronounce decidedly on a change in its appearance. An alteration or feature in any one of a number of other craters might be proved by a host of witnesses; but at the same time it must be remembered that the

ingnished observer who presides over the  
mens observatory is, indeed, equal to a  
t in himself.

aving referred to Linné as bearing tes-  
ony to the absence of a lunar atmos-  
re, which, again, I believe to be a strong  
lence of creative design, I think it not

of place to state that, on the other  
id, our satellite was considered by an  
ment philosopher as affording a proof  
t the world was not formed by an omnip-  
nt intelligence. Laplace says that  
moon is not situated to the best advan-  
e for giving light, as she does not always  
e in the absence of the sun. To attain

object for which the partisans of final  
es imagine her to be intended, it would  
e been sufficient at the beginning to  
ce her in opposition to the sun in the  
ne of the ecliptic, and at a hundredth  
t of the distance of the sun from the  
th, at the same time giving her a motion

which the opposition would ever be  
intained. The distance would secure  
against eclipse, and there would thus be  
ontinual full moon rising regularly at  
set.

ut it may be proved mathematically  
t the moon could not retain that position  
h respect to the earth; and even if she  
ld, the advantages suggested by Laplace  
uld be more than doubtful. In the tides,  
ce clearly that it is not her light-giving  
erties alone that mark her usefulness;  
f her attractive force, which is shown by  
ious other phenomena of less obvious  
ugh, perhaps, not less real importance  
such as precession and nutation — would  
vastly modified by her removal to near-  
r times her present distance. In her rela-  
aly unchanging position, she would be  
from serving, as she does now, for the  
est determination of the longitude. By  
non-occurrence of eclipses, we should be  
rived of most admirable and instructive  
omena. We should never watch in  
nder the veiling of the lunar disk, nor  
rk the earth's roundness in her coppery  
dow. We should never, and with still  
re solicitude, observe the sun himself  
ying, like a mystic day-moon in rapid  
e, up to the awe-inspiring moment when  
vanishes among the kindling stars; nor  
ould we ever await in astonishment that  
st enrapturing of celestial sights when,  
the annular eclipse, the thin sun-streams  
round on the central darkness, and  
ircle the pitchy space like a bright set-  
g that lost its gem. Supposing still that  
moon could be maintained in the posi-  
a favoured by Laplace, her disk would

appear near sixteen times smaller than at  
present, and her illuminating and other in-  
fluences would be in the same degree less.  
I am not aware that the philosopher, to  
meet those objections, suggested any in-  
crease of size; and it might be said that  
the moon of eminent physical and scientific  
value would not, according to his plan,  
exist — neither would the moon of poetry.  
The ever-round and ever-diminutive-look-  
ing satellite would furnish no striking theme  
for description or romance, nor suggest to  
genius some of its grandest conceptions.  
Milton could not have told of the sun *look-  
ing from behind* the eclipsing orb in a simile  
with which no other of any other writer  
can be compared for an instant; nor, again,  
could he have thrilled us with the descrip-  
tion of the archfiend's shield, whose —

“Broad circumference  
Hang on his shoulders like the moon.”

In a scientific point of view, it will be easily  
understood, that, if the distant and nightly-  
appearing satellite had still the power of  
giving any effective light to the earth, in  
place of being an object of high interest, it  
would be a positive nuisance to the astron-  
omer. How few of its great wonders  
would the heavenly space have revealed to  
us through the veil of an eternal moonlight!  
The most beautiful systems of the double  
and multiple stars, with their different lights  
and motions, would be scarcely noticed.  
We should never receive delight from the  
exquisite charms of the many-hued cluster,  
dappled with coloured fires, like the flash-  
ings of the diamond, the sapphire, and the  
ruby; nor should we know of the far-remote  
cloud-worlds, with all their surprising shapes  
of the ring, the sphere, the spindle, the  
spiral, and a thousand indescribable forms,  
many of which are already proved by the  
spectroscope to be no other than what they  
appear to be — luminous vapour.

And if those mystic glories of the sky  
would remain unseen, so, also, would the  
wonders of its darkness. We should have  
no speculations about the rayless regions,  
such as stain the brightness of the *Milky  
Way*, or set off the splendours of the *South-  
ern Cross*. The deep gulf in the great  
nebula of Orion would be as unseen as the  
marvellous promontories that it divides;  
and, undiscovered among the brilliant  
tracts of *Scorpio*, would remain the dreary  
aperture of an *Avernian* blackness, through  
which we can perceive, as it were, the  
eternal night of outermost space, whose  
secrets no telescope has ever penetrated.



Our acquaintance with the moon's own appearance would be vastly circumscribed. At such a distance, we should have little pleasure in contemplating the great landscape of half a planet. Thousands of details now plainly enough visible would be only imperfectly or totally unseen; and it is probable that we should never be attracted by such sights as the obscuration of Linné.

J. BIRMINGHAM.

**SOCIAL DISINTEGRATION.**—Regard to history confirms the fears of common sense that a state of national life, in which the moral unity of the nation is broken, — in which the rich and the poor begin to form two separate castes, losing mutual comprehension, mutual sympathy, mutual regard, and becoming to each other as distinct races with separate organization, ideas, interests, — is the sure forerunner, the first commencement, of rapid national decay. It is by bridging the gulf of separation, by re-uniting the severed sympathies, and rekindling the earnestness of personal goodwill between the estranged orders, that we can hope to maintain in vigorous life the common sentiments, the mutual affections, which are the breath of national life. It is only by bringing the two classes once more into relations of personal kindness and friendly intercourse, by service rendered without patronage and accepted without degradation, that we can avert the danger of those terrible collisions between capital and labour (which are the fruit of mutual misconception and irritation, much more than of conflicting interests) which, if less violent, become daily more formidable, from the gigantic proportions assumed by the separate organizations in which the labourers are banded together, apart from, and, as it were, in antagonism to their employers. The extent of this social danger was made plain to careful observers when a hitch in the working of the trades union machinery led to a strike in the iron trade of North Staffordshire. The quarrel was taken up on both sides by distant bodies and rival firms; and we were on the verge of witnessing a social war which would have raged from Birmingham to Newcastle, and in which every ironmaster and every foundryman would have been engaged, closing hundreds of works, and throwing thousands and tens of thousands out of work, merely in consequence of a local squabble. Such, and so mighty, are the separate organizations of the labouring class. Ever long it is probable that all the unions of all the trades throughout the empire will be combined in one federal league, which may bring the whole force of the labouring class to bear on any trade dispute. It is impossible not to regard with the gravest anxiety a state of estrangement and

mutual ignorance between rich and poor, out of which it arises that the latter listen to few advisers out of their own class, and most readily to those who most artfully influence the spirit of class antagonism; that the masters know little of what is passing in the minds of their people, are on their part often narrow and one-sided in their views of the rights and feeling of their workmen, and if more enlightened, are powerless to counteract the evil influence; and that both parties can be hurried into a serious struggle with no other necessity than arises from mutual misunderstanding and mutual irritation. It is by no means a healthy symptom of our social state, though one to which we are reconciled by habit, that from all the associations of the workmen for mutual support and assistance in every trade, the masters are, and choose to be, excluded. Beyond the political and social evils which it engenders, this class separation, this caste tendency, has the worst effect on the life and character of both the rich and the poor. Each is withdrawn from a portion of the moral and social influences necessary to the formation and nourishment of a healthy human feeling, and their character is to that extent starved, dwarfed, or distorted. — *Macmillan's Magazine*.

**JOHN ANSTER, LL.D.**, the first translator of "Faust" into English, died last week in Dublin, and was buried on Wednesday. He was a member of the Irish Bar, but never practised. In 1837, he received an appointment of small value from the late Earl of Carlisle, that of Registrar of the Court of Admiralty, which he retained to his death. He also became, in 1850, Regius Professor of Civil Law in Trinity College, Dublin. The place of Dr. Anster's birth was Charleville. He wrote poems when an undergraduate. Fragments of his translation of the first part of "Faust" appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for June, 1820, and, according to a notice of him published in 1839, immediately attracted the attention of Goethe. The extracts were reprinted fully in England and America, and encouraged him to complete the translation, which appeared as a whole in 1835. In 1837, he published a volume of poetry named "Xeniola," which contained, among other pieces, a Prize Ode on the death of the Princess Charlotte, which had procured for him a gold medal. Dr. Anster in later years was a considerable prose contributor to leading magazines. The second part of "Faust" by him, which appeared only a few years ago, has been considered not inferior, as a translation, to the first, though, from the character of the poem, it did not attract anything like the same attention. The members of the Royal Irish Academy, with the Council of which Dr. Anster had a long connection, formed in procession at his funeral. — *Examiner*, 15th June.

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## IN THE SHADOW.

HERE I am with my head dropped low on your  
grave; the sky  
Is cloudless, pitiless blue; a desolate quiet  
is shed  
Over the face of all, like the passionless,  
blankly dead  
Calm of a heart that ne'er, at the sound of  
belovèd tread,  
Quickened its beats; the sun strikes blindly  
down, and I,  
With my very soul cramped up in the spasms  
of its agony,

Feel the slow slight shudder of growing grass  
at my ear  
Stir through the dead brown hair that used  
to be so bright  
For the royal crown of Love, whose very  
shadow dropt light  
All about me, until, made fair, and transfig-  
ured quite,  
My face like an angel's was;— oh, God of  
mercy, I fear  
That the weight of my punishment is greater  
than I can bear!

My blood makes shuddering leaps, as alone in  
my dark I think  
Of my own white stag whom the pitiless  
archers wounded sore,  
My royal eagle whose plumes were all bedab-  
bled in gore,  
My strong one whose prideful locks of glory  
and power they shore—  
And the iron enters deep to my soul, and I  
shudder and shrink,  
And the bitter and awe of death are in the cup  
that I drink.

Passionate outstretched arms of mine, ye may  
sink and drop  
Your white weight down on his grave, for  
he cannot feel you strain;  
Wild beat against the impassable barrier to  
clasp him again.  
Smite down your weary light, O sun; and, O  
thirsty rain,  
Strike as you will, but never, oh never more  
may ope  
The gate that my own hand closed, the crystal  
gate of hope.

My darling, my own lost darling! I loved you,  
I loved you, I say.  
Again, I loved you, I loved you, but oh the  
awful sea  
Of death rolls heavily in between your soul  
and me,  
And my fireful words are drowned in the  
roar of its waves, and she

Who utters them fails and sinks with her gar-  
ments weighted with spray,  
And scarce dare hope that the tide will ebb out  
at the breaking of day.

All through I loved you, dear heart! Oh, had I  
but told you so,  
When your forehead was flushed red with  
the shame of your one, one sin,  
Nor opened my soul's gates wide for the  
pride to enter in,  
Nor turned away my eyes, and left the devils  
to grin  
O'er the grand young fallen soul, that they  
waited to drag below,  
And I might have saved, and the curse of Cain  
is upon my brow.

Were you so utterly vile that I smote away  
your kiss  
In scorn, as a thing unclean, from these proud  
red lips of mine?  
Alas, but a trivial error, an overflow of life-  
wine!  
A slip, and I might have raised, and helped  
you to be divine.  
Again, O lips, how ye burn, as a scarred-healed  
cicatrice  
Throbs at the lightest touch of the dull-blue  
steel, I wis.

Alas! my beloved, my beloved! that I left you  
to sink in the mire  
Till the garments you wore once so fair ah!  
scarcely a vestige showed  
Of the saintly, stately white they were in the  
kingdom of God!  
Oh, I could smite you off, cruel hand of mine,  
that should  
Have been stretched to save, but broke the gel-  
den strings of the lyre,  
And smote into stillness the song that might  
have swelled louder and higher.

Were you living and erring, how I would gird  
up my garments, and leap  
Unblenchingly down the abyss of the open  
gulf that yawned  
At your feet, content to perish, so you might  
but safely stand,  
And pass o'er the closed space without fear  
to the other land,  
Where the Master and Shepherd of Israel fold-  
eth His saved sheep,  
And no more may the lips make moan, and no  
more may the eyeballs weep!

E. H. HICKAY.

— *Macmillan's Magazine.*

From the British Quarterly Review.

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5. *The Times.* Article, 'The Late John Keble.' April 6, 1866.
6. *The Guardian,* April 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th, 1866.

MORE than twelve months have elapsed since the death of the Rev. John Keble, author of the 'Christian Year.' The ordinary (and in several instances extraordinary) tributes to his memory have been offered and partially forgotten, and we, though somewhat late, feel a melancholy pleasure in now adding our stone to his cairn, in placing our literary wreath of reverential affection upon his tomb. It is but reiterating an oft repeated fact to say that his death brought sorrow not only to those intimately acquainted with him, but into many circles where he was personally unknown. There have been no mourners more sincere than some whose convictions were opposed *totò celo* to dogmas which he maintained with invincible tenacity. The beauty of his devout genius radiated far beyond the sphere in which it was more directly displayed, and a large number of persons whose religious beliefs Keble could not appreciate, and whose judgment he never valued, were powerfully influenced by his sweet and graceful poems. By such, the 'Christian Year' is not only known as a book of sacred poetry, but is read and pondered in their holiest hours. The gentle teaching of its beautiful thoughts chastens the eager spirit into subdued restfulness, falls on the excited heart "with a touch of infinite calm." The volume stands upon our shelves in the hallowed company of the *de imitatione Christi* of Thomas à Kempis, Augustine's 'Confessions,' 'In Memoriam,' and of those other select few, to which the mind spontaneously turns in its seasons of profoundest need.

It has been customary for many years past to compare the author of the 'Christian Year' with George Herbert — the great religious poet of the early part of the seventeenth century. But this has been done more frequently by the simple con-

junction of their two names, than by any particular discrimination of the resemblances and differences which undoubtedly exist. It will be our purpose in the present article to trace some of these lines of similarity and points of contrast. To criticise the men and their works is exceedingly difficult, almost impossible. The pure unimpeachable lives of these sacred poets have thrown a softened halo around their memories, and lifted them above the range of ordinary human judgments. So, also, the modesty attendant on the production of their poems, their sacred character and purpose, the general appreciation of the Christian Church, the venerableness with which more than two centuries in the one case, and forty years in the other (an old age for a book in these days), have invested them, all conspire to disarm criticism, where otherwise it would justly exercise its peculiar functions. To discuss these works with the freedom of new publications would be an impertinence, to touch them rudely a sacrilege.

The life of Keble will soon be written, and we, with many others, anticipate its disclosures with no little interest and anxiety. The life of Herbert is enshrined in that quaint but matchless sketch by dear old Izaak Walton. That gentle citizen, enthusiastic angler, and worthy brother-in-law to Bishop Ken, has by his 'Lives' earned a fame which greater men might envy. The simplicity and pathos they combine are almost unequalled in our biographical literature. The poet's description of them is hardly extravagant —

'There are no colors in the fairest sky  
So fair as these. The feather whence the pen  
Was shaped that traced the lives of these  
good men  
Dropped from an angel's wing.'

Any attempt to draw a *complete* parallel between the personal history of Keble and that of Herbert would be unreasonable and absurd, though many a curious coincidence may be traced. They were both remarkable for an early display of great talent. Herbert took his M.A. degree at the age of twenty-two, and was made orator for the University of Cambridge six years afterwards. His biographer, in his own happy way, tells us that 'he had acquired great learning, and was blest with a high fancy, a civil and sharp wit, and with a natural elegance both in his behaviour, his tongue, and his pen.' So we learn, 'that it was an Oxford tradition, that Keble was only

eighteen when he obtained, with the greatest ease, a double first—that is, the first class both in classics and mathematics. This was at Easter, 1810. It was commonly said, that at the age of fourteen he became a scholar at Corpus, where they used to elect very early, and soon was known as an exact and elegant scholar. He was shortly after elected Fellow of Oriel, of which Copleston was then Provost. . . . In 1812, he obtained at once the prizes for an English essay on "Translation from Dead Languages," and a Latin essay comparing the military memoirs of Xenophon with those of Cæsar. . . . He became tutor, and some of the most distinguished men in the University passed through his lecture-room. He was Public Examiner in 1814 and 1815, at an age when most young men are trembling in hope of a pass.\*

The universal testimony borne so affectionately to the amiable disposition of the author of the 'Christian Year' also closely allies him with the 'Holy George Herbert.' Dr. Newman's words have been frequently quoted. In his 'Apologia,' after narrating a few notable incidents in connection with Keble, he says, 'At another time I heard a Master of Arts of my college give an account how he had just then had occasion to introduce himself on some business to Keble, and how gentle, courteous, and unaffected Keble had been, so as almost to put him out of countenance. Then, too, it was reported, truly or falsely, how a rising man of brilliant reputation—the present Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Milman—admired and loved him, adding that he was unlike any one else.' A nobler eulogy could not be pronounced than that of his intimate and venerable friend Sir J. T. Coleridge. 'His friends will mourn,' he says, 'the departure, not merely of the delightful companion, playful and serious by turns, always simple and always wise, but of the faithful guide and counsellor—of a being whom they revered while they loved him. It was the singular happiness of his nature, remarkable even in his undergraduate days, that love for him was always sanctified, as it were, by reverence—reverence that did not make the love the less tender, and love that did but add intensity to the reverence. Looking back through an intimacy unbroken, unchilled, for more than fifty-five years, he seems to me now to have been at once the simplest, humblest, and most loving-hearted man, and withal the holiest and most zealous Christian I have ever known.' †

\* *Times* article. † *Guardian*, April, 1866.

In harmony with this, the concluding words of Isaac Walton's sketch of Herbert will be remembered by all our readers. 'Thus he lived, and thus he died, like a saint, unspotted of the world, full of alms-deeds, full of humility, and all the examples of a virtuous life, which I cannot conclude better than with this borrowed observation—

' . . . all must to their cold graves ;  
But the religious actions of the just  
Smell sweet in death, and blossom in the dust.'

'Mr. George Herbert's have done so to this, and will doubtless do so to succeeding generations.'

It is also pleasant to note how both these saintly men found their highest satisfaction and holiest joys in the quiet retirement of country pastoral work, rather than in the applause and admiration of the Universities to which they belonged. The poet of 'The Temple' was pressingly urged to change his resolution to enter into sacred orders, 'as too mean an employment, and too much below his birth and the excellent abilities and endowments of his mind.' But he was proof against all entreaty. Mr. Keble also had many inducements to leave the quiet of his village parsonage at Hursley, and to take a prominent part in these agitating controversies, which for more than thirty years have filled the church with strife. But while lacking neither vigor nor fire, his nature was too gentle,—modest almost to timidity; his love for contemplative repose, and his devotion to ministerial work were too deep to permit him to forsake his congenial retirement. Thus the villages of Bemerton and Hursley have become sacred spots through their association with these poets of the Sanctuary. It may also be remembered that, though Herbert died at the early age of thirty-nine, and Keble at seventy-four, the 'Christian Year,' like 'The Temple,' was written during the period of comparative youth. The history of the two books is singularly alike. Neither was written with the idea of publication. George Herbert presented his little work to a Mr. Duncan, with the following touching request:—'Sir, I pray, deliver this little book to my dear brother Farrer, and tell him he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my Master. Desire him to read it; and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul, let it be made public,

for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies.' 'Thus meanly did this humble man think of this excellent book.' Some of the poems which are to be found in the 'Christian Year' were written under a variety of circumstances eight or ten years before their publication, and existed in the albums of his most intimate friends. Indeed, Keble had no thought of their appearing during his life, but like Herbert, his plan was 'to go on improving the series all his life, and leave it to come out, if judged useful, only when he should be fairly out of the way.' He, however, yielded to the pressure of friendly advice; he submitted to the judgment of men in whom he had confidence, and published the volume in 1827. Dr. Pusey tells us that Keble 'looked upon it as the work of younger years with which he had no more to do. He called it in his own way "that book." The immediate popularity of 'The Temple' and of the 'Christian Year' was a surprise. Little did Herbert imagine how fully the Christian Church would prize his unpretentious legacy. He would have been amazed to learn, that in a few years after the first impression had been printed for his select friends, just before 1831,\* the circulation of 'The Temple' had attained the then extraordinary number of 20,000 copies. At the present time, we suppose, but few libraries in the United Kingdom are without a copy.

Keble was privileged to live, and watch the progress of an ever-deepening and widening interest in his little book of poems. At the time of his death, ninety-five editions of it had been printed. This surprising popularity was a quiet, natural, unostentatious growth. Neither volume was fostered or thrust into notice by favourable or adverse criticism. Of two centuries ago we may sing with Lowell —

'In the happier days of the Muse  
We were luckily free from such things as re-  
views;  
Then nought came between with its fog to make  
clearer  
The heart of the poet to that of his hearer.'

Though the 'Christian Year' ran through three editions in 1827, none of the leading critical journals deigned to review it. The *Quarterly* (to which Keble had already contributed an article on Sacred Poetry)

\* A few copies of the first and rarest edition were issued for presentation to the author's friends, without the date.

only gave it a slight welcome in a note. Its merits alone have made it immortal.

Herbert and Keble were both clergymen of the Established Church. They are, therefore, essentially Church poets; their genius was controlled and directed by a profound affection for its usages and ceremonies — to both, the Church was the 'Dear Mother,' the 'Sacred Home.' Coleridge's criticism of Herbert is still more applicable to the author of the 'Christian Year.' 'George Herbert,' he says, 'is a true poet, but a poet *sui generis*, the merits of whose poems will never be felt without a sympathy with the mind and character of the man. To appreciate this volume, it is not enough that the reader possess a cultivated judgment, classical taste, or even poetic sensibility, unless he be likewise a Christian, and both a zealous and an orthodox, both a devout and a devotional Christian. But even this will not quite suffice. He must be an affectionate and dutiful child of the Church, and from habit, conviction, and a constitutional predisposition to ceremoniousness in piety, as in manners, find her forms and ordinances aids of religion, not sources of formality; for religion is the element in which he lives, the region in which he moves.' The accuracy of this dictum every reader has felt. Indeed, the principal difficulty to those without the pale of the Anglican communion is to appreciate that supreme reverence for its rites and usages which pervades all the poems.

Frequently, it is only by enlarging the original sense of the writer's words, until it embraces all sections of the universal Church, that we are enabled to sympathise with the poetical sentiments of the two volumes. But the words of the true poet possess a wider significance and a nobler life than that of which he himself is conscious — they cannot be monopolised; through them, in spite of education and prejudice, the instincts of a common brotherhood assert themselves; and while Non-conformists are justly proud of the majesty of Isaac Watts, and the sustained and noble diction of Philip Doddridge, and Methodists glory in the ethereal beauty, the sweet mysticism, of Charles Wesley, and Episcopalians reverence George Herbert and John Keble, all these poets are the recognised heritage of the common Church.

The resemblances between the poets are thus far apparent; but when we note the distinctive characteristics of each, the parallel ends, the contrasts are very marked. This will be seen as we examine each volume of poems separately. The earlier poet,

Herbert, was but one of a group of remarkable men, with whom, by his residence at Cambridge, his high position, his rare abilities, and his gentle disposition, he was brought into contact. Among his contemporaries at the University, we find such noble names as John Milton, Giles and Phineas Fletcher, Jeremy Taylor, Thomas Adams, Herrick and Fanshawe, Cromwell and Calamy, and Thomas Fuller. His dearest friends were Dr. Donne and Sir Francis Bacon. Ben Jonson, who survived him five years, with the philosopher Hobbes, were his coadjutors in translating a part of the 'Advancement of Learning.' It is doubtful whether he ever saw Shakspeare, as the latter retired from London in 1611, when Herbert was only eighteen years of age. The simple mention of the above names will indicate the powerful influences by which his mind and style were affected. The so-called Elizabethan age of literature was slowly waning; and soon after, in poetry, the pretty and the fantastic replaced the beautiful. Herbert stands between the two periods, and the literary characteristics of the time are reflected in his poems. All things were in a state of transition. The boldness and strength which had marked the lengthened, prosperous reign of the last representative of the house of Tudor, were giving place to the vacillations and follies of the Stuart dynasty. The national life was gradually weakened and corrupted, and the literature revealed that weakness and corruption. Shakspeare was succeeded by poets of the Carew, Suckling, and Lovelace order. In 'The Temple,' we discover lines which the great dramatist himself might have been proud to own, yet connected with ridiculous conceits which rival anything to be found in Cowley or Donne. Many passages might be quoted, massive in strength, yet most beautiful in tenderness.

'My comforts drop and melt away like snow;  
I shake my head, and all the thoughts and  
ends  
Which my fierce youth did bandy, fall and  
flow  
Like leaves about me, or like summer friends,  
Flies of estate and sunshine.'

Again, in another place, he offers this wise and stirring counsel —

'Art thou a magistrate? then be severe:  
If studious, copy fair what time hath blurred;  
Redeem truth from his jaws: if soldier,  
Chase brave employments with a naked sword

Throughout the world. Fool not, for all we  
have,  
If they dare try, a glorious life or grave.'

Yet in the same poem he descends to such lines as these —

'God gave thy soul brave wings; put not those  
feathers  
Into a bed to sleep out all weathers.'

George Herbert's excellences and defects are necessarily most prominent in his longest poem, 'The Church Porch.' It is rich in practical wisdom, but frequently expressed in such sententious idiomatic phrase, that it is rather strong-rhymed prose than poetry. He lingers long in the vestibule, before entering the temple, to address some noble words to the motley company there gathered, and from his stern reproofs we infer the common follies and sins of his day. The knowledge of human nature displayed in this poem is remarkable. He had not watched the changeable phases of university and court life, or the steady routine of village ways, to no purpose. There is an exhortation for 'all classes and conditions of men.' The avaricious is told that 'Never was scraper brave man.' Perhaps from no composition in the same space could so many clear-cut, compact sentences, condensed, common-sense maxims, or keen proverbial phrases, be culled as from this short poem. Here are a few specimens. 'Frailty gets pardon by submissiveness.' 'Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie.' 'Wisdom's a trimmer thing than shop or gave.' 'Wisdom picks friends, civility plays the rest.' 'Laugh not too much; the witty man laughs least.' In discussion,

'Calmness is great advantage; he that lets  
Another chafe may warm him at his fire.'

'Kneeling ne'er spoilt silk stockings.'  
Verse like this is sure to accomplish the author's end — 'Find him who a sermon flies.' There is a quaint sweet humour, a racy wit, running through all the poems, little anticipated by those who know the 'country parson' only by his common, but most honourable appellation, 'the Holy George Herbert.' Even amid thoughts the most solemn, a smile is irresistibly created by some odd allusion or far-fetched simile. He was not free from an extreme and often ludicrous quaintness — that literary vice of his age which injured many good writers, and utterly ruined all inferior ones. It was impossible he should escape a temptation

before which other and stronger men succumbed. Shakspeare himself was not a little influenced by it, though with him it was exceptional, while with the men who succeeded him, a fantastic conceit was the highest display of art, the divinest inspiration of the Muse. It was the prominent characteristic of the poets of James' reign. Few of their works, however, now survive. The poetry was conventional, and consequently expired with the age that gave it birth. Ordinary readers of Herbert are perplexed and baffled by his oddities. Ever and anon, passages of sublime and tender beauty, as of a soft autumn sunset, are succeeded by the most incongruous images. It is like following with an increasing admiration the upward sweep of some grand Gothic arch, and then finding the eye and the emotion suddenly arrested by a grinning gargoyle perched aloft. One hardly knows whether to laugh or be indignant. This experience of our author's peculiarity produces a sense of uncertainty and unrest. We fear to yield to the feeling quickened by some exquisite verse, lest a laboured conceit or verbal equivocation should be lying in wait to surprise and annoy us. This is a serious defect in any writing, but especially so in devotional poetry, through which the heart seeks repose. It is also destructive of all the purposes of a religious poem or hymn, if the analogies employed are not immediately apparent, but necessitate considerable, perhaps painful thought to discover the likeness between the objects compared. Passion and pathos demand a rigid simplicity, and are destroyed by ingenuity. Both Herbert and Keble are sometimes wanting in that perfect clearness which we desiderate in sacred poetry. One witty church dignitary baptized the 'Christian Year' his 'Sunday Puzzle.' With Herbert, however, as Coleridge has pointed out, the difficulty is in the thought, 'not in his diction, than which nothing can be more pure, manly, or unaffected.' Concerning Keble, the reverse of this is the fact, as we shall presently see. In the former there is at times a smoothness, an ease of expression which swells into a grand fullness of power; at others, a sweet harmonious cadence, like the steady ripple of a summer brook, proving that Herbert possessed the gift of music as well as poetry. The following hymn shows both his faults and beauties:—

## A TRUE HYMN.

'My joy, my life, my crown!  
My heart was meaning all the day,  
Somewhat it fain would say:

And still it runneth mustering up and down  
With only this, "My joy, my life, my crown!"

'Yet slight not these few words;  
If truly said, they may take part  
Among the best in art.  
The fineness which a hymn or psalm affords  
Is when the soul unto the lines accords.

'He who craves all the mind,  
And all the soul, and strength, and time,  
If the words only rhyme,  
Justly complains, that somewhat is behind  
To make his verse, or write a hymn in-kind.

'Whereas if the heart be moved,  
Although the verse be somewhat scant,  
God doth supply the want:  
As when the heart says (sighing to be approved)  
"O could I love!" and stops; God writeth—  
"Loved."

With all his quaintness and quick, puzzling transitions of thought, Herbert is marvellously superior to many of his contemporaries, one of whom, Sir Thomas Browne, the witty Norwich physician, could thus write\* :—

'There will I sit like that industrious fly  
Buzzing thy praises.'

'The Temple' may seem wanting in accurate taste, but it is not wanting in genius; and even when most grossly violating the simplest literary canons, a serious purpose and sincere emotion are plainly visible. The reflections are profound, beautiful, and subtle, far more frequently than they are strange. Sometimes taking the form of allegory, the poet's fancies are curious, yet exquisitely sweet. One of the simplest is 'The Posy.' Another worthy of quotation is called 'Peace':—

'Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly  
crave  
Let me once know.  
I sought thee in a secret cave,  
And asked, if Peace were there.  
A hollow wind did seem to answer, No:  
Go seek elsewhere.

'I did; and going did a rainbow note:  
Surely, thought I,  
This is the lace of Peace's coat:  
I will search out the matter.  
But while I looked, the clouds immediately  
Did break and scatter.

"Then went I to a garden, and did spy:  
A gallant flower,  
The crown imperial: Sure, said I,

\* Religio Medici.



Peace at the root must dwell.  
But when I digged, I saw a worm devour  
What showed so well.

' At length I met a reverend good old man :  
Whom when for Peace  
I did demand, he thus began ;  
There was a Prince of old  
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good in-  
crease  
Of flock and fold.

' He sweetly lived; yet sweetness did not  
save  
His life from foes,  
But after death out of his grave  
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat:  
Which many wondering at, got some of those  
To plant and set.

' It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse  
Through all the earth :  
For they that taste it do rehearse  
That virtue lies therein ;  
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth  
By flight of sin.

' Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,  
And grows for you ;  
Make bread of it : and that repose  
And peace, which everywhere  
With so much earnestness you do pursue,  
Is only there.'

Among the most familiar of Herbert's poems are those entitled, ' Church Music ' and ' Man.' The former is appreciated by every lover of that divine art — the latter strangely anticipated, if it did not give rise to some of the modern theories concerning man's place in nature. It is a splendid piece of religious philosophy, worthy the companion of Bacon. Yet its burden is the same as many chapters of Pascal's grand fragmentary relic on ' The Greatness and Misery of Man.' But perhaps the most popular are the well-known lines on ' Sunday ; ' undoubtedly the finest poem on that subject in our language, and destined to endure as long as the day it commemorates. The melody of church bells rings in it, and the gentle exhilaration, the subdued glory, the peaceful, yet joyous, repose of a village Sabbath — ' day most calm, most bright ' — belong to it. Happy the man whose thoughts are in harmony with such holy words. It is impossible to study the devout breathings of this poet, so full of reverent earnestness, without being stirred to higher moods of feeling, and to aspirations after a diviner life. We are conscious of the warm pulsing heart of a man eager for faith and purity and Christ, beneath all the quaintness

and the mysticism; and his words live long in our memories, and form the language of our devoutest prayers. In a word, Herbert wins our strongest affection, and no praise sounds extravagant in the ear of love.

Immediately we compare Keble with the author of ' The Temple,' considerable diversity is evident. The former lacks many of those characteristic qualities by which Herbert is conspicuous. We do not find in the ' Christian Year ' any of that sensitiveness, practical wisdom, keen wit, or quaintness, which we have remarked in the earlier poet. Moreover, the poetry is not so subjective. The expression of personal experience, joy and sorrow, assurance and despair, aspiration and doubt, is of a totally different kind. The man himself is not so apparent. We do not see, we are not permitted to see, the manifold intricate movements of an individual soul. While certain phases of thought and emotion are carefully and accurately described, there is a vague generality about them. Most of the poems in ' The Temple,' are like the fervent meditations of a recluse, the spontaneous utterance of intense feeling, as though his experience ' did make him write.' But many of Keble's poems impress us with the idea of a foregone purpose, of an audience of whom the writer was conscious, and to whom he, preacher-like, addressed his words. The facts harmonise with the impression. He wrote for ' the Church ' and its members. Some of the poems were indeed the result of pure inspiration and personal feeling; but many were adapted, as the preface states, ' to the successive portions of the Liturgy ; ' and then, to give a completeness to the whole, poems were specially composed to celebrate the annual festivals and fasts authorized by the Prayer Book. Consequently, there is a hard, mechanical, forced character about some of them, which prevents the outflow of the reader's sympathy. The text, as with many sermons, instead of being the root out of which the poem should spring, is often but an adjunct, an after thought, and so little connected with the sentiment as to mislead and perplex. The themes, too, upon which by his plan he was compelled to write, were not all suited to his peculiar genius, while some were utterly unworthy of it. The political service-hymns are especially strained and unnatural. Only a Tory among Tories, an Anglican of Anglicans, could have written those extravagant, sentimental verses upon ' King Charles the Martyr : ' —

'And there are sobing solitary breasts,  
Whose widow'd walk with thought of thee  
is cheer'd,  
Our own, our royal saint; thy memory rests  
On many a prayer, the more for thee en-  
dear'd.

' True son of our dear Mother, early taught  
With her to worship and for her to die;  
Nurs'd in her aisles to more than kingly  
thought,  
Oft in her solemn hours we dream thee  
nigh.

' For thou didst love to trace her daily lore,  
And where we look for comfort or for calm;  
Over the self-same lines to bend and pour  
Thy heart with hers in some victorious  
psalm.'

This may be poetry, but is certainly not historical truth. We hold that Macaulay was far nearer to the truth of things when he wrote, 'Charles was not only a most unscrupulous, but a most unlucky dissembler. There never was a politician to whom so many frauds and falsehoods were brought home by undeniable evidence. . . . To such an extent, indeed, had insincerity now tainted the King's whole nature, that his most devoted friends could not refrain from complaining to each other, with bitter grief and shame, of his crooked politics. His defeats, they said, gave them less pain than his intrigues.'\* Keble wrote in 1827, when Home was an authority, before impartial history was known. It is a pity that the 'Christian Year' is defaced by such poems. Now that public opinion has changed, and the State services have been eliminated from the Prayer Book, there is no need to retain the hymns.

It was, however, this determined effort to commemorate in verse every event ordained by the Church, that 'cribbed, cabined, and confined' an imagination capable of the noblest, freest flights. Archbishop Whately characteristically described him as 'an eagle in chains.' Keble is wanting also in that intensity of devotional emotion which is so passionately expressed in George Herbert. He lacks that rushing, torrent-like force of feeling which most minds have experienced in exalted spiritual moods. But this was intentional. It was announced in the preface, that the 'chief purpose' of the poems was 'to exhibit the soothing tendency of the Prayer Book.' He composed upon principles enunciated by himself two years previous to the appearance of the 'Christian Year.' In a genial review of the

\* History of England, vol. 1. page 125.

'Star in the East,' by Josiah Conder, contributed to the *Quarterly* in 1825, Keble says, meeting an objection raised against poetry of a sober order:—

'If grave, simple, sustained melodies—if tones of deep but subdued emotion are what our minds naturally suggest to us upon the mention of sacred music, why should there not be something analogous—a kind of plain chant in sacred poetry also—fervent, yet sober; awful but engaging; neither wild and passionate, nor light and airy; but such as we may with submission presume to be the most acceptable offering in its kind, as being indeed the truest expression of the best state of the affections. To many, perhaps, to most men, a tone of more violent emotion may sound at first more attractive. But before we *indulge* such a preference, we should do well to consider, whether it is quite agreeable to that spirit which alone can make us worthy readers of sacred poetry. "*ἔνθεον ἢ ποιητικόν*," it is true; there must be rapture and inspiration, but these will naturally differ in their character, as the powers do from whom they proceed. The worshippers of Baal may be rude and frantic in their cries and gestures; but the true prophet, speaking to or of the true God, is all dignity and calmness.'

In answer to the numerous questionable statements with which the above extract is crowded, it is sufficient to cite the highest of all poetical compositions—the Psalms and Prophecies, in which we perceive that the richest effusions of God's inspired servants find utterance in the impetuosity of some grand passion. To meet the universal want, and express the universal heart, the sacred poet must feel, and then describe, in words glowing like flakes of fire, those raptures and agonies which sway men of strong impulses in the great crises of their history. George Herbert has done this, Keble has not.

Hence we think has sprung the charge of vagueness, diffusiveness, dreaminess. Some critics, both public and private, have even characterized the languor which pervades a few of the poems as enervated sentimentality. It is true that happy, forceful, rememberable phrases do not often occur; the language is too highly classical, too delicately polished, to win popular suffrages; yet such a condemnation is a wild and random one. Keble sacrifices strength to grace; but that he could sound an arousing note, the following lines, which have found their way into some hymn-books, distinctly declare:—

'Ye who your Lord's commission bear,  
His way of mercy to prepare:

Angels he calls ye; be your strife  
To lead on earth an angel's life.

'Think not of rest, though dreams be sweet,  
Start up and ply your heavenward feet.  
Is not God's oath upon your head,  
Ne'er to sink back on slothful bed,  
Never again your loins untie,  
Nor let your torches waste and die, —  
Till, when the shadows thickest fall,  
Ye hear your Master's midnight call?'

Closely connected with this, comes the assertion that Keble is both mystical and obscure; with some minds the terms are synonymous. Having no faculty whereby to appreciate a mystic, they suspect his sanity, or test his musings by laws of logic. Yet every great thinker has realized the inevitable mysticism which envelopes all sublime doctrines, and belongs to all spiritual yearnings, touching as they do the infinite, being at once both human and divine. It is a glorified haze, as of the rising moon shining through dewy mists; beautiful and suggestive, by the light which is partially revealed and partially obscured — a commingling of the darkness of earth and the brightness of heaven. In Keble's own words: —

'Tis misty all, both sight and sound,  
I only know 'tis fair and sweet;  
'Tis wandering on enchanted ground,  
With dizzy brow and tottering feet.'

Critics who accuse their authors of want of clearness thereby frequently proclaim their own superficiality or deficiency. Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' still 'proves nothing' to a certain order of mind. The true poet knows the unspeakable difficulty of embodying in definite language those impalpable, yet most real spiritual cravings, which are begotten of God. It must be freely admitted, that to comprehend and appreciate the 'Christian Year,' both brains and study are required: there is obscurity; but, as was said of Milton, in answer to a similar charge, it is such an obscurity as is a compliment to the reader.

The writer of the sketch of Mr. Keble's life, which appeared in the *Times*, shortly after his death, must be nearly related to that intelligent critic of Tennyson, so mercilessly flagnellated by Robertson, of Brighton. From the same pen proceed blessing and cursing — contradictions of the most amazing character. 'Thirty-nine years ago,' he says, 'came out the "Christian Year," than which no book of modern times has come nearer to what we may call a divine work.'

Again: 'it will survive and be the Church of England's manual of meditative poetry for centuries to come.' Higher praise (for is it not prophetic?) the most enthusiastic Anglican devotee could not offer. But he proceeds: —

'If we venture to say that the 'Christian Year' is too exclusively the manual of well-educated Church people, we must take a test. Let that test be the cleverest girl in a national school, the teacher — perhaps we might say the schoolmistress. Can she use these meditations intelligently, easily and usefully, even with every favouring circumstance? We fear not! Out of more than a hundred poems, only twenty are not absolutely obscure; though, even in this case, we should expect such a person as we have supposed, to read them with some fixed and inveterate misunderstanding of the text. There are about fifteen more, that such a person would master with more difficulty, and even less success. More than seventy are really only meant (!) for people who, with a little aid, could make out the train of thought in a Greek chorus.'

Yet this extremely obscure book, comprehended only by a privileged few, is 'to be the Church of England's manual of meditative poetry for centuries to come!' The writer of this prophetic revelation is certainly very complimentary either to Keble or the intelligence of national schoolmistresses. The members of that Church must be marvellously conservative, or marvellously stupid in this critic's eyes; since, for centuries to come, they will tenaciously adhere to a book which he has arithmetically demonstrated to be practically worthless. What can his notion be of a 'Divine work'? We think it sufficient, simply, yet emphatically, to protest against such criticism as foolish, reckless, and untrue. That there are technical faults not a few, the author himself was fully aware — no one more so; and had he ventured in later years to touch his work with a revising hand, doubtless many a passage now the object of complaint, because not easy at once to apprehend, would have become luminous and plain. But the universal verdict of his wisest friends is, that Keble did well to refrain attempting any alteration of the original. It remains therefore, with all its defects and excellencies, just what it was in 1827.

The differences between George Herbert and John Keble, are not only in the form and style, but in the whole matter and substance of their poems. The former — as we have already remarked — sings of the struggles and victories, hopes and fears, with which his own heart was intimately con-

cerned; the latter is pre-eminently the Christian interpreter of Nature. He sees glimpses of the infinite meaning of her various and changeable moods, and strives in living words to utter the thing he sees. He is a devout student of her many mysteries, and he stands humbled by her great and glorious presence:—

'Of the bright things in earth and air  
How little can the heart embrace!  
Soft shades and gleaming lights are there—  
I know it well, but cannot trace.

'Mine eye unworthy seems to read  
One page of Nature's beauteous book;  
It lies before me, fair outspread—  
I only cast a wishful look.

'I cannot paint to memory's eye  
The scene, the glance, I dearest love,  
Unchanged themselves, in me they die,  
Or faint or false their shadows prove.

'In vain with dull and tuneless ear,  
I linger by soft music's cell;  
And in my heart of hearts would hear  
What to her own she deigns to tell.'

It is to such reverent worshippers Nature unveils her hidden sweetness, and tells her holiest secrets. In all his poems, we can easily see that Keble was remarkable for an overflowing, almost passionate affection for Nature; he yielded to her subduing influences until they penetrated and impregnated every thought. He could not be happy without her. He watched for the 'tender lights' which 'dawn or die' on her loved features, as fondly as ever enraptured lover gazed into his mistress's eyes. But it was not only for himself; he beheld, noted, and interpreted for us, 'the stormy lights on mountain streams wavering and broken,' the richest glow which ever sets around the autumnal sun, the tender flower,

'Embosomed in the greenest glade,  
So frail a gem, it scarce may bear  
The playful touch of evening air.

In lines like the following, we learn how capable was the poet's gentle heart of sympathising with the fiercest tumult of storms:—

'They know the Almighty's power,  
Who, wakened by the rushing midnight shower,  
Watch for the fitful breeze  
To howl and chafe amid the bending trees,  
Watch for the still white gleam  
To bathe the landscape in a fiery stream,

Touching the tremulous eye with sense of  
light  
Too rapid and too pure for all but angel sight.

'They know the Almighty's love,  
Who, when the whirlwinds rock the topmost  
grove  
Stand in the shade, and hear  
The tumult with a deep exulting fear;  
How, in their fiercest sway,  
Curbed by some power unseen, they die away  
Like a bold steed, that owns his rider's arm,  
Proud to be checked and soothed by that o'er-  
mastering charm.'

But Keble was more than a word-painter of landscapes; visible and familiar scenes were, to him, types of spiritual, invisible realities. Through the medium of his imagination, he beheld Nature as a parable, rich with eternal truth, and attempted to expound the intimate connection of human emotion with the transient or more permanent beauties displayed in the material world. Sometimes their lessons were a stern rebuke, at other times a glowing reflex of common thoughts and moods. The verses for the First Sunday after Epiphany give us a clear idea of the soothing influence exerted on the poet's own nature by what he so exquisitely depicts. It is said that the scenery described in this poem is that around Burthope and East Leech, two parishes of which he had the charge shortly after maintaining orders.

The poem on the Lilies, and the first portion of that for the Fourth Sunday after Trinity, are of the same class, and take rank as the finest of the whole collection. The latter especially displays all that graceful culture, pure taste, profound learning, extensive sympathy, and religious apprehension of Nature's teachings, which have made the 'Christian Year' the prized companion of so many refined minds. The tendency to discover symbolistic teaching everywhere is sometimes carried to a dangerous extreme; now and then the poet's fancy gallops with a loose rein: but, taking the whole volume as a specimen of sacred poetry, it is without doubt the purest this century has produced. It is impossible to estimate the debt in which Keble has thereby involved the present and last generations; especially is that high ecclesiastical party, with which from the first he was so completely identified, under a heavy burden of obligation to him. In the early part of the century, intellect was divorced from piety; religious emotion was held synonymous with hypocrisy or methodism. The Evangelicals of the Established Church, then few, feeble

and insignificant, found an expression for their spiritual feelings in the hymns of Cowper, Toplady, Watts, and the Wesleys. But a barren impassivity, a dreary, dead formalism, a frozen intellectuality, prevailed at Oxford, and among the class which Oxford represented. It was given to Keble, by his 'Christian Year,' to do for the high Church party what the Wesleys, by their original hymns and translations, had done for large numbers of the comparatively uneducated in the latter part of the preceding century. The way had been somewhat prepared by Wordsworth, Coleridge, and the school of which they were, if not the founders, yet the most prominent and illustrious members. The teachings, and perhaps more, the undefined influence of these two splendidly-gifted men, were silently but irresistibly moulding the minds of the foremost young thinkers of the University, among whom were Newman, Arnold, Keble. A nobler life was slowly stirring. A determined reaction against the remorseless materialism of the past age had set in, and was quietly gathering strength to sweep it utterly away. It was upon this rising and deepening tide that the 'Christian Year' was so rapidly carried forward to its proud success. It met and uttered the unconscious cravings to which the poetry of the new school had given birth. The best teachings of Wordsworth and Coleridge, their insight into Nature's meaning and message, their intense appreciation of her manifold loveliness, their reverence for the passions of human hearts, were all combined in Keble, with those higher truths which are the very essence of religion. While, however, we have no sympathy with some of the manifestations of that newly-awakened life, and especially regard those developments which are variously called Tractarian, Puseyitical, Ritualistic, as detrimental to the spiritual life of the individual, and a disaster to the nation itself; while we repudiate its many unscriptural doctrines, and repel its vain and arrogant assumptions, we cannot but recognize that from that period a revived, powerful spirit of earnestness, an aspiration after a nobler ideal, began to exhibit itself. The admiration, enthusiasm, affection, reverence, and loyalty with which the High Church section have universally regarded the author of the 'Christian Year' are, therefore, no cause for surprise — the wonder would be if he were esteemed less.

But the influence exerted by this little work of sacred poems is still more extensive. It is a beautiful protest against many practices and dogmas prevalent in our time.

Never was it more needed than now. Absorbed in practical pursuits beyond any former period, with popular philosophers striving to shut God out of his own universe, by ingenious theories and a cruel logic; eager to narrow men's intellects, and ruin all spiritual endeavour by destroying faith in the Unseen, confining thought and interest to phenomena alone, reducing everything to a gross, revolting materialism, men need some wise, holy, reverent teacher to uplift the veil, and reveal the divine — that inner glory from which the outward derives all its grace, and strength, and worth. This Keble has sought to do.

It is to Keble, also, we are indebted for a powerful declaration of the sanctity of ordinary life and common things. Frequently accused of sympathy with the peculiar tenets of Romanism (from which charge his friends cannot clear him) he nevertheless was no advocate for monastic or conventual seclusion. Life, with its duties, loves, disappointments, joys, was a holy thing, if well spent. The possibility of sanctity amid the deafening turmoil and stress of business, is finely put, in the poem entitled, St. Matthew — those verses beginning,

'But Love's a flower that will not die  
For lack of leafy screen,' &c.

Also in the Morning Hymn :

'We need not hid, for cloistered cell,  
Our neighbours and our work farewell;  
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high  
For sinful man beneath the sky.

'The trivial round, the common task,  
Would furnish all we ought to ask,  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.'

We may compare with this George Herbert's simple poem, 'The Elixir,' embodying the same truth.

'Teach me, my God and King,  
In all things Thee to see,  
And what I do in anything,  
To do it as for Thee.

'All may of Thee partake,  
Nothing can be so mean,  
Which, with this tincture, "for Thy sake,"  
Will not grow bright and clean.

'A servant, with this clause,  
Makes drudgery divine;  
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,  
Makes that and the action fine.

' This is the famous stone,  
That turneth all to gold ;  
For that which God doth touch and own,  
Cannot for less be told.'

If ever and anon a tone of dissatisfaction with earthly realities sounds in Keble's poems, it is in harmony with the voice of all who have felt the perplexing mystery of life. Perhaps the sad condition of humanity — its sins, infirmities, and unrest — is sometimes contrasted with the quiet and purity of nature, at the expense of the former. There is a tendency in poets of Keble's order to exalt nature above man. But to us it is hardly doubtful whether an imperfect man is not supremely preferable to Nature with all her model perfectness.

Various other characteristics of the ' Christian Year ' might be pointed out. The profound erudition so carefully concealed ; the strange accuracy with which the scenery of Palestine is depicted, strange because he had never travelled there ; the fondness evinced for the beauties of English landscape and our general quiet home life —

' Homely scenes and simple views,  
Lowly thoughts will best infuse' —

the fulness of scriptural knowledge displayed, and the beauty, and the elegance with which biblical images and allusions are woven into the texture of the poems ; the personal appeal to our most sacred experiences, and the delicate description of the most subtle phases of human feeling ; the tender regard for all weakness, and sympathy with all sorrow, the tone of warm, brotherly affection,

*Herbert's.*

' The God of love my Shepherd is,  
And He that doth me feed ;  
While He is mine, and I am His,  
What can I want, or need ?

' He leads me to the tender grass,  
Where I both feed and rest ;  
Thence to the streams that gently pass :  
In both I have the best.

' Or, if I stray, He doth convert  
And bring my mind in frame ;  
And all this, not for my desert,  
But for His Holy Name.

' Yea, in death's shady black abode,  
Well may I walk — not fear ;  
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
To guide, Thy staff to bear.

' — who loves the Lord aright,  
No soul of man can worthless find ;  
All will be precious in His sight,  
Since Christ on all hath shined ;'—

the simple faith, the submissive acquiescence in the Divine will, the unbounded reverence and child-like love for the Great Master, will all endear this unpretentious little volume to intelligent Christian minds. Dr. Arnold's judgment of some of the poems, written in a letter to Sir J. T. Coleridge (then Mr. Coleridge) before they were published, has been endorsed by numberless readers. ' It is my firm opinion,' he said, ' that nothing equal to them exists in our language ; the wonderful knowledge of Scripture, the purity of heart, and the richness of poetry, I never saw paralleled.'

We cannot notice at any length the other poetical works of this rare mind. After the completion of the ' Christian Year,' Keble devoted himself to the production of a metrical version of the Psalms of David, adhering with scrupulous fidelity to the original. It need hardly be said that he failed to produce a popular one. The extreme difficulty of rendering into acceptable English the peculiarities of the Hebrew, every scholar knows. The Psalter published, we believe, in 1839, with ' very great misgiving and reluctance,' (see preface) is still unknown to hundreds who prize the ' Christian Year.'

As we have compared Herbert and Keble in other poems, we will quote in parallel lines their version of the twenty-third Psalm, premising that we think it one of the best of Keble's rendering : —

*Keble's.*

' My Shepherd is the Lord ; I know  
No care or craving need ;  
He lays me where the green herbs grow  
Along the quiet mead.

' He leads me where the waters glide —  
The waters soft and still —  
And homewards he will gently guide  
My wandering heart and will.

' He brings me on the righteous path  
Even for His name's dear sake —  
What if in vale and shade of death,  
My dreary way I take ?

' I fear no ill, for Thou, O God,  
With me for ever art ;  
Thy shepherd's staff, Thy guiding rod,—  
'Tis they console my heart.

'Nay, Thou dost make me sit and dine  
E'en in my enemies' sight ;  
My head with oil, my cup with wine,  
Runs over day and night.

'Surely Thy sweet and wondrous love  
Shall measure all my days ;  
And as it never shall remove,  
So neither shall my praise.'

'For me Thy board is richly spread  
In sight of all my foes,  
Fresh oil of Thine embalms my head,  
My cup of grace o'erflows.

'O nought but love and mercy wait  
Through all my life on me ;  
And I within my Father's gate,  
For long bright years shall be.'

The 'Lyra Innocentium: Thoughts in verse on Christian Children, their Ways and their Privileges;' was published in 1846. It is far from being well-known or popular, and it has not yet had an opportunity to be judged on its true poetical merits. When first presented to the public, the Established Church was profoundly agitated by the Tractarian controversy and the recent defection of Dr. Newman, and as Keble was a notable champion in that movement, eager opponents scanned the pages of the 'Lyra,' not to discover poetical beauties, but theological heresies, while sympathising adherents praised it in the most exaggerated terms. Another cause of its unpopularity is a curious misunderstanding of its purpose, as if it had been written for children, instead of which the author said, 'According to the first idea of this little volume, it would have proved a sort of "Christian Year" for teachers and nurses, and others who are much employed about children.' It is, indeed, full of tenderness for the little ones, and affection is kindled towards the childless man who so loved child-nature, and had so true an insight into it. He wrote so well, because he was himself a child of the Kingdom.

Looked at from a literary or poetical aspect, we think it worthy to rank with the 'Christian Year'—there are poems as exquisite in sentiment, and more complete in artistic structure. We must, however, content ourselves with quoting a sonnet—in our judgment, almost perfect; it is called,

DEATH OF THE NEW-BAPTIZED.

'What purer brighter sight on earth, than when  
The Sun looks down upon a drop of dew,  
Hid in some nook from all but Angels' ken,  
And with his radiance bathes it through  
and through,  
Then into realms too clear for our frail view  
Exhales and draws it with absorbing love?  
And what if Heaven therein give token true  
Of grace that new-born dying infants  
prove.\*  
Just touched with Jesus' light, then lost in  
joys above ?'

\* Would not all 'dying infants prove' the same grace, whether baptized or not?

Since the death of Mr. Keble, renewed attention has been drawn to the theological sentiments of his poetry. The prominent position which, on account of his sympathies, he was compelled to take in the Oxford movement, did not hinder the continued and extensive circulation of the 'Christian Year' among those who were avowedly adherents of a more evangelic faith. Though deploring and denouncing the extreme views he endorsed, they were not prepared to reject the purer fruits of his devout genius. The taint of Sacramentarianism is very slight; objectionable doctrines are not obtruded. Keble then advocated a 'sound rule of faith and a sober standard of feeling in matters of practical religion.' He appealed to the universal Christian heart, therefore doctrine is hinted at, not elaborated. We cannot affirm that he did not hold those tenets which his maturer convictions defended,—this we may hope to learn from the expected biography; at least the poem on Gunpowder Treason distinctly shows that his sympathy with the Reformed Protestant Church was greater at the time the 'Christian Year' was published, than during any later period of his life. Then there was little of that wistful longing for the Roman communion which so painfully betrayed itself in after days. He saw her errors, and mourned over them; her garments were stained with 'many a martyr's blood.' He could not brook the devotion offered at her altars to 'saint and angel.'

Purgatory was a fiction,

'The lurid mist is o'er,  
That shew'd the righteous suffering still  
Upon the eternal shore.'

The Romish Church was indeed recognized as a 'sister,' but a fallen one; the English was incomparably purer.

'Her gentle teaching sweetly blends  
With the clear light of Truth.'

The former taught the false doctrine of the Real Presence, the latter rejected that dogma; and it was Keble's privilege to invite to a truer fellowship.

' O come to our Communion Feast ;  
There present in the heart,  
Not in the hands, the eternal Priest  
Will His true self impart.'

Doubtless he held, but did not make very prominent, the pernicious doctrine of *Baptismal Regeneration*.

' A few calm words of faith and prayer,  
A few bright drops of holy dew,  
Shall work a wonder there  
Earth's charmers never knew.'

We may also discover a reverence for some mysterious, impalpable, abstract entity, called 'the Church,' which is utterly independent of the members composing it, which soothes and upholds them, and offers supplication on their behalf.

' Hear them, kind Saviour — hear Thy spouse  
Low at Thy feet renew her vows :  
Thine own dear promise she would plead  
For us her true but fallen seed.'

We confess ourselves unable to comprehend how any society, Church, or nation, can exist distinct from the men and women who form its component parts. But the High Church mind which can acknowledge a real body and real blood, in substances which all the senses prove to be simply bread and wine, will make little of our perplexity. The doctrine must be labelled 'Mystery,' and so an end be put to all inconvenient questioning.

The development towards Romanist doctrines rapidly advanced during the years which intervened between 1827 and 1846, as was evidenced by Keble's connection with those ecclesiastical firebrands, the *Tracts*, and the general tenor of the '*Lyra Innocentium*.' Sacramentarianism is wrought into the very texture of this second volume of poems. Nearly all the ridiculous and false assumptions of the Ultra-Ritualistic party of the present day are to be found in it. We should be grieved to accuse Mr. Keble of sympathy with the fooleries and vulgar vanities of men who are apeing the vain splendours of Rome, and seeking to flourish beneath the protection of the great authority and name of the author of the '*Christian Year*;' but we cannot deny that 'the great Catholic Revival,' as it is called, has received no little assistance from the teachings of the '*Lyra*.' In that book, wearisome stress is laid upon the supreme value of 'the Font of Life,' 'the regenerating wave,' 'the Baptismal dew.' The supernatural endowment of the Priesthood is maintained.

' A mortal youth I saw  
Nigh to God's altar draw,  
And lowly kneel, while o'er him pastoral hands  
Were spread with many a prayer,  
And when he rose up there,  
He could undo or bind the dread celestial bands.'

The Intercession of Angels is admitted in the poem called 'Lifting up to the Cross,' where a mother, who has raised her unconscious babe to kiss the lips of a dead image of the Crucified, utters the hope that the child's good angel 'will strive for me in prayer.' The purpose of the whole poem is to declare the benefit derivable from the material cross. The Virgin Mary is 'the spotless mother,' first of 'creatures' —

' A royal Virgin evermore, heavenly and undefiled.

She, too, will intercede. To a child who has lost her mother, he offers this comfort : —

' Thy vision — whose chides may blame  
The instinctive teachings of the altar flame —  
Shows thee above, in yon ethereal air,  
A holier Mother, rapt in more prevailing prayer.'

In a poem excluded from the '*Lyra*,' but privately circulated among Anglicans and Catholics, Keble offers devotion to 'the Blessed Lady.' In the words of a Catholic contemporary,\* 'fain would he rest in her shadow, kneel unto her, call her blessed, "magnify the Lord" with her, and if she is not adored in England, yet he and his are seeking —

' day by day the love and fear  
Which brings thee with all saints, near and more near.'

The stanzas which follow are, in our judgment, as fine as, if not finer than, anything that ever came from the author's pen; but though it might be fair to quote them, we would rather forbear. They put forward the inseparable connection between the Mother and the Son in the fullest way, and ground the devotion of Christians to her on that union. Whenever we kneel to pray (he says) we may, *unblamed*, "greet thy glories," and repeat the seraph's welcome, "Hail, Mary, full of grace!" We have been unable to obtain a copy of these remarkable verses, to verify the statement for ourselves; but remaining uncontradicted, we are compelled to accept it as correct. It may well be said to indicate 'a great advance on ordinary Anglican notions with

\* *The Month*, May 1868. London.



regard to our Blessed Lady and devotion to her.\* Not so did George Herbert write. It was, as he is careful to tell us, 'no envy or maliciousness,' no want of reverence, that prevented his craving the 'special aid' of Mary and all angels and saints; but because —

'Our King,  
Whom we do all jointly adore and praise,  
Bids no such thing,' . . .

'All worship is prerogative, and a flower  
Of His rich crown, from whom lies no appeal  
At the last hour :  
Therefore we dare not from His garland steal  
To make a posy for inferior power.'

The one poet shall answer the other; we simply ask the prophet's stern question, 'Will a man rob God?'

But we have to notice a further and later development of doctrine. In the original version of the poem on 'Gunpowder Treason,' it has been shown that Keble rejected the teaching of the Romish Church on several cardinal points, in favour of the English. The comparison maintained throughout means nothing, if not this. No assertion against the Real Objective Presence could be more decisive than the phrase 'Not in the hands.' Every one accepted the statement in that sense; the Protestant with satisfaction — the Romanist with indignation. Keble's belief about the dogma seems either to have changed or become more distinctly defined; still, the phrase remained, and was frequently 'cited as expressing his matured conviction against the doctrine.' No protest, no ingenuity of explanation availed; people would not interpret the words in a non-natural sense, and it was not until a few days before his death that an alteration was determined upon. On March 6, 1866, he thus wrote: 'I have made up my mind that it will be best, when a reprint is called for, to adopt —'s emendation and note, with a few words pointing out that it does but express more directly the true meaning of the present text.' The emendation is very slight in phrase, but radically important in meaning:—

'O come to our Communion Feast;  
There present in the heart,  
As in the hands, th' eternal Priest  
Will his true self impart.'

The change of 'Not' into 'As' produces a distinct declaration of the Real Objective

\* *The Month*, May, 1866. London.

Presence. The alteration has enkindled strong, and, in some cases, bitter feeling. While Dr. Pusey and his friends are eager to prove that Keble's mind was perfectly clear at the time of his final decision, and are jubilant at the result, others indignantly maintain that the emendation was not his own, was adopted in consequence of extreme pressure; that he was even 'goaded' into taking the step. We who stand without, who accepted the 'Christian Year' with gratitude, as a noble contribution from the Established Church to our devotional literature, as an aid to our spiritual life; who felt that through its pages of hallowed thoughts we could hold communion with thousands of pious hearts, whose prejudices and convictions otherwise separate us most widely, we are now compelled to confess, with a reluctance akin to pain, that the memory of this most disastrous change must inevitably chill the warmth of our affection, destroy the future influence of the book, and cause that which was formerly the heritage of the universal Church to become the property of a section of a sect.

It is not our purpose now to refute the doctrine, we only record with unaffected sorrow the pitiable fact; and we can but express our firm belief that common sense will despise the thin theological distinctions some strive to make between the gross, Carnal Presence, and another Real Objective Presence in the elements. Believing worshippers and sturdy opponents alike will recognize no difference. The former will render homage to bread and wine as to the Christ, the latter will denounce all such teaching as blasphemous idolatry.

Dr. Pusey has, by quotations from George Herbert's poems, attempted to show that he also held the doctrine which Keble latterly believed. We admit that he can do this with apparent success, if all his expressions are literally received. This, however, will involve no little difficulty; for what will he make of such a sentence as that contained in chapter twenty-two of 'A Priest to the Temple'? 'The Country Parson being to administer the Sacrament, is at a stand with himself, how or what behaviour to assume for so holy things. Especially at Communion times, he is in a great confusion, as being not only to receive God, but to break and administer Him.' Did Herbert believe that God, who is 'One and Indivisible,' could be broken? Does not the very exuberance of his language intimate that it must be read in a figurative and not literal sense? We cannot guarantee the theological accuracy of every poem. He is more

unguarded than the controversies of the time would allow us to be. Usually, however, readers do not anticipate measured, systematic utterance from a religious poet. But if any are absurd enough to confound symbols with facts, types with the things typified, they may easily write down George Herbert a Sacramentarian, and every other man who ventures without qualification to employ the words of our Lord.

This is evident, either he believed in the bold doctrine of transubstantiation, or his phrases must be symbolically understood. Any way, the peculiar definiteness of his language shows that he never maintained that vague ultra-refined theory of the Real Presence which Dr. Pusey and his school have sought to render intelligible to practical English minds. Evangelical sentiment and feeling pervade George Herbert's poems; and in one place, singing of the Divine love, he says:—

'Love is that liquor sweet and most Divine  
Which my God feels as blood, but I, as wine.'—  
(*The Agony.*)

Add to this his abhorrence of the Church on the Hills which 'wantonly allureth,' as expressed in 'the British Church'; his approval and commendation of Juan de Valdés' *CX. Considerations*, thanking God 'that in the midst of Popery he should open the eyes of one to understand and express so clearly and excellently the intent of the Gospel,' and we see at least how difficult it is to believe that he held a tenet so distinctively Romanist as the Real Presence. It is pitiable to find a man like Dr. Pusey scraping together odds and ends of sentences from the works of venerable and beloved authors, on which he may erect, with a deceptive show of reason and authority, the false, profane doctrine on which his mind is so strangely set. In both poets, there was, doubtless, the recognition of a spurious sacerdotalism, which we, as Protestant Nonconformists, not only reject, but regard as most pernicious and deadly in its influence. While rejoicing that poetic catholicity reveals a glorious, deep-seated unity in Christian life and experience, which binds around the throne of God divergent intellects, and will eventually swell into the new song, we cannot forget that the Catholic, both Anglo and Roman, repudiates union with all who are in the sense of a narrow organization *extra ecclesiam*. The Ritualists regard 'Dissent as religion wanting in every saving element.' Our spiritual aspirations are to them a sham, a mockery, a feeble

apeing of their sanctity. Some treat us as excommunicate, and therefore eternally doomed; while others hope, (charitable souls!) by some unrevealed mysterious process, all will not be ultimately lost. Still, in spite of fierce anathema and imbecile pity, must we hold on our way, daring to maintain the reality of our filial relation to God apart from 'Holy mother Church,' or 'white-robed priest.' We offer our meed of homage to the genius and piety of Herbert and Keble, but we cannot, for all our admiration and love, consent to their errors.

From the Saturday Review.

MOCK HOLLAND HOUSE.

EVER since Lord Macaulay wrote his eloquent panegyric on "that house once celebrated for its rare attractions to the furthest ends of the civilized world," the resort of wits and beauties, philosophers and scholars, where "the men who guided the politics of Europe, and moved great assemblies by reason and eloquence, were mixed with all that was loveliest and gayest in the society of the most splendid of capitals," it has been a pet ambition of the female bosom to preside over a similar institution. Holland House remains to this day the beacon and the despair of ladies who want to associate their names with what is called "an agreeable house." Yet very few of them seem to have made any thing like a scientific study of their great model. It may be useful, therefore, to point out its principal characteristics. Three things combined to make Holland House what it was. The first was its prestige. From Addison to Fox, it had been the abode or resort of men famous in literature and politics. No spot in London was more thoroughly classical ground. Its traditions raised, as it were, a presumption of the social charm with which it was invested. Secondly, it was throughout regulated with exquisite taste. The ostentation of wealth was utterly eschewed. Nothing gaudy or garish found admission there, but much that was rich, elegant, and picturesque. No staring accessories threw wit and humour and conversational talent into the shade. The place was pervaded with a tone of subdued splendour which made a suitable background for the brilliant men and women who assembled in it. Thirdly, there was what Lord Macaulay calls the "peculiar character" of the circle, that in it every talent and accomplishment, every

art and science, had its place. It was this well-assorted variety in the guests which made the gatherings at Holland House unlike any others. They were not mere fortuitous concurrences of atoms, like parties given on the unenlightened or Philistine principle. Still less did they resemble parties given on the monotonous principle, like the political receptions of the present day. It was left for Tory ladies to invent the theory which has weighed like an incubus on their social efforts for half a century, that, as are my lord's politics, so shall my lady's visiting list be. Nor are they to be confounded with parties given on what may be called the Leo-Hunter principle, which consists of driving a lot of notabilities together into one room. It was the aim of Holland House not merely to assemble remarkable people, but people remarkable in all sorts of different ways. Every talent and accomplishment was to be represented, every art and science was to contribute its quota. The poet should meet the painter, the soldier should exchange ideas with the statesman. It was this contact of minds trained in different careers and exercised on various objects which constituted its speciality. No doubt Holland House had its set, but it was a set in which great contrasts were included, and which was perpetually assimilating some fresh element of interest. These three "notes" of the great original must co-exist in any attempt to reproduce it with success. There must be some sort of prestige to start with. It need not, of course, be local. Houses in which Addison has lived are difficult to find. The traditions of Belgrave Square are not very inspiring. But the prestige may be personal. There must be something in the character of the host or hostess which will justify the presumption of an agreeable house under their auspices. If, for instance, some notorious bore in the House of Commons, with a notoriously insipid wife, announces "Wednesdays" or "Saturdays," their hospitable intentions are defeated by nobody's going to them. Secondly, the arrangements made for "receiving" must be tasteful, and on a scale of adequate, but not oppressive splendour. Holland House in a barn, or even on the East side of Tottenham Court Road, would be an impossibility. Thirdly, there must be as much variety as possible among the guests. There must be political people, and learned people, and distinguished people, and beautiful people, and fashionable people. These are the three conditions on which the success of any attempt to revive Holland House must depend.

Mock Holland House is celebrated for its furniture. It is a museum of treasures of upholstery. The sofas are delicious; when you sink back on one it is like bathing in eiderdown. And there is such a variety of beautiful shapes for you to take your choice of if you are inclined to sit. You may subside into a rocking chair, which will recall the hallowed associations of your infancy by its cradle-like undulations. Or you may throne yourself on a gorgeous ottoman, and enjoy the dignified ease of an Eastern sybarite. Or you may adapt the sinuosities of your frame to a well-cut and exquisitely stuffed settee, and admire the skill of the artificer in both consulting the small of your back and placing your head at the exact conversational angle. Here are couches of satin on which Sir James Mackintosh might have flirted with Madame de Staël in perfect comfort; chairs which Talleyrand, in his most brilliant vein, would not have disdained to press; mirrors in which the lovely Duchess of Devonshire would have been glad to catch the reflection of her peerless figure; footstools over which the timid writer who found himself for the first time among Ambassadors and Emperors would probably have tumbled. Then nothing can be in finer taste than the carpet and the curtains. Their colour, pattern and texture are exquisite, and blend harmoniously with the silk panels and gilt cornices of the side-walls. The ceilings are adorned with chandeliers, the pendulous lustres of which shed their trembling radiance over the scene.

The mantelpiece groans with ormolu, the cabinets with china, the chiffoniers with *bric-à-brac*. There is nothing to recall the "antique gravity of a college library, or shelves loaded with the varied learning of many lands and many ages;" but on the table you will find Miss Braddon's last novel. Nothing is wanting that upholstery, or the handmaid of more intellectual arts, can secure. All that the carver and gilder can do, to give point to wit or charm to beauty, has been done with lavish profusion. If bright thoughts and sparkling sayings are inspired by sumptuous surroundings, here there should be no lack of either. Mock Holland House appeals to the palate as well as to the eye. Its *cuisine* is exquisite. Monsieur Adolphe boasts that he is among the three first *chefs* in Europe. He is properly jealous of his reputation. It is whispered that when he took office he made it a condition that the attention of the guests should never be distracted, by talk or any other accessory, from his dishes. He would

design his place if a cream on which he acquiesced himself should, in the amusement caused by some anecdote or sprightly sally, be untasted. He will brook no counter attractions to his own. Lions and professed conversationalists he views as dangerous rivals. Silent or murmurous appreciation is what he expects from those for whom he condescends to cater. If he does not monopolize all the honours of the banquet, the greater share of them falls to him. He is the real hero of the occasion. People say, when they are asked to dinner, not whom shall we meet, but what shall we eat. Their first thought is not of the company, but of the bill of fare. *Entrées*, not epigrams, are what they come to enjoy; not *bons mots*, but *bonnes bouches*. Beautiful young ladies, fed on air and five o'clock tea, cannot repress a culinary thrill when they receive an invitation. Calm young Guardsmen flash into momentary enthusiasm at the prospect of dining at Mock Holland House. And the literary diner-out, who has toddled to his club library to look up his evening's conversation, is heard to chuckle audibly on the hearthrug. The wines are worthy of the meats. The choicest cellars of the Continent have been ransacked for clarets and champagnes. Then it is impossible not to admire the consummate taste with which the table is arranged. Pyramids of flowers load the air with their fragrance. The display of plate and Dresden is magnificent. And, lastly, the waiting is perfect. It is like being attended by winged but noiseless genii. The very flunkies of Mock Holland House are superior to any other flunkies in town, while their state livery is a thing of beauty which a Lord Mayor might envy.

The mistress of Mock Holland House is not a clever woman, but, the next best thing to it, she has pretensions to cleverness. Her husband is clever, or she is sprung of a clever family. No one ever heard her say anything worth repeating; but her uncle in his time said many good things. She has written nothing that will live, but no library is complete without her husband's great work on Chimeras Buzzing in Vacuo. She is a reflector, if not a radiator, of mind. Her intellectual claims to the queendom of society will probably pass unchallenged until the day when some bookmaker of the future may perhaps insert her name among the Fifty Wives of Celebrated Men, or the Dull Descendants of Witty Ancestors. Cleverness of a certain kind she exhibits,—the cleverness of concealing her real emptiness. It would take an acute observer a long summer day to discover how shallow and

commonplace she is. She cannot talk like Madame de Staël, or listen like Madame Recamier, but she talks glibly and at her ease, and listens without a face of foolish wonder. And her favourite theme is Art. Art, she will give you to understand, is the great charm and solace of her life. It is only in an atmosphere of art that she can breathe freely. She must be surrounded by artistic persons and artistic things. And so affluent are these art sympathies that they expend themselves on the merest trifles. The mantelpiece for the boudoir must be designed by one *virtuoso*, the fender by another, and the fire irons by a third. If it is a question of colouring her walls pink or blue, she implores the advice of an art-critic, and the matter is settled by a reference to eternal principles. When she engages a groom of the chambers, she puts him through a catechism on the Beautiful and the True. And yet all this delicate fabric of transcendentalism rests on nothing more solid than a recent visit to Rome, a peep at the studios, and a smattering of Ruskinese. In her heart she cares for two things alone,—gossip and dress. While she prattles about Form and Colour, she is secretly thinking about bonnets; while you read Dante aloud at her request, she is inwardly fretting to hear the details of the last scandal. Her toilettes are ravishing, and kaleidoscopic in their changes. On an average, they vary three times a day. No sooner are your eyes dazzled by one lustrous silk, than it passes like a comet from your view into the limbo of lady's-maid's perquisites, and another yet more lustrous rivets your gaze. Her lace would supply the wardrobe of the College of Cardinals. On great occasions she is a blaze of diamonds. What she spends on the adornment of her person will probably never be accurately known. But, on the most moderate computation, her milliner's bill for the year must amount to the salary of a Secretary of State. This is serious for no one but her husband, who properly views it as a part of the necessary outlay for mounting an agreeable house, of which fine clothes, according to the modern notion, are a principal feature.

Nor is it only the arts of dressmaking and upholstery that have a prominent place in the gatherings of Mock Holland House. The art of gossip contributes some of its most brilliant representatives. There the Scandalous College musters in full force, under the leadership of those old-young men who act as its coryphæi.

There, ball-goers of forty, who seem by a

natural law of development to become the arteries of scandal to the fashionable world, circulate the stories which no dowager or old maid would willingly let die. There, the veteran leader of a hundred cotillions may be heard repeating to a crony the last personality which two rival dowagers have exchanged, or the last ill-bred speech by which a duchess has illustrated the manners of a great lady. There, may be heard the details of the last Turf disclosure, the last fracas at the Opera, the last indiscretion of a brainless beauty, and the last snub which has befallen a pushing woman. There, characters are whispered away by ingenious inundoes, and you learn, to your surprise, that Una is not virtuous nor Galahad pure. There, the art of embroidering the bare fact is carried to its highest perfection. There, the reports are manufactured which nip promising flirtations in the bud, and confound the schemes of manoeuvring mothers. But scandal and tittle-tattle are not the only intellectual features of Mock Holland House. Its pretensions demand a more direct representation of literature and science. But here a difficulty occurs, for, curiously enough, some of the classes who contributed largely to the lustre of the First Holland House refuse altogether to swell the triumph of the Second. Philosophers, for instance, have entirely dropped out of good society. It is said that they are afraid nowadays to venture into the streets; it is thought a wonderful thing that one has ventured into Parliament. Possibly, to the philosophic mind, Mock Holland House is as much more formidable than the House of Commons as the House of Commons is more formidable than the streets. Anyhow, from some unexplained cause, they are now never seen at an evening party. Poets, too, are increasingly shy of candle-light. They persist in preferring the downs and the sea, and leave the field of fashion to poetasters. No one is held in more honour by Mock Holland House than the cool rhymester of the drawing room. Not quite a Horace, nor quite a Trissotin, he is modestly content with his modicum of bays, and devotes his maturer powers to the flattery of princes, and the encouragement of genius in the person of some petulant little screamer of naughty lyrics. Statesmen were another element in the circle which Lord Macaulay has immor-

talized. Mock Holland House can lose no Talleyand, though now and then an onitor of the first rank may find balm for his political chagrins in the smiles of its fair mistress. But there is a swarm of political small fry. Dandy politicians of the row-water school throng the rooms. They may not have "moved great assemblies by eloquence or reason," but they have seconded the Address, or they have aired a croquet to almost empty benches, thereby achieving a complete success of self-esteem. The literature is represented, not indeed by men who have written great works, but by those who intend to write them. Nowhere will you find more inchoate authors, embryo novelists, and unfledged essayists. It is the literature of the future that Mock Holland House represents. The number of clever youths who are writing, or mean to write, a little book is one of its most credible features. Some of them have already rushed into print. Noble Whiglets have a way of literating their minds at a very early period. They are of two kinds — those who stay at home, and those who travel. The first gush in the magazines on such transparent topics as Church Reform and the Currency. The last travel to Timbuctoo or Peking for no other purpose, apparently, than to show on their return

How much a dunce that has been sent to roam  
Exceeds a dunce that has been kept at home.

Their books may not add to the literary reputation of the peerage; but at least their publication serves to maintain its character for courage.

There still survives a remnant of old fancies whom all this luxury and display of wealth, and even these pigmy *litterati*, fail to satisfy. They miss the peculiar character of the true archetypal Holland House. They cannot abide this flaunting counterfeit, which the milliner and the house-decorator and the French cook have between them concocted. In their eyes it is not Holland House of Whig traditions, but a puffy, dropsical imitation of it. It is not Holland House instinct with grace and wit and sprightliness, but Holland House in an advanced stage of fatty degeneration. Perhaps this is only their spite at not being invited. They might alter their tone if they now and then received a card.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

BUT Lorimer did not answer very patiently. The grim smile of scorn faded from his lip, only to give place to a gloomy frown; and as he drew nearer to his writing-table, preparatory to answering that ill-edged missive he struck his clenched hand on the unconscious paper, before covering it with the rapid scrawl which disturbed Lord Mochnaben's late breakfast a day or two afterwards.

"MY DEAR RICHARD, — That you write, as you say, by my mother's dictation — and report, by her desire, the comments she has thought fit to make on my attempt at arguing on the moral culpability of her conduct to her cousin, Lady Charlotte's daughter — secures you a reply which, under other circumstances, I should probably refuse to make to such a letter as you have ventured to send me.

"I need scarcely say, for the information either of yourself or my mother, that it is not I who set a value on such visits as I counselled my mother to pay, — or who consider Lady Rose's welfare dependent on the notice of persons of her own sex, probably infinitely her inferiors in many of the qualities which should most be desired in woman.

"When I see the sort of women who mingle freely, and receive liberal welcome, in what is called 'the first society in the land' — when I reflect on the lives which to my knowledge some of them have led, and which would, in my opinion, render them utterly unfit to be Lady Rose's companions, instead of its being a favour that they should visit her; when I consider the sort of hap-hazard that governs even court invitations; the gossip, the prejudice, the cant, the untruth, the want of all justice, the disbelief in all virtue, the disregard of all things right, and the indifference to all things wrong (so long as they are not found out) which exist in a certain set who nevertheless presume to judge and condemn their betters; when I hear them declare that they 'would not for worlds' visit Lady So-and-So, and in the same breath entreat a friend to procure them an invitation to the house of another more lucky acquaintance, who nevertheless passes her time less with the cardinal virtues than the seven deadly sins; — I could almost laugh at poor Lady Charlotte's anxiety as to how her daughter is received! As a clever old friend once said to me, 'It would be a farce

— if it were not a tragedy' — to see the fate of the pure and noble swayed (as far at least as worldly circumstances go) by the impure and ignoble; to see the better sort of women eagerly listening to them and believing them, instead of attempting to sift truth from falsehood on their own judgment.

"It is true that ours is a 'fast' day, and England, boastful as she always is about every thing, has ceased to boast continually of her superior virtue as she used to do (wincing a little, probably, at the retort which foreign nations might make on the subject). She is content to admit that chance and certain commercial considerations run through that, as through every other channel of interest belonging to her. The ups and downs, and apparent inequalities of justice, do not trouble her, nor the agreeable certainty —

'That the rugged path of sinners  
Is greatly smoothed by giving dinners.'

"It is a hollow world, full of echoes; some call, and others listen, and then, like the pigs in Scripture, they all run violently down a steep place, and are choked with their own lies.

"As to you, my dear Richard, and your comments on my 'tame doggishness' in Lady Charlotte's house, I advise you to beware of again touching on that subject. If you cannot believe in virtue, at least keep your incredulity to yourself. I remember you always had a mania for parting supposed lovers, as some old dowagers have a mania for bringing them together. I have not forgotten, when were both at college, and a youth, who had become entangled by a boyish passion, in a fit of mingled satiety and remorse left the companion he was with, in the dead of night, without farewell or warning, to learn from the lesson which the desolation of next morning might teach what such entanglements are worth; the alacrity with which you undertook to reason her out of the possibility of re-union, and the pleasure it seemed to you to cut the slender thread of her hope on that subject. Nor, in after-life, when a weak and profligate friend of maturer age had squabbled with a dancer who made a fool of him, how ingeniously you planned to crush the girl, and free him whether he wished it or no; how serenely you boasted that you would work hard to make her seem only self-interested, and deliberately planned 'to starve her out' by persuading the *impresario* of the theatre not to engage her, on the threat of getting her hissed.

"Do not, I pray, exert your talents in the case of Lady Ross and myself. Be satisfied that nothing can unite us, and that nothing shall part us. Endeavour to believe for once, in spite of the experience of your own and other lives, that there *may be* such a thing as a virtuous woman in the world, and a pure friendship; even if that virtuous woman's name be the theme of lying gossip in the mouths of fools. As to my mother, tell her *this* from me — and God forgive me if I word it too harshly: — That admitting, as of course I do admit, that she has the strictest views of female morality, and generally acts upon them, I consider it not only an error of judgment, but a *crime*, in this particular case, to aid in tormenting and insulting a defenceless and sorrowful woman, by appearing to confirm the evil judgment of strangers, when, in the depths of her own heart, she knows that she does not and *cannot* believe Lady Ross to have been an unchaste wife, but is avenging a dislike and resentment, grounded on a totally different cause; and is in fact, as Mrs. Cregan says of many of her fashionable friends, 'glad to pretend to think ill of Gertrude' to punish her for offences given (how involuntarily!) in more fortunate days. I have written to you at length on this subject, because I never intend to touch upon it again, nor to read any thing you may write upon it. If my mother does not choose to humour poor Lady Charlotte's nervous fancies, by calling on Lady Ross, or chooses (as you pompously put it) to make but a single visit, in God's name let her stay away; but let her clearly understand, as regards me, that I discussed Lady Charlotte's wishes, because I thought it right; and whether I marry next week, or die a bachelor, that fact has no sort of connection with my settled and unalterable opinion of what it is right for her to do. And if ever I do marry, I should have no dearer wish at heart than that Gertrude Ross should approve my choice, and remain to her life's end my wife's intimate companion and bosom friend.

"Your affectionate brother,  
"LORIMER."

#### CHAPTER LIX.

THE WICKED LIFE THAT GERTRUDE LED,  
AND THE WICKED LOVE-LETTERS THEY  
WROTE EACH OTHER.

THE first bitter blow, and the first pang of  
miserable disappointment in the apparent

impossibility of present explanation with Sir Douglas, were over. He lived in the centre of those scenes of military suffering, and proud English endurance, which has made the war of the Crimea the most memorable of all modern events. Lorimer had returned to his post at Vienna and Gertrude continued to reside in the decorated little home, which poor Lady Charlotte, when eulogising it in former years, declared had belonged to "a bachelor of the other sex."

Placed in what might be termed *affluent* circumstances, both by the generous donations of Sir Douglas and her own inheritance, Gertrude employed her time and thought as best she might in relieving the miseries of others. True, there was little ostentation or publicity in what she did. Her name headed no list of subscribers; was conspicuous in no prospectus; made itself the chief of no "movement" of real or imaginary reform. She did not even bind herself by a sort of nun's vow not to shop on Saturday, and register the vow in the newspapers for fear of backsliding. But all that others did who were much talked about, she did and was not talked about. Those general plans of the gentle and charitable for emigration and education; of help to the helpless, of succour to the sick, found her ready with heart and hand, and liberal purse. But often she had preceded, with steady work and entire success, in the same path of usefulness where afterwards a procession of fair fellow-labourers followed, blowing shawms and trumpets in praise of their own goodness, and assuming to be pioneers in that path of progress where she had previously passed alone swiftly and silently, without a record, and without a boast. Often the meek, sad mouth could scarce forbear a melancholy smile when some one put before her the advantage of a scheme which she herself had sketched out and set on foot, and gave the credit of originating it to some brilliant Lady Bountiful of the hour, who was marshalling her forces under silken banners inscribed with her own name, and sweeping with them over the traces of Gertrude's exertions, as the waves sweep over the sand.

But steadily and calmly she pursued the road that led to the only fountain of content her grieved and restless heart could know. "When the ear heard her, it blessed her;" but she was heard and blessed, not at meetings of animated, gayly-dressed, luxurious women, leaning among cushions of embroidered silk, and setting down their porcelain teacups on inlaid tables — but in the

dismal and dank dwellings of the poor; by the beds of groaning inmates of hospitals; in the dark night of the despairing and fallen; or among wailing children of evil parents, whose infancy, unaided, would be but a bitter preface to a bitterer maturity.

There was no lack of news of her husband to satisfy the only other craving her heart admitted. All that he did, and how he looked, and how nobly he bore the miserable outward and visible suffering which so many bore likewise heroically around him, was easy to learn and to hear. Only the inner thought — the dear and blessed communion of soul to soul in letters of husband and wife — that was a dark want in her life, and kept her pinched and wan in countenance, and starved at heart. Lorimer constantly wrote from Vienna, and his letters were her chief comfort. He did not dwell on the one topic that was for ever uppermost in her mind; he rather sought to draw her from it to general and wider interests. The world slandered her for his sake, as it had slandered her for Kenneth's sake; but she neither knew, nor would have heeded it if known. It remained for Lady Charlotte to fume and fret over these injustices. Those who are enduring a great sorrow are very insensible to mortification.

But in vain did poor Lady Charlotte, on being told by some cruel reporter that her cousin the Dowager had said she believed "an infamous correspondence" was still carried on between her son Lorimer and that bad young creature, Lady Ross, — declare, with many tears and agitated pulls at her curl, that they were quite harmless letters, full of different things that didn't signify." Her declaration "went for nothing; though in truth the letters of this wicked couple were all much in the style of the samples that follow.

CHAPTER LX.

AN INFAMOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

"VIENNA.

"MY DEAR GERTRUDE, — I waited at Dover, fearing to miss my letters. Douglas is well. The mismanagement of supplies, &c., is fearful. His energy, and habit of methodical arrangement, have been of use. But he writes to me, 'I wish we may not begin by a great disaster; though it is something to know that no amount of disaster will discourage English soldiers.' I passed through Paris on my way here. All as usual. No one would guess I was going on any-

where that was tragedy instead of farce, except for the model wooden 'hut for soldiers,' erected in the Tuilleries Garden. That stands like the skull cup at Byron's wassail festivals, in the midst of the daily rout of pleasure.

"I employed my day at Dover in riding over to Walmer, to see the great Duke's nest. The housekeeper told me she had lived with the Duke twenty years; but she looked like the good fairy or witch in a pantomime, always acted by a young girl. She professed unbounded admiration for her master, and said she 'nearly fainted' the other day, from listening to abuse of him from some blackguard visitor at Walmer. She was 'to that degree flurried that she was obliged to go and sit on one of the cannon in the front garden, and walk on the bastion to recover herself; besides having the gentleman turned out' (a measure which should at once have restored her to composure).

"Here all is (outwardly) as careless as in Paris. Mrs. Cregan dined at Esterhazy's the other day: Gortschakoff, Manteuffel, Alvensleben, Figuelmont, Stackelberg, and others present. Gortschakoff affected a sort of jocund pleasantry and careless good fellowship, painful and unnatural, reminding one of the stories of Frenchmen in the Revolution, who rouged and sat down to play cards, till the cart came to take them to be guillotined. Not that any ill fate, beyond failure, can await the smirking Russian; but because of the striking contrast between heavy events and light behaviour. Manteuffel was grave and grim.

"Abbas Pasha is dead. The chief delight of Abbas, when invalided, was to be drawn about in a wheeled chair by six of his prime ministers, harnessed very literally 'to the car of state.' Conceive our English Cabinet occupied in so practical a mode of showing their devotion to their sovereign!

"The Austrian Government have quartered the troops comfortably in the chateaux of the nobility. No one dares to complain. I saw one of the ousted aristocrats yesterday, murmuring gently, like a sea-shell put on dry sand, at having no house to go to.

"I saw also a humble sorrow; at the door of great Gothic St. Stephen's, a little weeping raw recruit parting with a little weeping sacristan, looking very lank and mournful in his black gown, and both their arms twined round each other's neck. As they stood there, and my eye measured that small patch and blot of human sorrow against the great height of the solid church, rising up into the cold grey sky as if it never could



fall into ruins, my pity departed, and I asked myself if any one's misery — mine theirs, or any other — could possibly signify.

"You see I am getting bitter. Nothing tries the amiable spirit like isolation. It is easy to pray in the temple; but it requires a saint to pray in the wilderness.

"I ought to be quite cheerful. My last volume of poems was a great success. I am constantly solicited to send my 'autograph' to persons I do not know. They send me postage stamps — according to the old nurse's saying, 'A penny for your thoughts;' but why, because I can write poetry, should I be set to write copies? A beautiful young American lady (at least she tells me she is young and beautiful) has written for a lock of my hair. I answered that I hoped she would not think me selfish, but though I had read in my early lessons the urgent and hopeful line —

'Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store,'

Heaven had not so blessed my store as to stock me with superfluous hair; in fact, that I was getting rather bald. I hope this may moderate her enthusiasm; but there is no saying.

"Write me of your health. Remember me to Lady Charlotte. In spite of the excitement here, in spite of wars and rumours of wars, I feel as if nothing on earth were of importance. The Austrians hate us; the Russians hope to outwit us. All is flat, stale, and unprofitable, and I care for nothing but music and rest.

"Ever yours,

"LORIMER BOYD."

Gertrude's answer was more earnest, if not more cheerful. She wondered, in the midst of her own sorrow at the gloom of his spirit. He seemed to her to have so much that should make life easy. The interest of a career; no actual grief; the sure prospect of title and fortune. So we judge the outside appearance of the lives even of those we love. He painted porcelain of the cup, which holds, it may be, a most bitter draught. That for years his cup had been bitter on her a count, and that now daily and hourly he felt only a different bitterness in that gnawing of the heart that comes when those who are deeply beloved suffer, and we cannot aid them, and those we have made demigods of, as he had made of his boyhood's friend, Sir Douglas, do something that ut-

terly disenchant us, — all this was a seal-book to Gertrude.

"DEAR LORIMER BOYD," she wrote

"I am as well as I can expect to be under the wearing pressure of continual anxiety and my dearest mother. I think, frets less about me than she did, and looks to some possible explanation at some time or other, which is a great relief, as her sorrow vexes me so terribly.

"I am occupied from morning to night — I humbly hope usefully occupied — and I strive not to dream waking dreams, or let my thoughts depress my nerves as they used to do. Neil is well and happy at Eton, and looking forward to his holidays at Glenrosarie with such joy, that I trust the very necessity of seeming to share it will enable me to bear the going there under such different, such painful circumstances. Let me be thankful that at least I shall be with me. I was much interested in all you told me, but sorry to see the 'gloom-days,' as we used to call them, have come back to haunt you. As to this war and its causes, and the chances of its continuance, I will not feign. When I see how completely and nearly equally men's opinions are divided on great questions; men of the same average calibre of intellect, of the same class of interests, under the influence of the same habits and opportunities for judgment, — I feel that nothing can be done so rapidly either for good or evil, as would suffice to satisfy an enthusiast, or create rational terror. I believe God left that balance of opinion, lest in our world of restlessness and vanity of power, there should be a perpetual succession of violent changes. We ebb and flow with a tide, and whether the waves come in with a roar or a creep, they dash to nearly the same distance. Only one thing shines clear as the light of day to me — that those who are born to a certain position, or who are gifted with certain talents, are bound to exert themselves for what they conceive to be the general good, according to their honest opinion, whether that be to stay or to forward the work in hand. No man has a right, in a position, either hereditary or obtained, which places him a little above his fellows, with leisure to gaze on the perspective of their destiny, sluggishly to turn his head away from his appointed task — a task which by circumstance he is as much born to as the labourer's son to the plough. I have heard women say they did not comprehend the feeling of patriotism; I think I do, not so much for my country as for my

**countrymen.** I believe in the full measure of good which might be done; I believe in the full value of individual exertion. It has been my dream from the first, and will be my dream to the last, to watch the lives that leave their tracks of light behind, like ships on the waters. Though the waves close over the light, the tracks once explored will be crossed again even to another hemisphere, and the influence of one man's mind may outlive not only his existence, but the very memory of his name. Lorimer, dear friend, you are one of those who are called upon to act, and to make use of your worldly position and abilities, not only for yourself, but for the future of others; of others unknown, and without claim upon you beyond being God's less fortunate children. Do not say you care only for rest in a time like the present!

"Though you cannot aid England and the cause of justice among nations, sword in hand, like my beloved Douglas, you are bound to give your thoughts and energies to her service. Shall I hope you pretend carelessness, as you say Gortschakoff pretends cheerfulness and cordiality?"

"My heart is made very sore by the abuse of men in power here; who are, as I believe, doing their very utmost to retrieve mistakes and alleviate suffering. You will say that such mistakes ought never to have been made; but that is over. Party spirit runs high in England. At all times it is an error: at this time of trial it is a sin. I will match your story of the obscure sorrow of St. Stephen's church with one of obscure and tranquil heroism, more difficult than that of the battle-field. One of the sick persons whose case lately came before me — a common labourer — was pronounced by the doctor to be merely suffering from extreme debility and want of nourishment. Then came inquiries into his work and wages, &c.; and at last it came out that he owed fifteen shillings, and, to pay this debt, he had gone on half rations for weeks, having a large family to keep, and being apprehensive he never would be able to spare it in any other way.\* Does not the patient self-denial smite one to the heart? the indulged heart that grows too often to look upon mere fancies as necessities in our own class? And does not the strong resolution of the man show brightly in the dark story? I see him, in my mind's eye, going home at the end of his day's work, hungry and tired, with his good honest purpose stronger than all the temptation of fatigue and want of re-

freshment, and at last falling ill. Remember, it never would have been known but for that. These are the obscure heroisms of life, and God's book is full of them, though they pass away from earth like the risen dew of the morning. Oh! Lorimer, do not say you care for nothing but music and rest.

"And forgive me, old teacher of my pleasant days of girlhood, when my dear father shared with me the advantage of your companionship, if I am grown bold enough to seem to whisper a lesson in my turn. I miss you daily here. The day does not pass that we do not speak of you, mamma and I.

"Yours affectionately,

"GERTRUDE."

So wrote and thought the wife of absent Sir Douglas. But what of that? Dowager Clochnaben fiercely denounced her for her many intrigues; the ladies who were merely imitating or following her in active good works spoke evil of her as they looked through their lists of charity subscriptions; friends of her "pleasant days of girlhood" either cut her, or made a favour of calling at the house "for poor old Lady Charlotte's sake;" — and THE WORLD, whose opinion, as Richard Clochnaben justly wrote to his brother, was what we ought chiefly to bear in mind, — pronounced that she was a bad woman; that Lorimer Boyd was her new lover; and that it was a pity a man of so much ability should suffer himself to be cajoled, and his name mixed up with that of a creature more dangerous and subtle than any dancer, or Anonyma, or person belonging to an inferior class; inasmuch as her education and accomplishments (of which she was so inordinately vain) gave her a certain hold over a man accustomed to good society, and fastidious as to his choice of companions.

And the more religious and church-going of her acquaintance, especially the more intimate visitors at Clochnaben Castle, and such as had approved the forbidding little Jamie Carmichael to attend school, because he had gathered blackberries on the Sabbath-day, — and those who had been most keen in admiration of Mr. James Frere's sermons, observed to each other that it was "just a very disgrace and shame to think of, that such a creature should be permitted to hold her head up in any decent place of resort; and they hoped God would visit her with His righteous judgments, both in this world and the world to come."

\* Fact.

## CHAPTER LXI.

## KENNETH'S CHILD.

NEIL's holidays were come; and Neil himself, bright and beautiful, and active as a roe, was back again in the glens and hills of Glenrossie.

"It's trying to be here without papa," he had said, the first day; and Gertrude's fortitude was not proof against the gush of sudden tears that burst from her eyes at the speech. But the boy knew nothing; only that his father was "at the wars," as Richard Cœur de Lion and many other great heroes had been (including Hannibal), and as his father had frequently been before. Vague, and without much personal anxiety, were Neil's thoughts: for what boy is ever depressed by thoughts of danger? Rather he pitied his mother for her apparent lowness and fear about this glorious profession of arms, and secretly wished he were old enough to be fighting by his father's side in the distant Crimea, — when the fighting should begin.

But gradually some strange uneasy sensation crept into that boyish heart, and lay coiled there like a tiny snake. His mother seemed to get no letters; she was so agitated and eager one day when he himself got one from his father. She was on such odd terms with his Aunt Alice, who, though she withdrew to Clochnaben Castle during the major part of his holidays, yet chose to assert the privilege of residence for a few days at the beginning. During those few days his mother had said she was too ill to dine down stairs. They scarcely spoke. The fiery blood of his passionate race bubbled up in the young breast. He wrote to Sir Douglas: "My mother seems wretchedly ill; she is grown very thin. I thought it was all fright about you; but I think now something worries her. I think Aunt Alice vexes her. If I was sure, I would hate Aunt Alice with all the power of my heart; I beg you to turn her out of the castle. They say Christians should not hate at all, but whoever vexes my mother would be to me like a murderer I ought to kill. So you ask her, dearest and best of fathers, what is the matter, and let me know."

Poor Sir Douglas! How in the midst of the snow and dreary scenes of the Crimea, his brow bent and his heart beat over the school-boy letter. His Neil! his Neil; — to whom, "whoever vexed his mother would be like a murderer whom he ought to kill!" His Neil.

And Neil in his innocent wrath made

Aunt Alice so uncomfortable with haughty looks and stinging words, on the mere chance and supposition that she was distasteful company for his mother, that she was glad to beat a retreat.

Over the hills to Clochnaben went Alice. And before the servants who were waiting at dinner, as she helped herself to some very hard unripe nectarines grown on the stern wall of the Clochnaben garden, she said she came, "because it would not have been *proper* for her to remain while that unfortunate woman was permitted those interviews with her son. Of course, if there had been a *daughter*, such a difficulty could never have arisen: she would not have been allowed to see a daughter."

And the scanty train of servants in the service of the dowager discussed the matter rigidly, and expressed their horror at the pollution of Glenrossie by Gertrude's return, and the impossibility of "Miss Alice" remaining in such tainted company.

Only Richard Clochnaben's French valet smiled superior, and said such things were not much thought of in Paris, and that he wondered "*dans ce pays barbare!*" that they were not more civilized.

But there was no doubt of her guilt in the minds of any of the parties so discussing in the servants' hall.

It was in the very midst of Neil's vacation that an event occurred which profoundly impressed him, and caused Gertrude fresh agitation.

He was walking with his mother to the spot where he had given rendezvous to the old keeper, when he was to cross the hills to get a little better shooting. For Neil was getting very grand; and talked of good sport, and bad sport, with a beautiful toss of his beardless little chin; and the keeper was wild with admiration of "siccan a spirity laddie" as his young master.

He was holding his mother's hand, in spite of his sport and his assumption of manliness, when suddenly they heard a little plaintive cry; and a childish and very plaintive voice said, "Well, ye needna' beat me, I can get enough of that at home!" in a half Scotch, half foreign accent, very peculiar.

Neil leapt through the heather, and down the hollow from whence the sound proceeded, and his mother stood on the rough broken ground above, full of granite stones. A sharp cut with Alice's riding-whip descended on the shoulder of a little girl, as he advanced.

"Get back to your kennel, then," he

heard a voice say, in a tone as sharp as her whip. "How dare you trespass so far on the border? Get back to Torrieburn!" and apparently the stroke was about to be repeated, when Neil darted forward, and taking the pony's rein close to the bit, drove it back so as to make it rear on its haunches.

"How dare you, Aunt Alice?" said he, breathlessly and passionately. "How dare you strike any one here?"

Alice sat her pony firmly: cowardice was not among her vices.

"Oh, yes; you'd better let her come further still; you'd better have her up at Glenrossie!" she said, with a bitter sneer.

"Why not?" said the boy, as he turned to look at the little girl, who stood softly chafing with one little thin hand the place on her shoulder where she had been struck, and holding flowers close against her dress with the other.

"I wanted the white heather; I didn't know I wasn't to climb farther," she said; and then she broke down, and throwing the white heather passionately from her, she burst into tears, and sobbed as if her heart would break, covering her little pale face with both hands.

The boy's heart beat hard; he cast a look of fury on Aunt Alice and her pony, and strode towards the pale girl.

Lady Ross also glided towards them. The child uncovered her face as Alice rode away, and looked up with wondering eyes at Gertrude.

"Oh! I know you," she said, in a tender tone; "I know you! I've been very lone since you all went. Take me away from them—Oh! take me away!" And she clutched at the folds of Gertrude's dress with the little thin white hands.

"Effie!" was all Lady Ross could say, and she sat down on the heather brae and wept.

"Effie!" said Neil, wonderingly; and then he smiled. Such a smile of pity, love, and wonder, as the angels might give.

He had not at first recognized her. She had grown tall and slim, and her face was hidden by the long locks of her soft neglected hair.

"Go, dear Neil, go," said Lady Ross. "I will talk to her. I will see her home. You cannot stay; go with the keeper. I will tell you when I come home. Go, my darling."

With a wistful lingering look, the boy turned to go—stood still—came back, and said hesitatingly,

"But, mother, if it is Effie, mayn't she come with us?"

"No, my boy," answered poor Gertrude, in great agitation. "No. Go now, and I will see you after your shooting."

And Neil went. But before he turned again to depart he smiled at Effie, and Effie returned it with a little trembling sort of moonlight smile of her own; her long pale chestnut hair held back a little by her taper fingers, as though to make her vision of him the clearer, and her wide, wild, plaintive eyes fixed on his face.

That look haunted Neil, boy though he was, and he had "bad sport" that day;—if bad sport consists in missing almost every bird he aimed at.

Gertrude stood silently gazing at the little creature. Memories welled up in her heart, and her eyes filled again with tears.

This was Kenneth's poor little girl, Kenneth's only child, Effie! Poor little lone deserted Effie.

"Oh take me home with you to Glenrossie!" repeated the pleading voice; "they beat me so, and I am solone."

"Why do they beat you, dear?"

"They beat me for everything. If I'm not quick, and if I'm tired, and if I don't find eggs, and if I'm frightened in the night."

"What frightens you in the night, my child?" And Gertrude drew the little trembling creature to her, and sat down with her in the long heather.

The child leaned up against her bosom and clung to her.

"I don't know. I'm scared. They told me if I did anything wrong, the BLACK DOUGLAS should come in the night and take me—tall, oh, so tall! and tramping through the heather, with only bones for his feet."

And the child shuddered, and pressed closer to Gertrude.

"Has he ever come?"

"No!" said the little girl, with a sudden look of wonder.

"No, Effie, nor ever will come; it's a story, an ignorant, foolish story. There is no such thing! Do you think God would let a poor little child be tormented by such a shocking thing when she did not mean to do wrong? Do you say your prayers, Effie?"

"Oh, yes!"

"When?"

"In the morning I say them on my knees, and in the night I say some with my head under the bedclothes."

"Do you think there are two Gods,

Effie? One for the day and another for the night?"

"No; one God — one God!" said the child, faltering.

"Are you afraid in the day?"

"No! Oh, no!" said the little girl with a wild smile. "I see the birds, and the deer, and the walking things, and the blue in the sky, and I'm not afraid at all."

"Then do you think the God who watches in the day forsakes the world at night, Effie? forsakes all His creatures asleep — for it is not only you, you know, Effie, who lie sleeping, but all those you have named — the poor little birds in their nests, and the shy deer among the fern, and the fish in the smooth lake: do you think, as soon as DARK comes, He gives them all over to be tormented and scared?"

The child was silent.

"Effie, God is a good and merciful God, and He watches the night as He watches the day, and you are as safe in the dark under His care as in this bright, cloudless day. He is all mercy and all goodness."

Children startle their elders sometimes by questions too profound for answer. Effie gave a deep, shivering sigh, and said in a tone of grave reflection.

"Then why did He let me be?"

"What do you mean, Effie?"

"Why, if He is merciful and good, does He let me be in the world at all? Nobody cares for me, nobody wants me, and I don't want to be here; but God puts me here. Oh! if I were but away in heaven!" and she lifted her eyes with miserable yearning to the blue sky. "I'm a scrap of a creature, and it's seldom I feel well; I've a pain almost always in my side, and that's what makes me slow, and then they beat me; and there's such strong, happy children die: a good many have died since you were here, Lady Ross, and I go and look at their graves in the burial-ground on Sundays; and that's when I say to myself, Why should I be at all?"

"Effie, it is God's will that we should be — all of us; and be sure that He has some task for us to do, or He would not put us here. But He does not torment us. Promise me if you wake in the night to think of that, and to think of me, and to think that we are sitting here in the sunshine, talking of His goodness."

"I'll try; but, oh! in the night I'll be scared with the thought of the Black Douglas!"

"No, my child. Think of me, not of

the Black Douglas, and say this little rhyme: —

" 'Lord, I lay me down to sleep!  
Do thou my soul in mercy keep;  
And if I die before I wake,  
Do Thou my soul in mercy take.' "

That rhyme, Effie, was told me by a wise clever man, who always said it from the day when he was a little child, and you must always say it all your life long for love of me."

"Oh! I do love you," said the pallid creature, creeping close, as though she would creep into her very heart. "I do love you, and please take me home with you."

"I cannot, Effie," said Gertrude sadly. "And now I must go my way, and you must go yours. Good-by."

"Won't you come with me never so little on the way?"

Gertrude looked down on the large pleading eyes moist with tears. She took the slight form in her arms and wept.

"Some day, little Effie, some day, perhaps, we may be all together; but not now, not now! God bless and protect you! God bless you!"

And so saying, and weeping still, Lady Ross turned to go homewards. She paused at a turn on the hills, and looked back. The little creature had sat wearily down, her hands clasped round her slim knees, looking out with her large sad eyes at the light of the declining day.

Was she again thinking, "Why should I be?" Kenneth's deserted child?

## CHAPTER LXII.

### HOW EFFIE WAS GLADDENED.

THE mystery of Effie not being allowed to return with them troubled Neil more than all that had disturbed him before, and his disquieted soul was none the more composed when his mother, clasping both her arms round him, and leaning her head on his breast, gave the faltering explanation, "Your cousin Kenneth has displeased your father, very much, and he would not wish Effie to be at the castle."

"Oh, every one says Cousin Kenneth is not a good man, and he gets drunk, and all that," replied Neil; "but what has Effie done?"

And the boy roamed up and down, and

watched for the little face, pale almost as the white heather she had come to seek; but she had vanished away from the near landscape, and into the distance he was forbidden to follow her. And so the holidays ended.

Once only had Gertrude herself attempted further intercourse with the banished child. It was but a few days after their discourse about her terrors by night, and Gertrude's tender heart was haunted by the memory of the pleading eyes. She thought she would brave the pain for herself, and go and see Maggie, at the New Mill, as they called the place Old Sir Douglas had allotted them, and there speak to her of the fragile flower left to her rough guidance.

But Maggie's ignorant wrath was roused by the very sight of Gertrude. Fixed was her notion, that if Gertrude had wedded with her son all would have gone well. Gertrude had blighted all their lives. As to Effie, she sullenly defended her own right to manage her which way she pleased. She was "her ain bairn, and bairns maun be trained and taught." She'd been "beat hersel' when she was a bairn, and was never a pin the waur — may be the better." And as the meek low voice of Gertrude pleaded on, Maggie seemed roused to positive exasperation, and burst out at last, "Lord's sake, Lady Ross, will ye no gie ower? Ye'll just gar me beat her double, to quiet my heart. Gang back to yere ain bairn, and leave Effie to me. It's little gude ye can be till her, noo that ye've ruined her fayther, and thrawn me amast daft, wi' yere fashionable doin's. Gang awa' wi' ye! Gang awa'!"

And, suiting the action to the word, Maggie waved her tempestuous white arms angrily in the air, much in the same manner as if she had desired to chase a flock of turkeys from her poultry-yard; and, turning with a sudden flounce into the house, and perceiving Effie leaning in the doorway, she administered a resounding slap on the delicate shoulder; for no particular reason that could be guessed, unless, according to her own phrase, it was "to quiet her heart."

From that time, for two years more, Gertrude never saw Kenneth's child; but at the end of the second year a chance interview again gave her an opportunity of judging the effect of Maggie's education on her mind, and of the lapse of time upon her beauty.

Slimmer, taller, more graceful than ever — her large eyes seeming larger still from a sort of sick hollowness in her cheek — Effie came swiftly up to her as she stood one day

gazing at the Hut, waiting for Neil, but dreaming of other times. How altered Effie seemed!

Neil, too, had altered. He was beginning to be quite a tall youth; and his bold bright brow had a look of angry sadness on it; for do what they would, his keen soul had ferreted out the existence of some painful secret; and, driven by his mother's silence to perpetual endeavours to discover for himself what had occurred in his family, he heard at last from Ailie's adder tongue the sharp sentence — "Good gracious, boy, do ye not know that your father and mother have quarrelled and parted?"

Quarrelled and parted! His idolized father: his angel mother!

Still, not taking in the full measure of misfortune, he answered fiercely, "If they've quarrelled, Aunt Alice, it is that *you've* made mischief. I'm certain of that."

"You'd better ask your mother whether that's it," sneered Alice, and whisked away from him to her tower-room.

But Neil would not ask his mother. Only he kissed her with more fervent tenderness that night, and held her hand in his, and looked into her eyes, and ruminated on what should be done to any one who harmed a hair of that precious mother's lovely head; and from that hour he doubled his obedience and submission to her will, watching the very slightest of her inclinations or fancies about him, and forestalling, when he could, every wish she seemed to form.

And he prayed — that young lad — oh! how fervently he prayed, in his own room, by many a clear moonlight and murky midnight, that God would bless his mother, and that if — IF Aunt Ailie spoke the truth, God would reconcile those dear parents, and bring back joy again to their household.

But to his mother he said nothing.

And when she stood by the Hut that day thinking of him, thinking of all the past, — that darkest of shadows, the knowledge that he knew there was some quarrel between his parents — had not passed over her heart.

Standing there, then, in her mood of thoughtful melancholy, her soul far away in the dismal camp by the Black Sea — in the tents of men who were friends and comrades of the husband who had renounced her — the light flitting forwards of Effie was not at first perceived.

But the young girl laid her little hand on the startled arm, and whispered breathlessly — "Oh, forgive my coming! but such joy has happened to me; I wanted so sore to tell

you! I've rowed across the lake in the coble alone, just to say to you the words of the song, 'He's comin' again.' Papa's coming! He's to be back directly, and I'm to go from the New Mill to Torrieburn! Oh! I could dance for joy! I'll not be frightened when I sleep under the same roof again with papa. It's all joy, joy, joy, now,—for ever!"

## CHAPTER LXIII.

## KENNETH COMES BACK.

BUT it was not joy: Kenneth returned a drunken wreck; overwhelmed with debts he had no means of discharging; baffled and laughed at by the Spanish wife he had no means of controlling or punishing; ruined in health by systematic and habitual intemperance. He seemed, even to his anxious little daughter, a strange, frightful vision of his former self. His handsome face was either flushed with the purple and unwholesome flush of extreme excess, or pallid almost to death with exhaustion. He wept for slight emotion; he raved and swore on slight provocation; he fainted and sank after slight fatigue. He was a ruined man! The first, second, and third consultation on the subject of his affairs only confirmed the lawyer's and agent's opinion that he must sell Torrieburn, if he desired to live on any income, or pay a single debt.

Sell Torrieburn! It was a bitter pill to swallow; but it must be taken. Torrieburn was advertised. Torrieburn was to be disposed of by "public roup."

The morning of that disastrous day, Kenneth was saved from much pain by being partially unconscious of the business that was transacting. He had been drinking for days, and when that day—that fatal day—dawned, he was still sitting in his chair, never having been to bed all night, his hair tangled and matted, his eyes bloodshot, his face as pale as ashes.

With a gloomy effort at recollection, he looked round at Effie, who was crouched in a corner of the room watching him, like a young fawn among the bracken.

"Do you remember what day it is, child?" he said, in a harsh, hoarse voice.

"Oh, papa!" said the little maiden, "do not think of sorrowful things. Come away; come out over the hills, and think no more of what is to happen here. Come away."

To the last, in spite of all his foul offences against that generous heart, Kenneth had somehow dreamed he would be rescued

at the worst by his uncle. He was not rescued. But at the eleventh hour there came an order from Sir Douglas that Torrieburn was to be bought in—bought at the extreme price that might be bid for it, and settled on Kenneth's daughter and her heirs by entail.

"Come away!" said the plaintive young voice, and Kenneth left the house that had been his own and his father's, and went out a stripped and homeless man over the hills. His head did not get better; it got worse. He swayed to and fro as he climbed the hills; he pressed onward with the gait of a staggering, drunken, delirious wretch, as he was. He looked back from the hill, at Torrieburn smiling in the late autumnal sun, and wept as Boabdil wept, when he looked back at the fair lost city of Granada!

No taunting voice upbraided his tears; no proud virago spoke, like Boabdil's mother, of the weakness that had wrecked him, or the folly that made all, irrevocable loss, irrevocable despair.

The gentle child of his reckless marriage followed with her light footsteps as he strode still upwards and upwards. Panting and weary, she crouched down by his side when at length he flung himself, face downwards, on the earth. The slender little fingers touched his hot forehead with their pitying touch. The small cool lips pressed his burning cheek and hot eyelids with tiny kisses of consolation.

"Oh! papa, come home again, or come to the New Mill; to Grandmamma Maggie! You are tired; you are cold; don't stay here on the hills; come to the New Mill; come!"

But Kenneth heeded her not. With a wild delirious laugh, he spoke and muttered to himself; sang, shouted, and blasphemed; blasphemed, shouted, and sang.

The little girl looked despairingly around her, as the cold mist settled on the fading mountains, clothing all in a ghost-like veil. "Come away, papa!" was still her vain earnest cry. "Come away, and sit by the good fire at the New Mill. Don't stay here!"

In vain! The mist grew thicker and yet more chill, but Kenneth sat rocking himself backwards and forwards, taking from time to time long draughts from his whiskey-flask, and singing defiant snatches of songs he had sung with boon-companions long ago. At length he seemed to get weary; weary and drowsy; and Effie, fainting with fatigue, laid her poor little dishevelled head down on his breast; and sank into a comfortless slumber.

Both lay resting on the shelterless hills; that drunken wretched man, and the innocent girl-child. And the pale moon struggled through the mist, and tinged the faces of the sleepers with a yet more pallid light.

So they lay till morning; and when morning broke, the mist was thicker yet on lake and mountain. You could not have seen through its icy veil, no, not the distance of a few inches.

Effie woke, chilled to the very marrow of her bones.

Her weak voice echoed the tones of the night before, with tearful earnestness.

"Oh, papa, come home! or come to the good fire burning at the New Mill. Oh, papa, come home—come home!"

As she passionately reiterated the request, she once more pressed her fervent lips to the sleeping drunkard's cheek.

What vague terror was it, that thrilled her soul at that familiar contact? What was there, in the stiff, half-open mouth, the eyes that saw no light, the ear that heard no sound, that even to that innocent creature who had never seen death, spoke of its unknown mystery, and paralysed her soul with fear? A wild cry—such as might be given by a wounded animal—burst from Effie's throat; and she turned to flee from the half-understood dread to seek assistance for her father,—her arms outspread before her,—plunging through the mist down the hill they had toiled to ascend the night before. As she staggered forward through the thick cold cloud, she was conscious of the approach of something meeting her; panting heavily, as she was herself breath-

ing; struggling upwards, as she was struggling downwards; it might be a hind—or a wild stag—or a human being—but at all events it was LIFE, and behind was DEATH,—so Effie still plunged on! She met the ascending form; her faint eyes saw, as in a holy vision, the earnest beautiful face of Neil, strained with wonder and excitement; and with a repetition of the wild cry she had before given, she sank into his suddenly clasping arms in a deadly swoon of exhaustion and terror.

The keeper was with Neil. He found Kenneth where he lay; lifted the handsome head, and looked in the glazed eye.

"Gang hame, sir, and send assistance," was all he said. "Will I help ye to carry wee missie?"

"No—no. No," exclaimed Neil, as he wound his strenuous young arms round the slender fairy form of his wretched little cousin. "Trust me, I'll get Effie safe down to Torrieburn, and I'll send men up to help Cousin Kenneth to come down too. Is he very drunk?"

"Gude save us, sir; ye'll need to send twa stout hearts for a stour brae; for I'm thinking Mr. Kenneth's seen the last o' the hills. Ye'll need just to send men to fetch THE BODY."

And with this dreadful sentence beating in his ears, Neil made his way as best he could, with lithe activity, down the well-known slopes of the mountain, clasping ever closer and closer to his boyish breast the light figure with long, damp dishevelled hair of his poor little cousin Effie.

BESIDE THE STILE.

We both walked slowly o'er the yellow grass,  
Beneath the sunset sky:  
And then he climbed the stile I did not pass,  
And there we said Good-bye.

He paused one moment, I leaned on the stile,  
And faced the hazy lane:  
But neither of us spoke until we both  
Just said Good-bye again.

And I went homeward to our quaint old farm,  
And he went on his way:  
And he has never crossed that field again,  
From that time to this day.

I wonder if he ever gives a thought  
To what he left behind:—  
As I start sometimes, dreaming that I hear  
A footstep in the wind.

If he had said but one regretful word,  
Or I had shed a tear,  
He would not go alone about the world,  
Nor I sit lonely here.

Alas! our hearts were full of angry pride,  
And love was choked in strife:  
And so the stile, beyond the yellow grass,  
Stands straight across our life.

ISABELLA FRYIE.

— Good Words.



From the Contemporary Review.

LETTERS OF ST. JEROME. — THE LAST DAYS OF PAGANISM AT ROME.

*Sancti Eusebii Hieronymi Stridonensis Presbyteri Epistole.* Ed. Migne. Vol. I.

THE letters of the great Church Fathers, from Cyprian to Gregory the Great, extending over more than four centuries, are, to an ordinary reader, the most instructive portion of their writings. They are, for the most part, the letters of men of ability and great devotion, and, in the dearth of any thing like a good Church historian, they form by far the truest and most lively record of Christian history. They are often written with a spirit and freedom, with an unreserved simplicity, and, at the same time, an unrestrained fire, which are a marked contrast to the more formal works of the same authors, and still more to the rapid productions of Eusebius, Sozomen, and Socrates. Thus in Cyprian we see the great Roman, the founder of the high Episcopal spirit of the Church, dealing with those who resisted his authority at once as the kindly Christian Bishop, and yet with something of the tone of a Roman Emperor, deciding with practical Roman wisdom the case of the re-admission of the *Lapsed*, and denouncing with Roman scorn the arrogant schism of the Novatians. In Athanasius, we have a description far more lively than we find elsewhere, both of the orthodox devotion of his monkish supporters, and of what he held to be the judgment of God in the death of his great opponent. The early history of Basil and Gregory at the school of Athens, as it is described in these letters, their romantic friendship and singular quarrels, are a pleasing episode in the midst of the stern struggles and bitter polemics of the Eastern Church; while it is far more in the letters of Basil than in his other writings that we trace the versatile genius, the courage, the gifts of command and administration, which gained for him both the enmity and respect of his old schoolfellow Julian, and made him, after Athanasius, the one practical man whom the East produced, "the great Basil." In the letters, again, of the chief *Latin* Fathers, those of Ambrose contain our only record of some of the greatest scenes of Church history, in which he was himself the actor; and if those of Augustine are of inferior interest, it is because, like almost all great orators, except Cicero, he too often sinks the letter-writer in the rhetorician. Finally, two centuries later, it is in the touching letters

of the first of the great Gregories that we see the man who guided Christendom from his bed of suffering — at one time controlling the barbarian Franks and Lombards by the force of his character, at another entering into the minutest details for the direction of the converted Anglo-Saxons, with a gentle wisdom which has made even Gibbon acknowledge that "the Pontificate of Gregory the Great is one of the most edifying periods in the history of the Church."

And yet the letters of the vehement, rude Dalmatian priest, Eusebius Hieronymus, who retained through life many traces of his semi-barbarous origin, must be placed far above any that we have mentioned, both for their vigour, and still more for their historical interest. We have given a sketch of him on a previous occasion as the most eminent supporter of the early monastic system; but this feature in his character, though it marked his whole life, is far from being the only aspect in which the most learned of all the Fathers deserves to be regarded. Far inferior both in genius and in feeling to Origen and Augustine, Jerome had certain qualities which have made him the most readable, the most modern, and (if such a word may be applied to a Father and a Saint) by far the more amusing, of Church writers. He was the first specimen among them of a thorough *literary* man, — not a *professor*, like Origen, or an *orator*, like Augustine, but a man to whom reading and study were the great delight of his life. His translation of the Scriptures is a model of terse and vigorous Latin, almost a language by itself; and in this respect, as in others, it is deserving to be compared with our own great translation. There is an occasional boldness of thought and language in his Commentaries which startles his modern admirers, horrified his contemporaries, and drew upon him the mild rebuke (by no means mildly answered) of Augustine. But his *letters* are the best record both of his strange life and his varied ability. Here the curious stories in which he describes his love of the classics and his early hatred of the rough style of the Scripture writers, the singular vision, the voice which he heard in the desert, "You are not a Christian, but a Ciceronian," and the flagellation which followed; the vow which he describes himself as making, and which, if he ever made it, he assuredly broke, that he would never look into the classics again; his almost boundless reading, joined to a power of memory worthy of a Niebuhr or a Scaliger, which is shown in his constant and

apt quotations; the spirit with which he often compares the Scripture writers and the classics,—"David," he says, "is Simonides, Pindar, Flaccos, and Catullus, all in one;" his minute antiquarian learning, which makes him as much at home in Ennius and Nævius as in Cicero: these traits are but a few samples of the old classical spirit strong within him, which is always flashing out in his best writings, and gives life, and even grace, to his savage polemics. Erasmus did not hesitate to place him above Cicero as a letter-writer; and certainly it would be difficult to match from Cicero his bursts of natural eloquence or his condensed and epigrammatic invective. Such are the proverbs—"Ingenuit totus orator, et se Ariantum esse miratus est;" the fine description of St. Paul, "Quem quotiescumque lego videor mihi non verba, sed tonitrus audire," and the constantly quoted sentiment, "Perant qui ante nos nostra dixerint;" words which, few are aware, owe their birth to the old monk Jerome, who occasionally does not even stop short of a patristic "oath," for the words, "O Jesu bone," are of constant recurrence in his letters. But, in fact, he was far enough from being a mere theologian. Monk as he was for half his life, he had thoroughly known the world in its society and its vices during the other half; he is almost as much the satirist and the painter of human life as Juvenal or Horace. His style, too, is an admirable one. He was proud of it; for the fault of underestimating his own powers was not one which could be laid to Jerome's charge, and he more than once describes his habits of composition. "I like," he says in a letter to the Roman noble Pammachius, "to write down a few follies in my note-books, to comment on the Scriptures, to show my teeth a little to my assailants (*remordere laedentes*), and thus to set my digestion into order, and by some practice in general topics to sharpen my arrows' and lay them up against the time of battle." (Ep. 55.) Suffering, however, from a weakness in his eyes, he was in the habit of dictating his letters; and he often begs his correspondents, who were chiefly Roman ladies of high rank, to excuse any want of polish in his expressions. In point of force and spirit, Jerome's letters certainly lost nothing from this habit of extempore composition; but in another respect, for which it never occurred to him to apologize, he might well have done so; for passages of more astonishing coarseness could scarcely be found in the most unreadable parts of Juvenal than many of those which he writes

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to his high-bred widows and virgins. This habit, considering the extent to which it is carried by the greatest Church writers, is indeed a very startling feature in the manners of the time, on which it is impossible to dwell fully. Wherever it is possible to be coarse, Jerome certainly is so; but we are far more disposed to attribute this to the spirit of his day than to any impurity in his own mind. Whatever the cause, his plain speaking has at least helped to make his letters a most living picture both of the Christian and the still remaining Pagan society of his time. And these are the two principal aspects in which we shall at present regard them.

The period at which St. Jerome's letters were written is indeed one of singular interest, for it was the age of the final struggle between Christianity and Paganism; and it may also be called the golden age of Christian theology. We have already given the outlines of Jerome's own life in his connection with the early days of monasticism, and shall only so far recur to it at present as may be necessary, in order to make his letters intelligible. Coming to Rome as a mere boy, fresh from the provinces, it was but natural, and is, indeed, characteristic of the unsettled temper of the times, that he should have fallen (as Augustine did) into some of the vices of the city;\* but even then his life was evidently one of intense study, and after he had repented and been baptized, he passed some time in retirement in Dalmatia, and then suddenly rushed to the East, in order to gratify his passion for a monastic life. He managed, however, soon to quarrel with his monastic friends, and with the spirit of a traveller (which was a curious feature in his character) he returned to Antioch and Constantinople, and then passed through Greece on his way to Rome, making copious notes of all the places he visited, which he afterwards used

\* He describes the temptations of the city to which he fell a victim in several passages very powerfully. "Non quasi ignarus ductus naufragia præmoneo, sed quasi nuper naufragio ejectus in litus, timida navigatoris voce præmoneo. In illo estu Charybdis luxurie salutem vorat. Ibi ore virginio, ad pudicitie perpetranda naufragia, Scyllæum reuidens libido blanditur. Nolite credere, nolite esso securi." . . . Again, in a singularly powerful, and also singularly coarse letter to the young Eustochium, — for all the coarsest passages of Jerome are in his letters to ladies, — he says: "Non erubescio infelicitatis meæ miseriam confiteri quin potius plango me non esse, quod fecerim . . . sepe choris intereram puellarum: palebant ora jejuniis, et meos desideris æstuabat in frigido corpore, et autem hominem suam in carne præmortuam, sola libidinum incendia bulliebant." (Ep. 22.) Again (Ep. 48, ad Dorotheum), "Virginitatem autem in oculum fero, non quia libeam, sed quia magis mirer quod non habeo." 175.

with effect in his Commentaries. We find him at Rome about the year 382 A.C.; and although he had hitherto published nothing, and chiefly owed his reputation to some graphic accounts of monastic life which had been read in the coteries of the literary Christian ladies at Rome, his fame for learning, especially as a Hebrew scholar, was already higher than that of any man of his time, and he soon became secretary to the reigning Pope Damasus, and held the scarcely less important post of a sort of professor to what may be called a ladies' college, on the Aventine, which was under the direction of the high-minded and enthusiastic Marcella.\* The commencement of his letters dates from the year 370 A.C., about fifteen years prior to the period we are now speaking of; and some of the early ones, written in the desert, are amongst the most interesting of the collection. They range, however, over a period of fifty years, — from the thirtieth year of his own life, to his death at Bethlehem, about 420 A.C.; and may be naturally arranged under three heads: (1) Those written from the Desert of Chalcis; (2) those of his three years of his stay at Rome; and (3) those written during the rest of his life from Palestine. Jerome was not a man to forget the world when he entered his cell; and he has left us in this fifty years' correspondence a far more vivid picture than we could gain elsewhere of the vices of heathen and Christians, clergy and laity alike, in the last days of the great city; and of that mixture of heroism and extravagance which marked the zealous party of the revival under the monks and nuns.

### § 1. LAST DAYS OF PAGANISM IN ROME.

First, then, let us take what was the unique feature of the age of St. Jerome, the transition of the Roman world from Paganism to Christianity. It was a change such as the world had never seen, nor could see again, when the old Roman Senate, which still preserved something of the reality of independence, and was the last strong-

\* The account which he gives of this is worth quoting. It is contained in a letter to Asella, written just before he left Rome, and in which he indignantly refutes the calumnies which had been spread against him. "Pene triennium cum eis vixi. Multa me mullerum crebrò turba circumdedit. Lectio assiduitatem, assiduitas familiaritatem, familiaritas fiduciam fecerat. Dicant, quid unquam in me aliter nenserint, quam Christianam decobat. Pecuniam cotasquam accepit? Oblitus sermo, oculus petulans fuit? Nihil mihi obicitur nisi sextus meus; et hoc unquam obicitur, nisi quum Ierosolymanam Paala proficisceretur." — *Ad Asellam*. Ep. 45 (Ed. Migne).

hold of Paganism, yielded reluctantly to the Emperor's command, and after a public conflict between the orator Symmachus and the great Christian champion St. Ambrose, it was decreed by Gratian that the last emblem of Rome's Pagan greatness, the statue of Victory (which the first Cæsar had placed in the Senate House, which had been removed by Constantine, and restored by Julian), should be ignominiously cast out, and that it should be penal to offer a single sacrifice in any of the three hundred and twenty temples and shrines of what had been so long the Catholic religion of the world. The matter was decided by a formal vote of the Senate, and the scene may indeed at first appear to have its ridiculous side, for there is something ludicrous in the idea of Jupiter being outvoted after a keen debate.\* But this is no more than may be said of other religious revolutions, and certainly of our own as much as any, when the faith of centuries was fashioned by the contradictory votes of the parliaments of Henry and Elizabeth; indeed, if we cared to pursue the parallel further, we might find in the closing of many of our own churches after the Reformation, and the immediate flood of immorality, a curious resemblance to the last days of Paganism, and an instructive proof that every disruption of old belief must shock for a time the moral convictions of mankind. For Paganism had been, almost from the beginning of the world, with the small exception of the Jews, what we have just called it, the Catholic religion of civilized man. With little to touch the conscience, it was everywhere what Pericles describes it at Athens, "an attempt to relieve the mind by the daily amusement of its sacrifices;" and its power had been felt at Rome far more than anywhere else. The Roman aristocrat under the Empire was usually no believer in his gods; but the worship, and often the priesthood, of peculiar deities, had become an heirloom in most of the great families; and it seems to have been regarded as a point of honour, especially after the foundation of the rival and Christian Constantinople, to support "the good old cause," "cum populo, patribusque, Penatibus, et Magnis Diis." The fifteen pontiffs, the fifteen augurs, the fifteen keepers of the Sibylline books, the six vestals who guarded the symbols of the eternity of the Empire, on which no mortal eyes might look, the three great flamens of Mars,

\* Gibbon has described the scene with his usual sarcasm, c. 28.

Jupiter, and Quirinus, still remained to remind that proud aristocracy of the days when they had been truly "rerum domini;" while the numerous confraternities of Salians, Lupercals, Feciales, Sodales, the thousands of priests supported by large endowments from the State, and perhaps even more, the domestic worship of the Lares, the Penates, the Fratres Ambaruales, still bore witness to the fact that the daily life of the highest and humblest Roman was leavened by the habits, if not by the belief, of his religion. It was indeed this habit which more than any thing else upheld its sway, and from which the greatest minds were unwilling, or unable, to emancipate themselves. Scipio, whom Polybius describes as a freethinker, was assiduous in his sacrifices; Cicero, who tells us that no two augurs could look each other in the face without a smile, acknowledges to Atticus that the augurship was the highest object of his ambition; and so intense did this feeling continue to the very end, that the greatest Christian Emperors for nearly a century appeared in the astonishing character of being at once the opponents of Paganism and the Pontifex Maximus of the Pagan gods. Even Theodosius, after his absolute prohibition of Pagan worship, failed to uproot it either from the rustic population of the country or from the nobility; and if we may judge from the tone of Augustine's great treatise, the "Civitas Dei," it might have maintained its hold for centuries, if the bands of the Goths and Heruli had not buried Paganism under the ruins of Rome.

Stories illustrative of this singular period abound in the great Christian writers of the day. Thus St. Augustine has left us an interesting controversy with Volusianus, a young scion of the great Volusian family, who was his neighbour as proconsul in Africa, and whose mother was a zealous Christian; he was engaged with St. Paulinus in a similar attempt to reclaim a young Christian noble named Licentius, who had been tempted into the ranks of the Pagan party by the promise of a brilliant alliance; and Paulinus himself, who became a leading Christian bishop, had been one of the most eminent members of the Pagan party in the Senate, both as consul and as governor of Gaul, before the time of his baptism. But the most eminent Pagan senator and noble of his day was Vetus Agorius Prætextatus, a man of whom we owe some new notices to the letters of Jerome. He was a character of whom the heathen party were indeed justly proud, for

he represented the best features of the old Roman noble, and was, as the historian Ammianus describes him, "præclaræ indolis gravitatisque prisæ Senator." He figures as a chief speaker in the Saturnalia of Macrobius, the last attempt at an apology for Paganism, and we have a fine letter from the orator Symmachus to Theodosius, in which he prays that a statue may be erected to him, "although he was a man above all dignities, indulgent to others, severe to himself, simple and yet noble, and respected without cruelty." He had borne the highest offices in all parts of the empire, not only in Rome and Greece but in Illyricum, in Lusitania, and in Achaia; and both he and his wife would seem to have been sincere Pagan devotees, and to have attached themselves to that singular revival which was connected with the Mithratic worship of the Sun, which formed the leading feature in the eccentric belief of Julian. His wife is described as priestess of the mysteries of Bacchus, Ceres and Cora, of Isis, and of Hecate. A few years before his death, and within ten years of the final closing of all the temples, he had restored their buildings with great care, and had consecrated in the Capitol the twelve statues of the Dii Curantes, the guardian gods of Rome. The mere outline of such a man's life may show us that Paganism even in its last days had powerful supporters in the Senate; and Jerome's description of his death is an evidence to the intense bitterness which prevailed between the more zealous Christian and the old Pagan party at Rome. He is describing the death of a Christian lady of great austerity whom he calls "Pauper Lea," and he adds that the benevolent object of his letter was, "ut doceamus designatum consulē esse in Tartaro." He then proceeds thus:—

"O quanta rerum mutatio! Ille quem antepaucos dies dignitatum omnium culmina præcedebant, qui quasi de subjectis hostibus triumpharet Capitolinas ascendit arces, quem plausu quodam et tripudio populus Romanus excepit, ad cuius introitum urbs universa commota est, nunc desolatus et nudus, non in lacteo cœli palatio, ut uxor mentitur infelix, sed in sordentibus tenebris, continetur. Hæc verò quam unius cubiculi secreta vellebant, cuius vita prætabatur amentia, Christum sequitur, et dicit, quæcumque audivimus ita et vidimus in civitate Dei nostri."

Prætextatus and Symmachus were both evidently "Pagans of the Pagans," whose pure blood was unsullied by the least admixture with Christianity. Indeed, the

Christian poet Prudentius, who celebrated the conversion of the Senate in glowing verses, and declares that six hundred noble families had become Christian, —

“Sexcentas numerare domos de sanguine prisco  
Nobilium licet, ad Christi signacula versos,”—

has some difficulty, when he comes to the point, in finding more than six really *Senatorial* families who had been converted. Amongst them were the Anicii (the earliest and richest converts of all, in the reign of Constantine), the Probi, the Paulini, the Bassi, the Olybrii, and the Gracchi, to whom we should add from Jerome some of the Furii. These, however, were unquestionably some of the noblest families in Rome, and Jerome had a perfect right — speaking as St. Paul would have said “as a fool” — to glorify the great convert Paula, though she might not be quite “Agamemnonis inclyta proles,” as one, —

“Scipio quam genuit, Pauli fudere parentes  
Gracchorum Soboles, Romani prima Senatus :

\* \* \* \*

Fratrem, cognatus, Romam, patriamque re-  
linquens  
Divitias, sobolem, Bethlemitæ conditur antro.”

Their conversion made a great gap in the Pagan ranks, and this was sure in time to be widened by a fact which comes out very vividly in some of Jerome's letters, the numerous “mixed marriages” in families half Christian and half Pagan amongst the nobles, which usually ended by making the whole family Christian. Take for example a striking picture which he gives in a graceful letter to a Roman lady named Læta, the wife of Toxotius (the younger), who was himself the son of the “well-beloved” Paula (the elder). Most of Paula's kith and kin had, under the influence of her own strong and fervid mind, become Christians; and when Læta married into the family, it was evidently hard work for her father-in-law, the old Pontifex Albinus, to stand against the blandishments of his Christian children and grand-children. “When your little one meets her grandfather let her hang round his neck and sing the Alleluia in his ears whether he will or no (collo dependeat nolenti *alleluia* decantet),” is the shrewd and not ungentle advice of Jerome; and in his letter to Læta on the education of her daughter, which is full of his usual good sense, and not without something of his usual coarseness, he gives the following lively picture of her Pagan relations; the fol-

lowing passage may be translated, altho' the forcible style of Jerome's writing; be usually best preserved by the original Latin :—

If any one supposes that I have been too indulgent as your teacher, let him think of whole family of your distinguished and dear father, but who still walks in darkness, and will understand the truth of the Apostle's word that the sweetness of the branches often mingles “the root holy.” You were born of a marriage, the child of you and my beloved Toxotius was Paula. Who would have believed that the grand-daughter of the Pontifex Albinus would be born of the faith of the mother, in the presence, and amid the rejoicing, of grandfather, the babbling tongue of the little would sing her Alleluia, and that the old would fondle in his bosom the virgin of Christ? Well and happily have we waited for this holy and believing house sanctifies a single believer. He is already a candidate for faith who is surrounded by a believing crowd of children and grandchildren. Let him spurn, and ridicule my letter, and call me a madman; this was what his son-in-law did before he believed. Men are made, and born, Christians. Already the gilded Capitol is in ruins. All the temples of Rome are covered with soot or with the spider's web. The city is moved from its foundations, and swelling crowds desert the falling shrine to seek the tombs of the martyrs. (Ep. 107 Lætam.)

This letter refers to the rapid increase of these conversions from the Pagan to the Christian, and it supplies us with a still more curious illustration of some of the last struggles between Paganism and Christianity, by a description of what is called the “shutting of the cave of Mithra.” The Mithraic worship, a singular form of Zoroastrianism, had gradually gained an ascendancy over the later forms of worship at Rome, which has never been entirely explained, and retained to the end a vitality which seemed to have made it, more than any other, a formidable opponent to Christianity. It is said by Plutarch to have been first introduced into Italy by the Cilician pirate the war which was ended by Pompey was adopted officially by Trajan, and spread in all directions from the time of Antonines, having its chief temple at Rome in a subterranean cave under the Capitol Bearing, as it did, a marked Oriental character, it is curious that it should have come quite as popular in the western as the eastern parts of the empire, for no less than eighty monuments and inscriptions have been found in the Tyrol and in Transylvania. This is not the occasion for

all account of it; it is enough to say that it evidently owed its influence to an earnestness or asceticism in its character, which as in the case of the revolting rites of Cybele) gave it a powerful hold over the popular imagination. Its forms of initiation were severe: its votaries were required to swim a river, to fling themselves into the fire, to fast severely, to submit to scourging; while each successive *degree* was represented by the figure of a symbolical animal. It offered, too, in many respects, a marked imitation of Christianity, for it had its baptism for cleansing from sin, a kind of sacred unction like that of confirmation, a bloody sacrifice of a bull, and an offering of bread or wine, which resembled that of the Eucharist. The great Christian Fathers naturally regarded such a mockery with horror and jealousy; but it is obvious that it was to its emblematical encouragement of the moral aspirations of the best Pagans that it owed its power, and we not only find a long list of the highest dignitaries of the Senate inscribed upon its monuments, but men of real earnestness, like Prætextatus and Juliana, flung themselves into its worship as the best antagonist to Christianity.\*

It required some boldness to assail a worship thus firmly rooted both in the popular and aristocratic feeling; but the first Christian emperors dealt with their Pagan subjects with great consideration, and even the fiery and energetic Theodosius was content to promulgate his edicts against Pagan deities without too strictly regarding their observance. The destruction of the cave of Mithra was, however, evidently looked upon as a considerable feat, and it was carried out by one of the Christian party in the Senate — Gracchus, who happened, soon after Gratian's edict, to be Prefect of Rome, but who apparently had not at the time made an open profession of Christianity. Here, again, Jerome's sarcastic account is very characteristic: —

"Hoc Læta, religiosissima in Christo filia, dictum sit ut non desperes parentis salutem, et edictum fide quæ meruisti filiam et patrem recipiam. Nunquam est sera conversio. Latro de cæcis transit ad paradisum: et Nabuchodonosor, rex Babylonis, post belluarum in eremo curriculum, mentem recepit humanam. Et ut omittam cætera, ante paucos annos propinquus vester Gracchus, nobilitatem patriciam nomine secans, nonne specum Mithræ, et omnia portentosa simulacra, quibus Corax, Nymphus, Mi-

\* One of the best accounts of the Mithratic worship is found in Beugnot's "Destruction du Paganisme," v. i. 156, and see also M. de Broglie's "L'Église et l'Empire," v. iii. 156.

les, Leo, Perseus, Helios, Dromo, Pater, initiator, subvertit, fregit, excussit, et his quasi obsidibus præmissis, impetravit baptismum Christi!"\*

These passages may give some faint idea of the last struggles of the ancient worship in its last stronghold — Rome. They prove that it had still amongst its votaries men of great nobleness of character; and even Jerome, with all his fierceness against Prætextatus, is elsewhere ready to acknowledge that "there is an infinite diversity amongst the heathen, some running greedily after vice, while others, by the purity of their morals, are devoted to virtue." In some of its worst forms, Paganism lingered on for ages; and, if our space permitted, it would be curious to trace it, both in its occasional explosions and in the long struggle which it maintained among the rough peasantry of Gaul and Italy against the Christian missionaries of the fifth and sixth centuries. One single example will end our sketch.

When Alaric was at the gates of Rome in 408, the Senate and populace were seized with the old idea that the desertion of the Roman deities was the cause of their misfortunes. Their first act was to strangle Serena, the widow of the great Stilicho and the niece of Theodosius, whom the Pagans hated for a marked insult which she had offered to the worship of Cybele. They then even meditated an open restoration of Paganism, and the Prefect of the city, Pompeianus, collected the Tuscan diviners, who promised, by the help of their incantations, to call down fire from heaven on the barbarians. They demanded, however, as a preliminary, the restoration of the ancient sacrifices; and it was only from this insult to the Emperor that the Senate recoiled. This last burst of Pagan feeling was the cause of the greatest work of Christian antiquity, the "Civitas Dei" of Augustine. After this time, no writer ventured to enter the lists on behalf of Paganism.

## § 2. MORALS OF THE TIME.

II. But the most interesting part of St. Jerome's Letters is that which describes the manners, both Christian and heathen, of his age. Here all his power of sarcasm comes into play, and he gives us the most curious contrasts, often in the life of the same individual, between the decrepit vices of the ordinary Roman, and the fiery and ascetic self-devotion of his earliest Patrician converts. Dealing as he chiefly does with the

\* Ep. 107.

Christian population, he seldom alludes to what were now almost the sole remaining occupations of Pagan life, the theatre, the circus, and the gladiatorial shows, though we learn from St. Augustine that the savage scenes of the arena were nearly as attractive to Christians as to heathens, and a passage in Marcellinus tells us that three thousand dancing girls were under the especial protection of the Senate. But the picture which we get both from Jerome and Marcellinus, if it is not so black as that of Juvenal or Tacitus, shows us the imperial city in the last dregs of effeminacy. The great body of the Plebs was indeed much the same that it had been from the days of Clodius, except that its appetite for being fed at the expense of the empire had grown by indulgence, and its annual consumption of public bacon was calculated in the reign of Valentinian at the modest sum of three million six hundred thousand pounds. Its members had even thrown off the very name of Romans, and were known by the nicknames of their different trades and vices, as the Cabbage-Eaters (Semipores), or the Potwallopers (Trullæ), or the Gluttons (Gluturini), or the Screech Owls (Cicimbrici). The Patricians, in spite of their grand titles and pretensions, had sunk even lower. If there was no scope for a Verres or a Clodius among the Paulli and Anicii, there was abundance of "smart, perfumed, long-haired profligates," who alternately encouraged their slaves to murder, and murdered them themselves. They had not courage enough, as we hear, to join in the chase, or strength to visit their properties in Campania: they read no books except the loosest; but they were still Romans enough to snub their clients, and look after inheritances, and divorce their wives. The ladies were of the same effeminate type. To spend their mornings at the glass, to dye their hair of different colours, to rouge their cheeks and colour their eyes, — never to set foot on the ground except when they were carried in the arms of their eunuchs, or drove with an army of servants through the streets, — to wear robes of the lightest silk, on which the heathen painted the amours of Jupiter, and the Christians the miracles of Christ, and which "covered the body without concealing it," — was the common life of the fine Patrician lady. Christian and heathen alike, in the days of Jerome. There were strange stories too of those old scandals of the whole of Roman history, — which, singularly enough, reproduced themselves in the similar days of

Louis XIV., — the arts of sorcery and poisoning.

A few of these features of Patrician life appear in the warnings which are given profusely enough in Jerome's Letters to Christian converts. Take the following description of the fashionable lady in the count of Blæsilla, Paula's daughter, who served the world of fashion ("seculo servabat") till just before her death: —

"Blæsillam nostram vidimus ardore febrili per triginta ferme dies aestuasse. Redolebat aliquid negligentiae, et divitiarum fasciis exgata, in sæculi jacebat sepulchro. Sed infreuit Jesus, et conturbatus in spiritu, clama dicens, Blæsilla, veni foras. Quis vocata suscepit. . . . Vidua nostra ante monilibus ornatur, et die tota quid sibi deesset quærebat ad speculum. Tunc crines ancillulæ disponebant, et stellis crispantibus verticem arctabatur innocens plumarum quoque dura mollities videbatur, et extractis thoris jacere vix poterat; nunc adorsum festina consurgit. Soccus vilior auratum pretium calceorum egentibus largitur. Cingulum non auro gemmisque distinctum est, a laneum, et quod possit magis astringere vermentum quam scindere. Nos quia sericæ non utimur Monachi judicamur; si tunica canduerit statim illud e trivio, impostor Græcus est."

Some similar traits, mixed with others of different kind, are given in the letter to Iria, of whom he seems to have stood in no doubt, *de Viduitate servandâ*. He begins by a curious statement that it was the privilege of the race of Camillus never to make second marriages, so that (he adds) "you are not so much to be praised if you persevere in your widowhood, as to be execrated, if you, a Christian, cannot preserve that treasure which none of your heathen ancestors lost;" he then adds: —

"Juvenum fuge consortia. Comatalis comptos atque lascivos domus tuae tecta videant. Cantor pellatur ut noxius. Fidiculus atque Psalteres, et istius modi chororum diabolus quasi mortifera Sirenarum carmina, protinus ex ædibus tuis. Noli ad publicum subire procedere, et spadonum exercitu præsentante, veruarum circumferri libertate." . . . "Non amilet juxta te," he says to Salvina, Ep. 79, "cum migratus procurator, non histrio fractus feminam, non juvenis volvens ac nitidus. Nihil artium scenicarum, nihil tibi in obsequiis jungatur."

So in the singular but graceful letter Læta on her daughter's education: —

"Discat, et lanam facere, tenere colum, ]

are in gremio calathum, rotare fusum, stamina allicio ducere. Spernat bombycum telas, Serim siliens, et aurum in filia lentescens. Talia vestimenta parat quibus pellatur frigus, non quibus occulta corpora nudentur."

It is indeed as easy to describe the day of the fashionable Roman, from St. Jerome, as it is from Horace. We have first a picture of their houses, "the large porticoes, the gilded ceilings, the rooms decorated by the sweat of the prisoners, the basilica, as large as a palace, where the owner may take his daily stroll, as if its ceiling were a grander sight than the vault of heaven." Enter the house, and the first thing which catches your eye will be the "huge antique volumes, written in silver and gold on purple parchments in their initial letters;" but it is not till you get to the dining-room (triclinium) that the Roman life begins. Here "a feast is just beginning of more than royal splendour, the cups and dishes are embossed with gold and silver, pheasants cooked with delicacy by a slow fire, wild fowl, and sturgeon, succeed one another, the band of music strikes up, flutes, lyres, and cymbals, the band of parasites is ready to be ridiculed, even the courtesans enter under the very eyes of the wife." The conversation is of the same style, "the absent are ridiculed, our neighbour's life is examined, we are all pulled to pieces in turn." These are fortunate homes where the husband and wife have not something to say against each other. Sometimes it is the wife who is to blame, "with her gorgeous robes, her gold, her jewels, her furniture, her litters, her cars, and her eunuchs;" at others she can turn the tables on her husband, "why are all my neighbours better dressed than I? others can be respected, I am a poor creature whom all the world despises. Why are you always talking with other ladies, or flirting with your maid-servants? who are you going to bring home from the Forum to-day?" In fact, the conclusion of a Roman day "is usually hickering, and not seldom poison."\*

But the most interesting point in a collection of letters is always the character of the correspondents, and those of Jerome were themselves the best epitome of the spirit of his time. Marcella, Fabiola, Melania, with Paula and her three daughters, and her son, Toxotius, form one of those groups with whom the writings of Roman

Catholic devotees still make us familiar. Marcella, in particular (of whom we have already spoken in a previous article), was perhaps one of the most striking characters to be found in religious history; while Fabiola and the fiery young Spaniard Melania supplied an element of romance and eccentricity, to which there was a good deal akin to Jerome himself. The Spanish Christians, indeed, including the great Theodosius and Hosius of Cordova, played a great part in those days; and there was the national union of hardness and enthusiasm in Melania, in which Jerome particularly delighted; for he tells us that when she lost her husband and her two children, she never shed a tear, but exclaimed, "I shall serve Thee, O Lord, more freely now that I am relieved from my burdens." The central figures of the group, however, were the heads of the great *Æmilian* family, Paula and her three daughters, Eustochium, Blæsilla, and Paulina, with the husband of the last, Pammachius. Jerome, who was a good deal of an aristocrat, was not a little proud of these first-fruits of the Roman Senate, "the descendants of Scipio and Paulus, the children of the Gracchi," and in a living passage of rather questionable taste he describes them as his Christian "four-in-hand" (quadriga), though, to make the number of the horses right, he is obliged to forget poor Blæsilla, the fashionable daughter, whom he appends in a postscript as a sort of outrider. The passage is a specimen of some of Jerome's peculiarities, and may serve as a sketch of the party.

"In these three Christian women," he says, "I recognize three different gifts of Christ; Eustochium gathers the flowers of virginity, Paula treads the toilsome path of widowhood, Paulina keeps pure the marriage bed; and that one house may possess its four-horsed chariot of holiness, Pammachius is now added to them like a true cherub of Ezekiel. Of this chariot Christ is the charioteer. These are the horses of which Habacuc sings, 'ride upon these horses, and thy chariots are Salvation.' The horses indeed are of different colours, but they are all full of the same spirit, not waiting for the stroke of the whip, but bounding forward at the voice of the charioteer."

During the life of Paula's husband Toxotius, they had all "served the fashions of the world" (*saeculo serviebant*); and Pammachius was apparently the only man of the family who was a zealous Christian: after his wife's death, he was the first Roman senator who became a monk, and Jerome describes, in his lively style, the strange

\*The descriptions given in letters to different correspondents (ad Marcellam, 43, ad Furlam 44) are combined in this sketch with some passages in the works against Helvidius and Jovinian.



spectacle "of the descendants of consuls, the glory of the Tuscan race, who was not ashamed to walk in his rough black dress among the scarlet robes of the senators, and who could meet with jests of his own the ridicule of his old companions" (Ep. 66). The whole party gathered round Marcella in her convent-palace on the Aventine, in something of the spirit of a French salon of Madame de Longueville; and Jerome, when he was accused of living too much with ladies, retorted, sharply, that they were the only persons with either sense or religion in Rome — or, as he called it — "in Babylon, under its King Satan." He sometimes, indeed, lorded it severely enough over these converts, of whom Marcella was the only one who could, as he says, "stop his mouth with her fingers," and keep him in order. He was especially annoyed at any excessive grief on the death of relations, — indeed, he always regarded the loss of a husband as a "liberation;" and poor Paula wept too much over the lively, and, as Jerome calls her, "lazy," Blaesilla, he told her roughly that "she was worse than a heathen, that these tears are detestable, and that, when he compared her behaviour with the calmness of the wife of Prætextatus, he found that the handmaid of the devil was better than the handmaid of Christ." We cannot help feeling sorry when he persuaded her to exchange her great sphere at Rome for a cell at Bethlehem; but the letter in which he describes her life and death, though sometimes extravagant, is full of beautiful touches. After saying how cleverly she had confounded the arguments of "a horrid viper, and most deadly beast" — probably Jovinian — he gives a few traits of the family: —

"I will mention another of her achievements which will seem wonderful to those who have made the same attempt. She wished to learn Hebrew — which, for my own part, I have studied diligently from childhood, and still continued to study it lest she should leave me behind — and she so completely mastered it as to sing the Psalms in Hebrew, and without the slightest Latin accent. The same was the case with her holy child Eustochium, who was so devoted to her mother's every wish, that she would scarcely leave her for a moment, never could eat or sleep apart from her, and rejoiced when she saw her mother distributing her whole property to the poor, believing that her own love to her mother was her best wealth and inheritance. Nor must I forget to mention how deep was her joy when she heard that her little grand-daughter Paula, the child of Læta and Toxotius, who was born, as it were, in answer to the vows and prayers of her parents for her

virginity, had begun in her very cradle, and while she still played with her rattles, to sing the Alleluia, and to utter the names of her aunt and grandmother in her broken words. This was the only longing which she retained to the last for her country, that she might know that her son and his wife and daughter had left the world, and become servants of Christ. In part she had her wish. For her grand-daughter is reserved to be the bride of Christ, her daughter-in-law has devoted herself to a single life (apart from her husband), her mother-in-law is following her at Rome in those works of faith and charity which she herself has ended at Jerusalem."

The monastic spirit is strong in all this, as it is in every letter of St. Jerome's; but the monastic spirit was needed at the time, and, indeed, for many an age, to keep alive the fire of Christianity; and it would only be but a narrow bigotry which could shut its eyes to the elevation of feeling, and the high sense of duty which has inspired such characters as those of Paula and Marcella.

### § 3. TONE OF JEROME'S THEOLOGY.

We have treated in detail the two subjects which strike us as most interesting in the Letters of Jerome, and can only glance at the almost innumerable passages which throw light on other historical, literary, and theological questions, not only of his day, but of our own; for Jerome was at home in history, chronology, and literature, quite as much as in theology, and his passion for travelling has bequeathed to us some most curious notices of the places he visited. If he is wandering in Palestine, he gives the antiquities of every place; and thus it is to him that we owe the most graphic account of the steps taken by the early emperors to desecrate the birthplace of Christianity, when

"From the days of Hadrian to those of Constantine, for 150 years, the temple of Jupiter stood on the scene of the resurrection, and the marble statue of Venus was placed by the heathen on the rock of the cross; for our persecutors believed that if they could but pollute our holy places by idols they would destroy our faith in the cross and the resurrection."

If again he is describing the death of an eminent Christian, Nepotianus, it suggests to him the finest passages of the heathen poets upon death; and after applying the line of Ennius — "licet lacrymare plebi, regi honeste non licet" — to the calmness which should mark the death of a Christian bish-

op, he suddenly breaks out into a description of the view of the world which he then saw before his eyes: —

"If I could ascend the watch-tower of Xerxes, who wept at the thought of the death of his myriads, I would show you," he says, "the fall of the whole world, the Roman blood which has now flowed daily for twenty years in every land between the Alps and Constantino-ple; the Goths, the Quadi, the Sarmatians, the Alans, the Huns, the Vandals, and the Marcomans, wasting every part of Dalmatia, Thrace, Macedon, Epirus, and Achaia."\*

But, as became the greatest commentator of his age, his chief interest lies in doctrine and in the exposition of Scripture; and it is in these respects that his statements are most valuable, in throwing light on the religious feelings and temper of his time in a way which would surprise those who look for nothing but "blind bigotry" in a "Father." He was certainly in temper and expression a vehement, and, in fact, a very bitter, churchman; and no one would have uttered the words more heartily, "Errare possum, hereticus esse nolo." But this only makes his testimony more emphatic, as showing the liberality and almost license of sentiment and opinion of which a "Saint" in the fourth century was not afraid. Not only do we find him assailing with his usual scorn the vices and venality of the clergy, giving little quarter to bishops, handling Augustine himself very roughly, and inveighing, in a tone which has never been uncommon with saints, against extravagance in church decoration ("some," he says, "build the walls and destroy the pillars of the church; the marble shines, the roof † glisters with gold, the minister of Christ alone is indifferent"); but he also speaks on some of the most important subjects with a freedom which it required all Augustine's charity to excuse, and which, to say the truth, sometimes comes very near to irreverence and profaneness. Jerome's opinions on theology — and this topic is the last which we have space to dwell upon — were, in fact, greatly influenced by his admiration for the most learned man whom the church had hitherto produced, Origen. It is clear from his letters, that he was suspected of being his follower, and though in his later life he was anxious to clear himself from the imputation, he will only declare that, if he had once been an Origenist, he was so no longer; while in his earlier days he speaks of Origen's condemnation, in a letter to

Paula, with the greatest contempt, and declares that "Rome had compelled the Senate to it, not for any novelty of doctrine or for heresy, as some mad bounds are now pretending; but because they could not bear the glory of his eloquence and learning, which put them to silence." (Ep. 33. Migne.)

Considering the freedom of Origen's speculations, this was very bold language; but Jerome went further, for he adopted, to a much greater extent than any other of the Fathers, Origen's daring method of interpreting Scripture, and while strongly condemning his fanciful notions on the migration of souls after death, he evidently shared his doubts on the eternity of future punishment.\* He had been early struck, as he tells us, by the minute inaccuracies, and by what he even ventures to call the "apparent figments" of some of the historical parts of Sacred Scripture, and his first idea was (as he says to Pope Damasus), that they admitted of no explanation — ("indissolubilia esse, sicut et multa sunt alia." Ep. 36). He particularly instances the different accounts of the generations of the Israelites in Egypt. His learned friends at Rome, however, particularly Marcella and Fabiola, were not content with so vague an answer, and the former was constantly sending him five or six puzzling questions. "Your great questions stir up my torpid wits," he says to Marcella, "and by stirring me up you teach me." In fact, he cut the knot of his difficulties by following the example of Origen, who almost entirely discarded the literal and historical meaning, and in his treatise, *περὶ Ἀρχῶν*, and elsewhere speaks of the Mosaic cosmogony almost as a fable. Jerome does not, indeed, go the whole length of his master; but he finds many passages "ridiculous and full of error, if we follow the letter which kills," and as regards the Old Testament, his principles of allegorical interpretation almost lead him to the conclusions of modern sceptics. This may sound to some an astonishing assertion about a Father, especially as we are used to "Catena" drawn up on this subject, to the effect that all the Fathers believed "every word, every syllable, every iota," &c., of Scripture to be equally inspired. Let any one, then, take the trouble to see how Jerome treats the story of Abishag, and the

\* We shall not discuss this point at present, and Jerome is of course (and wisely) more reserved with regard to it. But his opinion is expressed in the concluding passage of his Commentary on Isaiah, and on chap. xxiv. v. 21. This is noticed in a remarkable treatise by Bishop Newton, "On the Final State of Men."

\* Ep. 60. 58.

† Ep. 52.

letters about the birth of Rehoboam (Ep. 62 and 72: Migne), and he will see that we rather understate than overstate the case.\* The "Mimes and the Atellan games were amongst the most indecent of the ancient spectacles, yet Jerome does not hesitate to say that if any one takes the story of David and Abishag literally, it must seem to them "some figment of a mime, or an Atellan play." Jerome's raillery on such a subject was not likely to be delicate, nor is it necessary further to allude to it; it is enough to say that, with the deepest reverence for Scripture, he repeatedly disclaims belief in its verbal accuracy, and at the end of his letter lays down the general principle, which is worth quotation:—

"The apostle," he says, "when he speaks against endless genealogies and Jewish fables, seems to me to have forbidden questions of this kind. For what is the use of clinging to the letter, and assailing either the errors of the writer or the exact number of years, when it is plain that the letter killeth but the Spirit giveth life? Read over all the books both of the Old and New Testament, and you will find such disagreements in the chronology, and the confusion in numbers so great between the kingdoms of Israel and Judah, that to waste time on questions of this kind is more suited to an idle man than a studious one."

Nor, as this passage may show us, does he at all confine his criticisms to the Old Testament; he is equally bold in facing difficulties and apparent disagreements in the New. Take, for instance, his letter to his convert Pammachius "on the best mode of interpreting Scripture." After referring to St. Matthew's account of the prophecy of the thirty pieces of silver, "there was fulfilled that which was written of Jeremiah the prophet," Jerome adds, "this is not found at all in Jeremiah, but in Zechariah, in wholly different words and in a different order: let them, then, accuse the Evangelist of falsehood, because he neither agrees with the Hebrew nor with the LXX., and, what is more, is mistaken (erret) in the name of Jeremiah instead of Zechariah;" and he proceeds to instance similar inaccuracies in St. Mark, especially in the substitution of the name of Abiathar as High

\* Jerome's Letters on the Study of the Sacred Scriptures are very numerous and important. See especially 62, 63, 67, 69, 71, 72; Ed. Migne.

Priest for that of Abimelech. Instances of this kind are of constant recurrence. We do not quote them with a view to defend his general style of allegorical exposition, which appears in its full extravagance, though not without some of his usual humour, in his Scripture arguments against marriage and *digamy*. "Non damno digamos, immo si velint octogamos," he says, "for in the Ark there were unclean animals as well as clean;" but still "the single number is the only 'pure one,'" *impar numerus est mundus*, and it is particularly to be observed that "God did not bless the second day in Creation, because the number *two* was impure." Absurd as all this sounds, it was but the temper of the times, and even that of the old Greek philosophers; and however fauciful Jerome might be in speculations, which were in the spirit of all the Fathers, it is plain that he did not want boldness in dealing with what he held to be merely questions of history and criticism.

At this point we must pause for the present, though certainly from no lack of materials; for we have already said that no contemporary document gives us so keen and clear an insight into the history of one of the most critical epochs of Christianity as the Letters of St. Jerome. They are open, indeed, to the charge that they set before us only the darker side of the picture, for Jerome, though a thoroughly earnest and religious man, was even in his cell at Bethlehem a caustic satirist. To see the tenderer and deeper side of the Christianity of the period, we must turn to St. Augustine. And yet it is a fact of inestimable importance, that among the chroniclers of Church history, among the very Fathers of the Church, should be found a man with the strong sense and knowledge of the world, the inquiring spirit, and even the stern and uncompromising temper of Jerome. We have thought it best, even at the risk of some rough and coarse quotations, to show him as he was and as he spoke; and with all the deductions which may be made from his character, he will always remain a great man, — a man of keen wit, of vast memory and learning, of original power of thought and language, and one whose life, amidst many faults of temper and some of conduct, was yet sincerely devoted to the service of God.

W. C. LAKE.

From the Spectator, 29 June.

## THE APPROACHING EVENT IN ROME.

It is more than probable, it is almost certain, that one of the strangest scenes of an age fertile in strange scenes is about to transact itself in Rome. We are informed on good authority, which cannot on such a point be mistaken, that Reuter's unnoticed telegram of the 26th inst. is true, that the Papacy, in its despair, has resolved to use its last resource, to wield once more the weapon which for three hundred years Popes have dreaded to unsheathe, lest it should be turned against themselves, to summon once more the body which even the Ultramontanes hold to be greater than the Popes, the mystic depository of inspiration, the Sovereign Parliament of the Universal Church. Unless the Pope is daunted at the eleventh hour by the remonstrances of the few men around him who still retain their secular sense, or the Princes of this world interfere, or the instinct of danger which always protects Catholicism warn the governing committee of the Society of Jesus, the gathering of Bishops, Patriarchs, and Archimandrites now assembling in Rome, from the East and the West, a gathering which already represents all the Christian nations of the world, which has flocked up from the newest as from the oldest lands, from Ohio and Florida as from Lebanon and Armenia, is to be changed into an Ecumenical Council of the Church, a general Council, with power to depose Popes and modify creeds, to declare new dogmas and establish new formulas of discipline, a true successor to the Council of Trent. An appeal is to be made to the one power before which even Liberal Catholics bow, the one authority to which belief is due, on the Catholic theory, as well as obedience. The plan, a rooted one with the Society of Jesus for the past thirty years, has been very carefully laid. Needless to say that the Popes and the Society would equally dread a Council, a representative Assembly of Christendom, possessed of absolute power, and free to use it; but a packed Council might not the potent instrument be employed without danger of its asserting an independent volition, be so constructed as to represent the Vatican instead of Christendom? The Society think it can, and Archbishop Manning also thinks it, and so does Cardinal Antonelli, and it is by no means certain that they think wrong. All appointments to the Episcopate have for years been governed by this thought, the

list is choked with Ultramontanes of the deepest dye, and so long ago as September last a letter was addressed to the Bishops asking their views as to the expediency of summoning a General Council. The majority of the replies are believed to have been favourable; but immense care has been employed in the invitations. French and Spanish priests are swarming in Rome, and are reinforced, first, by Bishops selected because of their extreme opinions; and secondly, by Oriental Bishops whose primary idea is obedience, and who have assembled in such numbers, that with their strange dresses, dark features, and conspicuous bearing, they seem in the streets of Rome to outnumber their Western colleagues. One of them, a mere lad of surpassing presence, seems at this moment to concentrate on himself the attention of a populace surprised by his beauty and the strangeness of his costume out of its indifference to dignitaries of the Church. The ultimate design, moreover, has been carefully concealed. The ostensible cause of the gathering is the elevation of certain martyrs to the degree of sainthood, and it is noteworthy that the first of these martyrs, the man whose deeds are depicted on paintings hung by the altar of St. Peter's, is a priest best described as the Marat of Catholicism, Arboes, the Spanish Inquisitor, perhaps the worst even among Spanish Inquisitors, a man infamous even in the annals of the Inquisition, who gloated over roasting Jews, and perished at last by no martyrdom, but at the hands of an infuriated relative of his victims. This, we say, was the ostensible reason; but the prelates were, of course, privately informed that more would be attempted, that it had become expedient to revise some ancient statutes, and invest the Pope with a more plenary measure of authority over the discipline of the Church. As the Bishops arrived, however, it was found that the fervency of their zeal would bear much more than this,—the spell of Rome began to fall upon them, and at last the great idea was broached that the time had arrived for changing the Republic into a monarchy by formally declaring as a dogma of the Faith the personal infallibility of the Pope, thus investing the occupant of the Chair with the full power of a General Council, to which there is, at all events, no theoretic limit, to proclaim dogmas, to promulgate rituals, alter discipline,—in short, do every thing which by possibility can be done by the Universal Church. All laws are to shrink before that supreme will, and trifles such as, for example, the sum-

mary unfrocking of Cardinal Andrea, which is at present beyond the Pope's power, will be as easy as writing a despatch. The whole of that mass of decrees, statutes, traditions, and customs by which the inordinate power of the central Bishop is at present regulated and moderated will be at once deprived of authority, save such as they may derive from the forbearance or the wisdom of the ruling Pontiff. It would even be possible to him to alter the form of succession to his own Primacy; and no concordat, unless supported by temporal power, could any longer be of force. It is useless, however, to multiply further illustrations. It suffices that from the instant the decree is passed, the breath of a single mouth becomes the supreme law of the Church, that an individual replaces the mystic Corporation, and that the faith of the half of Christendom becomes dependent on a personal will. The mass of Protestants we believe, think it is so now; but they are in error, the power of the Pope over belief, and, indeed, over action, being more strictly limited than they are accustomed to suppose. He has, indeed, no power of establishing dogma, and exceedingly little of varying, or suspending the essential ordinances of discipline, — could not, for example, limit, enlarge, or even closely define the sacerdotal power of absolving sinners. He and his Congregations together could, but only by interpretations, glosses, and explanations, not by mere decree. The Catholic world, at all events, will feel the full importance of the change, and the single question is, will the decree in its full plenitude be passed?

We cannot bring ourselves to believe it. That the ruling Powers in the Vatican intend, if they can, to pass it, is beyond doubt, but there are able men even in Rome, men who know the world which does *not* confess to them, men bred up in an atmosphere which is not that of Rome, genuine English Catholics, German prelates who understand Döllinger, Frenchmen who are not free from the "taint" of Gallicanism; and they are murmuring almost audibly, whispering that it will be wise to pause, suggesting a thought which weighs heavily in the Pope's own mind. *Can he trust the Council?* Once assembled, the Council is all-powerful, its members must be free to speak, and who

knows what will be said, or how infectious eloquence may prove? Even Bishops have grievances, the Society of Jesus is not loved, and the tremendous machine once set in motion may accomplish far more than its authors intended. Is there not danger that the dogma may in the end be rejected, to the sad weakening of authority, or that the Council may add riders which, by explaining, will restrict it, or that the secular Princes, alarmed at such absolutism, may intervene with the arm of flesh? Napoleon does not love Ultramontanism, or Italy, or any secular Prince, when presented in this undisguised form. Even the Bishops see danger in it for themselves, think that it changes the ecclesiastical Republic into too complete a Cæsarism. These whispers circulate fast, and are mingled with others which, out of Rome, would be doubts, doubts whether the Church can abdicate her supremacy, whether aught but herself can be infallible, whether the function delegated to her by Christ can be delegated even by herself in Council to any human hands. The Pope pauses, struck with the enormous magnitude of the revolution he proposes; informs the Bishops in Consistory that he will summon the Council, but does not fix the time, or even issue that notice to Christendom with which even he, who really believes in his own mystic authority, really thinks that he is more than the mouthpiece of the Universal Church, will not venture to dispense. He may recede, even now, busily as Archbishop Manning works on to his end with the full approval of the Vatican; but if he persists, and the gathering to canonize Arboes be changed into an Ecumenical Council, 1867 will be marked in history by an event greater than Sadowa, nothing less than the proclamation throughout the world of the descent of a new Avatar. Imagine! it is not only possible but likely, that, in the nineteenth century, the larger section of Christendom may be called on by irresistible authority — for the decree of a Council is to Roman Catholics throughout the world irresistible — to believe that the written utterance of a single human being is equivalent in obligation to a revelation from on High. It seems incredible; but in spite of the denials with which, if the scheme is postponed, we shall be flooded, it is true.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## ON POETRY.

THE spirit of poetry in man is that force which everywhere and through various means is urging him to the production of something beautiful — to the production of Beauty. Through Metrical Speech it finds one channel to express itself. Through this, it expresses itself on the whole more completely than in any other way. And, therefore, Metrical Speech, in its best examples, is called 'Poetry': this manifestation of the Poetic Spirit is called 'Poetry' — *par excellence*.

But the word 'Poetry' is used sometimes in *this* sense, sometimes in the wider and more general sense; and thus is produced, perhaps, some haziness in our minds. The words Poetry, Poet, Poetical, are often applied in a loose, indefinite manner. A beautiful place or prospect is called poetical; a starry night perhaps; a romantic incident; a noble action; a fair face or form. A picture, a piece of music, is said to be poetical, or 'full of poetry.' Dancing has been called 'the Poetry of Motion;' Sculpture, 'silent Poetry;' Beethoven is sometimes styled a 'tone-poet;' Turner, a 'poet in colours.'

In these cases, perhaps we mean, 'Here is a manifestation of the Spirit of Poetry;' or, perhaps, 'Here is something that impresses us like Metrical Poetry — puts us into a similar mood.' We may, consciously or unconsciously, refer either to the ideal source of all kinds of Poetry, or else to the flower and finest embodiment of the Spirit of Poetry which exists in metrical language; we may be using the words Poet and Poetry in a direct sense, or an indirect, or partly in the one and partly the other. Hence, some indistinctness and confusion of thought; greatest, when we come to compare one form of words with another form of words, and to call Prose 'poetical,' or even to call Prose 'Poetry,' as is done every day. What more common than to praise some rich and sonorous bit of prose-writing, or some flight of oratory, as 'highly poetical?' and now and again we go farther, and declare it to be 'true poetry.'

Let us examine this a little. Richly coloured and melodious sentences there are in the writings of several of our high prose-writers. Many parts of our English Bible have a powerful poetic impressiveness. If you call these 'poetry,' do I dissent? No. Substantially we agree. The question that

remains is one of words, of definition of words.

Here is a passage you say, which embodies the spirit of poetry in a powerfully impressive form. As to this, we are of one mind. Also it has a very discernible rhythm and modulation of sound — a greater degree of this than ordinary prose. Thus it has not only the high spiritual qualities of Metrical Poetry, but a noticeable degree also of the peculiar quality of *metre*. This does not amount to a regular metre, or the composition would be Metrical Poetry. It approaches, but is not, Metrical Poetry: it is something else. Might we not call it Rhythmic Prose? Then 'Rhythmic Prose' (you remark) may be, and is as high, perhaps a higher thing than regular Poetry. Not so either.

In certain grand and rare examples of Rhythmic Prose, the matter, the substance, is transcendently impressive, and the total effect upon the mind more powerfully poetic than the effect of any lower matter in a regular metrical form. Still, as a general rule, and other qualities being equal, and the matter expressed being suitable for rhythmic treatment, a composition in regular metrical form is more impressive than one which is not in regular metrical form. Nay, must not the Psalms be finer still in their original form than in any translation? and that original form is metrical, after the Hebrew manner. Isaiah and Ezekiel, too, and the author of 'Job,' recognised Metrical Poetry as a thing different from Prose, and rose into it when they felt need of their highest means of expression.

'Poetry' — *Poiesis* — Making — in the widest sense (as applied to man) I take to mean the mental Creative Energy, and its products — the whole group of the inventing, systematising, and ordering faculties; that energy which is the earthly well-head (but drawn from a higher invisible source) of morals, laws, arts, society.

Long usage has applied the word more distinctively to the Fine Arts — those arts which spring from, and appeal to, our sense of Beauty: and, in its *strictest* application, we confine the word Poetry to one particular Fine Art — that which expresses beauty through metrical speech. When any one speaks simply and without qualification of Poetry, he is understood to mean *Metrical* Poetry, and nothing else. And it is in this sense that I desire to use the word.

Now, Poetry is a different thing from Prose. Prose is sometimes very like Poetry; but speaking broadly, Prose and

Poetry are two distinct things, and ought, I submit, to have two distinct names. You might ask me to call the latter Verse; but I don't see that we need give up the old and honoured name, by which metrical Poetry is marked as Poetry *par excellence*.

Poetry includes every highest quality of Prose, and includes them in a definitely metrical and musical form, peculiar to itself: but observe, this form is not a mere grace and decoration; it is found by experience to give to words their greatest attainable force and beauty, and as a rule to convey the highest thoughts incomparably better than Prose. Poetry is metrical, Prose is non-metrical: they are thus at first definable by their forms: but the distinction is found to permeate their substance and spirit.

No doubt (though each has its proper realm, its own authority and laws) there is a kind of borderland where they sometimes mix. Prose is never without some share of rhythm and modulation, because these are inherent qualities in human speech; and in the best rhythmical prose this rises into a near approximation to the effect of metre. There are many gradations of rhythm from the merest Prose — say of an Act of Parliament, rising through that of a statement in the Nisi Prius Court, of a familiar letter, of a conversational narrative, of a newspaper leading-article, of an eloquent novel, of an impassioned oration, up to the rich, emphatic and almost lyrical modulation of our interestest prose-writers.

So, in the Pictorial Art, you may pass from a design in simple outline, to one in outline shaded, to a woodcut, an etching, an engraving, a tinted sketch, a sketch in colours; and upwards, by gradations, till you arrive at the finished water-colour or oil picture.

Now, an etching, or even a design in outline, may exhibit the highest qualities of the Pictorial Art in larger measure than many a painting. You might properly prefer one of Rembrandt's etchings, or one of Dürer's woodcuts, to a large and careful picture by Benjamin West, although President of the Royal Academy, and admired by George the third. Yet, in the finished picture only, the Pictorial Power uses all its means. And it is in organised metrical poetry that human speech attains its most perfect and impressive form.

But let us rather consider Prose in its usual and average condition, when it is most in its own character, and less emulous of those qualities which are the espe-

cial property of Poetry. Taking the simple and usual point of view, Prose is obviously one thing, and Poetry another.

It is in the very nature of Prose to be *non-metrical*; and it is artificially put together with that very intention. Prose is a later, less natural, more conventionalised and artificial form of composition, than Poetry. The metrical qualities of language are by effort and practice subdued, reduced to a minimum, kept out of observation. Prose is the expression of the scientific and analytical intellect, striving to take things separately, to examine them narrowly, little by little, continually guarding and limiting itself in its progress. Prose is careful, cautious, judicial; its business-like eyes fixed upon some attainable object, towards which it moves step by step, whether slowly or swiftly, lifting right foot after left in due succession. Vehement, high-coloured and notably rhythmic Prose, even when successful, is felt to be on the confines, if not over the boundary, of its proper dominion; it is only allowable in exceptional cases; if much used, it becomes disagreeable. In good Prose, as a rule, metrical forms are avoided. Metrical forms are felt to belong to a *mood* different from that to which Prose, as Prose, addresses itself; they belong to the *poetic mood*, in short, wherein imagination rather than intellect is paramount; a mood of delight, not of investigation, when the soul is lifted from the ground, and moves on pulsing wings in a new and freer element.

Prose Composition, then (we say) is a form of language growing out of scientific limitations and the spirit of analysis, and is only perfectly attained through the culture of ages. In early times every thing was chanted. The chief works in Sanskrit upon grammar, law, history, medicine, mathematics, geography, metaphysics, are in *verse*; verse being more natural, and more memorable. Science in those days was far from being so strict, scholastic, pedantic, as in ours (but there are changes gathering in the atmosphere of Science), for imagination came largely into all processes of thought; the feeling of the unity of the world, and of the general mystery of things, showed itself in every department of study; the universal was felt in the particular. Mean associations of ideas and words (always caused by separation from the universal) were fewer than they now are. With the progress of culture came necessarily division of studies, definitions, exclusions, application to particulars, and the growth of Prose as a distinct vehicle of thought.

Poetry, by this (you may say), would ap-

pear to belong to a barbarous condition of humanity. Say, rather, to a simple and primeval condition. After science and analysis have done their best, there is still need for us nineteenth-century people to make a synthesis, and a larger synthesis than ever: to rise from anatomic studies to the contemplation and enjoyment of Life — from particulars to the universal. The Man of Science, the Man of Business, break up the whole into little bits, for analysis, for calculation, for sale; the Poet reconstructs the shattered world, and shows it still complete and beautiful.

Poetry proper (the Poetry of which I speak) is metrical, by the nature of it. Metre is *sine qua non*; and though you may compare *this* given specimen of Prose with *that* given specimen of Poetry, and prefer the former, and even rightly prefer it, and prove that it possesses a larger share of poetic qualities than the latter, yet the one remains a different quality of thing from the other. And however high the degree of poetic expression that has, in exceptional instances (fewer, perhaps, than we vaguely fancy), been attained in Prose, Metrical Poetry remains the best medium of poetic expression. The works of the Poets — of the high men who wrote in metre, are, as matter of fact, the real treasury of poetic language. The Sense of Beauty, seeking expression in words, finds in Metrical Poetry its most fitting embodiment.

Metre, I repeat (for there is much misconception as to this), is the natural form of Poetry; and it brings about certain important results, for thereby is Poetry constituted as one of the Arts — an Art which is perhaps the earliest, as it is the most famous of them all.

Art comes to man before Science; also, it comes after Science, and includes it.

‘But what is your boasted Art, after all, but a toy — a knack of rhymes and metres?’

Yes! — and what in fact, too, are bits of cobalt and vermillion, when you come to consider them dispassionately? What is Raffael's brush? a tag of bristles (you may count them, if you like) — what is Mozart's harpsichord? a frame of chips and wire. And what are you yourself, my friend? — what am I? — but a bundle of rods, and strings, and pipes? Only, somehow, there is a something slipt in which we call *Life* — nay, *Soul*, — and which makes a difference. We don't know what it is: we see it in its effects.

Poetry has a good deal of life in it. What is old Homer himself, this very long

time, but a name, a dream, a question? But the Homeric Poems are alive at this day over the face of the earth, springing up fresh and fresh like grass, new to every new generation. They have outlived dynasties, and nations, and creeds. Two hundred and fifty years ago, William Shakespeare's body (eyes and hands, tongue and brain) was hidden in the ground beside a little river in Warwickshire; but his Book is not buried in this world yet, — it is running about, lively enough. He put himself, partly, into words — into words of poetry.

Why do we love and reverence Art? Because it gives a natural scope, and lasting expression, to *Genius*.

Why is ‘Painting’ a grand word? Because the Art of Painting has embodied for us the genius of such men as Van Eyck and John Bellini, Raffael and Titian, Holbein and Hogarth and Turner.

What is glorious in music? That it keeps for us, safer than wine in its flask, the fine inspirations that come (we know not how, they knew not how) to a Bach, a Gluck, a Handel, a Mozart, a Purcell, a Beethoven, a Rossini; and to those nameless men who made the delicious old melodies of Ireland, and Scotland, and Wales.

And even so, by the Art of Poetry has embodied itself the power and beauty and wisdom and versatility of the minds of the Greek, Latin, Oriental, Italian, Spanish, German, English Poets, — a noble crowd. The work of these men cannot be held as toyish and trifling. Their place in human history is honourable, and most honourable. The Art through which they reach us, through which they belong to us, certainly is wonderful, and to be revered.

I had intended to submit in this place some thoughts on Painting, Sculpture, and Musical Composition, distinguishing these, along with Poetry, as *Creative Arts*, — of course using the word ‘creative’ in no absolute sense; and also on Acting, on Musical Performance, and on Oratory, describing these as *Arts of Personal Communication*: as well as on the semi-fine-arts (is there no good phrase for them?) which ally beauty with usefulness. Architecture I reckon one of these: also Prose-Writing, which is perhaps to Poetry what Architecture is to Sculpture and Painting; mere Prose being mere building, like Baker Street, or Pimlico, or a brick wall; good Prose rising and rising, till it meets, competes, almost blends with Poetry. But it seems better to refrain for the present than to deal with these mat-



ters too cursorily: and I leave untouched the question as to Landscape-Gardening's place among the arts.

Metre is the bodily form of Poetry: and now on metre let us say a few words. Metre, a stimulant and a delight, acts through the ear. A man deaf from his birth could not taste the true enjoyment of Poetry: though he might have some pleasure, through the eye, from those verses arranged in the visible forms of eggs, altars, turbots, lozenges, which you see in old-fashioned books.

Metrical movement in words, — swing, emphasis and cadence, melodious and varied tones, rhythm and rhyme, have (as matter of fact) certain peculiar effects upon us. Some people are more moved than others, more vibrant; but all (unless notably defective) are thus moved in some degree.

We do not examine or estimate the Art of Painting or the Art of Music, according to the impressions of those who have least natural sensibility to those arts; nor need we stop to consider degrees of sensibility to Poetry, or to argue with those who care little or nothing for Poetry, or complain of them, or lament over them. Innumerable people know, from experience, that metrical movement tends to draw the mind into, and keep it in, a particular mood — a mood peculiarly favourable to certain impressions. Partly the mind is drawn, partly it yields. Its own feeling coincides with the known intention of the writer, or speaker. It receives, and it prepares itself for delight. It is at once soothed and stimulated. It desires and expects warmth of feeling, beauty of imagery, subtlety and rapidity of thought, refined, rich, and expressive forms of words, in the best possible order.

And all these are given to it by good Poetry. In its melodious movement, it raises a succession of pleasurable expectations, and in due succession fulfils them; shows at once a constant obedience to law, and a joyful boldness and mastery; with free yet symmetrical swing and cadence, with regulated exuberance (like that of Nature in all her best forms) a beautiful proportionality develops itself as by spontaneous movement, giving to each part its utmost effect, while each remains in due subordination to the whole.

Thus far, the effect closely resembles that of Music; but during the working of Poetry's enchantment, the intellectual powers also are in a peculiar condition of pleasurable excitement and clairvoyance. Beautiful Proportionality permeates the thought and the spirit of the thought which the

well-proportioned words convey. Plan, ideas, images, style, words, are all modulated to one harmonious result. All, together, moves and floats, and orbs itself. A rapid-glancing and airy logic (but strong and genuine) makes itself felt throughout; the highest and sweetest gifts of memory, of fancy, of imagination, are now fittest to the soul's mood; the synthetic, comparing, harmonising, unifying power is in the ascendant. The soul rises above trivial cares and hindrances, moving rapidly, breathing in all its body like a bird, rejoicing in every cadence of its beating wings; all its powers at command, all of them acting in due subordination; it is become more refined, clairvoyant, harmonious; organised form and regulated movement are combined with a mystical and super-sensuous beauty. Beautiful Proportionality, manifest yet mysterious, that all-pervading quality of Nature's work, — here it is also, developed in the world of man's mind, in the microcosm of human thought.

This is the work of man's joyful sense of beauty (of the beauty which is in all things, rightly seen) expressing itself in choicest rhythmic words; and this is the most complete manner of human expression. Every man, when he speaks his best, would utter Poetry, if he could.

Shall we then call *any* composition of metrical words a poem? — and leave no distinction at all between Poetry and Verse? This would not do. Without metre, no Poetry; but, given a metrical form of words, have we necessarily Poetry? Not so. What is thus expressed must be something *naturally fit to be so expressed*.

For expression by the Pictorial, or by the Musical Art, certain things are fit, other unfit, and the limits of these Arts are well marked. The Art of Poetry is of wider scope, less definite boundary; hence the innumerable mistakes of critics, and of poets too. But on the whole it is recognised that Poetry is doing its right and peculiar office when it expresses imaginative truth, in forms of beauty, or of sublimity, imbued with tenderness, awe, aspiration, exultation, every mood of noble emotion; and the general result is harmonious thought and feeling in harmonious words.

The Poet does not think in prose, and turn his thought into poetry, by measurement and arrangement and decoration. His thought is poetic. The beauties of a true Poem are not excrescences — they are part of the life and nature of the work. When a true poetic impulse, seeking verbal expres-

sion, clothes itself successfully in rhythmic speech, the rhythm will have a natural suitability to the thought: its words will be the fittest and choicest words; its arrangement of them, the best possible arrangement. In good Poetry, the Metre is not a limitation, but a power; it gives not shackles, but wings.

Good Poetry is in every way the choicest arrangement of words: it demands, therefore, and rewards, the nicest *elocution*. And here let us glance at the benefits which Poetry confers on Language. Poetry preserves, upholds, and improves Language. It chooses the most clear, vivid, and exact forms of speech; and supports the purest methods of pronunciation. Poetry is the chief storehouse of authority on these matters. Changes must gradually come into every Language: but Poetry opposes itself to carelessness, conventionality, vulgarism, corruption of whatever kind,—all those deteriorations to which ordinary speaking and writing are so subject. And remember that when language decays, not merely good taste, but thought and reason also decay. One cannot rate highly the *jus et norma loquenti* of our own day, but doubtless it would be many degrees worse but for the Poets. The diction of social life is at present for the most part vague, unpoetic and corrupt; so also is the general run of our public writing and public oratory,—both of which indeed being addressed to the hour, we naturally the phraseology of the hour; but it is proper for men of literature, and it is their duty, to uphold our noble tongue out of these debasements. This, though a subordinate, is an important function of literature, and especially of the flower of literature, Poetry,—namely, to preserve and if possible enhance Language (which is Thought's body) in health and beauty. Many words and phrases now in common use are less than half alive; blood from the intelligent vital source hardly enters their cold lumpy substance. Human speech of this kind resembles the Horny Woman whose skin was hard warts all over,—smiles, blushes, every sympathetic change, being hopelessly and hideously encrusted. The Poets by their genius, their sensibility and culture, are led to use those forms of their native tongue which are essentially best. And the general characteristic of their forms, where differing from those in ordinary use, is by no means additional pomp, elaboration, inflation, but on the contrary greater simplicity, naivety, directness, nature, truth; and thus they are at once

more picturesque and more exact. Which do you suppose, is the Great Newspaper or the Great Poet the more simple and more exact in the use of words? Good poetic language fits as close as possible to its thoughts; while ordinary language too often hangs loosely sagging and bagging, here gathered into a shapeless hump, there trailing on the ground, disguising and disgracing the thought of which it is the slovenly garment.

The Spirit of Poetry itself it was, which, at an earlier stage of language, fitted words to things, and ever it requires the word and phrase not merely to approach but to get as near as possible to the thought. Many or most of the finest forms of language we owe, as we shall find if we trace them up, to the Poets. The chief wealth of Prose is borrowed or adapted from the treasure-house of Poetry. Poetry has not only originated the best words and applications of words, but has taught Prose the general power of language, and given it the hint of invention. They who, loving high prose, disparage Poetry, are, if they knew it, a little ungrateful. I know a very great Prose-writer of our time, who is not always respectful to Poetry in the abstract, yet whose pages are bejewelled with costly phrases and sentences from the Poets.

The youth enjoying his beloved poem, perusing and reperusing till every line becomes familiar as his own name, is unawares storing his memory with better forms of language than he could elsewhere find. Considered merely as a literary composition, a good Poem is incomparably the most perfect of such things,—although Prose has a wider and more varied service.

Dealing oftener with high and abstruse matters, good Poetry is always as clear as the nature of the subject and the nature of human speech will allow. If not, it so far falls short of what it might be, and of what Poetry is, at its best. At the same time let me remark, that good Poetry is not to be read lazily and loungingly, but with both eyes open, and all one's wits about one.

Now think of the diffusion of the English language over the face of the globe, and of the still mightier future that lies before it among the unborn millions of Australia and of the American Continent, and it will appear no light thing to uphold the purity and strength of the great English Tongue, and to confirm it by examples and models. When a language becomes corrupt, so also do thought and reason; the form of civilisation which it contains and expresses must deteriorate along with it.

Even in this lively literary weather, so to speak, of our own day, when it snows novels, and hails essays, and blows newspaper-articles from all points of the compass at once, a good Poem still finds its readers, is oftener read, and better remembered, than the other things.

Repeat to me a sentence or two of that leader which you were so much pleased with, eighteen months ago, or say the day before yesterday. You can't. It was not meant, you will say, to be remembered verbatim — it did its part, gave its message, had its influence. But (allowing this its value, even allowing the influence of the clever swiftly read newspaper article to have been always a good influence, never a bad, which would be allowing a great deal) — do you think it would be well that all writing should be of this hasty and ephemeral character? — nothing written with care, and with the highest care? nothing that will be worth reading next month, or next year?

Can we not guess some of the probable effects on taste, and on judgment too?

To its Poets, the World on the whole is not unappreciating or ungrateful. The greatest names in Literature, among the greatest in all History, are the names of Poets. Over millions and generations of men they have an influence, not confined to one people or tongue. The higher the Poet's genius, the more it belongs to all mankind; and its effect is to unite them all in the feeling of a common humanity. Poetry, in its actual examples, is differently conditioned and modified in different languages. The Poet is limited by his instrument, and some languages give more freedom and power in poetic expression than others: but we must not deviate into these tempting byways.

Poetry, as we believe, preserves and purifies languages, cultivates good taste, helps memory, fills the mind with fair images and high unselfish thoughts, wondrously increases our perception and enjoyment of natural beauty, relieves the pain of our usual lack or poverty of expression, shaping and bringing within compass multifarious thoughts and feelings, otherwise inexpressible. But the boon of boons, including all the rest, is the general enlargement, elevation, emancipation, of the soul. Poetry universalises. In its last result it is never despondent, but inspired with the loftiest joy and courage. It begins in the glad sense of Universal Beauty, and when it bestows the same glad sense upon its

hearers, its result is accomplished. Here and there you find a short poem, exceptional, expressing a despondent mood, but the best Poetry in its total effect is cheerful and encouraging. Even when it treats of sorrow, of pain, of death, it is sympathetic, but not despondent and gloomy. The very production of the exceptional sad poem, indicates a degree of victory over the sadness. The Iliad, treating much of war, wound and violent death, is animated and exhilarating throughout: of Dante's great poem the first part is most read, for its picturesqueness and dreadful fascination; but the second is an ascending symphony of hope and faith, and the third part a hymn of heavenly rapture. Chaucer is cheerful as the green landscape after a spring shower; Spenser full of rich vivacity and bold adventure; Shakespeare's book a multifarious world of movement and interest; nothing did Goethe so much abhor, in art and in literature, as despondency, discouragement.

The Poet, when he is most himself, rises to a high and serene view. He will not exhibit grief, misery, horror, in isolated shapes and for the mere sensational effect; these must lose their harsh and painful prominence, and fall into place in a large and noble circle of ideas. The merely painful always marks as inferior the work in which it is found. Didactic poetry, and doctrinal poetry, are also inferior, so far as they are narrowed not merely by human but by particular limitations, concerned too much with certain people, opinions, circumstances with the temporary and accidental. In the pure mountain air which blows over the realm of true Poetry, no mental epidemics can exist, or if it rises thither it melts away fever of partisanship, itch of personality, ophthalmia of dogmatism, lie below with us upon the marsh-lands.

Yet the Poet escapes not the influence of his time, usually it affects him far too much. He is sensitive, sympathetic, enters easily into the feelings and opinions of others, but does not so easily escape again. He is apt to fall into sudden timidity in the midst of his boldest enterprises, apt to yield to the pressure of the hour. Also his delicacy of senses persuade him to luxury and affectation. His experience of the stupidity and selfishness which have possession of so many human beings goads him sometimes to one or another form of cynicism. He may sometimes write below his own dignity and that of his Art. But, remember, if he puts any evil (here is not meant by evil

what this person or that person may object to, but contradiction of his own better self, treason to humanity) — if he puts any wickedness into his poetry, it is so much the less Poetry. So far it suffers loss of value and of rank. The external facts, too, and incidents connected with composition and publication, are often ugly, nauseous and warping.

The ideal, the typical Poet has all but superhuman power of vision and of speech. But in the actual, every Poet is very limited and imperfect. Even the greatest Poets are faulty, full of faults and short-comings. Each, limited already in his genius, is also limited from without, and does not do even as well as he might. On every side a dull and perverse world of persons and circumstances presses in upon his work.

The fair Poem, a gift to many, — to the Poet himself is often but a poor shadow, a faint reminiscence of some glorious message.

• Could I revive within me  
Her symphony and song,  
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,  
That, with music loud and long,  
I would build that dome in air,  
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
And all who heard should see them there;  
And all would cry, 'Beware! Beware!  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread;  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.'

Never yet has a Great Poem been really written — only hints and fragments. No one as yet has delivered his message even as well as he might have done. The masterpieces of all Poetry are only such by comparison.

I think — hope — might almost say believe, that the best poets are yet to come. Do we not hope for a better earth than has yet been? And we all hope for a better life elsewhere. Shall not *that* have its Poetry, think you, inexpressibly greater and finer than any thing we can now conceive or dream of? — and when Man is more in unison with Heaven (be it here or elsewhere) a fairer, fuller Poetry will surely arise: yet, with all its imperfections, that which we already possess is a great gift.

Of Poetry as written, Poetry as we have it, there are many degrees and varieties.

Every poem need not be great — but it must be genuine in its own kind.

Every poem is the result of two co-operating forces: one, impulse, emotion, inspira-

tion; the other, will, intention, conscious effort. Of true Poems, some have more of the one, and some of the other; and so also of different parts of a Poem, one part is done chiefly from will, another part from impulse. The Poets, exceedingly various as they are, seem to me to be divisible mainly into two great classes, those whose work springs chiefly from the pure poetic impulse, and those whose work is chiefly produced by will and intention.

Those whom I would place in the second named and lower class (let us call it class P.W., from *poetic will*) are able men who have been turned, by circumstances and choice, in proportions varying in the various instances, to express themselves through the medium of verse, and who on the whole successfully accomplish their aim. Other men, of equal or greater total capacity, are quite ungifted for singing their thoughts; but these of whom we speak have more or less a share of the necessary gift; some true musical impulse moves in the midst of their general intellectual power; each, along with his other qualities, has enough of the metrical, the musical, the poetic, to urge him or at least to enable him to write in verse, and this gives him his claim to be called a Poet; though still, one will prove much more of a Poet than another. Some poets there are, who, in the economy of things, appear to be made for the *unpoetic* listener, — since metrical language works more or less upon all men. In the Poets whom I would reckon in the other class (let us call it class P.I., from *poetic impulse*), the purely poetic impulse is the master quality, irrepresible and all-pervading; even as the born Painter has a constant delight in colour for its own sake.

One might, I think, arrange the names of all Poets known to him (though in certain cases there might be question and difficulty) broadly into these two large classes. This done, it probably strikes us, that such a one standing in the P.W. class is on the whole greater than such another in the P.I.: but we also find that *all the greatest* Poets in the total list stand in the class marked P.I.; and that the precious qualities *peculiar to Metrical Poetry* come to us most abundantly from natures wherein also dwell the highest sensibility to beauty, the swiftest movement of thought, the most penetrative intellect. The imagery of these men is usually that of the true Imagination, intuitive, dealing with essential relations of things; the imagery of those who would come into our second class is collected chiefly by the Fancy, in her sport, or for parade.

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If we divide and classify further we arrange Poets into certain schools, — but at last we shall find, if we go on, that every considerable Poet is to be taken singly; and the greater the Poet, the more distinctly individual he is. He views the world in his own way, and reports his experience in his own way; his sincerity is his power. If he 'carries a mirror,' it is not a common mirror, but a magic mirror, made out of his individual quality. Yet, a high Poet is also a chief representative of the human race; his work, while peculiar, is at the same time thoroughly sympathetic. The particulars which he conveys so strikingly are not mere particulars, they are also typical, and have a general application. May not the singularity of each Poet be taken as an indication of the importance, the kingship, of every single Human Being? Each has a whole world of his own, besides the world that is his in common with mankind. The poet is peculiar, because largely receptive of life and nature at first hand, and bold and skilful enough to sing his own proper experiences; he is universal by virtue of that unity which underlies all appearance, and which is everywhere reached by the penetrative mind. The peculiarity will be modified by circumstance and accident; the insight, the piercing veracity, is the gift given to all true Poets, and the secret of their strength.

Let us glance back at the ground we have passed over. Poetry is the Art of Verbal Metrical Expression. It is the most comprehensive of the Arts. It furnishes the most adequate means of expressing certain thoughts and moods. The thought, the mood, must itself be emotional and creative — must be such as moves all the powers of expression to harmonious result. It is first the movement of the Poet's *mind* that is musical: not saying 'musical' in any technical sense, but that his mind is moved and modulated into a beautiful orderliness: his emotions, his conceptions, when they seek and find the most fitting expression, flow into harmonious speech. There is always some resistance in the medium; his song is not so free and perfect as he desires. He must often compromise, supply missing links, as best he can, by more conscious exertion; he stumbles, makes mistakes, falls short in many ways; but if his work on the whole is a genuine Poem, a boon to mankind, an addition to the world, the music of it first vibrated spiritually through the Poet's being.

Where lies the source of this influence? It lies deep. In approaching this part of my subject, I would avoid anything like rhetorical or rhapsodical tone. The idea to be conveyed is, I believe, not fanciful, fantastic, but of the deepest truth; — deep is it, and draws us into such awful particulars, that Poetry itself could alone furnish words in the least degree adequate, words at once clear and subtle; and even these at their best would fail and fall short.

To those varied and wonderful manifestations of the Divinity, in the midst whereof we find ourselves placed, and of which we form a part, and a most important part, we give collectively, in default of a better term, the name of 'Nature.' And all Nature is poetic — a countless multitude of poems, which Man translates as best he may into his own language. It is too great for any of us; we can but report a line here and a verse there. The Man of Science is the critic and grammarian of Nature's Poems; the Poet the translator and interpreter. Neither is let into the secret. The absolute essence remains inconceivable. Yet most astounding it is that little Man should possess the faculties of intellectual investigation and the powers of spiritual vision which are his; powers correlative to all that is external to him — other forms of One Eternal Truth.

Nature is poetic: Nature (as we have ventured to express it) is a Poem, and every part of Nature. Art is not the same as Nature, has something less and something more, is an externalised beauty imbued with human elements, and is *not* the result of mere imitation of Nature: but that life, that Spirit, which shows itself through Nature, and which shows itself through Art, is one and the same. That which is the life of our pictures, our music, our verse-poetry, — there it is also in Nature. Beauty is everywhere, unnecessary, useless beauty, throughout earth, water, air, and the infinite of space; and everywhere developed in metre, in balance, in rhythm, in symmetry; the grand original *Poiesis*. Consider merely the growth of a plant: what the Indian conjuror pretends to do in five minutes is no less wonderful in the slower natural movement continued throughout weeks and months. The little seed sends up its stem like a slender fountain, shaking out the delicate foliage on every side, unfolding bud and flower, leaf for leaf, petal for petal, in due order and proportion, with symmetry and freedom gracefully reconciled; beauty is not alone of lily, rose, and palm-tree;

every wayside weed is a green poem. More wonderful still the multiform animal creation: Lion and Horse, Bird, Serpent, Fish, Butterfly, Earthworm, Animalcule, each of these, and every living thing, harmoniously organised, and fitted to its place; and above these again our own orderly and rhythmic frame, with its powers and energies.

Then consider in this light the steps and incidents and progression of a human life, from appearance to evanishment. Every chief incident, every group of incidents, seen in the true connection and from the proper point of view, with right insight and right feeling, is poetic. I do not speak of the life of a hero, but of an average common-place human being. Birth, Childhood, Youth, Maturity, Old Age, Death; — a day, a month, a year, a life from cradle to grave, — all together rounds itself, when seen from a little way off, into a consistent and symmetric form, which as a whole is permeated with beauty, — rounds itself into a Poem.

Again, looking off from ourselves, we see every day, not unrelated to us, the landscape with all its variety combined and rounded and poetised within its horizon-circle. This we see with the natural eyes. And with the larger and no less truthful eyes of the imagination, we can see (standing upon the vantage-ground won by Science, and looking beyond and above Science) this Earth-Globe of ours, clad with the seasons, painted with day and night and many-coloured clouds, softly spanning round its regulated course. Who doubts of this, more than of the apple which he holds in his hand? What man has ever seen this? It is a Poem, seen only by the eyes of the imagination, but known also to be a scientific fact. Is there any External Universe (the old question)? We answer, Yes. How can we know any thing of it? In the last step, only by the Poetic Imagination.

Looking higher still and farther, aided thereby, what find we? On every side, — boundless, inconceivable, yet true and sure, as mere matter of fact as our own five fingers when we hold out our hand, — a Universe crowded with Earths and Suns. They move and mingle unceasingly, in a mighty dance, 'Cycle on epicycle, orb on orb.' Our utmost imagination, though entirely believing, throws hitherward a most faint and ineffectual glance. This great Universe is the Poem of Poema. The Maker of it is the Primal Poet.

And higher still we may rise above this

sphere, into the awful perception of Absolute Truth, when in the soul Religion and Poetry are one, and we recognise Conscience and its laws as a beautiful reality and wonder excelling the Starry Heaven itself.

The Plant, the Animal, the World, — poems, miracles, are these; Man the greatest. He only, of all known Created Beings, has the gift of articulate speech, and of conscious communion with the Divine Source, — this faculty, this communion, cognate powers. So does he share in little the Creative energy. He orbs his intelligent life into economic, into moral, into social, into religious order. His delight in the universal Beauty he projects into ordonnance of forms and colours and sounds; and for all the faculties of his mind, in due subordination and perfect proportionality, he finds an expression, and the best expression, in the wider, freer, and more various elements of Language, and so orbs that also into Poetry — what we agree to call 'Poetry' *par excellence*. Divine is the impulse, nor are the means unworthy, since Language also (however we may trace its progress) originates from a spiritual, a celestial source. In Language, the Poetic Spirit seeks, finds and uses its own, that which it gave long before, and ever it strives after what is truest and most essential in Language. Rightly is Poetry esteemed miraculous, a gift from above. The impulse comes to all men, but only a few are so open and sensitive by genius, so unspoilt by circumstance, so unclogged with trifles, unshackled by daily needs, as to vibrate with free and full responsive tone, and convey to others any hint of the heavenly message. Here and there by the bounty of Heaven, some true messenger, among many pretended messengers and many self-deceiving, speaks a word not inadequately. In those good and happy moments of enlargement and power, when memory, hope, experience, faith, imagination, all the faculties, rise together into an emotional mood of love and joy, new, delicious, and creative, — a gifted Human Soul, recognising the presence of eternal beauty, and impelled to communicate its delight, projects itself into the world of language, and there creates beautiful things.

Happy I call him, whatsoever his visible fortune, to whom above the petty and distracting din of the passing day, it is given to hear the far-off movement of an Eternal Harmony. For one Poem that he writes, ten thousand unwritten poems are his.

And if he have the gift and courage to report well some snatch or fragment, happy also are they whose ear and soul are open to his message.

In youth, when the senses are fresh and the spirit is open, it is well to drink of this ambrosia. As people grow older, they are apt to grow more shrewd and decorous, not always more reverent, not in every way wiser. I can imagine that an Old Man may gladly find floating on winged words into his memory some early dream, some ideal hope or joy, some high thought, a Poet's gift, and find it truer after all, more deep founded, than much that he deemed reality in life, but which was only fleeting appearance. Perhaps, though long latent, it has not been without its influence.

But whether this or that individual, young or old, reads or never reads, remembers or does not remember any Poetry in a given form of words, the Poets have not the less influenced and modified the world of men into which he and we have been born, the language that we speak, the society in which we live.

If A. or B. cares nothing, has never cared any thing for Poetry, 'tis his loss and his defect — the greater, the less he is conscious of it; let him at least avoid any bragging as to his apathy. He might as reasonably be proud of deafness or blindness.

Poetry, like Humanity itself, appears poor and absurd, or rich and profound, partly according to the mood in which we regard it, but mainly according to the wisdom we bring to its estimation.

The Spirit of Poetry is assuredly a divine presence and power. This particular manifestation of it, this Art of Metrical Language, is a fact and a force in the world; its effects delightful, elevating, and enduring; its source hiding beyond investigation, — in the Infinite Deep of Things.

W. A.

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### TWO SALUTATIONS.

##### 'GOOD MORROW, MY PRETTY MAID.'

ONCE upon a time, on a summer morning, three regiments of soldiers marched through an old burgh town, known to its inhabitants as emphatically 'the town,' — one of those towns, like blue-white oysters hanging from brown and green seaweed, which fringe the coast of the frith, known in its young days as Scotland Water. The town was not di-

lapidated then. It was the resort of skippers gently born, who did a little in the privateering business, and left their marks in the shape of two-storied, wind-swept, sea-washed houses, with back doors and main doors — a coping above the last, and square stone above the coping, bearing anchor or a coat of arms, or two pairs of initials — those of husband and wife — carved in stone if disunited in flesh.

The town had its population, but what the soldiers saw of them consisted solely of women, unless children, dogs, hens, and ducks be taken into account. Not women in their normal state either, running out fine or slatternly, rejoicing in the sight of the red coats, blessing the bonnie faces of the Southern; but lowering women, scowling and scolding, and where they could not scowl and scold, sore-hearted and wet-eyed. When they held up their children, it was not to laugh and crow to the strangers, but to threaten them: — 'Look at them, bairn, ken them again; and if your father fall laddie, grow a man and be their deaths.' The old skipper town, hating the Union and loving its former privileges in malt and salt and trade with Holland, was Jacobite to the heart's core, and these were soldiers of Cumberland, whom Englishmen call Bluff Bill, and Scotchmen, the Butcher. The townsmen were away with the Jacobite leaders; the women were left behind to witness the desolation and degradation of the town as the Hanoverian troops crossed the ferry, quartered themselves on their enemies, or marched in pursuit of 'Charlie and his men,' to wait for news of encounter and engagements, to sigh for the return of their men folk. And the echo of the women's sighs sougths still on the bleak Scotch breezes, among the swaying thistles and nodding bluebells in snatches of old songs — 'Oh! send Lewie Gordon home;' 'I would be right again, gin Jamie were come back.'

A strange, deserted, sad, sullen world these English gentlemen, yeomen, and grooms passed through in the hostile districts, like crossing Styx, and wandering among the shades of the dead, as to the Hessians the Northern pass appeared the mouth of Hell; but they were mostly practical men, thinking of the glories of Bath in the season, or the comforts of country houses, of shot and shoulder-belts, of boots and tops and aching limbs within them, of grudging nights' quarters and 'sweeter' kae and porridge, or, if their imaginations were given to excursions, of hillside ambushes and the slogan of Highland savages.

The bitter jibes and muttered curses of the women fell on the soldiers like small stones on coats of mail; they were not worth resenting, so long as a war of words was all which the viragos ventured to wage. Yet were they strong women these Scotch wenches—some of them the terror of the yellow harvest field in their snoods or curches, or the randy fishwives of the white sandy shore. Most of them had drunk in Scripture with their Scotch blood and their mothers' milk, and were well read in the stories of Jael and Sisera, and the mother in Israel who threw down a piece of a millstone on the head of Abimelech, the son of Jerubbaal; and the red coats had need to march warily through the steep narrow streets of the town.

A few of the spectators were of higher rank and gentler breeding, but not of opposite faith; these were at the windows, expressing their wrath by silent, stately scorn. One young woman of this class filled a narrow window with her hoop and her ruffles; while at the other window of the same tall, grey house, women and children, ladies and servants, clustered and hung by each other like frightened pigeons or sheep; but the girl set herself forth alone as a mark for the carbines should there be skirmishing in the streets, or volleys of insolent triumph, in voluntary testimony, knitting her smooth brow and setting her white teeth, to her hatred of the Whigs. She had thrown the window up and leant on the sill, and there framed by the window-frame in a setting of diamonds, the small window-panes glistening and sparkling behind her head, she was a conspicuous object and a striking contrast to the general forlornness and disarray,—the studied neglect and squalor. Not that it was a propitious face, for not a face there gloomed more determinedly; but it was the gloom of a summer shower shined in a rainbow: the pout of a girl, and a lovely girl—a rustic beauty growing up spontaneously like the convolvulus on the sea braes, with the same wonderful combination of delicacy and wildness. A throat like a swan's, a head like a fawn's, eyes like the shy beautiful eyes of a game bird, and a mouth that spoke frank, rash froward words of love and hate; a delightful, bold, fearless, trusting, tempting child's mouth, which even as she bridled and frowned, burst apart, and showed the glistening teeth in their half appreciation and whole marvel at a grand spectacle, a rare show in the town. The entire figure was in holiday array, as Montrose dressed for his execution. In silk gown, worked apron, and gold chain

with keys dangling at the side, lace stomacher, and little lace cap laid flat, like the cap of the Christ Church boys, on the top of the overflowing, crisp, girlish dark hair.

A young officer with a light step, a roving glance, and a gay, thoughtless heart, looked up and caught sight of the peerless picture, the one pleasant picture which the town presented. 'Good-morrow, my pretty maid; will you go with me?' he called out of the undisciplined ranks, giving a scrape and a swagger.

The blood rushed like fire over the beautiful young face; but as the other women screamed and fell back, she stretched farther forward, and facing the bold man, she drew her two arched brows into one straight black line, pressed her red lips together, and uttered the bare monosyllable 'No' with an energetic rudeness that caused a hoarse laugh to rise and ring among the old rough John Bull soldiers.

The young officer was a man of rank (as they say), and would linger and parley at will though he kept his comrades waiting. 'And why not?' he demanded in explanation. 'Because you are no an honest man,' asserted the daring, confiding red lips, the wild eyes looking without winking at his dangling sword and silver-mounted pistols, the white throat swelling with fondness and fidelity to his foe; while a murmur and rustle of fear—an 'Oh, Mause, tak' tent and dinna brag the sodger,' shook like the wind among the slim willows and the birches, the group at her side.

The officer reddened a shade in approach to the hue, 'angry and brave,' of his coat, but he put the best face he could on the sharp retort. 'How do you know that, my pretty maid?' he went on in mock defiance.

'By the colour of your coat,' she answered, shortly; 'no honest man wears siccan a coat on his back,'—and she shut the window with a bang and ran from it in sudden panic, as the commanding officer behind cried 'Forward!' and the loiterers advanced in double-quick time. Not before Captain Bernard, of Bernard's Court, in the wolds of Yorkshire, hailed a passer-by—'Who was that lass that answered from the window?' (He had learnt the term, like the poor gallant Frenchified lad who, with the two words 'bonnie lass,' won the woman's heart of Scotland.)

'Lass!' grumbled the pawky gangrel, 'she's nane of a lass; she's the young leddy of Legs-my-lea' (*Scotticè* for *Ecclesia Maria*, Church lands rechristened at the Reformation), 'Mistress Mause Milin of Water-



gate that was; the Laird of Legs-my-lea wedded her and brought her hame a month syne: for him you can speer word at her if ye want him, for he's gane like the lave of the men to the coals, or the peats, or the hay, or — aweel, the deil and their wives ken whar.'

It happened that Captain Bernard was left, much against his will, to hold the town with two scores of his men; and before night the news was brought him that the Laird of Legs-my-lea had been in a tussle with the loyal militia of a landward town, at some miles' distance, had been wounded in the shoulder, had trailed himself home like a wounded dog, and was lying hid in his house in the town at that very moment. 'Legs-my-lea!' cried the captain; 'by George, that's the husband of the saucy jade who spurned me!'

'YOUR WORSHIPFUL SERVANT, MADAM.'

THE Laird of Legs-my-lea's house in the town was scant of room. People did not want either space or privacy in those days, but did the most exciting deeds, elbowing each other, in the centre of well-informed, interested spectators. Then there was trouble in the house, which makes a house smaller. Last month a bride had been brought home by a wildfire of a laird, who did not think 'going out' and risking his head was sufficient business on his hands, but must marry a wife and risk her tender heart into the bargain. Now, a wounded man lay, boots and all, on the top of the quilt which Mause had patched, in the box-bed, that was not yet discarded from its position as a convenient article of furniture in a private sitting-room. It was highly convenient for Magnus the laird — the comely, despotic, generous young giant, who was not so much injured that he could not raise himself on his elbow, see what was going on in domestic economy, and put in his word when affairs went against his will, and in the fever and irritation of his wound he put in his word perpetually. It was horribly inconvenient for Mause — the lady, the laird's mother and her sister, and the lady's mother and her sister — all of whom had taken refuge in the one house of Legs-my-lea for comfort and company to each other, deserted as they were by their natural rulers and protectors.

The women had business of their own, to which they did not want the man over whose unexpected return they had laughed

and cried three hours before, to be a witness. Mause was fretted in the nursing of her husband by the interference of so many other nurses tendering their advice unasked, as a right of kindred, though Magnus turned his back upon them and would allow no one to put a finger on him, not even his old mother, none save his seventeen years' old wife of six weeks.

In the mean time, these good people took their ease in the erroneous impression that Cumberland's soldiers had marched through the town, and over the hills and far away, before Legs-my-lea's arrival. Engrossed by their own matter, they had not heard of Captain Bernard and his forty men coolly ensconced in the town-house.

It was a low-roofed, white-panelled room in which the family commotion prevailed, full of the mingled simplicity and mystery which our ancestors loved. Unsophisticated as the room looked, it was choke full of secrets. The boxbed opened like a cupboard. The cupboard itself was entered by a movable panel. Try to open it in the legitimate way, and a man would require an axe to split the wood asunder; but press a panel in one direction, and it slid away in a trice, leaving to view an innocent enough thing, in its uselessness — a carved buffet, whittled into curves and scallops, not worth the manoeuvre of getting at it, unless that it bore poor Mause's blue-and-gold starred china, one cup of which was broken already. (And Mause could have sat down and cried when the fracture took place, ere she knew what she was about, had not Legs-my-lea been still at her elbow to kiss the first big bright drop away; and had she not promised herself never again to trust the egg-shell cups in clumsy irresponsible fingers, but to wash them night and morning, like a good housewife, with her own dainty hands, and dry them with her satin damask napkins.) The very window to the garden was not a window, but a door — half glass, half panelled wood — which opened with so low a step to the flower border, that, lift the latch, and wreaths of green and white periwinkle, purple and green clematis, and single 'red, red' roses, leapt straight in and wove a shifting, fading, exquisite summer carpet on the coarse homespun floorcloth.

In this room the somewhat ominous gathering of the couple's families and friends sat, like a bench of judges, masquerading in damask gowns, pinners, top-knots, and mumbled and mowed and skirled their sentences on the improper behaviour of the inexperienced heads of the house of Legs-my-lea; took Mause to task sharply, and

oke out their minds indirectly to the  
ained laird.

'What for did you don your best silk  
own, my dochter?' insinuated old Lady  
eggs-my-lea, in a cracked voice, 'that suld  
we been kept for the king's coronation or  
r the butter-saps at least.'

'And you have torn your negligée that  
set me ever so many punds Scots, you  
astwife bairn:' old Lady Watergates,  
rown so far off her guard as to confess to  
price, flouted the youthful matron in an-  
ther quavering pipe.

'All the town was there to see, pled  
Mause, in sensitive vanity; 'was Legs-my-  
lea's wife to appear like a common woman  
or like no wife at all, but an unsepered  
lass?'

'You are a bauld wife of two months —  
so out, that a strange man suld mint to ad-  
dress you, madam,' her sister-in-law, Mis-  
tress Littlejohn, whose husband was only a  
slark, and who was in his own person lank,  
with high cheek-bones, warned Mause aus-  
terely.

'And what garred ye answer the man,  
you cutty? He'll think you a light woman;  
but you were aye a forward lass, or you  
would not be where you are;' cried Peggy,  
the bride's unmarried eldest sister, who had  
red hair and many freckles, and who tossed  
her uncovered maiden head scornfully, and  
gulped down an indignant sigh.

'I couldna help it,' urged Mause irrele-  
vantly; 'my heart just came into my mouth.'

Legs-my-lea lay there like a lion that has  
been hit, with his yellow hair so tumbled free  
from its powder and pomatum, that it was  
flying loose as a mane, and brushing Mause's  
soft cheek, when he pulled her down to him  
(as much as it had done when she had sat at  
her wheel during the long nights of the  
past stirring winter, and Legs-my-lea had  
gone a-courting to Watergates), wooed by  
the caressing touch, and uniting, as amber  
draws straws, with Mause's dark curls, not  
yet taking the sit of the curch, still cluster-  
ing in rich rings to the light tie of the  
smood. At this point Legs-my-lea started  
up against his own flesh and blood, and  
Mause's, like a tyrant of the first water,  
and swore nobody should 'conter' (*Anglicè*  
contradict) Mause but him, and Mause was  
to do what she liked, and Mause's pleasure  
was his pleasure, and he would like to hear  
who would flyte on Mause after he said  
that; but 'let them flyte;' and 'Mause,  
my joe, never mind the fules flytin.'

Legs-my-lea fell back exhausted; the  
family storm died away in scared silence,

till Mause, who had listened to her own  
condemnation with dry eyes, and an erect  
little head, fairly sobbed at his defence.  
He had burst the bandage on his wound,  
and it was bleeding afresh, and that was  
what the cruel people had made by their  
work.

At that very moment a friendly scout  
rushed in with an awful complication of  
evil tidings. The English were billet-  
ed in the town: the English captain had  
word Legs-my-lea had come to be cured of  
his hurt by the hands of his young wife  
under his own roof-tree; and the roystering  
blade of a captain, having swallowed his  
dinner, and swilled a bottle of claret under  
his belt, was tramping along the streets,  
breathing fire and smoke, and bringing a  
magistrate's warrant, and a dozen of his  
men at his heels, to apprehend the defence-  
less man, squatted like a hare by his own  
hearthstone.

The report raised a frenzied rout, and  
above all sounded the shrill accents of  
Magnus's mother. 'You see what you have  
done, Mause; you have slain your ain gude  
man and my dear bairn by your glaiket  
pride and fule's passion.'

And Mause's despairing protest — 'Moth-  
er, I would dee for him; I will dee for  
him.'

'And Magnus's tender re-assurance —  
'Never heed my mother, Mause; never  
heed man or woman of them; and you,  
mother, be silent, I command you. I tell  
you, my sweetheart, you have not harmed  
a hair of my head.'

No time was to be lost. After a short  
consultation, Magnus was hurried, against  
the grain, through the glass door to try for  
an escape by the garden; while young  
Mause, as his wife and representative,  
stayed behind, stiff with horror, yet strain-  
ing all her powers of body and mind to  
meet the dreaded visitor.

Mause was one of those girls ever put  
forward by nature and fortune. The young-  
est of her family, she was courted and  
wedded the first. She was the head of  
Legs-my-lea's household — over mother and  
maids and all. She was the woman who  
was challenged by, and who answered the  
challenge of Cumberland's wild officer.  
She was the wife left to keep the house,  
vindicate the honour, and cover the escape,  
of her husband. When the quaking old  
mothers and wailing sisters shrank in their  
love into corners out of sight, this girl of  
seventeen came forward. She had not yet  
attained her full growth; her endurance

was only for a time; her constancy failed after a struggle; but of her temper, tried and matured, heroines are made.

Mause stood in her brave attire, in the middle of the low-roofed, white-walled room, with its secrets, her eyes wandering in agony to the glass door as Captain Bernard's firm step sounded on the threshold.

The soldier came in with his cocked hat under his arm, bowed so low that he shook the powder from his hair, fixed on Mause his falcon blue eyes, as if he had never beheld her before, and said with covered irony, 'Your worshipful servant, madam.'

Mause responded with a throbbing heart, as if she had never in her life set eyes on Cumberland's officer in his high collar, his stiff cravat, with his keen eyes and curling lips. 'What is your pleasure, sir?' she asked, curtsying, not to be beat in polite hypocrisy — so deep a curtesy that she concealed for whole three seconds the buckles in her high-heeled shoon, keeping her untrained eyes on the floorcloth, that she might not be tempted to look again at that dreadful glass door, before which the boughs of the clematis stirred, though there was not a breath of wind in the sultry summer afternoon.

'Will you do me the favour to tell me, madam, when you last saw the Laird of Legs-my-lea?' inquired the Englishman, mincingly patting his cocked hat.

'Legs-my-lea left the town on the 3d of July,' said the girl, with whitening lips, checking off the number with her third finger on her rosy palm, and falling into that double language in which an honest tongue invariably takes its first stumbling step in deceit.

'Madam, the substance of your communication is false,' observed Captain Bernard, rather pleasantly than otherwise, dropping his hat, drawing out his jewelled snuff-box, and refreshing himself with a pinch of snuff in the most elegant manner imaginable.

'Sir,' cried the rustic Mause, starting violently, 'how dare you say so?'

'I judge by the colour of your sleeve, madam. No honest woman wears such a sign on her arm,' he replied, with a sneer; and he snatched up one of poor Mause's cambric ruffles, on which was a foul stain of blood, not yet dry, from Legs-my-lea's sword-cut.

Mause gave a loud dismal shriek, and fell at the Hanoverian's feet, praying 'Mercy! mercy!' clinging to his knees, almost dragging him round with his back to the glass door, where, as he touched her, she had seen

Legs-my-lea's inflamed face glaring through the panes.

But in another instant the glass was broken with a crash, the door flung open, and Legs-my-lea staggered in.

'I am your prisoner, captain. Get um Mause, you quean, and do not beg grace any loon. Hands off my wife, sir! I surrender.'

In the dotting passion of his honeymoon Legs-my-lea was half-furious that Mause should abjectly crave even his life and liberty from another man. He would prefer to have the English officer's hand clapped on his shoulder, though that gripe should lead him to the Tolbooth and the dark Tower of London with its purpled block in the distance, than that the white-ringed fingers should ruffle the plumage and brush the bloom from his darling. Captain Bernard looked from one to the other with his rapid glance. He arranged the 'top' of his hair foppishly; but as he did so he exposed to view above the jeering lip and the thin nostril that quivered excitedly, a frank open brow. 'You are my prisoner, Legs-my-lea,' he said plainly, 'but it may be better for you than if you had fallen into our hands later in the day, as you assured I would unless you had fled forth of Scotland when I might have had less power to protect you. Now, all that I insist on is, that you lie still in your own house in the town until your wounds be healed, and afterwards that you hold yourself bound not to bear arms against King George for a year and a day, when, as I think, there will be no other prince or standard left in Scotland for you to fight for. As for you, madam,' — and the soldier smiled on Mause with the sweetness of a brave man's smile, — 'on some sunny day to come, either here in your own house, or in my house of Bernard's Court, in England, I trust you will take back your hard words, and grant that there are honest men and pitiful men, as well as knaves, bullies, and cut-throats, who wear my uniform.'

Not on one sunny day alone, but on days of rain and frost, at home and abroad Mause admitted humbly, and thanked God on her bended knees for the husband of her youth and the father of her bairns, that in the ranks she had condemned the wheel grew strong-stemmed and full-eared along with the tares. In proof of the statement Scotchmen still tell how James Wolfe raised his sickly, stern head and defied Bluff Bii to the face, when he received the order to stab the prisoners and the wounded men

thick as herds of cattle and fallen on the black spring heather of Drummoor. 'I am a soldier,' answered the hero of Quebec, 'not an executioner.'

Illustration of a Review in Blackwood's Magazine.

## A NEW LIFE OF NAPOLEON I.

BY P. LANFREY. — VOL. I.

It is a wonder is that the French censorship would have ever allowed it to see the light. This may possibly have been owing to the influence of some sagacious friends of the present Emperor, who think that when the facts are placed in the full light of the fame of the nephew will suffer no diminution by being measured with that of the uncle, and that it would be politic to allow public opinion to put them on a footing of equality as far as possible. The bitter-ness of the enemies of Louis Napoleon speak still the greatest respect of the founder of the dynasty, and endeavour to disparage him by the comparison. Men like Victor Hugo, who in their indomitable independence would have been the first to hate the great tyrant, are ready enough to consecrate his memory at the expense of his sage and moderate successor. An Englishman would form a cooler and juster estimate of the Emperor. If Napoleon I. hated England, it was only a natural return for the implacable animosity of the English nation to him. He would have been willing enough, as he said at St. Helena, to have let the English be in their dominion of the sea, if they had let him alone to work his will on the continent. We strove in our wars with Napoleon to make ourselves the champions of the quarrels of others, as well as of abstract principles, and reaped so little gratitude for our glory so expensive. We seem now inclined to surrender entirely our position as a European power. We are still interested in European questions, it is mainly because the present ruler of France, the corner-stone of whose policy has always been the English alliance, keeps us up to the mark. Of course, if we have choice between the greatness of the two, we should naturally prefer one who has been for sixteen years our consistent enemy, to one who during the same period has been our most dangerous enemy. And he has been our friend through evil report and good report, though we have often, in our national pride, slighted his advances, and on

one occasion refused to take measures to prevent a recurrence of a desperate conspiracy against his life, which was unfortunately hatched on our soil. The most valuable legacy which Lord Palmerston left his country was his statesmanlike conviction that a firm alliance with France was her true policy, and this conviction has always coincided with that of the Emperor.

The temporary weakening of that alliance has been attended already with the most momentous consequences. Had it been more strongly cemented, we might have stopped at its beginning the frightful Civil War in America; and instead of allowing a monster Democracy to form itself, which threatens the rights and liberties of the whole world, have secured the division of North America into two great Republics, to the inestimable advantage of each of them, and with an incalculable saving of blood and treasure, — we might have insisted on Russia performing her engagements with respect to Poland, instead of absorbing that unhappy country, — we might have prevented the spoliation of Denmark, which brought on so deadly a quarrel between the two robbers that one was laid prostrate at the feet of the other, — we might have favoured a peaceful consolidation of Germany, instead of looking on while her smaller States were overturned by violence, and her free but patriarchal governments forced to bow their necks under the iron yoke of Prussia, — we might, if we pleased, have shared the gratitude of the Italians, as the joint-founders of their nationality, instead of their owing it half to France and half to Prussia, — and lastly, in concert with France, we might have prevented the formation of another great military empire on the French frontier, the equality of whose resources, and the similarity of whose institutions as now altered, is likely to lead ere long to a gigantic fight for the championship of Europe, even if the little affair of Luxemburg be safely settled. Some, however, consider this no affair of ours, and see a safeguard to England in the rivalry of Prussia to France, and this from a distrust of the French character which history undoubtedly justifies. The opportunity for all this has passed by; but the alliance of England and France, which might have secured the supremacy of those two States in the world, and bound over all other nations to keep the peace, is still a matter of the utmost importance, for powers have been allowed to lift their heads, against whose possible aggressions such an alliance is the only pledge of comparative security.

England and France, in consequence of their mutual coolnesses, must now be content to abdicate their position as the world's police, happy if only by a close union they can preserve their own persons and properties from pillage, assault, and battery. A few years ago, by keeping up their absolute and relative positions, they might have disarmed themselves, and effected the disarmament of the world, inaugurating by mere preponderance of protecting force a millennium of peace; now nothing is to be seen before us but a vista of chaos and confusion, and a great gulf of military expenditure, both in men and money, which will make life a burden to the citizens of great nations, while those of small ones tremble for the remnant of their liberties and the shadow of a national existence. It is not our good friend Napoleon III., but the American Federals and Count Bismark and his master, who have acted on the traditions of the First Empire in our generation, which were, after all, but a plagiarism from the times of Frederick the Great of Prussia. That great captain acted on the simple principle of unscrupulous aggrandisement; a principle by no means new, but generally restrained in ancient times by some moral or religious weakness in kings and conquerors, which the disciple of Voltaire despised, and by despising gained a vast accession of power. It was reserved for the grandson of the great Frederick to improve on his atheistic principles by investing brigandage with the odour of sanctity, and enlisting the sympathies of Exeter Hall as the champion of Protestant ascendancy in the North of Europe, while his acts display a heart as rugged as the nether millstone in his dealings with his fellow-men. Taught by historical lessons, the day has perhaps arrived when France is able to contemplate the character of Napoleon I. without prejudice or partiality. Such a contemplation cannot fail to place her present ruler in a much more advantageous light. As far as mere military glory is concerned, the Second Empire may well bear a comparison with the First. Every victory of Napoleon I. had to be paid for by disastrous defeat, and the final national humiliation surpassed in its bathos the utmost "pride of place" attained by the eagle of his reign; whereas Napoleon III., by slightly modifying his uncle's maxim of "impossible n'est pas Francais," and confining himself to the limits of the attainable, has secured for France during his tenure of power an uninterrupted series of victories, unchoked by a single important reverse — has raised his country to a pre-

eminence in the arts of peace which she had never known before — has made her rich and respected in the commercial world, by boldly adopting free-trade principles in spite of the prejudices of his subjects, and the opposition of narrow-minded self-interest — has made Paris the wonder of the world in beauty and convenience for residence — and, although despotic in his rule, has done more to advance real substantial freedom than all the Governments preceding him, even including the Republic. Though the Press may have been more free under Louis Philippe, it must be remembered that the restrictions on trade in his reign were founded on the narrowest principles of exclusion, and that, while the passport system was applied with its utmost rigour to foreigners, no born Frenchman even could pass from one town to another without leave. If the right of meeting existed, it was violated at the pleasure of the Government, since it was such a violation that produced the Revolution of 1848. In asking for more extended liberties, the French forget what they have gained under the present reign. There is no doubt which way the personal sympathies of the Emperor lean; and if the Opposition would clearly show that they only mean friendly criticism of, and not hostile action against, the existing power, there is every probability that he would give the country all it sighs for, or at least all that is good for it, and all that is advisable in a regime behind which is Universal Suffrage. It must not be forgotten that Louis Napoleon was carried into power on the prestige of the First Empire; that the *coup-d'état* was in a manner forced upon him, with the alternative of abdicating his position altogether; that it was not open to him to remain President of the Republic if he had wished it, because France insisted on having an Emperor, under whom she hoped to revive her former military glories. He has so steered his course for sixteen years, that he has managed to satisfy the vanity of France, and to do her more good than evil at the same time, which was far from being the case with his famous predecessor, who left her in the most miserable state in which it was possible for a ruler to leave a nation; he has on the whole behaved well and justly towards other nations, and the two political blunders that he has made are pardonable errors in judgment: one being a well-meant attempt to restore good government to a distracted country; the other resulting from too close an imitation of the non-intervention policy of England. The present

state of Mexico is a justification of the French expedition, which would doubtless have been a success if the American Confederates had been successful in asserting their independence, and if England had properly supported France in recognising the South; and the aggression on Denmark and the war which laid Germany at the feet of Prussia, were allowed to take place, partly because the Emperor had had too much experience of the untrustworthy policy of our Foreign Office, partly because it was generally believed that the war between Austria and Prussia would be long and indecisive. It is easy to say after the event that the Emperor ought never to have allowed it to take place at all. Many patriotic Germans believed, that nothing better could happen than that their two bullies should give each other a thorough pommelling, and allow the spirit of the small States, which excelled as much in liberty and intellectual life as they did in brute force, to assert itself for the regeneration of the country. Certainly, whatever it may be for us, the revolution which has converted Germany into a vast Prussian barrack, is a great calamity both for herself and for France. Instead of disarmament being thought of, the French army must now be increased, and brought to its highest perfection, to meet any possible aggressions from such a formidable neighbour; peasants must be tona from the fields more pitilessly than ever, and the commercial prosperity of the country checked in its growth, for how long a period it is impossible to say. Many intelligent Frenchmen think that a short and sharp struggle for the mastery would, with any result, be less calamitous than such an armed and threatening peace as is likely to ensue now. Certain it is that the French alliance is more necessary to us than ever, and the closer it is made, and the more of the small States it can be made to include, the better it will be for all the parties interested. The alliance of America, Russia, and Prussia, would be quite a match for that of England and France; and it would be as well to take every possible precaution, for if not quite probable as yet, it is always possible. When Russia makes her next attack on the Ottoman Empire, we shall know whether or not she has really ceded all that large territory in North America to the United States for little more than an old song. It is sad that the present combination of affairs threatens to dissolve our old family connection with Germany, a country with which we have never yet been in a position of hostile collision, which will

infallibly ensue if the Germans try to emulate our naval supremacy, as well as the military supremacy of the French. It has been said with a degree of satire, that Nature, in dividing her empire, gave England the sea, France the land, and Germany the air. Taken seriously, this might mean that while her sisters excelled her in arms and commerce, Germany excelled them in the fields of science and art, and that her standard of general education was higher than that of either. Why could she not be satisfied with this gentle supremacy? In coveting new realms which do not naturally belong to her, she imperils that which is peculiarly her own. In future European complications, however much sympathies of race may draw us towards Germany, our interests will probably be found to coincide with those of our next-door neighbours, and when a choice is forced upon us, we shall, in all likelihood, be found at their side.

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From Harper's Weekly.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

No recent event is more striking to those who are familiar with the history of the last thirty-five years than the banquet to Mr. GARRISON in London. It is not often that we see the general verdict upon a man so wholly reversed in his lifetime as in this instance. Within less than ten years, Mr. GARRISON was generally regarded as a fanatic and incendiary, who was seeking a hopeless result by methods sure to ruin his country. It is now perfectly plain that his view of the situation was in the main entirely correct; that slavery was in its nature aggressive, and would destroy liberty upon this continent if it were not itself overthrown. His method was determined by his faith and character. A man of peace, he sought results by reason, and aimed to divide the Union in order to save it. Believing the Constitution constrained the whole country, by returning fugitive slaves, to connive at the perpetuity of the most monstrous crime against human nature, he denounced it as a Covenant with Death, and declared that it must be changed or repudiated. The nation has found that the Constitution was pleaded as the great authority of slavery and rebellion, and has cleansed it as Mr. GARRISON desired.

The long and incessant contest which he waged is the really vital chapter of our later history. His agency in the great revolution

From the New Orleans Bee.

CORRESPONDENCE.

*Littell's Living Age*, for June 1st. From the same house we have this valuable periodical often noticed in our columns. The *Living Age* has long been a popular work in this country. It is made up from the best English and Continental newspapers and periodicals, and, from the frequency of its publication, the cream of the foreign Reviews is given to American readers. We were in error a few weeks ago in stating that this work was issued fortnightly — it is a weekly magazine, and for a weekly, exceedingly cheap at eight dollars a year. It contains a large amount of reading matter, and its readers have the best things published in the foreign periodicals. Formerly the *Living Age* had a wide circulation in the South, and it could regain its former circulation if a little more care were used in making selections. Slavery is gone, and no one in the South wishes it back again, yet some writers cannot resist the mean temptation of taunting the South with what is long past. In the *Living Age* we have seen two or three of these articles, and were sorry to find them in so excellent a periodical. They can do no good; they do stir up bitter feelings. There is nothing so senseless, so ungenerous, as a taunt, and the periodical that indulges in taunts will soon feel the effect. We hope, for its own sake, and that it may regain its lost circulation in the South, that the *Living Age* will be more careful hereafter. Such articles as "A Dull Life," are the kind we mean — dull enough in themselves, and as stupid and improbable as they are dull. The other articles in this number are very good.

We are glad of an opportunity to say a word in this connection. But how shall we say it so as to make it heard through the thick folds of prejudice which interpose between our Southern brethren and ourselves? — prejudices which politicians have fostered for forty years in order to separate those whom God has joined together.

Slavery is gone, and no one in the South wishes it back again. *You have no more to do with it than we have.* We thankfully acknowledge and rejoice in this; and no thought of "taunting the South" was in our mind in copying "A Dull Life."

Hereafter we shall not need to be on our guard with you: this would be no compliment to you. We take your hand again without any reservation, and pray you to banish, as soon as possible, all suspicion that there is contempt or enmity towards you in the North. It is the universal wish here that the "two kindred drops shall mingle into one." So far as this has been delayed since Gen. Lee's capitulation, it has been by men on both sides the line who wished to keep you, as of old, a makeweight to a political party. You have no interests not in common with us. Your prosperity is our prosperity. Come and swell the voice of the nation of which you are so important a part, and of which you are to be a much greater proportion. Capital and labour from the full hives of the North will help you to make rich harvests at the South — as soon as you shall be ready to reciprocate our brotherly feeling.

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## PRAXITELES AND PHRYNE.

A THOUSAND silent years ago,  
The starlight faint and pale  
Was drawing on the sunset glow  
Its soft and shadowy veil ;

When from his work the Sculptor stayed  
His hand, and turned to one  
Who stood beside him, half in shade,  
Said, with a sigh, "'Tis done."

"Phryne, thy human lips shall pale,  
Thy rounded limbs decay,  
Nor love nor prayers can aught avail  
To bid thy beauty stay ;

"But there thy smile for centuries  
On marble lips shall live,—  
For Art can grant what Love denies,  
And fix the fugitive.

"Sad thought ! nor age nor death shall fade  
The youth of this cold bust ;  
When the quick brain and hand that made,  
And thou and I, are dust !

"When all our hopes and fears are dead,  
And both our hearts are cold,  
And Love is like a tune that's played,  
And Life a tale that's told,

"This counterfeit of senseless stone,  
That no sweet blush can warm,  
The same enchanting look shall own,  
The same enchanting form.

"And there upon that silent face  
Shall unborn ages see  
Perennial youth, perennial grace,  
And sealed serenity.

"And strangers, when we sleep in peace,  
Shall say, not quite unmoved,  
So smiled upon Praxiteles  
The Phryne whom he loved."

W. W. S.

— *Blackwood's Magazine.*

## SUMMER IDLENESS.

UNDER "a roof of pine,"  
To hear the ringdove brood,  
With the sorrow of love long past,  
Thrilling the listening wood ;

Deep 'mid the clustering firs,  
Where the nightingale sings all  
To hide in the darkness sweet,  
Where the sunbeam finds no w

To ramble from field to field,  
Where the poppy is all on flam  
All but the little black coal  
At its core, that's still the same  
And where the "speedwell" blue  
Cheers with its two-kind words  
And the wild rose burns with a bl  
At the flattery of the birds.

To bask on a grassy cliff,  
Lazily watching the sail,  
The blue plains of the deeper sea,  
And the shallows emerald pale ;  
The breezes' rippling track,  
And the sea birds flickering wh  
Athwart the rosy cloud  
And under the golden light.

In the haycock sweet and dry,  
To lazily nestle down,  
When half the field is gray and sh  
And half the field waves brown ;  
'Mid the clumps of purple thyme,  
When the evening sky is red,  
To lie and rest on the flowers  
One's Epicurean head.

Or better, amid the corn,  
To turn on one's lazy back,  
And see the lark upborn  
Over the drifting wrack ;  
To hear the field mouse run  
To its nest in the swinging stall  
And see the timorous hare  
Limp over the hedge-side walk.

Such are the summer joys  
That Epicureans love ;  
Men with no morrow to heed,  
Heeding no cloud above ;  
Grasshopper-men, that sing  
Their little Summer through,  
And when the Winter comes,  
Hide from the frost and dew.

Happy the man whose heart  
Is granite against Time's frost,  
Whose Summer of calm content  
In Autumn's never lost ;  
Who, when care comes with cloud  
That gather from East and West  
Has still a changeless heart,  
And sunshine in his breast.

— *Chambers's Jo*

From the Westminster Review.

**MIMICRY, AND OTHER PROTECTIVE RESEMBLANCES AMONG ANIMALS.**

1. *Contributions to an Insect Fauna of the Amazon Valley. Lepidoptera: Heliconidae.* By HENRY WALTER BATES. (Transactions of the Linnean Society. Vol. XXIII.)
2. *On the Phenomena of Variation and Geographical Distribution, as illustrated by the Papilionidae of the Malayan Region.* By ALFRED R. WALLACE. (Transactions of the Linnean Society. Vol. XXV.)
3. *On the Disguises of Nature; being an Inquiry into the laws which regulate external form and colour in Plants and Animals.* By ANDREW MURRAY, F.R.S.E. (Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal. 1860.)
4. *On the Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life.* By CHARLES DARWIN, M. A., F.R.S., &c. 4th edition.

THERE is no more convincing proof of the truth of a comprehensive theory than its power of absorbing and finding a place for new facts, and its capability of interpreting phenomena which had been previously looked upon as unaccountable anomalies. It is thus that the law of universal gravitation and the undulatory theory of light have become established and universally accepted by men of science. Fact after fact has been brought forward as being apparently inconsistent with them, and one after another these very facts have been shown to be the consequences of the laws they were at first supposed to disprove. A false theory will never stand this test. Advancing knowledge brings to light whole groups of facts which it cannot deal with, and its advocates steadily decrease in numbers, notwithstanding the ability and scientific skill with which it may have been supported. The great name of Edward Forbes did not prevent his theory of "Polarity in the distribution of Organic beings in Time," from dying a natural death; but the most striking illustration of the behaviour of a false theory is to be found in the "Circular and Quinarian System" of classification propounded by MacLeay, and developed by Swainson, with an amount of knowledge and ingenuity that have rarely been surpassed. This theory was eminently attrac-

tive, both from its symmetry and completeness, and from the interesting nature of the varied analogies and affinities which it brought to light and made use of. The series of Natural History volumes in "Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia," in which Mr. Swainson developed it in most departments of the animal kingdom, made it widely known; and in fact for a long time these were the best and almost the only popular text books for the rising generation of naturalists. It was favourably received too by the older school, which was perhaps rather an indication of its unsoundness. A considerable number of well-known naturalists either spoke approvingly of it, or advocated similar principles, and for a good many years it was decidedly in the ascendant. With such a favourable introduction, and with such talented exponents, it must have become established if it had had any germ of truth in it; yet it quite died out in a few short years, its very existence is now a matter of history, and so rapid was its fall that its talented creator, Swainson, perhaps lived to be the last man who believed in it.

Such is the course of a false theory. That of a true one is very different, as may be well seen by the progress of opinion on the subject of Natural Selection. In less than eight years "The Origin of Species" has produced conviction in the minds of a majority of the most eminent living men of science. New facts, new problems, new difficulties as they arise are accepted, solved or removed by this theory; and its principles are illustrated by the progress and conclusions of every other well established branch of human knowledge. It is the object of the present article to show how it has recently been applied to connect together and explain a variety of curious facts which had long been considered as inexplicable anomalies.

Perhaps no principle has ever been announced so fertile in results as that which Mr. Darwin so earnestly impresses upon us, and which is indeed a necessary deduction from the theory of Natural Selection, namely — that none of the definite facts of organic nature, no special organ, no characteristic form or marking, no peculiarities of instinct or of habit, no relations between species or between group of species — can exist, but which must now be or once have been *useful* to the individuals or the races which possess them. This great principle gives us a clue which we can follow out in the study of many recondite phenomena, and leads us to seek a meaning and a purpose of some

definite character in minutiae which we should be otherwise almost sure to pass over as insignificant or unimportant.

The adaptation of the external colouring of animals to their conditions of life has long been recognised, and has been imputed either to an originally created specific peculiarity or to the direct action of climate, soil, or food. Where the former explanation has been accepted, it has completely checked inquiry, since we could never get any further than the fact of the adaptation. There was nothing more to be known about the matter. The second explanation was soon found to be quite inadequate to deal with all the varied phases of the phenomena, and to be contradicted by many well-known facts. For example, wild rabbits are always of grey or brown tints well suited for concealment among grass and fern. But when these rabbits are domesticated, without any change of climate or food, they vary into white or black, and these varieties may be multiplied to any extent, forming white or black races. Exactly the same thing has occurred with pigeons; and in the case of rats and mice, the white variety has not been shown to be at all dependent on alteration of climate, food, or other external conditions. In many cases the wings of an insect not only assume the exact tint of the bark or leaf it is accustomed to rest on, but the form and veining of the leaf or the exact rugosity of the bark is imitated; and these detailed modifications cannot be reasonably imputed to climate or to food, since in many cases the species does not feed on the substance it resembles, and, when it does, no reasonable connexion can be shown to exist between the supposed cause and the effect produced. It was reserved for the theory of Natural Selection to solve all these problems, and many others which were not at first supposed to be directly connected with them. To make these latter intelligible, it will be necessary to give a sketch of the whole series of phenomena which may be classed under the head of useful or protective resemblances.

Concealment more or less complete is useful to many animals, and absolutely essential to some. Those which have numerous enemies from which they cannot escape by rapidity of motion, find safety in concealment. Those which prey upon others must also be so constituted as not to alarm them by their presence or their approach, or they would soon die of hunger. Now it is remarkable in how many cases nature gives this boon to the animal, by colouring it with such tints as may best serve to enable it to

escape from its enemies or to entrap prey. Desert animals as a rule are desert coloured. The lion is a typical example of this, and must be almost invisible when crouched upon the sand or among desert rocks and stones. Antelopes are all more or less sandy-coloured. The camel is pre-eminently so. The Egyptian cat and the Pampas cat are sandy or earth-coloured. The Australian kangaroos are of the same tints, and the original colour of the wild horse is supposed to have been a sandy clay-colour.

The desert birds are still more remarkably protected by their assimilative hues. The stonechats, the larks, the quails, the goatsuckers and the grouse, which abound in the North African and Asiatic deserts are all tinted and mottled so as to resemble with wonderful accuracy the average colour and aspect of the soil in the district they inhabit. The Rev. H. Tristram in his account of the ornithology of North Africa in the 1st volume of the "Ibis," says, "In the desert, where neither trees, brushwood, nor even undulation of the surface, afford the slightest protection to its foes, a modification of colour which shall be assimilated to that of the surrounding country, is absolutely necessary. Hence, *without exception*, the upper plumage of *every bird*, whether lark, chat, sylvian or sand grouse, and also the fur of *all the smaller mammals*, and the skin of *all the snakes and lizards*, is of one uniform isabelline or saw colour." After the testimony of so able an observer, it is unnecessary to adduce further examples of the protective colours of desert animals.

Almost equally striking are the cases of arctic animals possessing the white colour that best conceals them upon snowfield and icebergs. The polar bear is the only bear that is white, and it lives constantly among snow and ice. The arctic fox, the ermine, and the alpine hare, change to white in winter only, because in summer white would be more conspicuous than any other colour, and therefore a danger rather than a protection; but the American polar hare inhabiting regions of almost perpetual snow, is white all the year round. Other animals inhabiting the same Northern regions do not, however, change colour. The sable is a good example, for throughout the severity of a Siberian winter it retains its rich brown fur. But its habits are such that it does not need the protection of colour, for it is said to be able to subsist on fruits and berries in winter, and to be active upon the trees as to catch small birds among the branches. So also the wood

chuck of Canada has a dark-brown fur; but then it lives in burrows, and frequents river banks, catching fish and small animals that live in or near the water.

Among birds the ptarmigan is a fine example of protective colouring. Its summer plumage so exactly harmonizes with the lichen-coloured stones among which it delights to sit, that a person may walk through a flock of them without seeing a single bird; while in winter its white plumage is an almost equal protection. The snow-bunting, the jerrfalcon, and the snowy owl, are also white-coloured birds inhabiting the arctic regions, and there can be little doubt but that their colouring is, to some extent, protective.

Nocturnal animals supply us with equally good illustrations. Mice, rats, bats, and moles possess the least conspicuous of hues, and must be quite invisible at times when any light colour would be instantly seen. Owls and goatsuckers are of those dark mottled tints that will assimilate with bark and lichen, and thus protect them during the day, and at the same time be inconspicuous in the dusk.

It is only in the tropics, among forests which never lose their foliage, that we find whole groups of birds whose chief colour is green. The parrots are the most striking example, but we have also a group of green pigeons in the East; and the barbets, leaf-thrushes, bee-eaters, white-eyes, turacos, and several smaller groups, have so much green in their plumage as to tend greatly to conceal them among the foliage.

The conformity of tint which has been so far shown to exist between animals and their habitations is of a somewhat general character; we will now consider the cases of more special adaptation. If the lion is enabled by his sandy colour readily to conceal himself by merely crouching down upon the desert, how, it may be asked, do the elegant markings of the tiger, the jaguar, and the other large cats, agree with the theory? We reply that these are generally cases of more or less special adaptation. The tiger is a jungle animal, and hides himself among tufts of grass or of bamboos, and in these positions the vertical stripes with which his body is adorned must so assimilate with the vertical stems of the bamboo, as to assist greatly in concealing him from his approaching prey. How remarkable it is, that, besides the lion and tiger, almost all the other large cats are swart or spotted skins, which must certainly tend to conceal them with a back-

ground of foliage; while the one exception, the puma, has an ashy brown uniform fur, and has the habit of clinging so closely to a limb of a tree while waiting for his prey to pass beneath as to be hardly distinguishable from the bark!

Among birds, the ptarmigan, already mentioned, must be considered a remarkable case of special adaptation. Another is a South-American goatsucker (*Caprimulgus rupestris*) which rests in the bright sunshine on little bare rocky islets in the Upper Rio Negro, where its unusually light colours so closely resemble the rock and sand, that it can scarcely be detected till trodden upon.

The Duke of Argyll, in his "Reign of Law," has pointed out the admirable adaptation of the colours of the woodcock to its protection. The various browns and yellows and pale ash-colour that occur in fallen leaves are all reproduced in its plumage, so that when, according to its habit, it rests upon the ground under trees, it is almost impossible to detect it. In snipes the colours are modified so as to be equally in harmony with the prevalent forms and colours of marshy vegetation.

Reptiles offer us many similar examples. The most arboreal lizards, the iguanas, are as green as the leaves they feed upon, and the slender whip-snakes are rendered almost invisible as they glide among the foliage by a similar colouration. How difficult it is sometimes to catch sight of the little green treefrogs sitting on the leaves of a small plant enclosed in a glass case in the Zoological Gardens! yet how much better concealed must they be among the fresh green damp foliage of a marshy forest! There is a North-American frog found on lichen-covered rocks and walls, which is so coloured as exactly to resemble them, and as long as it remains quiet would certainly escape detection. Some of the geckos which cling motionless on the trunks of trees in the tropics are of such curiously marbled colours as to match exactly with the bark they rest upon.

In every part of the tropics there are tree-snakes that twist among bough and shrubs, or lie coiled up on the dense masses of foliage. These are of many distinct groups, and comprise both venomous and harmless genera; but almost all of them are of a beautiful green colour, sometimes more or less adorned with white or dusky bands and spots. There can be no doubt but that this colour is doubly useful to them, since it will tend to conceal them from their enemies, and will lead their prey to ap-

proach them unconscious of danger. Dr. Gunther informs us that there is only one genus of true arboreal snakes (*Dipsas*) whose colours are rarely green, but are of various shades of black, brown, and olive, and these are all nocturnal reptiles, and there can be little doubt conceal themselves during the day in holes, so that the green protective tint would be useless to them, and they accordingly retain the more usual reptilian hues.

Fishes present similar instances. Many flat fish, as for example the flounder and the skate, are exactly the colour of the gravel or sand on which they habitually rest. Among the marine flower gardens of an Eastern coral reef, the fishes present every variety of gorgeous colour, while the river fish even of the tropics rarely if ever have gay or conspicuous markings. A very curious case of this kind of adaptation occurs in the sea-horses (*Hippocampus*) of Australia, some of which bear long foliaceous appendages resembling sea-weed, and are of a brilliant red colour; and they are known to live among seaweed of the same hue, so that when at rest they must be quite invisible. There are now in the aquarium of the Zoological Society some slender green pipe-fish which fasten themselves to any object at the bottom by their prehensile tails, and float about with the current, looking exactly like some simple cylindrical algæ.

It is, however, in the insect world that this principle of the adaptation of animals to their environment is most fully and strikingly developed. In order to understand how general this is, it is necessary to enter somewhat into details, as we shall thereby be better able to appreciate the significance of the still more remarkable phenomena we shall presently have to discuss. It seems to be in proportion to their sluggish motions or the absence of other means of defence, that insects possess the protective colouring. In the tropics there are thousands of species of insects which rest during the day clinging to the bark of dead or fallen trees; and the greater portion of these are delicately mottled with gray and brown tints, which, though symmetrically disposed and infinitely varied, yet blend so completely with the usual colours of the bark, that, at two or three feet distance, they are quite undistinguishable. In some cases, a species is known to frequent only one species of tree. This is the case with the common South American long-horned beetle (*Onychocerus scorpio*), which, Mr. Bates informs us, is found only on a rough-barked tree, called *Tapiribá*, on the Amazon. It is very abundant,

but so exactly does it resemble the bark in colour and rugosity, and so closely does it cling to the branches, that until it moves it is absolutely invisible. An allied species (*O. concentricus*) is found only at Pará on a distinct species of tree, the bark of which it resembles with equal accuracy. Both these insects are abundant, and we may fairly conclude that the protection they derive from this strange concealment is at least one of the causes that enable the race to flourish.

Many of the species of *Cicindela*, or tiger beetle, will illustrate this mode of protection. Our common *Cicindela campestris* frequents grassy banks, and is of a beautiful green colour, while *C. maritima*, which is found only on sandy sea-shores, is of a pale bronzy yellow, so as to be almost invisible. A great number of the species found by Mr. Wallace in the Malay islands are similarly protected. The beautiful *Cicindela gloriosa*, of a very deep velvety green colour, was only taken upon wet mossy stones in the bed of a mountain stream, where it was with the greatest difficulty detected. A large brown species (*C. heros*) was found chiefly on dead leaves in forest paths; and one which was never seen, except on the wet mud of salt marshes, was of a glossy olive so exactly the colour of the mud as only to be distinguished when the sun shone, by its shadow! Where the sandy beach was coralline and nearly white, he found a very pale *Cicindela*; wherever it was volcanic and black, a dark species of the same genus was sure to be met with.

There are in the East small beetles of the family *Buprestidæ* which generally rest on the midrib of a leaf; and the naturalist often hesitates before picking them off, so closely do they resemble pieces of bird's dung. Kirby and Spence mention the small beetle *Onthophilus sulcatus* as being like the seed of an umbelliferous plant; and another small weevil, which is much persecuted by predatory beetles of the genus *Harpalus*, is of the exact colour of loamy soil, and was found to be particularly abundant in loam pits. Mr. Bates mentions a small beetle (*Chlamys pilula*) which was undistinguishable by the eye from the dung of caterpillars, while some of the *Cassides*, from their hemispherical forms and pearly gold colour, resemble glittering dew-drops upon the leaves.

A number of our small brown and speckled weevils, at the approach of any object, roll off the leaf they are sitting on, at the same time drawing in their legs and antennæ, which fit so perfectly into cavities for

their reception, that the insect becomes a mere oval brownish lump, which it is hopeless to look for among the similarly coloured little stones and earth pellets among which it lies motionless.

The distribution of colour in butterflies and moths respectively is very instructive from this point of view. The former have all their brilliant colouring on the upper surface of all four wings, while the under surface is almost always soberly coloured, and often very dark and obscure. The moths on the contrary have generally their chief colour on the hind wings only, the upper wings being of dull, sombre, and often imitative tints, and these generally conceal the hind wings when the insects are in repose. This arrangement of the colours is therefore eminently protective, because the butterfly always rests with his wings raised so as to conceal the dangerous brilliancy of his upper surface. It is probable that if we watched their habits sufficiently we should find the under surface of the wings of butterflies very frequently imitative and protective. Mr. T. W. Wood has pointed out that the little orange-tip butterfly often rests in the evening on the green and white flower heads of an umbelliferous plant, and that, when observed in this position, the beautiful green and white mottling of the under surface completely assimilates with the flower heads, and renders the creature very difficult to be seen. It is probable that the rich dark colouring of the under side of our peacock, tortoise-shell, and red-admiral butterflies, answers a similar purpose.

Two curious South American butterflies that always settle on the trunks of trees (*Gynecia dirce* and *Callizona aesta*) have the under surface curiously striped and mottled, and when viewed obliquely most closely assimilate with the appearance of the furrowed bark of many kinds of trees. But the most wonderful and undoubted case of protective resemblance in a butterfly which we have ever seen is that of the common Indian *Kallima inachis*, and its Malay ally, *Kallima paralekta*. The upper surface of these insects is very striking and showy, as they are of a large size, and are adorned with a broad band of rich orange on a deep bluish ground. The under side is very variable in colour, so that out of fifty specimens no two can be found exactly alike, but every one of them will be of some shade of ash or brown or ochre, such as are found among dead, dry, or decaying leaves. The apex of the upper wings is produced into an acute point, a very common form in

the leaves of tropical shrubs and trees, and the lower wings are also produced into a short narrow tail. Between these two points runs a dark curved line exactly representing the midrib of a leaf, and from this radiate on each side a few oblique lines, which serve to indicate the lateral veins of a leaf. These marks are more clearly seen on the outer portion of the base of the wings, and on the inner side towards the middle and apex, and it is very curious to observe how the usual marginal and transverse stripes of the group are here modified and strengthened so as to become adapted for an imitation of the venation of a leaf. We come now to a still more extraordinary part of the imitation, for we find representations of leaves in every stage of decay, variously blotched and mildewed and pierced with holes, and in many cases irregularly covered with powdery black dots gathered into patches and spots, so closely resembling the various kinds of minute fungi that grow on dead leaves that it is impossible to avoid thinking at first sight that the butterflies themselves have been attacked by real fungi.

But this resemblance, close as it is, would be of little use if the habits of the insect did not accord with it. If the butterfly sat upon leaves or upon flowers, or opened its wings so as to expose the upper surface or exposed and moved its head and antennæ as many other butterflies do, its disguise would be of little avail. We might be sure, however, from the analogy of many other cases, that the habits of the insect are such as still further to aid its deceptive garb; but we are not obliged to make any such supposition, since the present writer has himself had the good fortune to observe scores of *Kallima paralekta*, in Sumatra, and to capture many of them, and can vouch for the accuracy of the following details. These butterflies frequent dry forests, and fly very swiftly. They were never seen to settle on a flower or a green leaf, but were many times suddenly lost sight of in a bush or tree of dead leaves. On such occasions, they were generally searched for in vain, for while gazing intently at the very spot where one had disappeared, it would often suddenly dart out, and again vanish twenty or fifty yards further on. On one or two occasions, the insect was detected reposing; and it could then be seen how completely it assimilates itself to the surrounding leaves. It sits on a nearly upright twig, the wings fitting closely back to back, concealing the antennæ and head, which are drawn up be-

tween their bases. The little tails of the hind wing touch the branch, and form a perfect stalk to the leaf, which is supported in its place by the claws of the middle pair of feet, which are slender and inconspicuous. The irregular outline of the wings gives exactly the perspective effect of a shrivelled leaf. We thus have size, colour, form, markings, and habits, all combining together to produce a disguise which may be said to be absolutely perfect; and the protection which it affords is sufficiently indicated by the abundance of the individuals that possess it.

The Rev. Joseph Greene has called attention to the striking harmony between the colours of those British moths which are on the wing in autumn and winter, and the prevailing tints of nature at those seasons. In autumn, various shades of yellow and brown prevail, and he shows that out of fifty-two species that fly at this season, no less than forty-two are of corresponding colours. *Orgyia antiqua*, *O. gonostigma*, the genera *Xanthia*, *Glæa*, and *Ennomos*, are examples. In winter, gray and silvery tints prevail; and the genus *Chematotia*, and several species of *Hybernia*, which fly during this season, are of corresponding hues. No doubt if the habits of moths in a state of nature were more closely observed, we should find many cases of special protective resemblance. A few such have already been noticed. *Agriopis aprilina*, *Acronycta psi*, and many other moths which rest during the day on the north side of the trunks of trees, can with difficulty be distinguished from the grey and green lichens that cover them. The lappet moth (*Gastropacha querci*) closely resembles both in shape and colour a brown dry leaf; and the well-known buff-tip moth, when at rest, is like the broken end of a lichen-covered branch. There are some of the small moths which exactly resemble the dung of birds dropped on leaves; and there are probably hosts of these resemblances which have not yet been observed, owing to the difficulty of finding many of the species in their stations of natural repose. Caterpillars are also similarly protected. Many exactly resemble in tint the leaves they feed upon; others are like little brown twigs, and many are so strangely marked or humped, that, when motionless, they can hardly be taken to be living creatures at all. Mr. Andrew Murray has remarked how closely the larva of the peacock moth (*Saturnia pavonia-minor*) harmonizes in its ground colour with that of the young buds of heather on which it feeds, and that the pink spots with which it is decorated

correspond with the flowers and flower-buds of the same plant.

The whole order of Orthoptera, grasshoppers, locusts, crickets, &c., are protected by their colours harmonizing with that of the vegetation or the soil on which they live, and in no other group have we such striking examples of special resemblance. Most of the tropical Mantidæ and Locustidæ are of the exact tint of the leaves on which they habitually repose, and many of them in addition have the veining of their wings modified so as exactly to imitate that of a leaf. This is carried to the furthest possible extent in the wonderful genus, *Phyllium*, the "walking leaf," in which not only are the wings perfect imitations of leaves in every detail, but the thorax and legs are flat, dilated, and leaf-like; so that when the living insect is resting among the foliage on which it feeds, the closest observation is often unable to distinguish between the animal and the vegetable.

The whole family of the Phasmidæ, or spectres, to which this insect belongs, is more or less imitative, and a great number of the species are called "walking-stick insects," from their singular resemblance to twigs and branches. Some of these are a foot long and as thick as one's finger; and their whole colouring, form, rugosity, and the arrangement of the head, legs, and antennæ, are such as to render them absolutely identical in appearance with dead sticks. They hang loosely about shrubs in the forest, and have the extraordinary habit of stretching out their legs unsymmetrically, so as to render the deception more complete. One of these creatures obtained by Mr. Wallace in Borneo (*Ceroxylyx laeocatus*) was covered over with foliaceous excrescences of a clear olive green colour, so as exactly to resemble a stick grown over by a creeping moss or *jungermannia*. The Dyak who brought it assured him it was grown over with moss although alive, and it was only after a most minute examination that he could convince himself it was not so.

We need not adduce any more examples to show how important are the details of form and of colouring in animals, and that their very existence may often depend upon their being by these means concealed from their enemies. This kind of protection is found apparently in every class and order, for it has been noticed wherever we can obtain sufficient knowledge of the details of an animal's life-history. It varies in degree, from the mere absence of conspicuous colour or a general harmony with the prevailing tints of nature, up to such a minute and

etailed resemblance to inorganic or vegetable structures as to realize the talisman of the fairy tale, and to give its possessor the power of rendering itself invisible.

We will now endeavour to show how these wonderful resemblances have most probably been brought about. Returning to the higher animals, let us consider the remarkable fact of the rarity of white colouring in the mammalia or birds of the temperate or tropical zones in a state of nature. There is not a single white land-bird or quadruped in Europe, except the few arctic or alpine species to which white is a protective colour. Yet in many of these creatures there seems to be no inherent tendency to avoid white, for directly they are domesticated white varieties arise, and appear to thrive as well as others. We have white mice and rats, white cats, horses, dogs, and cattle, white poultry, pigeons, turkeys, and ducks, and white rabbit. Some of these animals have been domesticated for a long period, others only for a few centuries; but in almost every case in which an animal has been thoroughly domesticated, parti-coloured and white varieties are produced and become permanent.

It is also well known that animals in a state of nature produce white varieties occasionally. Blackbirds, starlings, and crows are occasionally seen white, as well as elephants, deer, tigers, hares, moles, and many other animals; but in no case is a permanent white race produced. Now there are no statistics to show that the normal-coloured parents produce white offspring oftener under domestication than in a state of nature, and we have no right to make such an assumption if the facts can be accounted for without it. But if the colour of animals do really, in the various instances already adduced, serve for their concealment and preservation, then white or any other conspicuous colour must be hurtful, and must in most cases shorten an animal's life. A white rabbit would be more surely the prey of hawk or buzzard, and the white mole, or field mouse, could not long escape from the vigilant owl. So, also, any deviation from those tints best adapted to conceal a carnivorous animal would render the pursuit of its prey much more difficult, would place it at a disadvantage among its fellows, and in a time of scarcity would probably cause it to starve to death. On the other hand, if an animal spreads from a temperate into an arctic district, the conditions are changed. During a large portion of the year, and just

when the struggle for existence is most severe, white is the prevailing tint of nature, and dark colours will be the most conspicuous. The white varieties will now have an advantage; they will escape from their enemies or will secure food, while their brown companions will be devoured or will starve; and, as "like produces like" is the established rule in nature, the white race will become permanently established, and dark varieties, when they occasionally appear, will soon die out from their want of adaptation to their environment. In each case the fittest will survive, and a race will be eventually produced adapted to the conditions in which it lives.

We have here an illustration of the simple and effectual means by which animals are brought into harmony with the rest of nature. That slight amount of variability in every species which we often look upon as something accidental or abnormal, or so insignificant as to be hardly worthy of notice, is yet the foundation of all those wonderful and harmonious resemblances which play such an important part in the economy of nature. Variation is generally very small in amount, but it is all that is required, because the change in the external conditions to which an animal is subject is generally very slow and intermittent. When these changes have taken place too rapidly, the result has often been the extinction of species; but the general rule is, that climatal and geological changes go on slowly, and the slight but continual variations in the colour, form, and structure of all animals, has furnished individuals adapted to these changes, and who have become the progenitors of modified races. Rapid multiplication, incessant slight variation, and survival of the fittest. — these are the laws which ever keep the organic world in harmony with the inorganic, and with itself. These are the laws which we believe have produced all the cases of protective resemblance already adduced, as well as those still more curious examples we have yet to bring before our readers.

It must always be borne in mind that the more wonderful examples, in which there is not only a general but a special resemblance, — as in the walking leaf, the mossy phasma, and the leaf-winged butterfly, — represent those few instances in which the process of modification has been going on during an immense series of generations. They all occur in the tropics, where the conditions of existence are the most favourable, and where climatal changes have for long periods been hardly perceptible. In



most of them, favourable variations both of colour, form, structure, and instinct or habit, must have occurred to produce the perfect adaptation we now behold. All these are known to vary; and favourable variations, when not accompanied by others that were unfavourable, would certainly survive. At one time a little step might be made in this direction, at another time in that,—a change of conditions might sometimes render useless that which it had taken ages to produce,—great and sudden physical modifications might often produce the extinction of a race just as it was approaching perfection, and a hundred checks of which we can know nothing may have retarded the progress towards perfect adaptation; so that we can hardly wonder at the few cases in which a result has been attained which is shown to be successful by the abundance and wide diffusion of the creatures so protected.

It is as well here to reply to an objection that will no doubt occur to many readers,—that if protection is so useful to all animals, and so easily brought about by variation and survival of the fittest, there ought to be no conspicuously-coloured creatures; and they will perhaps ask how we account for the brilliant birds, and painted snakes, and gorgeous insects, that occur abundantly all over the world. It will be advisable to answer this question rather fully, in order that we may be prepared to understand the phenomena of "mimicry," which it is the special object of this paper to illustrate and explain.

The slightest observation of the life of animals will show us that they escape from their enemies and obtain their food in an infinite variety of ways; and that their varied habits and instincts are in every case adapted to the conditions of their existence. The porcupine and the hedgehog have a defensive armour that saves them from the attacks of most animals. The tortoise is not injured by the conspicuous colours of his shell, because that shell is in most cases an effectual protection to him. The skunks of North America find safety in their power of emitting an unbearably offensive odour; the beaver in its aquatic habits and solidly constructed abode. In some cases, the chief danger to an animal occurs at one particular period of its existence, and if that is guarded against its numbers can easily be maintained. This is the case with many birds, the eggs and young of which are especially obnoxious to danger, and we find accordingly a variety of curious contrivances to protect them. We have nests

carefully concealed, hung from the slender extremities of grass or boughs over water, or placed in the hollow of a tree with a very small opening. When these precautions are successful, so many more individuals will be reared than can possibly find food during the least favourable seasons, that there will always be a number of weakly and inexperienced young birds who will fall a prey to the enemies of the race, and thus render necessary for the stronger and healthier individuals no other safeguard than their strength and activity. The instincts most favourable to the production and rearing of offspring will in these cases be most important, and the survival of the fittest will act so as to keep up and advance those instincts, while other causes which tend to modify colour and marking may continue their action almost unchecked.

It is perhaps in insects that we may best study the varied means by which animals are defended or concealed. One of the uses of the phosphorescence with which many insects are furnished is probably to frighten away their enemies; for Kirby and Spence state that a ground beetle (*Carabus*) has been observed running round and round a luminous centipede as if afraid to attack it. An immense number of insects have stings, and some stingless ants of the genus *Polyrachis* are armed with strong and sharp spines on the back, which must render them unpalatable to many of the smaller insectivorous birds. Many beetles of the family *Curelionidæ* have the wing cases and other external parts so excessively hard, that they cannot be pinned without first drilling a hole to receive the pin, and it is probable that all such find a protection in this excessive hardness. Great numbers of insects hide themselves among the petals of flowers, or in the cracks of barks and timber; and finally, extensive groups and even whole orders have a more or less powerful and disgusting smell and taste, which they either possess permanently, or can emit at pleasure. The attitudes of some insects may also protect them, as the habit of turning up the tail by the harmless rove-beetles (*Staphylinidæ*) no doubt leads other animals besides children to the belief that they can sting. The curious attitude assumed by sphinx caterpillars is probably a safeguard, as well as the blood-red tentacles which can suddenly be thrown out from the neck, by the caterpillars of all the true swallow-tailed butterflies.

It is among the groups that possess some of these varied kinds of protection in a high degree, that we find the greatest

amount of conspicuous colour, or at least the most complete absence of protective imitation. The stinging Hymenoptera, wasps, bees, and hornets, are, as a rule, very showy and brilliant insects, and there is not a single instance recorded in which any one of them is coloured so as to resemble a vegetable or inanimate substance. The Chrysididæ, or golden wasps, which do not sting, possess as a substitute the power of rolling themselves up into a ball, which is almost as hard and polished as if really made of metal, — and they are all adorned with the most gorgeous colours. The whole order Hemiptera (comprising the bugs) emit a powerful odour, and they present a very large proportion of gay-coloured and conspicuous insects. The lady-birds (Coccinellidæ) and their allies, the Eumorphidæ, are often brightly spotted, as if to attract attention; but they can both emit fluids of a very disagreeable nature; they are certainly rejected by some birds, and are probably never eaten by any.

The great family of ground beetles (Carabidæ) almost all possess a disagreeable and some a very pungent smell, and a few called bombardier beetles have the peculiar faculty of emitting a jet of very volatile liquid which appears like a puff of smoke, and is accompanied by a distinct crepitating explosion. It is probably because these insects are mostly nocturnal and predacious that they do not present more vivid hues. They are chiefly remarkable for brilliant metallic tints or dull red patches when they are not wholly black, and are therefore very conspicuous by day, when insect-eaters are kept off by their bad odour and taste, but are sufficiently invisible at night when it is of importance that their prey should not become aware of their proximity.

It seems probable that in some cases that which would appear at first sight to be a source of danger to its possessor may really be a means of protection. Many showy and weak-flying butterflies have a very broad expanse of wing, as in the brilliant blue Morphos of Brazilian forests, and the large Eastern Papilios; yet these are tolerably plentiful. Now, specimens of these butterflies are often captured with pierced and broken wings, as if they had been seized by birds from whom they had escaped; but if the wings had been much smaller in proportion to the body, it seems probable that the insect would be more frequently struck or pierced in a vital part, and thus the increased expanse of the wings may have been indirectly beneficial.

In other cases the capacity of increase in

a species is so great that however many of the perfect insect may be destroyed, there is always ample means for the continuance of the race. Many of the flesh-flies, gnats, ants, palm-tree weevils and locusts, are in this category. The whole family of Cetoniadæ or rose chafers, so full of gayly-coloured species, are probably saved from attack by a combination of characters. They fly very rapidly with a zigzag or waving course; they hide themselves the moment they alight, either in the corolla of flowers or in rotten wood or in cracks and hollows of trees, and they are generally encased in a very hard and polished coat of mail which may render them unsatisfactory food to such birds as would be able to capture them. The causes which lead to the development of colour have been here able to act unchecked, and we see the result in a large variety of the most gorgeously coloured insects.

Here, then, with our very imperfect knowledge of the life-history of animals, we are able to see that there are widely varied modes by which they may obtain protection from their enemies or concealment from their prey. Some of these seem to be so complete and effectual as to answer all the wants of the race, and lead to the maintenance of the largest possible population. When this is the case, we can well understand that no further protection derived from a modification of colour can be of the slightest use, and the most brilliant hues may be developed without any prejudicial effect upon the species. On some of the laws that determine the development of colour something may be said presently. It is now merely necessary to show that concealment by obscure or imitative tints is only one out of very many ways by which animals maintain their existence; and having done this we are prepared to consider the phenomena of "mimicry."\*

It has been long known to entomologists that certain insects bear a strange external resemblance to others belonging to distinct

\* It is to be particularly observed that the word "mimicry" is never used in this article in the sense of voluntary imitation. It here means a particular kind of resemblance only; a resemblance not in internal structure but in external appearance; a resemblance in those parts only that catch the eye; a resemblance that deceives. As this kind of resemblance has the same effect as voluntary imitation or mimicry, and as there is no word in the language that expresses the required meaning, "mimicry" was adopted by Mr. Bates, and has led to some misunderstanding; but there need be none, if it is remembered that both "mimicry" and "imitation" are used in a metaphorical sense, as implying that close external likeness which causes things really quite unlike to be mistaken for each other.

genera, families, or even orders, and with which they have no real affinity whatever. The fact, however, appears to have been generally considered as dependent upon some unknown law of "analogy,"—some "system of nature," or "general plan," which had guided the Creator in designing the myriads of insect forms, and which we could never hope to understand. In only one case does it appear that the resemblance was thought to be useful, and to have been designed as a means to a definite and intelligible purpose. The flies of the genus *Volucella* enter the nests of bees to deposit their eggs, so that their larvæ may feed upon the larvæ of the bees, and these flies are each wonderfully like the bee on which it is parasitic. Kirby and Spence believed that this resemblance or "mimicry" was for the express purpose of protecting the flies from the attacks of the bees, and the connexion is so evident that it was hardly possible to avoid this conclusion. The resemblance, however, of moths to butterflies or to bees, of beetles to wasps, and of locusts to beetles, has been many times noticed by eminent writers; but scarcely ever till within the last few years does it appear to have been considered that these resemblances had any special purpose, or were of any direct benefit to the insects themselves. In this respect they were looked upon as accidental, as instances of the "curious analogies" in nature which must be wondered at but which could not be explained. Recently, however, these instances have been greatly multiplied; the nature of the resemblances has been more carefully studied, and it has been found that they are often carried out into such details as almost to imply a purpose of deceiving the observer. The phenomena, moreover, have been shown to follow certain definite laws, which again all indicate their dependence on the more general law of the "survival of the fittest," or "the preservation of favoured races in the struggle for life." It will, perhaps, be as well here to state what these laws or general conclusions are, and then to give some account of the facts which support them.

The first law is, that in an overwhelming majority of cases of mimicry, the animals (or the groups) which resemble each other inhabit the same country, the same district, and in most cases are to be found together on the very same spot.

The second law is, that these resemblances are not indiscriminate; but are limited to certain groups, which in every case are abundant in species and individuals, and

can often be ascertained to have some special protection.

The third law is, that the species which resemble or "mimic" these dominant groups, are comparatively less abundant in individuals, and are often very rare.

These laws will be found to hold good in all the cases of true mimicry among various classes of animals to which we have now to call the attention of our readers.

As it is among butterflies that instances of mimicry are most numerous and most striking, an account of some of the more prominent examples in this group will first be given. There is in South America an extensive family of these insects, the *Heliconidas*, which are in many respects very remarkable. They are so abundant and characteristic in all the woody portions of the American tropics, that in almost every locality they will be seen more frequently than any other butterflies. They are distinguished by very elongate wings, body, and antennæ, and are exceedingly beautiful and varied in their colours; spots and patches of yellow red or pure white upon a black, blue, or brown ground, being most general. They frequent the forests chiefly, and all fly slowly and weakly; yet although they are so conspicuous, and could certainly be caught by insectivorous birds more easily than almost any other insects, their great abundance all over the wide region they inhabit shows that they are not so persecuted. It is to be especially remarked also that they possess no adaptive colouring to protect them during repose, for the under side of their wings presents the same, or at least an equally conspicuous, colouring as the upper side; and they may be observed after sunset suspended at the end of twigs and leaves where they have taken up their station for the night, fully exposed to the attacks of enemies if they have any. These beautiful insects possess, however, a strong pungent semi-aromatic or medicinal odour, which seems to pervade all the juices of their system. When the entomologist squeezes the breast of one of them between his fingers to kill it, a yellow liquid exudes which stains the skin, and the smell of which can only be got rid of by time and repeated washings. Here we have probably the cause of their immunity from attack, since there is a great deal of evidence to show that certain insects are so disgusting to birds that they will under no circumstances touch them. Mr. Stainton has observed that a brood of young turkeys which greedily eat up all the worthless moths he had amassed in a night's

“sugaring,” yet one after another seized and rejected a single white moth which happened to be among them. Young pheasants and partridges which eat many kinds of caterpillars seem to have an absolute dread of that of the common currant moth, which they will never touch, and tomtits as well as other small birds appear never to eat the same species. In the case of the Heliconidæ, however, we have some direct evidence to the same effect. In the Brazilian forests there are great numbers of insectivorous birds — as juncamars, trogons, and puffbirds — which catch insects on the wing, and that they destroy many butterflies is indicated by the fact that the wings of these insects are often found on the ground where their bodies have been devoured. But among these there are no wings of Heliconidæ, while those of the large showy Nymphalidæ, which have a much swifter flight, are often met with. Again, a gentleman who has recently returned from Brazil stated at a meeting of the Entomological Society that he once observed a pair of puffbirds catching butterflies, which they brought to their nest to feed their young; yet during half an hour they never brought one of the Heliconidæ, which were flying lazily about in great numbers, and which they could have captured more easily than any other. It was this circumstance that led Mr. Bolt to observe them so long, as he could not understand why the most common insects should be altogether passed by. Mr. Bates also tells us that he never saw them molested by lizards or predacious flies which often pounce on other butterflies.

If, therefore, we accept it as highly probable (if not proved) that the Heliconidæ are very greatly protected from attack by their peculiar odour and taste, we find it much more easy to understand their chief characteristics — their great abundance, their slow flight, their gaudy colours, and the entire absence of protective tints on their under surfaces. This property places them somewhat in the position of those curious wingless birds of oceanic islands, the dodo, the apteryx, and the moas, which are with great reason supposed to have lost the power of flight on account of the absence of carnivorous quadrupeds. Our butterflies have been protected in a different way, but quite as effectually; and the result has been that as there has been nothing to escape from, there has been no weeding out of slow flyers, and as there has been nothing to hide from, there has been no extermination of the bright-coloured varieties, and no pre-

ervation of such as tended to assimilate with surrounding objects.

Now let us consider how this kind of protection must act. Tropical insectivorous birds very frequently sit on dead branches of a lofty tree, or on those which overhang forest paths, gazing intently around, and darting off at intervals to seize an insect at a considerable distance, which they generally return to their station to devour. If a bird began by capturing the slow-flying, conspicuous Heliconidæ, and found them always so disagreeable that he could not eat them, he would after a very few trials leave off catching them at all; and their whole appearance, form, colouring, and mode of flight, is so peculiar, that there can be little doubt birds would soon learn to distinguish them at a long distance, and never waste any time in pursuit of them. Under these circumstances, it is evident that any other butterfly of a group which birds were accustomed to devour, would be almost equally well protected by closely resembling a Heliconia externally, as if it acquired also the disagreeable odour; always supposing that there were only a few of them among a great number of the Heliconias. If the birds could not distinguish the two kinds externally, and there were on the average only one eatable among fifty uneatable, they would soon give up seeking for the eatable ones, even if they knew them to exist. If, on the other hand, any particular butterfly of an eatable group acquired the disagreeable taste of the Heliconias while it retained the characteristic form and colouring of its own group, this would be really of no use to it whatever; for the birds would go on catching it among its eatable allies (among whom, we suppose, it is comparatively rare), and it would probably be wounded and disabled, even if rejected, and would be as effectually killed as if it were devoured. It is important, therefore, to understand that if any one genus of an extensive family of eatable butterflies were in danger of extermination from insect-eating birds, and if two kinds of variation were going on among them, some individuals possessing a slightly disagreeable taste, others a slight resemblance to the Heliconidæ, this latter quality would be much more valuable than the former. The change in flavour would not at all prevent the variety from being captured as before, and it would almost certainly be thoroughly disabled before being rejected. The approach in colour and form to the Heliconidæ, however, would be at the very first a positive, though perhaps a slight advantage;

for although at short distances this variety would be easily distinguished and devoured, yet at a longer distance it might be mistaken for one of the uneatable group, and so be passed by and gain another day's life, which might in many cases be sufficient for it to lay a quantity of eggs and leave a numerous progeny, many of which would inherit the peculiarity which had been the safeguard of their parent.

Now, this hypothetical case is exactly realized in South America. Among the white butterflies forming the family Pieridæ (many of which do not greatly differ in appearance from our own cabbage butterflies) is a genus of rather small size (*Leptalis*); some species of which are white like their allies, while the larger number exactly resemble the *Heliconidæ* in the form and colouring of the wings. It must be always remembered that these two families are as absolutely distinguished from each other by structural characters as are the carnivora and the ruminants among quadrupeds, and that an entomologist can always distinguish the one from the other by the structure of the feet, just as certainly as a zoologist can tell a bear from a buffalo by the skull or by a tooth. Yet the resemblance of a species of the one family to another species in the other family was often so great, that both Mr. Bates and Mr. Wallace were many times deceived at the time of capture, and did not discover the distinctness of the two insects till a closer examination detected their essential differences. During his residence of eleven years in the Amazon Valley, Mr. Bates found a number of species or varieties of *Leptalis*, each of which was a more or less exact copy of one of the *Heliconidæ* of the district it inhabited; and the results of his observations are embodied in the paper published in the *Linnean Transactions*, in which he first explained the phenomena of "mimicry" as the result of natural selection, and showed its identity in cause and purpose with protective resemblance to vegetable or inorganic forms.

The imitation of the *Heliconidæ* by the *Leptalides* is carried out to a wonderful degree in form as well as in colouring. The wings have become elongated to the same extent, and the antennæ and abdomen have both become lengthened, to correspond with the unusual condition in which they exist in the former family. In colouration there are several types in the different genera of *Heliconidæ*. The genus *Mechanitis* is generally of a rich semi-transparent brown, banded with black and yellow; *Methona* is of large size, the wings trans-

parent like horn, and with black transverse bands; while the delicate *Ithomias* are all more or less transparent, with black veins and borders, and often with marginal and transverse bands of orange red. These different forms are all copied by the various species of *Leptalis*, every band and spot and tint of colour, and the various degrees of transparency, being exactly reproduced. As if to derive all the benefit possible from this protective mimicry, the habits have become so modified, that the *Leptalides* generally frequent the very same spots as their models, and have the same mode of flight; and as they are always very scarce (Mr. Bates estimating their numbers at about one to a thousand of the group they resemble), there is hardly a possibility of their being found out by their enemies. It is also very remarkable that in almost every case the particular *Ithomias* and other species of *Heliconidæ* which they resemble, are noted as being very common species, swarming in individuals, and found over a wide range of country. This indicates antiquity and permanence in the species, and is exactly the condition most essential both to aid in the development and to increase the utility of the resemblance.

But the *Leptalides* are not the only group who have prolonged their existence by imitating the great protected group of *Heliconidæ*;—a genus of quite another family of most lovely small American butterflies, the *Erycinidæ*, and three genera of diurnal moths, also present species which often mimic the same dominant forms, so that some, as *Ithomia ilderina* of St. Paulo, for instance, have flying with them a few individuals of three totally different insects, which are yet disguised with exactly the same form, colour, and markings, so that all four are undistinguishable when on the wing. Again, the *Heliconidæ* are not the only group that are imitated, although they are the most frequent models. The black and red group of South American *Papilio*s, and the handsome Erycinian genus *Stalactis*, have also a few who copy them; but this fact offers no difficulty, since these two groups are almost as dominant as the *Heliconidæ*. They both fly very slowly, they both are conspicuously coloured, and they both abound in individuals; so that there is every reason to believe that they possess a protection of a similar kind to the *Heliconidæ*, and that it is therefore equally an advantage to other insects to be mistaken for them. There is also another extraordinary fact that we are not yet in a position clearly to comprehend: some groups of

the Heliconidæ themselves mimic other groups. Species of *Heliconius* mimic *Mechanitis*, and every species of *Napeogenes* mimics some other Heliconideous butterfly. This would seem to indicate that the distasteful secretion is not produced alike by all members of the family, and that where it is deficient protective imitation comes into play. It is this, perhaps, that has caused such a general resemblance among the Heliconidæ, such a uniformity of type with great diversity of colouring, since any aberration causing an insect to cease to look like one of the family would inevitably lead to its being attacked, wounded, and exterminated, even although it were not eatable.

In other parts of the world an exactly parallel series of facts have been observed. The Danaidæ and the Acraeidæ of the Old World tropics form in fact one great group with the Heliconidæ. They have the same general form, structure, and habits: they possess the same protective odour, and are equally abundant in individuals, although not so varied in colour, blue and white spots on a black ground being the most general pattern. The insects which mimic these are chiefly *Papilios* and *Diademæ*, a genus allied to our peacock and tortoise-shell butterflies. In tropical Africa there is a peculiar group of the genus *Danais*, characterised by dark-brown and bluish-white colours, arranged in bands or stripes. One of these, *Danais niavius*, is exactly imitated both by *Papilio hippocoon* and by *Diadema antedon*; another, *Danais echeria*, by *Papilio cenea*; and in Natal a variety of the *Danais* is found having a white spot at the tip of wings, accompanied by a variety of the *Papilio* bearing a corresponding white spot. *Acraea timandra* is copied in its very peculiar style of colouration by *Papilio boisduvalianus* and the female of *Diadema hirce*, while the male of the same insect is like *Acraea gea*. *Acraea euryta* of Sierra Leone has a *Diadema* from the same place which exactly copies it; and in the collections of the British Museum there are six species of *Diadema* and four of *Papilio* which in their colour and markings are perfect mimics of species of *Danais* or *Acraea* which inhabit the same districts.

Passing on to India, we have *Danais tytia*, a butterfly with semi-transparent bluish wings and a border of rich reddish brown. This remarkable style of colouring is exactly reproduced in *Papilio agestor* and in *Diadema nama*, and all three insects not unfrequently come together in collections made at Darjeeling. In the Philippine Islands the large and curious *Idea leuconoe*

with its semi-transparent white wings, veined and spotted with black, is copied by the rare *Papilio idæoides* from the same islands.

In the Malay archipelago the very common and beautiful *Euplæa midamus* is so exactly mimicked by two rare *Papilios* (*P. paradoxa* and *P. enigma*) that Mr. Wallace generally caught them under the impression that they were the more common species; and the equally common and even more beautiful *Euplæa rhadamanthus*, with its pure white bands and spots on a ground of glossy blue and black, is reproduced in the *Papilio caunus*. Here also there are species of *Diadema*, imitating the same group in two or three instances; but we shall have to adduce these further on in connexion with another branch of the subject.

It has been already mentioned that in South America there is a group of *Papilios* which have all the characteristics of a protected race, and whose peculiar colours and markings are imitated by other butterflies not so protected. There is just such a group also in the East, having very similar colours and the same habits, and these also are mimicked by other species in the same genus not closely allied to them, and also by a few of other families. *Papilio hector*, a common Indian butterfly of a rich black colour spotted with crimson, is so closely copied by *Papilio romulus*, that the latter insect has been thought to be its female. A close examination shows, however, that it is essentially different, and belongs to another section of the genus. *Papilio antiphus* and *P. dipylus*, black swallow-tailed butterflies with cream-coloured spots, are so well imitated by varieties of *P. theseus*, that several writers have classed them as the same species. *Papilio liris*, found only in the Island of Timor, is accompanied there by *P. ænomaus*, the female of which so exactly resembles it, that they can hardly be separated in the cabinet, and on the wing are quite undistinguishable. But one of the most curious cases is the fine yellow-spotted *Papilio cœon*, which is unmistakably imitated by the female tailed form of *Papilio memnon*. These are both from Sumatra; but in North India *P. cœon* is replaced by another species, which has been named *P. doubledayi*, having red spots instead of yellow; and in the same district the corresponding female tailed form of *Papilio androgeus*, sometimes considered a variety of *P. memnon*, is similarly red-spotted. Mr. Westwood has described some curious day-flying moths (*Epicopeia*)

from North India, which have the form and colouring of Papilios of this section, and two of these are very good imitations of *Papilio polydorus* and *Papilio varuna*, also from North India.

Almost all these cases of mimicry are from the tropics, where the forms of life are more abundant, and where insect development especially is of unchecked luxuriance; but there are also one or two instances in temperate regions. In North America the large and handsome red and black butterfly *Danais erippus*, is very common; and the same country is inhabited by *Limenitis archippus*, which closely resembles the *Danais*, while it differs entirely from every species of its own genus.

The only case of probable mimicry in our own country is the following:—A very common white moth (*Spilosoma menthastri*) was found by Mr. Stainton to be rejected by young turkeys among hundreds of other moths on which they greedily fed. Each bird in succession took hold of this moth and threw it down again, as if too nasty to eat. We may therefore fairly conclude that this species would be disagreeable to many other birds, and would thus have an immunity from attack, which may be the cause of its great abundance and of its conspicuous white colour. Now it is a curious thing that there is another moth, *Diaphora mendica*, which appears about the same time, and whose female only is white. It is about the same size as *Spilosoma menthastri*, and sufficiently resembles it in the dusk, and this moth is much less common. It seems very probable, therefore, that these species stand in the same relation to each other as the mimicking butterflies of various families do to the *Heliconidæ* and *Danaidæ*. It would be very interesting to experiment on all white moths, to ascertain if those which are most common are generally rejected by birds. It may be anticipated that they would be so, because white is the most conspicuous of all colours for nocturnal insects, and had they not some other protection, would certainly be very injurious to them.

In the preceding cases we have found *Lepidoptera* imitating other species of the same order, and such species only as we have good reason to believe were free from the attacks of many insectivorous creatures; but there are other instances in which they altogether lose the external appearance of the order to which they belong, and take on the dress of bees or wasps—insects which have an undeniable protection in their stings.

The *Sesiidæ* and *Egeriidæ*, two families day-flying moths, are particularly remarkable in this respect, and a mere inspection of the names given to the various species shows how the resemblance has struck eye on eye.

We have *apiformis*, *vespiformis*, *ichneumoniformis*, *scoliasiformis*, *sphegiformis* (bee-like, wasp-like, ichneumon-like, &c. and many others, all indicating a resemblance to stinging *Hymenoptera*).

In Britain we may particularly notice *Sebombiliformis*, which very closely resembles the male of the large and common humbly bee, *Bombus hortorum*; *Sphexia crabiformis*, which is coloured like a hornet, and (on the authority of Mr. Jenner West) much more like it when alive than when in the cabinet, from the way in which it carries its wings; and the little currant-clearwing *Trochilium tipuliforme* resembles a black wasp (*Odynerus sinuatus*) very abundant in gardens at the same season. It has been so much the practice to look upon these resemblances as mere curious analogies playing no part in the economy of nature that we have scarcely any observations on the habits and appearance when alive of the hundreds of species of these groups various parts of the world, or how far they are accompanied by *Hymenoptera*, with which they specifically resemble. There are many species in India (like those figured by Jenner Westwood in his "Oriental Entomology"), which have the hind legs very broad and densely hairy, so as exactly imitate the brush-legged bees (*Scopulipectus*) which abound in the same country. In such cases we have more than mere resemblance of colour, for that which is an important functional structure in the one group is imitated in another whose habits render it perfectly useless.

It may fairly be expected that if the imitations of one creature by another reserve as a protection to weak and decayed species, instances of the same kind will be found among other groups than the *Lepidoptera*; and such is the case, although they are seldom so prominent and so easily recognized as those already pointed out occurring in that order. A few very interesting examples may, however be pointed out in most of the other orders of insects. The *Coleoptera* or beetles that imitate other *Coleoptera* of distinct groups are very numerous in tropical countries and they generally follow the laws readily laid down as regulating these phenomena. The insects which others imitate always have a special protection, which leads them to be avoided as dangerous.

uneatable by small insectivorous animals; some have a disgusting taste (analogous to that of the Heliconidæ); others have such a hard and stony covering that they cannot be crushed or digested; while a third set are very active, and armed with powerful jaws, as well as having some disagreeable secretion. Some species of Eumorphidæ and Hispidæ, small flat or hemispherical beetles which are exceedingly abundant, and have a disagreeable secretion, are imitated by others of the very distinct group of Longicornes (of which our common musk-beetle may be taken as an example). The extraordinary little *Cyclopeplus batesii*, belongs to the same sub-family of this group as the *Onychocerus scorpio* and *O. concentricus*, which have already been adduced as imitating with such wonderful accuracy the bark of the trees they habitually frequent; but it differs totally in outward appearance from every one of its allies, having taken upon itself the exact shape and colouring of a globular *Corynomalus*, a little stinking beetle with clubbed antennæ. It is curious to see how these clubbed antennæ are imitated by an insect belonging to a group with long slender antennæ. The sub-family Anisocerinæ, to which *Cyclopeplus* belongs, is characterized by all its members possessing a little knob or dilatation about the middle of the antennæ. This knob is considerably enlarged in *C. batesii*, and the terminal portion of the antennæ beyond it is so small and slender as to be scarcely visible, and thus an excellent substitute is obtained for the short clubbed antennæ of the *Corynomalus*. *Erythroplatis corallifer* is another curious broad flat beetle, that no one would take for a Longicorn, since it almost exactly resembles *Cephalodonta spinipes*, one of the commonest of the South American Hispidæ; and what is still more remarkable, another Longicorn of a distinct group, *Streptolabis hispidoides*, was found by Mr. Bates, which resembles the same insect with equal minuteness,—a case exactly paralleled to that among butterflies, where species of two or three distinct groups mimicked the same Heliconia. Many of the soft-winged beetles (Malacodermes) are excessively abundant in individuals, and it is probable that they have some similar protection, more especially as other species often strikingly resemble them. A Longicorn beetle, *Faciloderma terminale*, found in Jamaica, is coloured exactly in the same way as a *Lycus* (one of the Malacodermes) from the same island. *Eroschema poweri*, a Longicorn from Australia, might certainly be taken for one of the same group, and several

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species from the Malay Islands are equally deceptive. In the Island of Celebes is found one of this group, having the whole body and elytra of a rich deep blue colour, with the head only orange; and in company with it an insect of a totally different family (Eucnemidæ) with identically the same colouration, and of so nearly the same size and form as to completely puzzle the collector on every fresh occasion of capturing them.\*

There are a number of the larger tropical weevils which have the elytra and the whole covering of the body so hard as to be a great annoyance to the entomologist, because, in attempting to transfix them, the points of his pins are constantly turned. We have found it necessary in these cases to drill a hole very carefully with the point of a sharp penknife before attempting to insert a pin. Many of the fine long-antennæd Anthribidæ (an allied group) have to be treated in the same way. We can easily understand that, after small birds have in vain attempted to eat these insects, they should get to know them by sight, and ever after leave them alone, and it will then be an advantage for other insects which are comparatively soft and eatable to be mistaken for them. We need not be surprised, therefore, to find that there are many Longicorns which strikingly resemble the "hard" beetles" of their own district. In South Brazil, *Acanthotrirus dorsalis* is strikingly like a *Curculio* of the hard genus *Heliplus*, and Mr. Bates assures us that he found *Gymnocerus cratosomoides* (a Longicorn) on the same tree with a hard *Cratosomus* (a weevil), which it exactly mimics. Again, the pretty Longicorn *Phacellocera batesii*, mimics one of the hard Anthribidæ of the genus *Ptychoderes*, having long slender antennæ. In the Moluccas, we find *Cacia anthriboides*, a small Longicorn which might be easily mistaken for a very common species of Anthribidæ found in the same districts; and the very rare *Capnolymma stygium* closely imitates the common *Mecocerus gazella*, which abounded where it was taken. *Doliops cureulionoides* and other allied Longicorns from the Philippine Islands most curiously resemble, both in form and colouring, the brilliant *Pachyrhyn-*

\* Since writing the preceding lines, we have been informed by Mr. Jenner Weir, who keeps a variety of small birds, that none of them will touch our common "soldiers and sailors" (species of Malacodermes), thus confirming, in a remarkable manner, the anticipation we had formed that they were in some way a protected group, from the fact of their being at once very abundant, of conspicuous colours, and the objects of mimicry.



chi, — Curculionidæ, which are almost peculiar to that group of islands. The remaining family of Coleoptera most frequently imitated is the Cicindelidæ. The rare and curious Longicorn, *Collyroides lacordairei*, has exactly the form and colouring of the genus *Collyris*, while an undescribed species of *Heteromera* is exactly like a *Therates*, and was taken running on the trunks of trees, as is the habit of that group. There is one curious example of a Longicorn mimicking a Longicorn, like the *Papilio*s and *Heliconidæ*, which mimic their own allies. *Agnia fasciata*, belonging to the sub-family *Hypselominæ*, and *Nemophas grayi*, belonging to the *Lamiinæ*, were taken in Amboyña on the same fallen tree at the same time, and were supposed to be the same species till they were more carefully examined, and found to be structurally quite different. The colouring of these insects is very remarkable, being rich steel-blue black, crossed by broad hairy bands of orange-buff, and out of the many thousands of known species of Longicorns they are probably the only two which are so colored. The *Nemophas grayi* is the larger, stronger, and better armed insect, and belongs to a more widely spread and dominant group, very rich in species and individuals, and is therefore most probably the subject of mimicry by the other species.

We will now adduce a few cases in which beetles imitate other insects, and insects of other orders imitate beetles.

*Charis melipona*, a South American Longicorn of the family *Necydalidæ*, has been so named from its resemblance to a small bee of the genus *Melipona*. It is one of the most remarkable cases of mimicry, since the beetle has the thorax and body densely hairy like the bee, and the legs are tufted in a manner most unusual in the order *Coleoptera*. Another Longicorn, *Odontocera odyneroideis*, has the abdomen banded with yellow, and constricted at the base, and is altogether so exactly like a small common wasp of the genus *Odynerus*, that Mr. Bates informs us he was afraid to take it out of his net with his fingers for fear of being stung. Had Mr. Bates's taste for insects been less omnivorous than it was, the beetle's disguise might have saved it from his pin, as it had no doubt often done from the beak of hungry birds. A larger insect, *Sphecomorpha chalybea*, is exactly like one of the large metallic blue wasps, and like them has the abdomen connected with the thorax by a pedicel, rendering the deception most complete and striking. Many Eastern species of Longi-

corns of the genus *Oberea*, when on the wing exactly resemble *Tenthredinidæ*, and many of the small species of *Hestesis* run about on timber, and cannot be distinguished from ants. There is one genus of South American Longicorns that appears to mimic the shielded bugs of the genus *Scutellera*. The *Gymnocerus capucinus* is one of these, and is very like *Pachytodes fabricii*, one of the *Scutelleridæ*. The beautiful *Gymnocerus dulcissimus* is also very like the same group of insects, though there is no known species that exactly corresponds to it; but this is not to be wondered at, as the tropical Hemiptera have been comparatively so little cared for by collectors.

The most remarkable case of an insect of another order mimicking a beetle is that of the *Condylodera tricondyloides*, one of the cricket family from the Philippine Islands, which is so exactly like a *Tricondyla* (one of the tiger beetles), that such an experienced entomologist as Professor Westwood placed it among them in his cabinet, and retained it there a long time before he discovered his mistake! Both insects run along the trunks of trees, and whereas *Tricondylas* are very plentiful, the insect that mimics it is, as in all other cases, very rare. Mr. Bates also informs us that he found at Santarem on the Amazon a species of locust which mimicked one of the tiger beetles of the genus *Odontocheila*, and was found on the same trees which they frequented.

There are a considerable number of *Diptera*, or two-winged flies that closely resemble wasps and bees, and no doubt derive much benefit from the wholesome dread which those insects excite. The *Midas* flies, and other species of large Brazilian flies, have dark wings and metallic blue elongate bodies, resembling the large stinging *Sphegidæ* of the same country; and a very large fly of the genus *Asilus* has black banded wings and the abdomen tipped with rich orange, so as exactly to resemble the fine bee *Englossa dimidiata*, and both are found in the same parts of South America. We have also in our own country species of *Bombylius* which are almost exactly like bees. In these cases the end gained by the mimicry is no doubt freedom from attack, but it has sometimes an altogether different purpose. There are a number of parasitic flies whose larvæ feed upon the larvæ of bees, such as the British genus *Volucella* and many of the tropical *Bombylii*, and most of these are exactly like the particular species of bee they prey upon, so that

can enter their nests unsuspected to sit their eggs. There are also bees which mimic bees. The cuckoo bees of the genus *Nomada* are parasitic on the Andrenids, and they resemble either wasps or bees of *Andrena*; and the parasitic humbees of the genus *Apathus* almost exactly resemble the species of humble-bees in whose nests they are reared. Mr. Bates informs us that he found numbers of these "cuckoo"-bees and flies on the Amazon, in all wore the livery of working bees familiar to the same country.

There is a genus of small spiders in the Americas which feed on ants, and they are strikingly like ants themselves, which not only gives them more opportunity of seizing their prey; and Mr. Bates found on the Amazon a species of Mantis which exactly resembled the white ants which it had fed upon, as well as several species of crickets (*Leptopoda*), which resembled in a wonderful manner different sand wasps of large size, which are constantly on the search for their nests to provision their nests with.

Perhaps the most extraordinary of all is a large caterpillar mentioned by Mr. Bates, which startled him by its close resemblance to a small snake. The first few segments behind the head were dilated at the will of the insect, and had on each side a large black pupillated spot, which resembled the eye of the reptile. Moreover, it resembled a poisonous viper, a harmless species of snake, as was proved by the imitation of keeled scales on the crown produced by the recumbent position as the caterpillar threw itself backward!

The attitudes of many of the tropical insects are most extraordinary and deceptive, but little attention has been paid to them. They often mimic other insects, and Mr. Bates assures us, are exactly like caterpillars, and take their station in the shade of leaves, where they remain motionless waiting for their prey.

Having thus shown how varied and extraordinary are the modes in which mimicry occurs among insects, we have now to inquire if any thing of the same kind is to be observed among vertebrated animals. When we consider all the conditions necessary to produce a good deceptive imitation, we shall see at once that such can very rarely occur in the higher animals, since they possess none of those facilities for the most infinite modifications of external organization which exist in the very nature of insect organization. The outer covering of insects being more or less solid and horny,

they are capable of almost any amount of change of form and appearance without any essential modification internally. In many groups, the wings give much of the character, and these organs may be much modified both in form and colour without interfering with their special functions. Again: the number of species of insects is so great, and there is such diversity of form and proportion in every group, that the chances of an accidental approximation in size, form, and colour, of one insect to another of a different group, are very considerable; and it is these chance approximations that furnish the basis of mimicry, to be continually advanced and perfected by the survival of those varieties only which tend in the right direction.

In the Vertebrata, on the contrary, the skeleton being internal, the external form depends almost entirely on the proportions and arrangement of that skeleton which again is strictly adapted to the functions necessary for the well-being of the animal. The form cannot therefore be rapidly modified by variation, and the thin and flexible integument will not admit of the development of such strange protuberances as occur continually in insects. The number of species of each group in the same country is also comparatively small, and thus the chances of that first accidental resemblance which is necessary for natural selection to work upon are much diminished. We can hardly see the possibility of a mimicry by which the elk could escape from the wolf, or the buffalo from the tiger. There is, however, in one group of Vertebrata such a general similarity of form, that a very slight modification, if accompanied by identity of colour, would produce the necessary amount of resemblance; and at the same time there exist a number of species which it would be advantageous for others to resemble, since they are armed with the most fatal weapons of offence. We accordingly find that reptiles furnish us with a very remarkable and instructive case of true mimicry.

There are in tropical America a number of venomous snakes of the genus *Elaps*, which are ornamented with brilliant colours disposed in a peculiar manner. The ground colour is generally bright red, on which are black bands of various widths and sometimes divided into two or three by yellow rings. Now, in the same country are found several genera of harmless snakes, having no affinity whatever with the above, but coloured exactly the same. For example, the poisonous *Elaps fulvius* often occurs,

in Guatemala with simple black bands on a coral red-ground; and in the same country is found the harmless snake *Pliocerus equalis*, coloured and banded in identically the same manner. A variety of *Elaps coralinus* has the black bands narrowly bordered with yellow on the same red ground colour; and a harmless snake, *Homalocranium semicinctum* has exactly the same markings, and both are found in Mexico. The deadly *Elaps lemniscatus* has the black bands very broad, and each of them divided into three by narrow yellow rings; and this again is exactly copied by a harmless snake, *Pliocerus elapoides*, which is found along with its model in Mexico.

But, more remarkable still, there is in South America a third group of snakes, the genus *Oxyrhopus*, doubtfully venomous, and having no immediate affinity with either of the preceding, which has also the same curious distribution of colours, namely, variously disposed rings of red, yellow, and black; and there are some cases in which species of all three of these groups similarly marked inhabit the same district. For example, in *Elaps hemiprichii* the ground colour appears to be black, with alternations of two narrow yellow bands and a broader red one; and of this pattern again we have an exact double in *Oxyrhopus formosus*, both being found in many localities of tropical South America.

What adds much to the extraordinary character of these resemblances is the fact, that nowhere in the world but in America are there any snakes at all which have this style of colouring. Dr. Gunther, of the British Museum, who has kindly furnished the details here referred to, assures us that this is the case; and that red, black, and yellow rings occur together on no other snakes in the world but on *Elaps* and the species which so closely resemble it. In all these cases, the size and form as well as the colouration, are so much alike, that none but a naturalist would distinguish the harmless from the poisonous species.

Many of the small tree-frogs are no doubt also mimickers. When seen in their natural attitudes, we have been often unable to distinguish them from beetles or other insects sitting upon leaves; but regret to say we neglected to observe what species or groups they most resembled, and the subject does not yet seem to have attracted the attention of naturalists abroad.

In the class of birds there are a number of cases that make some approach to mimicry, such as the resemblance of the cuckoos, a weak and defenceless group of birds, to

hawks and Gallinacæ. There is, however one example which goes much further than this, and seems to be of exactly the same nature as the many cases of insect mimicry which have been already given. In Australia and the Moluccas there is a genus of Honey-suckers called *Tropidorhynchus*, good sized birds, very strong and active, having powerful grasping claws, and long, curved, sharp beaks. They assemble together in groups and small flocks, and they have a very loud bawling note, which can be heard at a great distance, and serves to collect a number together in time of danger. They are very plentiful and very pugnacious, frequently driving away crows and even hawks which perch on a tree where a few of them are assembled. They are all of rather dull and obscure colours. Now in the same countries there is a group of orioles, forming the genus *Mimeta*, much weaker birds, which have lost the gay colouring of their allies, and are usually olive-green or brown, and in several cases these have come to resemble most curiously the *Tropidorhynchus* of the same island. For example, in the Island of Bouru is found the *Tropidorhynchus bouruensis* of a dull earthy colour, and the *Mimeta bouruensis*, which resembles it in the following particulars:—The upper and under surfaces of the two birds are exactly of the same tints of dark and light brown; the *Tropidorhynchus* has a large bare black patch round the eyes; this is copied in the *Mimeta* by a patch of black feathers. The top of the head of the *Tropidorhynchus* has a scaly appearance from the narrow scaled-formed feathers, which are imitated by the broader feathers of the *Mimeta* having a dusky line down each. The *Tropidorhynchus* has a pale ruff formed of curious recurved feathers on the nape (which has given the whole genus the name of Friar birds); this is represented in the *Mimeta* by a pale band in the same position. Lastly, the bill of the *Tropidorhynchus* is raised into a protuberant keel at the base, and the *Mimeta* has the same character, although it is not a common one in the genus. The result is, that, on a superficial examination, the birds are identical, although they have important structural differences, and cannot be placed near each other in any natural arrangement.\*

Passing to the Island of Ceram, we find allied species of both genera. The *Tropi-*

\* As a proof that the resemblance is really deceptive, it may be mentioned that the *Mimeta* is figured and described as a honey-sucker in the costly "Voyage de l'Atrolabe," under the name of *Phledon bouruensis*!

*Tropidorhynchus subcornutus* is of an earthy brown colour washed with yellow ochre, with bare orbits, dusky cheeks, and the usual pale recurved nape-ruff. The *Mimeta ornata* is absolutely identical in the tints of every part of the body, the details of which are imitated in the same manner as in the Bouru birds already described. In two other islands there is an approximation towards mimicry, although it is not so perfect as in the two preceding cases. In Timor, the *Tropidorhynchus timoriensis* is of the usual earthy brown above, with the nape-ruff very prominent, the cheeks black, the throat nearly white, and the whole under surface pale whitish brown. These various tints are all well reproduced in *Mimeta virescens*, the chief want of exact imitation being that the throat and breast of the *Tropidorhynchus* has a very scaly appearance, being covered with rigid pointed feathers, which are not imitated in the *Mimeta*, although there are signs of faint dusky spots which may easily furnish the groundwork of a more exact imitation by the continued survival of favourable variations in the same direction. There is also a large knob at the base of the bill of the *Tropidorhynchus* which is not at all imitated by the *Mimeta*. In the Island of Morty (south of Gilolo) there exists the *Tropidorhynchus fuscicapillus*, of a dark sooty brown colour, especially on the head, while the under parts are rather lighter, and the characteristic ruff of the nape is wanting. Now it is curious that in the adjacent Island of Gilolo should be found the *Mimeta phæochromus*, the upper surface of which is of exactly the same dark sooty tint as the *Tropidorhynchus*, and is the only known species that is of such a dark colour. The under side is not quite light enough, but it is a good approximation. This *Mimeta* is a rare bird, and may very probably exist in Morty, though not yet found there; or, on the other hand, recent changes in physical geography may have led to the restriction of the *Tropidorhynchus* to that island, where it is very common.

Here, then, we have two cases of perfect mimicry and two others of good approximation, occurring between species of the same two genera of birds; and in three of these cases the pairs that resemble each other are found together in the same island, and to which they are peculiar. In all these cases the *Tropidorhynchus* is rather larger than the *Mimeta*, but the difference is not beyond the limits of variation in species, and the two genera are somewhat alike in form and proportion. There are, no doubt, some

special enemies by which many small birds are attacked, but which are afraid of the *Tropidorhynchus* (probably some of the hawks), and thus it becomes advantageous for the weak *Mimeta* to resemble the strong, pugnacious, noisy, and very abundant *Tropidorhynchus*.

Among the Mammalia the only case which may be true mimicry is that of the insectivorous genus *Cladobates*, found in the Malay countries, several species of which very closely resemble squirrels. The size is about the same, the long bushy tail is carried in the same way, and the colours are very similar. In this case the use of the resemblance must be to enable the *Cladobates* to approach the insects or small birds on which it feeds, under the disguise of the harmless fruit-eating squirrel.

Having now completed our survey of the most prominent and remarkable cases of mimicry that have yet been noticed, we must say something of the objections that have been made to the theory of their production given by Mr. Bates, and which we have endeavoured to illustrate and enforce in the preceding pages. Three counter-explanations have been proposed. Professor Westwood admits the fact of the mimicry and its probable use to the insect, but maintains that each species was created a mimic for the purpose of the protection thus afforded it. Mr. Andrew Murray, in his paper on the "Disguises of Nature," inclines to the opinion that similar conditions of food and of surrounding circumstances have acted in some unknown way to produce the resemblances; and at a recent meeting of the Entomological Society of London, when the subject was discussed, Dr. Sharp maintained a similar view, and added a third objection — that hereditary or the reversion to ancestral types of form and colouration, might have produced many of the cases of mimicry.

Against the special creation of mimicking species there are all the objections and difficulties in the way of special creation in other cases, with the addition of a few that are peculiar to it. The most obvious is, that we have gradations of mimicry and of protective resemblance — a fact which is strongly suggestive of a natural process having been at work. Another very serious objection is, that as mimicry has been shown to be useful only to those species and groups which are rare and probably dying out, and would cease to have any effect should the proportionate abundance of the two species be reversed, it follows that on the special-creation theory the

one species must have been created plentiful, the other rare; and, notwithstanding the many causes that continually tend to alter the proportions of species, these two species must have always been specially maintained at their respective proportions, or the very purpose for which they each received their peculiar characteristics would have completely failed. A third difficulty is, that although it is very easy to understand how mimicry may be brought about by variation and the survival of the fittest, it seems a very strange thing for a Creator to protect an animal by making it imitate another, when the very assumption of a Creator implies his power to create it so as to require no such circuitous protection. These appear to be fatal objections to the application of the special-creation theory to this particular case.

The other two supposed explanations, which may be shortly expressed as the theories of "similar conditions" and of "heredity," agree in making mimicry, where it exists, an adventitious circumstance not necessarily connected with the well-being of the mimicking species. But several of the most striking and most constant facts which have been adduced directly contradict both these hypotheses. The law that mimicry is confined to a few groups only is one of these, for "similar conditions" must act more or less on all groups in a limited region, and "heredity" must influence all groups related to each other in an equal degree. Again, the general fact that those species which mimic others are rare, while those which are imitated are abundant, is in no way explained by either of these theories, any more than is the frequent occurrence of some palpable mode of protection in the imitated species. "Reversion to an ancestral type" no way explains why the imitator and the imitated always inhabit the very same district, whereas allied forms of every degree of nearness and remoteness generally inhabit different countries, and often different quarters of the globe; and neither it, nor "similar conditions," will account for the likeness between species of distinct groups being superficial only — a disguise, not a true resemblance; for the imitation of bark, of leaves, of sticks, of dung; for the resemblance between species in different orders, and even different classes and sub-kingdoms; and finally, for the graduated series of the phenomena, beginning with a general harmony and adaptation of tint in autumn and winter moths and in arctic and desert animals; and ending with those complete cases of detailed mim-

icry which not only deceive predacious animals, but puzzle the most experienced insect collectors and the most learned entomologists.

But there is yet another series of phenomena connected with this subject, which considerably strengthens the view here adopted, while it seems quite incompatible with either of the other hypotheses; namely, the relation of protective colouring and mimicry to the sexual differences of animals. It will be clear to every one that if two animals, which as regards "external conditions" and "hereditary descent," are exactly alike, yet differ remarkably in colouration, one resembling a protected species and the other not, the resemblance that exists in one only, can hardly be imputed to the influence of external conditions or to the effect of heredity. And if, further, it can be proved that the one requires protection more than the other, and that in several cases it is that one which mimics the protected species, while the one that least requires protection never does so, it will afford very strong corroborative evidence that there is a real connexion between the necessity for protection and the phenomenon of mimicry. Now the sexes of insects offer us a test of the nature here indicated, and appear to furnish one of the most conclusive arguments in favour of the theory that the phenomena termed "mimicry" are produced by natural selection.

The comparative importance of the sexes varies much in different classes of animals. In the higher vertebrates, where the number of young produced at a birth is small and the same individuals breed many years in succession, the preservation of both sexes is almost equally important. In all the numerous cases in which the male protects the female and her offspring, or helps to supply them with food, his importance is increased, though it is never perhaps quite equal to that of the female. In insects the case is very different; they pair but once in their lives, and the prolonged existence of the male is in most cases quite unnecessary for the continuance of the race. The female, however, must continue to exist long enough to deposit her eggs in a place adapted for the development and growth of the progeny. Hence there is a wide difference in the need for protection in the two sexes; and we should, therefore, expect to find that in some cases the special protection given to the female was in the measure less in amount or altogether wanting. The facts entirely confirm this expectation.

the spectre insects (Phasmidæ) it is often the females alone that so strikingly resemble leaves, while the males show only a rude approximation. The male *Diadema bolina* is a very handsome and conspicuous butterfly, without a sign of protective or imitative colouring, while the female is entirely unlike her partner, and is one of the most wonderful cases of mimicry on record, resembling most accurately the common *Danais chrysippus*, in whose company it is often found. So in several species of South American *Pieris*, the males are white and black, of a similar type of colouring to our own "cabbage" butterflies, while the females are rich yellow and buff, spotted and marked so as to exactly resemble species of *Heliconidæ* with which they associate in the forest. In the Malay archipelago Mr. Wallace found a *Diadema* which had always been considered a male insect on account of its glossy metallic-blue tints, while its companion of sober brown was looked upon as the female. He discovered, however, that the reverse is the case, and that the rich and glossy colours of the female are imitative and protective, since they cause her exactly to resemble the common *Euploea midamus* of the same regions, a species which has been already mentioned in this article as mimicked by another butterfly, *Papilio paradoxa*. In this case, and in that of *Diadema bolina*, there is no difference in the habits of the two sexes, which fly in similar localities; so that the influence of "external conditions" cannot be invoked here as it has been in the case of the South American *Pieris pyrrha* and allies, where the white males frequent open sunny places, while the *Heliconia*-like females haunt the shades of the forest.

We may impute to the same general cause (the greater need of protection for the male, owing to her weaker flight, greater exposure to attack, and supreme importance) — the fact of the colours of female insects being so very generally duller and less conspicuous than those of the other sex. And that it is chiefly due to this cause rather than to what Mr. Darwin terms "sexual selection" appears to be shown by the otherwise inexplicable fact, that in the groups which have a protection of any kind independent of concealment, sexual differences of colour are either quite wanting or slightly developed. The *Heliconidæ* and *Danaidæ*, protected by a disagreeable flavour, have the females as bright and conspicuous as the males, and very rarely differing at all from them. The stinging Hymenoptera have the two sexes equally well coloured. The

*Carabidæ*, the *Chrysomelidæ*, and the *Telephori* have both sexes equally conspicuous, and seldom differing in colour. The brilliant *Curculios*, which are protected by their hardness, are brilliant in both sexes. Lastly, the glittering *Cetoniadæ* and *Buprestidæ*, which seem to be protected by their hard and polished coats, their rapid motions and peculiar habits, present few sexual differences of colour, while sexual selection has often manifested itself by structural differences, such as horns, spines, or other processes.

The same law manifests itself in Birds. The female while sitting on her eggs requires protection by concealment to a much greater extent than the male; and we accordingly find that in a large majority of the cases in which the male birds are distinguished by unusual brilliancy of plumage, the females are much more obscure, and often remarkably plain-coloured. The exceptions are such as eminently to prove the rule, for in most cases we can see a very good reason for them. In particular, there are a few instances among wading and gallinaceous birds in which the female has decidedly more brilliant colours than the male; but it is a most curious and interesting fact that in most if not all these cases the males sit upon the eggs; so that this exception to the usual rule almost demonstrates that it is because the process of incubation is at once very important and very dangerous, that the protection of obscure colouring is developed. The most striking example is that of the sooty phalarope (*Phalaropus fulicarius*, Linn.) In winter plumage the sexes of this bird are alike in colouration, but in summer the female is much the most conspicuous, having a black head, dark wings, and reddish-brown back, while the male is nearly uniform brown, with dusky spots. Mr. Gould in his "Birds of Great Britain" figures the two sexes in both winter and summer plumage, and remarks on the strange peculiarity of the usual colours of the two sexes being reversed, and also on the still more curious fact that the "male alone sits on the eggs," which are deposited on the bare ground. In another British bird, the dotterell, the female is also larger and more brightly-coloured than the male; and it seems to be proved that the males assist in incubation, even if they do not perform it entirely, for Mr. Gould tells us, "that they have been shot with the breast bare of feathers, caused by sitting on the eggs." The small quail-like birds forming the genus *Turnix* have also generally large and bright-coloured females, and we are

told by Mr. Jerdon in his "Birds of India" that "the natives report that during the breeding season the females desert their eggs and associate in flocks while the males are employed in hatching the eggs." It is also an ascertained fact that the females are more bold and pugnacious than the males. A further confirmation of this view is to be found in the fact (not hitherto noticed), that in a large majority of the cases in which bright colours exist in both sexes, incubation takes place in a dark hole or in a dome-shaped nest. Female kingfishers are often equally brilliant with the male, and they build in holes in banks. Bee-eaters, trogons, motmots, and toucans, all build in holes, and in none is there any difference in the sexes, although they are, without exception, showy birds. Parrots build in holes in trees, and in the majority of cases they present no marked sexual difference tending to the concealment of the female. Woodpeckers are in the same category, since though the sexes often differ in colour, the female is not generally less conspicuous than the male. Wagtails and titmice build concealed nests, and the females are nearly as gay as their mates. The female of the pretty Australian bird *Pardalotus punctatus*, is very conspicuously spotted on the upper surface, and it builds in a hole in the ground. The gay-coloured hang-nests (*Icterinæ*) and the equally brilliant Tanagers may be well contrasted; for the former, concealed in their covered nests, present little or no sexual difference of colour, — while the open-nested Tanagers have the females dull-coloured and sometimes with almost protective tints. No doubt there are many individual exceptions to the rule here indicated, because many and various causes have combined to determine both the colouration and the habits of birds. These have no doubt acted and re-acted on each other; and then under changed conditions it may well have happened that one has become modified, while the other has been continued by hereditary descent, and exists as an apparent exception to what otherwise seems a very general rule. The facts presented to us by the sexual differences of colour in birds and their mode of nesting, are on the whole in perfect harmony with that law of protective adaptation of colour and form, which appears to have checked to some extent the powerful action of sexual selection, and to have materially influenced the colouring of female birds, as it has undoubtedly done that of female insects.

We have now completed a brief, and necessarily very imperfect, survey of the various ways in which the external form and colouring of animals is adapted to be useful to them, either by concealing them from their enemies or from the creatures they prey upon. It has, we hope, been shown that the subject is one of much interest, both as regards a true comprehension of the place each animal fills in the economy of nature, and the means by which it is enabled to maintain that place; and also as teaching us how important a part is played by the minutest details in the structure of animals, and how complicated and delicate is the equilibrium of the organic world.

Our exposition of the subject having been necessarily somewhat lengthy and full of details, it will be as well to recapitulate its main points.

There is a general harmony in nature between the colours of an animal and those of its habitation. Arctic animals are white, desert animals are sand-coloured, dwellers among leaves and grass are green, nocturnal animals are dusky. These colours are not universal, but are very general, and are seldom reversed. Going on a little further, we find birds, reptiles, and insects tinted and mottled so exactly to match the rock, or bark, or leaf, or flower they are accustomed to rest upon, and thereby effectually concealed. In another step in advance, and we have insects which are formed as well as coloured so exactly to resemble particular leaves, sticks, or mossy twigs, or flowers; and in these cases very peculiar habits and instincts come into play to aid in the deception, and render the concealment more natural. We now enter upon a new phase of the phenomena, and come to creatures whose colours neither conceal them nor make them like vegetable or mineral substances; on the contrary, they are conspicuous enough, but they completely resemble some other creature of quite a different group, while they differ much in outward appearance from those with which all essential parts of their organization show them to be really closely allied. They appear like actors or masqueraders dressed up and painted for amusement, or like swindlers endeavouring to pass themselves off for well known and respectable members of society. What is the meaning of this strange travesty? Does Nature descend to imposture or masquerade? We answer, she does not. Her principles are too severe. There is a use in every detail of her handiwork. The resemblance of one animal to another is of exactly the same essential nature as the re-

resemblance to a leaf, or to bark, or to desert sand, and answers exactly the same purpose. In the one case, the enemy will not attack the leaf or the bark, and so the disguise is a safeguard; in the other case it is found that for various reasons the creature resembled is passed over and not attacked by the usual enemies of its order, and thus the creature that resembles it has an equally effectual safeguard. We are plainly shown that the disguise is of the same nature in the two cases, by the occurrence in the same group of one species resembling a vegetable substance, while another resembles a living animal of another group; and we know that the creatures resembled possess an immunity from attack, by their being always very abundant, by their being conspicuous and not concealing themselves, and by their having generally no visible means of escape from their enemies; while, at the same time, the particular quality that makes them disliked is often very clear, such as a nasty taste or an indigestible hardness. Further examination reveals the fact that, in several cases of both kinds of disguise, it is the female only that is thus disguised; and as it can be shown that the female needs protection much more than the male, and that her preservation for a much longer period is absolutely necessary for the continuance of the race, we have an additional indication that the resemblance is in all cases subservient to a great purpose — the preservation of the species.

In endeavoring to explain these phenomena as having been brought about by variation and natural selection, we start with the fact that white varieties frequently occur, and when protected from enemies show no incapacity for continued existence and increase. We know, further, that varieties of many other tints occasionally occur; and as "the survival of the fittest" must inevitably weed out those whose colours are prejudicial, and preserve those whose colours are a safeguard, we require no other mode of accounting for the protective tints of arctic and desert animals. But this being granted, there is such a perfectly continuous and graduated series of examples of every kind of protective imitation, up to the most wonderful cases of what is termed "mimicry," that we can find no place at which to draw the line, and say, "so far variation and natural selection will account for the phenomena, but for all the rest we require a more potent cause." The counter theories that have been proposed, that of the "special creation" of each imitative form, that of the action of "similar condi-

tions of existence" for some of the cases, and of the laws of "hereditary descent and the reversion to ancestral forms" for others, — have all been shown to be beset with difficulties, and the two latter to be directly contradicted by some of the most constant and most remarkable of the facts to be accounted for.

The important part that "protective resemblance" has played in determining the colours and markings of many groups of animals will enable us to understand the meaning of one of the most striking facts in nature, the uniformity in the colours of the vegetable as compared with the wonderful diversity of the animal world. There appears no good reason why trees and shrubs should not have been adorned with as many varied hues and as strikingly designed patterns as birds and butterflies, since the gay colours of flowers show that there is no incapacity in vegetable tissues to exhibit them. But even flowers themselves present us with none of those wonderful designs, those complicated arrangements of stripes and dots and patches of colours, that harmonious blending of hues in lines and bands and shaded spots, which are so general a feature in insects. It is the opinion of Mr. Darwin that we owe all the beauty of flowers to the necessity of attracting insects to aid in their fertilization, and that much of the development of colour in the animal world is due to "sexual selection," colour being universally attractive, and thus leading to propagation and increase; but while fully admitting this, it will be evident, from the facts and arguments here brought forward, that very much of the *variety* both of colour and markings among animals is due to the supreme importance of concealment; and thus the various tints of minerals and vegetables have been directly reproduced in the animal kingdom, and again and again modified as more special protection became necessary. We shall thus have two causes for the development of colour in the animal world, and shall be better enabled to understand how, by their combined and separate action, the immense variety we now behold has been produced. Both causes, however, will come under the general law of "Utility," the advocacy of which, in its broadest sense, we owe almost entirely to Mr. Darwin.\* A more accurate knowledge of the varied phenomena connected with this sub-

\* Mr. Darwin has recognised the fact, that the colouring of female birds has been influenced by the need of protection during incubation. See "Origin of Species," 4th Ed., p 241.



ject may not improbably give us some information both as to the senses and the mental faculties of the lower animals. For it is evident that if colours which please us also attract them, and if the various disguises which have been here enumerated are equally deceptive to them as to ourselves, then both their powers of vision and their faculties of perception and emotion must be essentially of the same nature as our own — a fact of high philosophical importance in the study of our own nature, and our true relations to the lower animals.

Although such a variety of interesting facts have been already accumulated, the subject we have been discussing is one of which comparatively little is really known. The natural history of the tropics has never yet been studied on the spot with a full appreciation of "what to observe" in this matter. The varied ways in which the colouring and form of animals serves for their protection, their strange disguises as vegetable or mineral substances, their wonderful mimicry of other beings, offer an almost unworked and inexhaustible field of discovery for the zoologist, and will assuredly throw much light on the laws and conditions which have resulted in the wonderful variety of colour, shade, and marking which constitutes one of the most pleasing characteristics of the animal world, but the immediate causes of which it has hitherto been most difficult to explain.

If we have succeeded in showing that in this wide and picturesque domain of nature, results which have hitherto been supposed to depend either upon those incalculable combinations of laws which we term chance or upon the direct volition of the Creator, are really due to the action of comparatively well-known and simple causes, we shall have attained our present purpose, which has been to extend the interest, so generally felt in the more striking facts of natural history to a large class of curious but much neglected details; and to further, in however slight a degree, the subjection of the phenomena of life to the "Reign of Law."

From the Sunday Magazine.

#### AN ATTEMPT TO ASCEND MOUNT ARARAT.

TOWARDS the close of the year, wearied with fertile solitudes and the barbarous Cossack, we determined to leave Russia, and make our way into the ancient kingdom of Persia. We deviated from the usual route

for the purpose of visiting Ararat. We accordingly made our way to Erivan, the capital of the district in which it stands, a residence of a Russian Governor. Either from policy or courtesy we had been provided with a Cossack escort, and so our arrival in a city rarely visited by strangers produced some sensation among its quiet inhabitants. Ere we entered, however, we paused upon the slopes above it to catch the last glories of the sun falling upon Mount Ararat. It seemed to stand on the far stretching plain before us, the world great barrier-pyramid. Gracefully it rises to 17,500 feet, without any mountain-form to break the solitude of its reign. The lone cone on its side alone varies the graceful outline of the whole. Its summit crowns with everlasting snows was now sparkling in dazzling brilliancy, and flooded with the golden light of heaven. Around its base light vapory mists of softest hues hung flowing; while below, along the almost boundless plain, the baser mists of earth were gathering fast, brooding over the storied Araxes, whose silver line disported between sweeps hither and thither over the base level which forms the mountain's base.

is one of the most sublime and solemn scenes I have visited in this fair creation of God. The mountain, the river, the plain, all lay before you in a solitude so profound and sober you into sadness, and make you especially towards eventide, the spirit of the scene. Beyond the river's sparkling curve, and the mountain piercing in heaven, you see nothing in the far distance but the last stronghold of the Muscovite, a few checkered lines of cantonments, where he bides his time, ready to spring upon the expiring lion of Persia. As we stood gazing entranced, while lights and shades every hue flitted in ceaseless play over the face of the lovely mountain, suddenly it was changed. Of all that was dazzling beauty before, nothing now remained but the cold ashy outline of the mountain against the sobered sky. The sun sunk in rest, and Death flung his twilight-shadow darkening all around. As these deepened over the silent landscape, with a true feeling of the Eastern insecurity we hastened down into the city for shelter.

Our approach lay through dusty lanes between mud walls, whose frequent gaps revealed to us neglected gardens behind where, amid a tangled wilderness of weeds and flowers, peach and almond trees were flourishing, whose luxuriant branches continually wanted over the walls into the road, incommoding our passage. We fit

l a stream, now murmuring over pebbles and now furrowing the soil into pools, which our beasts toiled heavily. Half-starved dogs kept pace with us, looking from the top of the walls an unwelcome welcome. Low barred doorways closed at intervals, carefully closed at approach. One or two that chanced open revealed a singular scene of dirt and confusion within. At rank rubbish-heaps you might see oxen and horses, men, women, and children, sharing the common right of home and contented fellowship. You were sure, on suddenly looking back, to surmise a woman's head, curiously peering by the doorpost after the stranger, to save her modesty from his unhalting gaze, she covered her lips with her hand, or drew the protecting yasmah (veil) over her mouth.

In a length we emerged into a large square, two sides of which were occupied by the Governor's residence and the public buildings, the others by a bazaar, and the main fortress, through which you pass to the country beyond. An English garden occupies the area of the square, where plants of various climes, and flowers amid the parterres, are kept in languid existence by occasional streams of water poured around the thirsty roots. In the centre of this interesting scene, overlooked by some grim towers of ordnance, rises a pavilion for murdered from harmonious Italy. For the somnolous Russ not only places his iron throne upon the Eastern world, but has taxed the science of Europe for his sway, and its sweet melodies to charm his vacant hours. As we go through this square, where, as was coming on, were few loungers, we find our way to the "station," a building led everywhere at certain intervals in the series recently subjugated to Russia for the convenience of government official travellers.

They are our Indian Dāk bungas, Russianized, or the French Algerian *maecrais*. Supposing the stranger on the point to be admitted, he has a room assigned to him, where he finds a fire-place, a square table, a wooden bedstead, a pair of rude chairs, occasionally a small looking-glass over the chimney, and the German says, "weiter nichts." I am early forgotten, however, one further indispensable and never-failing piece of furniture, namely; a small picture of the Virgin of the great Russian Saint Nicholas, set high up in the corner of the room, a lamp or candle ready before it for the inferred devotion. An old soldier re-

ceives you on your arrival, who is at once the guardian of the station, and your general servant. His first reception of you is "Si chasse! Si chasse!" which is the traveller's principal persecuting genius throughout all the Russias. It should signify *immediately*, but really means any remote indolent period your humble bowing attendant may determine. Be your wants ever so reasonable or urgent, it matters not, you must wait his will, unless indeed you are a general officer, then "si chasse" becomes an actuality, accompanied by the most obsequious consideration. In any other case your soldier-attendant is generally too stupid to understand your wants, or the endeavours of your servant to save him labour. But if you chance to be a foreigner, alas for you! for then he has understanding enough to be too patriotic to care for you or them. His own room is the gathering point for all the gossips of the place, and here in the kitchen he beguiles, under their surmises of the traveller's object, rank and destination, his languid preparations for your meal.

One welcome exception there is to all the dirt and dilatoriness proper to a Russian station, and that is in the ever ready presence of the Somavah. The stranger has scarcely entered his chamber, before a bright tea-urn hissing its welcome is placed before him, and a little porcelain teapot crowning its summit furnishes him with a beverage scarcely surpassed anywhere in tea-loving England. No one, not experienced in the fatigues of Russian travel, and the sluggish service of Russian attendants, can form an idea of the welcome of heart and eye with which I had been wont to greet the entrance of my country's domestic divinity. Well, we made our way to this harbour of refuge at Erivan. We were just listening to a cold refusal to our request for admission, under the scrutiny of a score of inquisitive eyes, which crowded at once to the door, when the *chef de police* came up, and said that he could find no better shelter for us than under his own roof. Here a large room was assigned to us, without, however, the blessing of privacy, for as the *chef's* house in Eastern lands is the common rendezvous of all idlers, and a traveller-guest is an especial object of curiosity, wondering eyes followed our every movement faithful as our own shadow.

The walls of our room were covered with Greek paintings of the favourite Muscovite divinities—the Virgin, the Russian Saint Nicolas, and our notable St. George in full tilt against the redoubtable dragon, belching forth volumes of sulphurous flames.

Each was graced with a small lamp flickering before it to enlighten devotion. These paintings, so universal in Russian houses, are some of them as delicate as the softest miniatures on enamel. Between these forms of worship were coloured prints of every conceivable subject. Battle-scenes were, however, the prevailing theme, where a few stalwart Russians victorious were beating down the serried battalions of the hated Frank. But at length, stretching my wearied limbs upon the welcome couch, I fell asleep, remembering the unfailling word, the wanderer's sweetest lullaby — "He that keepeth thee will not slumber." "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

The sun had already risen on the morrow ere we awoke, refreshed, to consciousness. The lullaby with which we had closed our eyes was succeeded now by the words of praise: "I laid me down and slept; I awaked, for the Lord sustained me." What a glorious sight met our first upward gaze! The snowy crown of Ararat was blazing beneath the morning sun — too bright for mortal gaze, while its lower sides, bathed in the dreamy witchery of lavender haze, seemed, though distant still, to be almost casting its shadow over us. Our earthly vision shrank quenched, absorbed by the flood of light that trembled in mid-heaven. The sun had now scattered the shades and mists of night, and was reigning, cloudless and alone, in the deep blue vault above us. If the form of Ararat showed so witchingly, a living form against the sky, alas for us, when we looked upon "the garden" upon which our room opened! It was the receptacle of every thing refuse and vile in the place. A few shrubs rose here and there amid the pestilential heaps; but as to odours, there was but one, and that of foulest miasma. We forswore the garden in consequence, and welcomed the noisy, dirty street in front.

In the course of the morning we went to pay our respects to the Governor. On our way to the Place we passed through a miniature edition of St. Petersburg. Droskies in full career, and square-built, square-faced men, in red cotton shirts, their trousers tucked within their high boots, met you at every turn. The features of this *avant-garde* of Russian encroachments reminded you of the captive Dacians, with which one is so familiar in the galleries of Rome. There was no lack of soldiers: stolid-looking men, in that unsightly undress which is part of Russian military costume — a long,

drab-coloured coat, reaching to their heels, and buttoned up to the throat, while a German cap, with a large visor, shaded their beetling brows. Almost every soldier's helmet was decorated with a Crimean medal.

The Governor, apprised of our coming, received us courteously in a *salle de réception*, a sort of a state chamber, in which articles of comfort and *vertù* were jumbled together with the ruder necessities of life. Our conversation turned upon mere common-places. The letter we presented to him showed him we were true men, and no spies, and so he proceeded to fulfil its requirements more honestly than, on a like occasion, we had experienced at the hands of French officials in Algeria. Orders were given to facilitate our progress to the mountain, and to insure consideration and respect to our persons. Not the least acceptable of his attentions was a letter to Colonel D—, the officer in command of the camp at the mountain itself. As the directions for these orders were given to an aide-de-camp, in writing, who would have to distribute them through a variety of Russian channels, with "Si chasse, si chasse," appended to each, we considered ourselves doomed, in consequence, to a lengthy stay in the city of Noah, and accordingly resigned ourselves patiently to our fate.

The next day, to relieve the weariness of delay, while the promised papers for our journey were preparing, we proceeded to the celebrated monastery of Eckmiadzin, to pay our respects to the Patriarch of the Armenian Church, an account of which may be reserved for the future.

We were agreeably surprised upon our return to find the Governor's ukase lying upon our table. We determined to start on the morrow. To pass the following day, the Sabbath, in the quiet shadow of the mountain, instead of within the house of the *chef de police*, exposed to every intruder, and all the shock of life, was too blessed an alternative to forego. Our skill and patience, however, were long and severely taxed, in stowing ourselves and baggage within our carriage,\* to which the level plain of our route, it was said, would present no difficulty. So simple a matter, however, involved a world of trouble, for not only was the preparation novel to those employed, but our Nestorian servant became so scared and incapable, through dread of Russian officials, that we had to think and act for him. When, after a world of labour and

\* The first which had ever been seen in that district.

strife, urging here and threatening there, we finally reduced chaos to order, we found at the last moment that the Bazaar had failed in its promise; so that we were just issuing out into the wilderness not only without certain creature-comforts, upon which our famished fancy had feasted on entering Erivan, but even without the necessaries of life. No kid to yield us "savoury meat," nor meal for the cake, which is still as much the food of the land as when the first patriarchs of mankind spread here their dusky tents. Diligence and labour removed even this difficulty; but so slow, indifferent, and stupid were those we had to move, and alas! so fleet the hours, that we saw day's shadows already lengthening ere our carriage lumbered out of the town through filth and mire, gaping crowds and barking dogs. We fared well enough while we moved along through the new "Quartier," with, as is usual in new Russian settlements, only a house here and there at long intervals; but when we neared the river, which dashes its way through a rocky defile under the old native castle-crowned crag above, our movements became slow and difficult. The Persian, like all Easterns, having once rounded himself to a purpose, built there his eyry, and shaped the intricate approaches to it; then, leaving castle, town, and roads to care for themselves, relapsed into his usual languor of repose. And so we struggled on, our wheels at all angles, and our carriage now in a trough from which we feared to rise, and now on a crest on which we hung quivering over the yawning gulf below.

The old Persian town was not without its points of interest, for its houses, like little square boxes, heaps upon heaps, were huddled pell-mell one over the other, all crushing together up the crag side, as if jealously scrambling for the nearest shelter of the castle, which seemed, however, most unworthy of their trust. But what a glorious sight lay spread out of the full, unclouded form of Ararat, whose far descending arms were spanning the whole horizon! Its every crag and ridge before the descending sun stood forward in bold relief, while the hinder depths and hollows of its volcano-form were deepened into blackest shade. High, high above all, rose a snowy cone, for more than 3,000 feet, of such dazzling brilliancy that the eye blanched and turned away from the glory of that reflected light. Over all was spread a blue canopy so pure and cloudless, so unlike to the soiled atmosphere of material life, that I could almost fancy, with the patriarch on Pisgah, I was look-

ing into the better land, especially as below at my feet lay the grave of the world. I grew solemn as I gazed. There, where I saw the Araxes hastening its waters onwards to the Caspian, the flood of God's avenging wrath retired, when once the fountains of the great deep had rolled their waves of death over all but entire humanity. That graceful mountain rises a sepulchral column for all time, a memorial of our whole race. Its mournful epitaph, written by the finger of God, stands a warning moral for every succeeding age, till that greater deluge pours its fiery flood upon our apostate race, and closes the drama of the world in "blood and fire and pillars of smoke."

We still advanced. The last wayfarer had long passed us, hieing ere night-fall to the shelter of the city. The vermilion hues of light that had played so magically upon the snowy face of the mountain had long given place to the ashy hues of death, as we opened upon the plain before us, with all those sobered feelings which night in a strange land, especially in the East, brings upon the spirit of the traveller. However, we were bowling along briskly, and the flashing in the twilight of our Cossacks' weapons, and the prancing of their steels, gave some excitement to our march. Raphael was motionless and silent as death, save for the impatient whiffs of his cigar, and the sudden clutches which he every now and then made at the seat of the carriage as it lurched to the inequalities of the road. Ere dark night followed upon twilight, I examined our tacking, and finding all firm, urged on our horses to the utmost, till we reached the last Cossack-station, on a mound over our track. The distant roll of our carriage had roused up the guard, so that ere we came to a halt, we saw against the sky the black form of our relief-escort fully equipped already descending, our relay-horses in the rear. The drivers were so quickened with arrack potions, that, "shadows avault," they were burning for peril, and in full confidence, moreover, of the road, and our destination. As we were now deepening into night, and I was assured of the safety of the road, I was reluctant to force the poor Cossacks from warm quarters, through a cold and moonless night, merely to serve as a parade of escort. I therefore, to Raphael's great dismay and to my after regret, sent them back with baksheesh, and drove forward alone into the dark and silent wilderness before us. The starry heaven above, the hushed and stilly world below, would have been sublime to

my heart's musings, if only we could have distinguished objects sufficiently about us to be assured of our way. Lamps, indeed, we had, but no oil in them. On, therefore, we moved in faith, desire considerably cooled, as loneliness and helplessness became more felt. I began to see I had been unwise in dismissing the escort, for if an accident occurred, we had no horseman to send back for succour. And this became apparent when first we lost a linch-pin, and then when our horses were brought up all of a heap, so suddenly as nearly to overthrow the carriage. Poor Raphael was jerked out of sight, but not out of hearing, for the air resounded with his cries for help and piteous lamentations in the rear. We found him sprawling uninjured upon a couch of sand soft as a bed of roses. On going forward to ascertain the cause of the disaster, we found the horses on a high bank grouped together, like birds in a nest, over a chasm into which one step farther would have hurled us. We had lost our track, and had been so long labouring through deep sand, that it was difficult to back the carriage upon the hard level. Every shoulder, however, was applied to the rescue, so that not only we recovered the road, but sped on our way without further accident. The roads now became so heavy, that we did not reach our hoped-for station till after midnight. It turned out as Raphael had forboded—there was no "station," but merely hovels for horses as a relay to the neighboring camp, and a wretched shelter for the poor wayfarer, under charge of an old Crimean soldier.

Our arrival, furiously announced by a host of half-famished curs, brought no one out to receive us. I concluded, therefore, that the guardians of the place had wisely retired to better night-quarters on the other side of the Araxes. To follow them was, however, impossible. Our horses were dead beat, and so quite unequal to cross the river, even if it were fordable. And then we had no pass for the outpost, and so might receive our "quietus," instead of a welcome. After continuing to batter, though in despair, the door of the better of the cabins, we finally heard voices from within. In a few minutes, to our great joy, an old white-headed man stood before us, demanding our business at that unseasonable hour. To give him an air of authority, he had thrown over his thin frame an old rusty coat, decorated with a Crimean medal; but his wild weird look, and his scant sparse hair gave him a very uncanny appearance, as he stood shivering

in the night breeze, a rushlight flickering in his hand. To our demand for shelter, curt and prompt was the reply, "Here is no entertainment for man or beast." "And yet both must have it," was my reply. "That is," he added, laughing, "both must have what neither will get. Rest as you are till daylight, and then cross the ferry to the damp, where you will find all the entertainment you have a right to. Here you will find none." So saying, he turned to re-enter his wretched abode. "Stop! stop!" I cried, jumping out of the carriage. "Be more courteous, or you will have to answer for it. We come armed with authority, which you must respect."

A momentary doubt seemed now to cross his mind, and so, throwing his hand against his rushlight, ostensibly to protect it from the wind, but really the better to scan my face, he added in a softened tone, "I will give you a man to accompany you to the Sheikh of the district, with whom officers usually put up on their way between the camp and Erivan; but here it is impossible to accommodate you." His previous bearish conduct and sinister looks made me so distrust him, that I cried out impatiently, "Bandy me no further words. We are weary, and it is late. Respect the Governor's authority. Give us quarters without further delay, or you will account for it to Colonel D—— on Monday. We rest here till then, when you will see that we have horses and an escort to conduct us to the camp." "The Governor's authority," he said, "is shown immediately on a stranger's arrival, and is always supported by an escort of Cossacks. In the absence of both, you would have me credit your word to compromise me with my superiors, and so bring me into trouble." On this, I threw out before his astonished eyes, not only the Governor's firman, with all its long array of imperial eagles and seals, additional to my ordinary Government *podaroginice*, but the Secretary of State's authorization, to lay under contribution men and beasts, as I needed, wherever I came. This acted as magically and as instantly as the Gorgon's head of old upon rebel bystanders. His obsequious back in an instant arched wondrously, bringing his bared head almost to the dust. In the mean time, inside the house screaming children, and a sharp-voiced scolding wife, were raising a domestic tempest. Excusing himself that he might go to reduce to peace the *tender* strife, he rushed within, and was soon so furiously stormed upon by his gentle Abigail, gifted with utterance beyond the usual capabilities

of her sex, that in spite of his sins my heart relented towards him.

A room was allotted to us, which was a marvel of dirt and confusion, and which all the zeal of Nicholas (General K——'s servant) and the Crimean could hardly reduce to order. When at last the filthy chaos was cleared, it had something of the air and comfort of home. I spread my mattress upon the floor, and threw my wearied body upon it, as into the very lap of luxury, leaving the servants to arrange in their usual positions round the room my creature comforts of travel, until the Crimean should appear with the ever-welcome Somavah. In a moment, however, insensible even to it, I was lost to all earth-born cares or joys in a sleep so profound as to resemble that which knows no waking.

The sun was high in heaven when I woke on the Sabbath. All Nature lay in that hush of life which in every land, Christian and Pagan, heralds in the day of rest. As the restless hours winged on the day, and the world's past and nearing ruin shadowed my mind's eye — as Ararat, with its changing, hazy hues, brought ceaseless before my aching sight the unsubstantial ghosts of the primeval earth — in such a spot I stood amazed at human folly.

Our stormy arrival in the dead of the night was followed by a peaceful day. I could gather nothing that could please or interest from the superstitious native of the soil, and wandering out, sat me down under an almond tree facing the mountain of God. My body, wearied with travel, found rest in Nature's calm; while my spirit, in communion with my God, received His record of the spot, submissive and refreshed. No earth-born cares disturbed my soul. In the quiet rest, and with the solemn landscape opening before me, I watched light's flitting shadows till the garish day declined. The snowy cone still reflected dazzlingly the last impassioned blazes of the west. From sparkling brilliancy of gold, that gemmed its upmost peaks vermilion light descended down, fading tint into tint, till all was mazed and curtained in the obscuring mists of earth. As I gazed enchanted, the ashy shade of death fell upon the mountain's crimson face, and light and day were done. Upwards the gloomy shadows rushed till darkness mate in silence ruled around.

If speechless wonder swelled my breast when mid-day's glory blazed upon the mountain's brow, a deeper wonder ruled me now as star by star arose till all the darkened face of heaven was flooded o'er with

gemming light. There towered Nature's mausoleum, black, sublime against the veiling curtain of the upper sanctuary, within a rainbow arch of luminous constellations. Vast Nature here had tired her earliest pyre with brightest coronal. Yes! here, where first the rainbow-promise smiled upon a world restored, the resurrection-bow is circling now, gemmed with brighter throbbing stars of life to cheer our languid hopes of heaven and earth, when these are passed away, eternal and secure, and bid us still enduring thread life's thorny way.

On the early morrow, our host, in humblest guise, presented himself to know our will for the day. "Horses and an escort were ready, if I decided to proceed to the camp." To my inquiries as to the state of the river and the passage, he assured me that, although the waters were high, I should find a safe and convenient pontoon, equal to the draught of the heaviest ordnance. Having no doubt of his knowledge, and none of his sincerity, I determined to continue the luxury of the carriage until compelled to mount the saddle. Bidding Nicholas, therefore, to bring it round to the door, and Raphael to prepare such things only as would be needed for a brief absence, we were soon winging our way through the cheery air, our wild-looking Cossacks careering before us in picturesque keeping with the lovely landscape around. Long before reaching the river, we descried the rude "lookout" of the ferry, before which a sentinel was pacing backwards and forwards on duty. The rattling accoutrements and the flashing arms of our horsemen, with our four-in-hand lumbering behind, soon attracted his astonished gaze, and brought his mechanical paces to a halt. We reached the Araxes within the hour, without having noticed anywhere a single wayfarer, a cottage-home, or hovel of man. Far as the eye could range, save for the outer forms of God's creative hand, all was a fertile waste — a silent boundless solitude. Through this solemn wilderness-maze the glorious river was glassing its way — no sluggish tide breeding pestilence and death among untrodden jungle-swamps, but a sparkling, living stream of freshness dashing abroad in far meandering curves across the prostrate plain, or deep and calm reposing in spacious pools among barren islets cropping up above its crystal wave. Out of these little rocky crests the scared wild-bird sprang screaming into the air as our sudden array poured along the forsaken banks. So light the air above, so clear the gliding stream below, that every object near, from the feathery

reed that quivered at the water's edge, to the solid mountain form that towered above, shouldering up the o'erarching sky, was imaged on its face in all the reflected hues of heaven's own light. On reaching the river, we sought in vain for the floating bridge that could draught across the heaviest ordnance! Up and down the stream, far as the eye could reach, no other track of passage appeared, save an old crazy canoe, stowed as carefully against the bank under the "lookout" before us, as a state-barge within its sheltering dock. Wheel-ruts on the nearer bank, continued far below on the other, suggested our only alternative of reaching the opposite shore in the indolent luxury of a carriage. An uncanny alternative however, for while frequent gravelly despoits rose level with the water's surface, dark, suspicious pools intervened, where our cumbrous equipage might founder suddenly without an experienced charioteer to steer our way between whirlpools and quicksands. Our gallant troopers, with all their flaunting show of arms — our son of Nimshi "driving furiously" over the solid plain — alike were helpless here, in this the crisis of our fate. As for Nicholas, he had but one engrossing, all-sufficient thought for every emergency — the safety of the carriage; while Raphael's was the safety of himself. "Miserable comforters are ye all," I said to myself, as I wistfully looked upon the barrier-waters.

At last, choosing two of the best horses from the wain, and dismounting two Cossacks for their saddles, we dashed into the stream, summoning two of the showiest of the riders to follow us, armed *cap-a-pie*, regardless of every prayer or voice but one — my own — "Forward!" The suddenness of this movement in an instant reduced rebel spirits and interests to peace. Confusion was reduced to order, and dissension to obedience. Raphael and Nicholas sprang to the river's brink, imploring me to return, or I should certainly be drowned, while the two recreant Cossacks, undeterred at sight of the waves eddying in noisy chafings around our horse's flanks, spurred into the stream, following in our wake. We soon found we had braved the flood for peril. For although our first steps from the shelving bank were steady, our horses were soon floundering into pools, the water suddenly rising to their shoulders, or stumbling among shallows with a shifting bottom, where they were continually losing their footing among contending eddies. It was a life struggle for horse and rider. The roar of weir-like currents battling across the shallows, the snorting of our affrighted horses, mingled

with the varied shouts of the horsemen, as our beasts and the occasion needed, made it a scene of intense excitement, and gave to the river a life to which it had been a stranger for many a weary age. Thank God! instead of adding to the deluge-victims of the spot, "it came to pass that we escaped all safe to land." Dismounting to right our saddles, and breathe our panting steeds awhile, our eye retraced the perilous zig-zag passage we had braved, thankful that the carriage had not proved our tomb, which it inevitably would have done if private interests had not clashed with headstrong folly. As I raised my eyes I saw Raphael and Nicholas riveted to the banks, watching our progress with fascinated gaze.

Our actual joy was sobered on reflecting that the stream had to be braved again, if we would revisit the world and the home we love.

So vaulting cheerily into the saddle we dashed across the plain, with the fleet Cossacks caracolled by our side, while the sharp clanging ring of their clattering arms fell like stirring music on the soul. On, on we sped right merrily, laughing danger and fear aside. The occasional stumble of our good steeds, and their foaming flanks, soon warned us that, unless we moderated speed, their strength of limb and mettle might founder ere half our toil was done. We pulled them up, therefore, into a farmer's jog-trot pace, to the manifest delight of our wild body-guard, who more than once had hinted with uncanny looks that their o'erlaboured beasts, if they reached the camp at all, would need a longer halt than my impatient zeal intended. As my thoughts, with our gentle pace, fell into their usual train, it suddenly occurred to me that, save the letter for Colonel D——, I had left behind me, in the pocket of our carriage, all the Government documents, which gave importance and authority to our travel. All regrets, however, were now idle, and so I continued on, trusting to what Sterne calls "that cheating and cheated slut," bright-eyed Hope. In half-an-hour we left the solitary wilderness behind us, and entered upon the life and occupations of the Cantonments. Men in half military, half rustied dress were moving about in enclosed plantations. Horned cattle and cavalry horses were grazing together in paddocks hedged in by stone walls, while soldier-husbandmen were driving unwieldy teams afield along bottomless lanes and extemporised roads. At a bend in our track we came suddenly upon the barrack-quarters. High over the entrance-gate to the station stood, according

to Russian usage, a rude son of the Don, fully armed, his head encased in a rough fur shako. He was maintaining a watchful outlook over the whole surrounding wilderness. On presenting our letter to the officer on duty, I had soon reason to deplore the absence of my Government vouchers, for my letter was returned to me, with the unwelcome intelligence that the Colonel had only a few hours before started for Erivan — that we must have passed him unseen — that he had gone on business, which would detain him for days. I hereupon explained the motive of our visit, and suggested that as the letter to the Colonel was one only of formality, the officer in command should break the seal and satisfy its purpose. "A Dieu ne plaise," was the instant reply. "No one but the owner may presume to open such a letter with such a seal, and so addressed." All this was said in a most courteous way, but with looks and tones to show the decision was final. To speak of important official papers which I could not produce would be only to confirm or awaken a Russian's natural suspicion of a stranger's purpose in a land of their recent rule. So I merely asked for my alternative: would they advise me to abandon my project, after so much fatigue, at the moment of its anticipated realisation? "Well," said the one who was evidently their chief, although his uniform bore no signs of it, "if your object is the singular one of visiting our cantonments and the mountain, you will find as hearty a welcome among us as if you were armed with the authority of the Czar himself, instead of arriving as unrecommended strangers." On this, bidding a young officer accompany us, and to see in the mean time, that horses were prepared to carry us, as far as practicable, up the mountain, he requested us to alight, and, excusing his own personal attendance, assured us that under the subaltern's guidance, the whole station was open to our inspection, "although," he said, "I fear, as it is remote from the capital, and of little importance, your expectations will be disappointed. However, as that is one of the two motives for your honouring us with a visit, it is my duty to aid in its gratification." With such plausible words, bowing and smiling, he relieved himself of our presence.

The young subaltern was chary enough of his replies to our questions, and determined that through him we should be nothing the wiser for our visit. He had only recently joined from Moscow, and so knew as little of the place as a clod of the valley. In fulfilment of his duty he led us to a large

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gloomy-looking messroom, and then to the adjutant's office, where under promise to re-join us "Si chasse, Si chasse," he left us, professedly to see after our horses. His "Si chasse," however, became such a weary hour, that I began to apprehend we were prisoners condemned to solitary confinement. Happily the door yielded to my hand, and so I escaped into the open air. I entered one block of buildings after another, without finding any but common soldiers, who knew nothing, and so could tell nothing. The sentinels made a movement of respect with their firelocks, but would exchange no words. The desolate outer-wilderness was less a painful solitude than this outpost-lair of unseen troopers. All around you rose the solid works of man's defencing hand, while the species shrunk from your search. I lighted at last by the merest accident upon the plausible chief. He was as bland as ever with honeyed words, in spite of my clouded brow. I reminded him that the hours were passing away without our realising his promise. He looked surprised, and requested me to explain myself. "Where are the horses," I asked, "which three hours ago were to be here instantly?" "Pardon me," he replied, "you do not seem to be aware, that as our settlement is small, and rarely visited, and the season for camp exercises closed, our horses are all now turned adrift for pasture. And then, as these are not of high-bred English mettle, but are mere mountain colts, you can easily suppose they will make a wide range in grazing, and will need much time and many men for the batue." "But surely," I said, "you can find us two horses without all this ado?" He was not certain of that. The commonest station-master throughout the Russias was compelled to keep a certain number of horses always in reserve. How much more necessary was this at a military outpost! But I seemed to forget, that the question is not of two, but twenty-two. "Twenty-two!" I exclaimed, laughing right out. "Why you would multiply our two simple selves into as many individualities as are contained in a Spanish grandee's title." "Oh," he replied, "we must provide not for you only, but also for your guard." "What guard?" I asked. "We want no guard to the mountain side, every inch of which is commanded by your quarters." "Oh! pardon me," he said, "you are not so informed of this locality as I am. Before reaching the ascent, you would have to ride through a thick jungle, where you would be sure to be picked off by some scoundrel



scout, unseen, without our being able to render you the slightest assistance. We have no security here but in strong pickets. Even our night sentinels are often relieved of life before they are relieved from duty. Rest quietly here for to-night," he went on; "and start fresh with the early morning. My orderly here will show you a room, and supply your wants from our humble mess, if you do not choose to join our table. In this out-of-the-way place we have none of the luxuries of bed and board — little, in fact, beyond a welcome." As we had fled empty-handed from the passage of the Araxes, our inner man by this time was in the exhaustion of famine. However, we commanded endurance upon ourselves, and followed our guide as directed. The quarters into which he introduced us consisted of a small room, garnished with a small rickety table, two unsteady chairs, and a wooden bedstead of so unquestionable an appearance, that we feared it had more liberal gifts in store than sleep. The cold-looking whitewashed walls were pierced with three small windows, so scantily provided with panes of glass, that the whistling wind was sporting freely with the dust, which our sudden entrance had roused from its right of place. Beyond the windows nothing relieved the bare walls but the shadows of the Virgin Mary, and her companion, St. Nicolas. It was a dreary welcome to us, disappointed as we were, and destitute of bed and bedding, without which no one undertakes a journey in Russia, and these, in the confusion of the morning, had, forgotten, been left in the carriage with Raphael.

Taking counsel, therefore, of our circumstances, we determined to abandon the mountain and return to our vehicle before evening reduced us to further ungracious courtesy at the hands of these ungracious strangers. We lost much time in recovering our steeds and our escort, and when these finally appeared, we saw at a glance that the welcome of the stall had been as liberal as that of the table. Wherever we moved, every one shrunk from our approach as though we were tainted with the plague, and when we finally mounted to depart, no officer appeared to receive our thanks for rare hospitality, or wish us the *glückliche Reise*, which is the traveller's right even in barbarous lands. We rode out from the camp, shaking its dust from our feet, as of a city doomed to the pilgrim's curse.

We moved away moodily silent, with the mountain-shadows lengthening gloomily around us, as the Vampire-Buss broods darkening o'er the Eastern world. The

chords within were jarred. Welcome would have been a breathless flight across the desert-wild to charm the angry stir-soul to peace. But we needed to spare our wearied, famished steeds for the struggle of the flood, and so in fierce unrest measured back our way painfully slow. Reaching the river we found a sentinel at keeping silent watch, but the waters were rushing away, no longer reflecting the joyous smiles of heaven, but sobered, sad with evening's shadows grey. I paused awhile to bring my morning's experience to trial a kinder passage to the farther shore; and then breasting the flood, though stumbling oft in peril, I stood at last secure. One of our Cossacks, however, striking direct to the opposite bank, and handling his weary beast impatiently, had, ere long, his horse down upon his haunches, and, floundering from rapids into dark sullen pools, must have been borne along as carrion-prey gathering vultures, had not the stolid sentinel roused him to his peril, and directed him to follow in our wake. The sight of our carriage, and the show of welcome to the part of our attendants, was an agreeable sequel to all the disappointments and fatigues of the day. Reaction followed quick upon my heart. Words and thoughts of kindness arose for those who had shamed my dangers or ruffled my peace, and thankful breathings to my God for His shielded care. Our horses speedily put to, bore cheerily along, as though sharing in the general joy following on fatigues and dangers past.

When we reached the station, the Cerberus was waiting to receive us with a kindly welcome of the Somavah. His spirit, chastened by the sobering whisper of the night, left me powerless for rebuke. I had not the heart to chide him for his unleading counsel of the morning. And perhaps, after all, he was himself deceived. Hard thoughts had brooded in my brain against him, as I rode back disappointed from the camp. "He must," I said to myself, "have known of the non-existence of the pontoon — of the difficulty of the passage — of the absence of the Colonel from the camp, and of the consequent receipt we should experience." Nay, I had gone so far as to suppose he had assisted me. And so, *en revanche*, I had mentally resolved to show up his delinquencies in the right way, in the right place. Now, however, better thoughts ruled me — thoughts of his and peace, and so I dismissed him trembling to the ceaseless summons of his screaming squaw.

In the presence of his greater, I smiled at my lesser plague. Howbeit, twice in an interval of years, to travel far and wearily, and fail at last, in looking from the mountain's side o'er all the patriarchal world, was no slight grief to me. However, I brought the muses to my aid; and so, amid the brawling tempest of domestic strife which burst in ceaseless clamour from within, I breathed aloud the gentle dirge which oft has soothed my cares to rest —

“Come, Disappointment, come!  
Not in thy terrors clad:  
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;  
Thy chastening rod but terrifies  
The restless and the bad;”

and bethinking me of the Cerberus's “disappointment” and “chastening rod,” contentment was my instant bliss.

My counsel to my countrymen, who, like myself, may sigh to visit the cradle of mankind, is — Be sure your papers are of the first authority, always *en règle*, and never absent from your person. As my experience of *private* Russian courtesy and hospitality is beyond all praise, and as I have still to linger in the land, and wander among the spurs of Mount Ararat, I must school myself into loving patience. And as, as my midnight lamp is fading into darkness, I bid the jealous spirit of the land “Good-night.”

“Good night! good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say Good night till it be morrow.”

BLACKETT BOTCHERBY.

**BOODLE'S AND CROCKFORD'S CLUBS.** — Boodle's is chiefly frequented by country gentlemen, whose status has been thus satirically imitated by a contemporary: “Every Sir John belongs to Boodle's, as you may see, for when a waiter comes into the room and says to some aged student of the *Morning Herald*, ‘Sir John, your servant is come,’ every head is mechanically thrown up in answer to the address.” Captain Gronow relates that some gentlemen of both White's and Brookes's had on one occasion the honour to dine with the Prince Regent. Compassionating the members of these clubs for the monotony of their fare at dinner, his Royal Highness summoned his cook, Watier, on the spot to ask him if he would take a house and organize a dinner club. Watier assented, and hence the club which bore his name. Macao was played at Watier's to a ruinous extent, and “the club,” according to Mr. Raikes, “did not endure for twelve years altogether; the pace was too quick to last; it died a natural death in 1819 from the paralyzed state of its members; the house was then taken by a set of blacklegs, who instituted a common bank for gambling. To form an idea of the ruin produced by this short-lived establishment

among men whom I have so intimately known, a cursory glance to the past suggests a melancholy list, which only forms a part of its deplorable results. None of the dead reached the average age of man. “One evening at the Macao table, when the play was very deep, Brummell, having lost a considerable stake, affected, in his farcical way, a very tragic air, and cried out, ‘Waiter, bring me a flat candlestick and a pistol!’ Upon which Bligh (a notorious madman, and one of the members of Watier's), who was sitting opposite to him, calmly produced two loaded pistols from his coat-pocket, which he placed on the table, and said, ‘Mr. Brummell, if you are really desirous to put a period to your existence, I am extremely happy to offer you the means, without troubling the waiter.’ The effect upon those present may easily be imagined, at finding themselves in the company of a known madman who had loaded weapons about him.” Crockford's Club, also noted for its devotion to play, was instituted in 1827, in the house No. 20, on the west side of St. James's-street. Crockford had begun life with a fish-basket, and ended with the “most colossal fortune that was ever made by play. He began,” according to the *Edinburgh Review*, “by taking Watier's old club-house, in partnership with a man named Taylor. They set up a hazard-bank, and won a great deal of money, but quarrelled and separated at the end of the first year. Taylor continued where he was, had a bad year, and failed. Crockford removed to St. James's-street, had a good year, and immediately set about building the magnificent club-house which bears his name. It rose like a creation of Aladdin's lamp, and the genii themselves could hardly have surpassed the beauty of the internal decoration, or furnished a more accomplished *maitre d'hôtel* than Ude. To make the company as select as possible, the establishment was regularly organized as a club, and the election of members vested in a committee. “Crockford's” became the rage, and the votaries of fashion, whether they liked play or not, hastened to enrol themselves. The Duke of Wellington was an original member, though (unlike Blücher, who repeatedly lost everything he had at play) the great captain was never known to play deep at any game but war or politics. Card-tables were regularly placed, and whist was played occasionally; but the aim, end, and final cause of the whole, was the hazard-bank, at which the proprietor took his nightly stand, prepared for all comers. Le Wellington des Joueurs lost £23,000 at a sitting, beginning at twelve at night and ending at seven the following evening. He and three other noblemen could not have lost less, sooner or later, than £100,000 apiece. Others lost in proportion, or out of proportion, to their means; but we leave it to less-occupied moralists and better calculators to say how many ruined families went to make Mr Crockford a millionaire, for a millionaire he was in the English sense of the term, after making the largest possible allowance for bad debts. — *London Society*.

## PART VII.

## CHAPTER XX. — POWYS'S BITS OF PAPER.

MR. BROWNLOW, perhaps, did not know very well what he meant when he called young Powys into his room. He was in one of those strange states of mental excitement in which a man is at once confused and clear; incapable of seeing before him what he is about to do, yet as prompt and distinct in the doing of it as if it had been premeditated to the last detail. He could not have explained why nor told what it was he proposed to himself; in short, he had in his own mind proposed nothing to himself. He was swayed only by a vague, intense, and overwhelming necessity to have the matter before him set straight somehow, and, confused as his own mind was, and little as he knew of his own intentions, he yet went on, as by the directest inspiration, marching boldly, calmly, yet wildly, in a kind of serious madness, into the darkness of this unknown way. He called the young man to him in sharp, decided tones, as if he knew exactly what he wanted, and was ready to enter fully into it at once; and yet he did not in the least know what he wanted, nor what question he was to ask, nor what he was to say the next moment; the only thing that helped him was, that as he looked out of his office to call Powys, he could see him pick up hastily and put in his pocket the bits of paper, all dotted over with calculations, which he had already remarked on the young man's desk.

"Sit down," said Mr. Brownlow, "I have something to say to you;" and he resumed his own seat at his writing-table as if there had been nothing particular in the conference, and began mechanically to arrange the papers before him: as for Powys, he put his hand upon the back of the chair which stood on the other side of the table, and waited, but did not sit down, being bewildered a little, though not half so much as his employer was, by this sudden summons.

"Sit down," said Mr. Brownlow, — "sit down; I want to speak to you: I hope you know that I have always intended to be your friend" —

"Intended! sir," said Powys, "I know that you have been my friend, and a far better friend than I deserved" — Here he made one of those pauses of embarrassment which sometimes mean so much, and often mean so little. Mr. Brownlow, who knew more than Powys did, took it to signify a great deal, and the idea gave him strength to proceed; and the fact is, that for once the two, unknown to each other, were thinking of the same thing — of the bits of paper covered with figures that were in Powys's pocket, — only their thoughts ran in a very different strain.

"That must be decided rather by the future than by the past," said Mr. Brownlow. "I can say for myself without any doubt thus far, that I have meant to be your friend — but I must have your confidence in return; I do not

think you can have any more trustworthy counsellor." As Mr. Brownlow said this, it seemed to him that some one else, some unseen third party, was putting the words into his mouth; and his heart gave a flutter as he said them, though it was little in accordance either with his age or character that the heart should take any prominent part in his concerns.

As for the young man, there came over his face a quick flush, as of shame. He touched with his hand instinctively, and without knowing it, the breast-pocket in which these papers were — all of which actions were distinct and full of meaning to the anxious eyes that were watching him — and he faltered as he spoke. "I know that you would be my most trustworthy counsellor — and I don't know how to thank you," he said; but he had lowered his voice and cast down his eyes. He stood holding the back of the chair, and it trembled in his grasp. He could not meet the gaze that was fixed upon him. He stood shuffling his feet, looking down, red with embarrassment, confusion and shame. Was it that he felt himself a traitor eating the Brownlows' bread, receiving the kindness, and plotting against them? It seemed to his companion as clear as day.

"Sit down," said Mr. Brownlow, feeling his advantage, "let us talk of it as friends" — and then he himself made a pause, and clenched his hand unawares, and felt his heart contract as he put the last decisive question. "What are those calculations you have been making all day?"

Young Powys started, and became violently red, and looked up suddenly into his employer's face. No doubt this was what he had been thinking of; but the question was so sudden, so point-blank, that it dispersed all the involuntary softening of which he had been conscious, and brought back to him all his youthful pride and *amour propre* and reserve about his own affairs. He looked Mr. Brownlow full in the face, and his agitation took a different form. "Calculations, sir?" he said, with even a touch of indignation in his voice; and then he too stopped, lest he should be uncourteous to his employer, who he was confident wished him well though he was so strangely curious. "The only calculations I have made are about my own affairs," he went on. "They are of no interest to any one. I am sorry you should have thought I was taking up my time" —

"I did not think of your time," said Mr. Brownlow, with an impatient sigh. "I have seen many young men like you who have — who have — gone wrong — from lack of experience and knowledge of the world. I wish to serve you. Perhaps — it is possible — I may have partly divined what is on your mind. Can't you see that it would be best in every way to make a confidant of me?"

All this the lawyer said involuntarily as it were, the words being put into his mouth. They were false words, and yet they were true. He wanted to cheat and ruin the young man before him, and yet he wanted to serve him.

He desired his confidence that he might betray it, and yet he felt disposed to guide and counsel him as if he had been his son. The confusion of his mind was such that it became a kind of exaltation. After all he meant him well — what he would do for him would be the best. It might not be justice — justice was one thing; kindness, friendship, bounty, another — and these last he was ready to give. Thus, in the bewilderment of motives and sentiments that existed in his mind, he came to find himself again as it were, and to feel that he did really mean well to the boy. "I wish to serve you," he repeated, with a kind of eagerness. Would not this be to serve him better than by giving to his inexperienced hands a fairy fortune of which he would not know how to make use? These thoughts went vaguely but powerfully through Mr. Brownlow's mind as he spoke. And the result was that he looked up in the young man's face with a sense of uprightness which had for some time deserted him. It would be best in every way that there should be confidence between them — best for the youth, who, after all, had he ever so good a cause, would probably be quite unaware how to manage it — and best, unquestionably best, for himself, as showing at once what he had to hope or fear. Of this there could be no doubt.

As for Powys, he was touched, and at the same time alarmed. It was the same subject which occupied them both, but yet they looked upon it with very different eyes. The Canadian knew what was in those scraps of paper with their lines of figures and awful totals, and it seemed to him that sooner than show them to any one, sooner than make a clean breast of what was in them, he would rather die. Yet the kindness went to his heart, and made him in his own eyes a monster. "Divined!" he said half to himself, with a look of horror. If Mr. Brownlow had divined it, it seemed to Powys that he never could hold up his head before him again. Shame would stand between them, or something he thought shame. He had not done much that was wrong, but he could have struck into the very ground at the idea that his thoughts and calculations were known. In spite of himself he cast a piteous glance at the whiteness of his elbows — was that how it came about that Mr. Brownlow divined? Pride, shame, gratitude, compunction, surged up in his mind, into his very eyes and throat, so that he could not speak or look at the patron who was so good to him, yet whom he could not yield to. "Sir," he stammered, when he had got a little command of himself — "you are mistaken. I — I have nothing on my mind — nothing more than every man has who has a — a — life of his own. Indeed, sir," the poor youth continued with eagerness, "don't think I am ungrateful — but I — I — can't tell you. I can't tell my own mother. It is my own fault. It is nothing to any other creature. In short," he added, breaking off with an effort, and forcing a smile, "it is nothing — nothing! — only

I suppose that I am unaccustomed to the world," —

"Sit down," said Mr. Brownlow; come nearer to me and sit down upon this chair. You are very young" —

"I am five-and-twenty," said Powys. He said it hastily, answering what he thought was a kind of accusation; and the words struck the lawyer like a blow. It was not new to him, and yet the very statement of that momentous number seemed to carry a certain significance. The ill-omened fortune which made these two adversaries had come to the one just when the other was born.

"Well," said Mr. Brownlow, who felt his utterance stopped by these innocent words, "it does not matter. Sit down; I have still a great deal to say" —

And then he stopped with a gasp, and there was a pause like a pause in the midst of a battle. If Powys had not been pre-occupied by the which to him was so absorbing, though he denied its interest to any other, he could not have failed to be struck by the earnestness, and suppressed excitement, and eager baffled looks of his employer. But he was blinded by his own anxieties, and by that unconscious self-importance of youth which sees nothing wonderful in the fact of other people's interest in its own fortunes. He thought Mr. Brownlow was kind. It did not occur to him that a stronger motive was necessary for these persistent questions and for this intense interest. He was not vain — but yet it came natural to receive such attention, and his mind was not sufficiently disengaged to be surprised.

As for the lawyer, he paused and took breath, and looked into the frank yet clouded face which was so open and communicative, and yet would not, could not, reveal to him the secret he wanted to seize. It was not skill, it was not cunning, that preserved the young man's secret — was it innocence? Had he been mistaken? — was there really in Powys's consciousness at least no such secret, but only some youthful trouble, some boyish indiscretion, that was "on his mind." As Mr. Brownlow paused, and looked at his young companion, this thought gradually shaped itself within him, and for the moment it gave him a strange relief. He too was absorbed and pre-occupied, and thrust out of the region of such light as might have been thrown on the subject by the whiteness of the seams of the young fellow's coat; and then he had come to be in such deadly earnest that any lighter common-place explanation would have seemed an insult to him. Yet he paused, and after a few moments felt as if a truce had been proclaimed. It had not come yet to the last struggle for death or life. There was still time to carry on negotiations, to make terms, to convert the enemy into a firm friend and supporter. This conviction brought comfort to his mind notwithstanding that half an hour before he had started up in the temerity of despair, and vowed to himself that, for good or evil, the decisive step must be taken at once.

Now the clouds of battle rolled back, and a soft sensation of peace fell upon Mr. Brownlow's soul — peace at least for a time. It melted his heart in spite of himself. It made him think of his home, and his child, and the gentle evening that awaited him after the excitement of the day; and then his eye fell upon Powys again.

"I have still a great deal to say," he went on — and his voice had changed and softened beyond all doubt, and Powys, himself surprised, had perceived the change, though he had not an idea what it meant — "I have been pleased with you, Powys. I am not sure that you have quite kept up during the last few weeks; but you began very well, and if you choose to steady yourself, and put away any delusion that may haunt you" — here Mr. Brownlow made a little pause to give full force to his words — "you may be of great service to me. I took you only on trial, you know, and you had the junior clerk's place; but now I think I am justified in treating you better — after this your salary shall be double" —

Powys gave a great start in his seat, and looked at Mr. Brownlow with a look of stupefaction. "Double!" he cried, with an almost hysterical gasp. He thought his ears or his imagination were deceiving him. His wonder took all the expression, almost all the intelligence, out of his face. He sat gazing, with his mouth open, waiting to hear what it could mean.

"I will double your salary from the present time," said Mr. Brownlow, smiling in spite of himself.

Then the young man rose up. His face became the colour of fire. The tears sprang into his eyes. "This was why you said you divined!" he said, with a voice that was full of tears and an ineffable softness. His gratitude was beyond words. His eyes seemed to shoot arrows into Mr. Brownlow's very soul — arrows of sharp thanks, and praise, and grateful applause, which the lawyer could not bear. The words made him start, too, and threw a sudden flood of light upon the whole subject; but Mr. Brownlow could not get the good of this, for he was abashed and shame-struck by the tender, undoubting, half-filial gratitude in the young man's eyes.

"But I don't deserve it," cried Powys in his eagerness — "I don't deserve it, though you are so good. I have not been doing my work as I ought — I know I have not. These bills have been going between me and my wits. I have not known what I was doing sometimes. Oh! sir, forgive me; I don't know what to say to you, but I don't deserve it — the other fellows deserve it better than I"

"Never mind the other fellows," said Mr. Brownlow, collecting himself; "I mean to make a different use of you. You may be sure that it is not out of goodness I am doing this." he added with a strange smile that Powys could not understand — "you may be sure it is because I see in you certain — certain capabilities" —

Mr. Brownlow paused, for his lips were dry he was telling the truth, but he did not mean it to be received as truth. This was how he went on from one step to another. To tell a lie, or to tell a truth as if it were a pleasant fiction, which was worst? The lie seemed the most straightforward, the most innocent of the two; and this was why his lips were dry, and he had to make a pause in his speech.

Powys sat down again, and leaned on the table, and looked across at his master, his benefactor. That was how the young man was calling him in his heart. His eyes were shining as eyes only do after they have been moistened by tears. They were soft, tender, eager, moved by those last words into a deeper gratitude still, an emotion which awoke all his faculties. "If I have any capabilities," he said, "I wish they were a hundred and a hundred times more. I can't tell you, sir — you can't imagine — how much you have done for me in a moment. And I was ashamed when you said you had divined! I have been very miserable. I have not known what to do"

"So that was all," said Mr. Brownlow, drawing a long breath. "My young friend, told you you should confide in me. I know sixty pounds a year is very little, and so you must remember is twice sixty pounds a year"

"Ah, but it is double," said young Powys with a tremulous smile. "But I have not worked for it," he went on clouding over — "I have not won it. I know I don't deserve it only, sir, if you have something special — anything in this world, I don't care how hard — that you mean to give me to do"

"Yes," said Mr. Brownlow, "I have something very special; I can't enter upon the details just now. The others in the office are very well; but I want some one I can depend upon, who will be devoted to me."

Upon this the young man smiled; smiled so that his face lighted up all over — every line in it answering as by an individual ray. "Devoted!" he said, "I should think so indeed — not to the last drop of blood, for that would do you no good — but to the last moment of work, whatever, however, you please" —

"Take care," said Mr. Brownlow, "you may be too grateful; when a man promises too much he is apt to break down."

"But I shall not break down," said the Canadian. "You took me in first when I had nobody to speak for me, and now you save me from what is worse than starving — from debt and hopeless struggles. And I was beginning to lose heart; I felt as if we could not live on it, and nobody knew but me. I beg your pardon, sir, for speaking so much about myself"

"No, no; go on about yourself," said Mr. Brownlow. He was leaning back on his chair like a man who had had a fit and was recovering from it. His whole countenance had relaxed in a manner wonderful to behold. He listened to the young fellow's open-hearted bab

like as if it had been celestial music. It was music to his ears. It distilled upon him like the dew, as the Bible says, penetrating through and through, pervading his whole being with a sense of blessed ease and relief and repose. He lay back in his chair and was content to listen. He did not care to move or think, but only to realise that the crisis had passed over; that for the moment all was still rest and security and peace. It was the best proof how much his nerves had been tried in the former part of the day.

"But you must recollect," he said at last, "that this great fortune you have come into is, after all, only a hundred and twenty pounds a year; it is a very small income. You will have to be very careful; but if you get into any difficulties again, the thing you ought to do is to come to me. I will always be ready to give you my advice, and perhaps help, if you want it. Don't thank me again; I shall have a great many things for you to do, which will make up."

"Nothing will ever make up for the kindness," said young Powys; and then he perceived that his audience was over. Already even the lines were beginning to tighten in Mr. Brownlow's face. The young man withdrew and went back to his desk, walking on air as he thought. It was a very small matter to be so glad about, but yet there are circumstances in which ten pounds to pay and only five pounds to pay it with will make as much anguish as the loss of a battle or a kingdom — especially to the inexperienced, the sensitive, and proud. This awful position he was suddenly relieved from when he saw no hope. And no wonder that he was elated. It was not a chronic malady to which he had grown accustomed. The truth was he had never been in debt before all his life. This may be accounted for by the fact that he had never had any money to speak of, and that he had been brought up in the backwoods.

Mr. Brownlow did not change his position for some time after his clerk had left him. Fortune was new to him, though he was on the declining side of life. The sharp tension, the sudden relief, the leap from anxiety, suspicion, and present danger, into calm and tranquillity, was new to him. His mind had never been disturbed by such conflicts while he was young, and accordingly they came now in all their fullness, with a power beyond any thing in his experience, to his soul. Thus he continued motionless, leaning back in his chair, taking the good of his respite. He knew it was only a temporary respite; he knew the danger was not past; but withal it was a comfort to him. And then, as he had this time disquieted himself in vain, who could tell if perhaps his other fears might vanish in the same way? God might be favourable to him, even though perhaps his cause was not just such a cause as could with confidence be put into God's hands. It was not always justice that prevailed in this world; and perhaps — So strangely does per-

sonal interest pervert the mind, that this was how John Brownlow, an upright man by nature and by long habit, calculated with himself. It seemed to him natural somehow that God should enter into the conspiracy with him — for he meant no harm even to the people who were to be his victims. Far from that; he meant, on the contrary, bit by bit, to provide for them, to surround them with comforts, to advance and promote in every way the young man whose inheritance he had so long enjoyed. He meant to be as good to him as any father, if only he could be successful in alienating for ever and ever his just right from him. Possibly he might still even carry out the plan he had conceived and abandoned, and give the crown of all his possessions, his beautiful child, to the lucky youth. Any thing but justice. As he sat and rested, a certain sense of that satisfaction which arises from happiness conferred came into Mr. Brownlow's mind. In the mean time, he had been very good to Powys. Poor young fellow! how grateful, how elated, how joyous he was — and all about a hundred and twenty pounds a year! His trouble had involved only a little money, and how easy it was to make an end of that! It was not by a long way the first time in Mr. Brownlow's life at which this opportunity of bringing light out of darkness had occurred to him. There were other clerks, and other men not clerks, who could, if they would, tell a similar tale. He had never been a hard man; he had been considerate, merciful, lending like the righteous man, and little exacting as to his recompense. He had served many in his day, and though he never boasted of it, he knew it. Was it in reason to give up without a struggle his power of serving his neighbours, all the admirable use he had made of his fortune, when he might keep his fortune, and yet withal do better for the real heir than if he gave it up to him? The sense of coming ruin, and the awful excitement of that conflict for life and death which he had anticipated when he called Powys into his office, had exhausted him so entirely that he allowed himself to be soothed by all those softer thoughts. The danger was not over — he knew that as well as any one; but he had a reprieve. He had time to make of his adversary a devoted friend and vassal, and it was even for his adversary's good.

Such were the thoughts that went softly, as in a veiled and twilight procession, through his mind. After a while he raised himself up, and gathered together all the calculations at which he had been working so hard, and locked all his private drawers, and put all his memorandums by. As he did so, his halcyon state by degrees began to be invaded by gleams of the everyday daylight. He had doubled Powys's salary, and he had a right to do so if he pleased; but yet he knew that when he told it to Mr. Wrinkell, that functionary would be much surprised, and that a sense of injury would be visible upon the countenances of the other clerks. Certainly a man has a right to do what he likes

with his own, but then every man who does so must make up his mind to certain little penalties. He will always be able to read the grudge of those who have borne the burden and heat of the day in their faces, however silent they may be; and even an emperor, much less a country lawyer, cannot fail to be conscious when he is tacitly disapproved of. How was he to tell Wrinkell of it even? how to explain to him why he had taken so unusual a step? The very fact was a kind of confession that something more was in it than met the eye. And Jack —; but Jack and Wrinkell too would have greater cause of astonishment still, which would throw even this into the shade. Mr. Wrinkell knocked at Mr. Brownlow's door when he had come this length in his thoughts. The manager had not troubled him so long as he had been alone and apparently busy; but after the long audience accorded to young Powys, Mr. Wrinkell did not see how he could be shut out. He came in accordingly, and already Mr. Brownlow saw the disapproval in his eye. He was stately, which was no doubt a deportment becoming a head clerk, but not precisely in the private office of his principal; and he did not waste a single word in what he had to say. He was concise almost to the point of abruptness; all of which particulars of disapprobation Mr. Brownlow perceived at once.

"Wrinkell," he said, when they had dismissed in this succinct way the immediate business in hand, "I want to speak to you about young Powys. I am interested in that young fellow. I want to raise his salary. But I should like to know first what you have got to say."

It was a hypocritical speech, but Mr. Wrinkell happily was not aware of that; he pursed up his lips and screwed them tight together, as if, in the first place, he did not mean to say anything, but relented after a minute's pause.

"At the present moment, sir," said Mr. Wrinkell, "I am doubtful what to say. Had you asked me three months since, I should have answered, 'By all means.' If you had asked me one month since, I should have said, 'Certainly not.' Now, I avow my penetration is baffled, and I don't know what to say."

"You mean he is not doing so well as he did at first?" said Mrs. Brownlow. "Nobody ever does that I know of. And better than he did later? Is that what you mean to say?"

"Being very concise," said Mr. Wrinkell, slowly, "I should say that was a sort of a summary. When he came first he was the best beginner I ever had in hand; and I did not leave him without signs of my approval. I had him to my 'umble 'ome, Mr. Brownlow, as perhaps you are aware, and gave him the opportunity of going to chapel with us. I don't hesitate to avow," said Mr. Wrinkell, with a little solemnity, "that I had begun to regard him as a kind of son of my own."

"And then there was a change?" said the lawyer, with a smile.

"There was a great change," said Mr. Wrinkell. "It was no more the same young

man — a cheerful bright young fellow that could laugh over his tea of a Sunday, and walk steadily to chapel after with Mrs. Wrinkell and myself. We are not of those Christians who think a little cheerfulness out of season on a Sunday. But he changed of that. He would have no tea, which is a bad sign in a young man. He yawned in my very pew by Mr. Wrinkell's side. It grieved me, sir, as if it had been my own flesh and blood; but of course we had to give up. The last few weeks he has been steadier," Mr. Wrinkell added quickly, "there can't be any doubt about that. "But he might decline tea, and yawn over sermon, without going to the bad," said Mr. Brownlow. "I hope so at least, for they are two things I often do myself."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Wrinkell, who like now and then to take high ground. "There is all the difference. I fully admit the right of private judgment. You judge for yourself; but a young man who has kind friends anxious to serve him — there is all the difference. But he has been steady of late," the head clerk added with candour; "I gladly acknowledge that."

"Perhaps he had something on his mind," said Mr. Brownlow. "At all events I don't think much harm has come of it. I take an interest in that young fellow. You will doubt his salary, Mr. Wrinkell, next quarter-day."

"Double it!" said Mr. Wrinkell, with a gasp. He fell back from his position by the side of the table, and grew pale with horror.

"Double it?" he added after a pause, inquiringly. "Did I understand, sir? was that what you said?"

"That was what I said," said Mr. Brownlow; and, after the habit of guilty men, he began immediately to defend himself. "I trust," he said, unconsciously following the old precedent, "that I have a right to do what I like with my own."

"Certainly — certainly," said Mr. Wrinkell; and then there was a pause. "I shall put these settlements in hand at once," he resumed, with what the lawyer felt was something like eagerness to escape the subject. "Mr. Robinson is waiting for the instructions you have just given me. And the Wardell case is nearly ready for your revision — and. May I ask if the — the — increase you mention in Mr. Powys's salary is to begin from next quarter-day, or from the last?"

"From the last," said Mr. Brownlow, with stern brevity.

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Wrinkell. "I cannot conceal from you that it may have a bad effect — a painful effect."

"Upon whom?" said Mr. Brownlow.

"Upon the other clerks. They are pretty steady — neither very good nor very bad; and he has been both good and bad," said Mr. Wrinkell, stoutly. "It will have an unpleasant effect. They will say we make favourites, Mr. Brownlow. They have already said as much in respect to myself."

"They had better mind their own affairs,"

was all Mr. Brownlow said; but, nevertheless, when he went out into the office afterwards, he imagined (prematurely, for it had not yet been communicated to them) that he read disgust in the eyes of his clerks; and he was not unmoved by it, any more than General Haman was by the contempt of the old man who sat in the gate.

CHAPTER XXI. — HOW A MAN CAN DO WHAT HE LIKES WITH HIS OWN.

It was not for some days that the clerks in Mr. Brownlow's office found out the enormity of which their employer had been guilty — which was almost unfortunate, for he gave them full credit for their disapproval all the time. As it was, Mr. Wrinkell embodied within his own person all the disapprobation on a grand scale. It was not that he disapproved of Powys's advancement. Without being overwhelmingly clever or fascinating, the young Canadian was one of those open-hearted, open-eyed souls who find favour with most good people. There was no malice nor envy nor uncharitableness about him; he was ready to acknowledge everybody's good qualities, ready to appreciate whatever kindness might be offered to him, open to see all that was noble or pleasant or of good report — which is the quality of all other most generally wanting in a limited community, from an office up to — even a University. Mr. Wrinkell was a head clerk and a Disenter, and not a tolerant man to speak of, but he liked the more generous breadth of nature without very well knowing why; and he was glad in his heart that the young fellow had "got on." But still, for all that, he disapproved — not of Powys, but of Mr. Brownlow. It was caprice, and caprice was not to be supported — or it was from consideration of capability, apart from all question of standing in the office, which was, it must be allowed, more insupportable still. Mr. Wrinkell reflected that he had himself been nearly forty years in the employment of the Brownlows of Master-ton without once having his salary doubled. And he felt that if such a dangerous precedent were once established, the consequences might be tremendous. Such a boy, for example, if he happened to be clever and useful, might be put over everybody's head, before anybody was aware. Mr. Wrinkell, who was grand vizier, was not afraid for his own place, but he felt that it was an example to be summarily discouraged. After all, when a man is not clever it is not his fault; whereas, when he is respectable and steady, the virtue and praise is purely his own. "It's revolutionary," he said to his wife. "There is Brown, who has been year and years in the office — there never was a steadier fellow. I don't remember that he ever lost a day — except when he had that fever, you know; but twenty pound a year increase was as much as ever was given to him."

"When he had the fever they were very kind

to him," said Mrs. Wrinkell; "and, after all, Mr. Brownlow has a right to do what he likes with his own."

"He may have a right," said Mr. Wrinkell, doubtfully, "but it's a thing that always makes a heart-burning, and always will."

"Well, William, we may be thankful it can't make any difference to us," said his wife. This was the sum of the good woman's philosophy, but it answered very well. It was always her conviction that there will be peace in our day.

As for Brown, when he first heard the news, he went home to the bosom of his family with bitterness in his heart. "I can't call to mind a single day I ever missed, except that fever, and the day Billy was born," he said to Mrs. Brown, despondingly; "and here's this young fellow that's been six months in the office" —

"It's a shame," said that injured woman; "it's a black burning shame. A bit of a lad picked up in the streets that don't know what money is; and you a married man with six — not to say the faithful servant you have been. I wonder for my part how Mr. Brownlow dares to look you in the face."

"He don't mind much about that. What he thinks is, that the money's his own," said poor Brown, with a sigh.

"But it ain't his own," said the higher spirited wife. "I would just like to know who works hardest for it, him or you. If I saw him every day as you do, I would soon give him a piece of my mind."

"And lose my place altogether," said the husband. But, notwithstanding, though he did not give Mr. Brownlow a piece of his mind, Brown did not hesitate to express his feelings a little in the tone of his voice, and the disapproval in his eye.

All this, however, was as nothing to the judgment which Mr. Brownlow brought upon himself on the following Sunday. The fact that his father had doubled any clerk's salary was a matter of great indifference to Jack. He smiled in an uncomfortable sort of way when he heard it was young Powys on whom this benefit had fallen; but otherwise it did not affect him. On Sunday, however, as it happened, something occurred that brought Mr. Brownlow's favouritism — his extraordinary forgetfulness of his position and of what was due to his children — home in the most striking way to his son. It was a thing that required all Mr. Brownlow's courage; and it cannot be said that he was quite comfortable about it. He had done what never had been done before to any clerk since the days of Brownlows began. He had invited young Powys to dinner. He had even done more than that — he had invited him to come early, to ramble about the park, as if he had been an intimate. It was not unpleasant to him to give the invitation, but there is no doubt that the thought of how he was to communicate the fact to his children, and prepare them for their visitor, did give him a little trouble. Of course it was his own house. He was free to ask any one he liked to it. The choice lay entirely with



himself; but yet — He said nothing about it until the very day for which his invitation had been given — not that he had forgotten the fact, but somehow a certain constraint came over him whenever he so much as approached the subject. It was only Thursday when he asked young Powys to come, and he had it on his mind all that evening, all Friday and Saturday, and did not venture to make a clean breast of it. Even when Jack was out of the way, it seemed to the father impossible to look into Sara's face, and tell her of the coming guest. Sunday was very bright — a midsummer day in all its green and flowery glory. Jack had come to the age when a young man is often a little uncertain about his religious duties. He did not care to go and hear Mr. Hardcastle preach. So he said; though the Rector, good man, was very merciful, and inflicted only fifteen minutes of sermon; and then he was very unhappy, and restless, and uneasy about his own concerns; and he was misanthropical for the moment, and disliked the sight and presence of his fellow-creatures. So Jack did not go to church. And Sara and her father did, walking across the beautiful summer park, under the shady trees, through the paths all flecked with sunshine. Sara's white figure gave a centre to the landscape. She was not angelic, notwithstanding her white robes, but she was royal in her way — a young princess moving through a realm that belonged to her, used to homage, used to admiration, used to know herself the first. Though she was as sweet and as gracious as the morning, all this was written in her face; for she was still very young, and had not reached the maturer dignity of unconsciousness. Mr. Brownlow, as he went with her, was but the first subject in her kingdom. Nobody admired her as he did. Nobody set her up above every competitor with the perfect faith of her father; and to see her clinging to his arm, lifting up her fresh face to him, displaying all her philosophies and caprices for his benefit, was a pretty sight. But yet all through that long walk to Dewsbury and back, he never ventured to disclose his secret to her. All the time it lay on his heart, but he could not bring himself to say it. It was only when they were all leaving the table, after luncheon, that Mr. Brownlow unburdened himself. "By the way," he said suddenly, as he rose from his chair, "there is some one coming out to dinner from Master-ton. Oh, not anybody that makes much difference — a young fellow" —

"Some young fellows make a great deal of difference," said Sara. "Who is it, papa?"

"Well — at present he is — only one of my clerks," said Mr. Brownlow, with an uneasy, and, to tell the truth, rather humble and deprecating smile — "one you have seen before — he was out here that day I was ill."

"Oh, Mr. Powys," said Sara; and in a moment, before another word was spoken, her sublime indifference changed into the brightest gleam of malice, of mischief, of curiosity, that ever shone out of two blue eyes. "I remember

him perfectly well — all about him," she said with a touch of emphasis that was not lost on her father. "Is there anybody else, papa?"

"Powys!" said Jack, turning back in amazement. He had been going out, not thinking of anything; but this intimation, coming just after the news of the office about Powys's increased salary, roused his curiosity, and called him back to hear.

"Yes, Powys," said Mr. Brownlow, standing on his defence like a guilty man. "I hope you have not any objection."

"Objection, sir?" said Jack; "I don't know what you mean. It is your house, to as anybody you like. I never should have thought of making any objection."

"Yes, it is my own house," said Mr. Brownlow. It made him feel a little sore to have this plea about doing what he liked with his own thus taken, as it were, out of his very mouth.

"But I don't remember that you ever asked any of the clerks before," said Jack. It was not that he cared much about the invitation of the clerk; it was rather because he was disagreeable himself, and could not resist the chance of being disagreeable to others, being in a highly uncomfortable state of mind.

"I don't regard Powys as a mere clerk — there are circumstances," said Mr. Brownlow. "It is useless to explain at this moment; but I don't put him on the same level with Browns and Robinson. I should be glad if you could manage to be civil to him, Jack."

"Of course I shall be civil," said Jack. But he said, "That beggar again!" through his clenched teeth. Between himself and Powys there was a natural antagonism, and just now he was out of sorts and out of temper. Of course it was his father's house, not his, that he should make any pretension to control it, and of course he would be civil to his father's guests but he could not help repeating, "That beggar!" to himself as he went out. Was his father bewitched? He had not the slightest idea what there could be to recommend this clerk, or to distinguish him from other clerks; and as for the circumstances of difference of which Mr. Brownlow spoke, Jack did not believe in them. He would be civil, of course; but he certainly did not undertake to himself to be anything more cordial. And he went away with the determination not to be visible again till dinner. Powys! — a pretty thing to have to sit at table and make conversation for the junior clerk.

"Never mind, papa," said Sara. "Jack is dreadfully disagreeable just now; but you and I will entertain Mr. Powys. He is very nice. I don't see that it matters about his being one of the clerks."

"I was once a clerk myself," said Mr. Brownlow. "I don't know what difference it should make. But never mind; I have not come to that pitch that I require to consult Jack."

"No, said Sara a little doubtfully. Ever she, though she was a dutiful child, was no quite so clear on this subject. Mr. Brownlow

had a right to do what he would with his own — but yet — Thus Sara remonstrated too. She did not give in her whole adhesion, right or wrong. She was curious and mischievous, and had no objection to see Powys again; but she was not quite clear in her mind, any more than she the other people, about a man's utter mastery over his own. Mr. Brownlow saw it, and left her with something of the same feeling of discomfort which he had in the presence of Mr. Wrinkell and Mr. Brown. Was there any thing in this world which a man could really call his own, and of which he was absolutely free to dispose? It seemed to the lawyer, thinking it over, that there was no such absolute personal possession. After all, he of the vineyard settled the matter in a quite arbitrary way; and nowadays, amid all the intricacies of extreme civilization, such a simple way of cutting the knot was impracticable. Nobody knew that Mr. Brownlow's house, and money, and goods were not entirely and honestly his own property; and yet nobody would consent that he should administer them absolutely in his own way. He could not but smile at the thought as he went into the library, where he always felt himself so little at home. His position and relationship to every thing around him seemed to have changed in these days. He had been a just man all his life; but now it seemed to him that justice stood continually in his way. It was a rigid, unmanageable, troublesome principle, which did harm by way of doing right, and forbade the compromises which were essential in this world. Justice to Brown denied him the liberty to advance his clever junior. Justice to Jack forbade him his natural right to entertain whomsoever he pleased at his table. In fact, it was vain to use the possessive pronoun at all; nothing was his — neither his office, nor his money, nor his house — unless under the restriction of everybody else's rights, and of public opinion beyond all. So Mr. Brownlow mused as he left Sara, and retired to his solitude. "Is thine eye evil because I am good?" But then in the days of the parable there were fewer complications, and a man was more confident in his own power.

As for Sara, in her reflections on the subject, it occurred to her as very probable that Mr. Powys was coming early, and she stayed indoors accordingly. She put herself into her favourite corner by the window — that window which was close to the Claude — and took a little pile of books with her. Sunday afternoon, especially when one is very young, is a difficult moment. One never knows exactly what one ought to read. Such at least was Sara's experience. Novels, except under very rare and pressing circumstances, were clearly inadmissible — such circumstances, for instance, as having left your heroine in such a harrowing position that common charity required you to see her through it without delay. And real good books — those books which it is a merit to read — were out of Sara's way. I should be afraid to tell which were the special volumes

she carried with her to the window, in case it might convey to some one, differently brought up perhaps, a false impression of the soundness of her views. She had Eugenie de Guerin's Letters in her hand, which ought to cover a multitude of sins; but she was not reading them. There was the ghost of a smile, a very ghost, appearing and disappearing, and never taking bodily shape, about her pretty mouth. What she was thinking was, who, for instance, this Mr. Powys could be? She did not believe he was a mere clerk. If he were a mere clerk, was it possible that he would be brought here and presented to her like this? That was not to be thought of for a moment. No doubt it was a prince in disguise. He might be an enchanted prince, bewitched out of his proper shape by some malignant fairy; but Sara knew better than to believe for a moment that he could be only a clerk. And he was very nice — he had nice eyes, and a nice smile. He was not exactly what you would call handsome, but he had those special gifts which are indispensable. And then poor papa was in a way about him, afraid to tell his secret, compelled to treat him as if he were only a clerk, afraid Jack should be uncivil. Jack was a bear, Sara concluded to herself, and at this moment more a bear than ever; but she should take care that the enchanted prince should not be rendered uncomfortable by his incivility. Sara's musings were to this effect, as she sat in her corner by the window, with Eugenie de Guerin in her hand. A soft, warm, balmy, sunny afternoon, one of those days in which the very air is happiness, and into which no trouble seems capable of entering — nineteen years old — a fairy prince in disguise, coming to test her dispositions under his humble incognito. Do you think the young creature could forget all that, and enter even into Mademoiselle de Guerin's pure virginal world of pensive thoughts and world-renunciation, because it was Sunday? But Sara did all she could towards this end. She held that tender talisman in her hand; and, no doubt, if there were any ill spirits about, it kept them out of the way.

Powys for his part was walking up the avenue with a maze of very pleasant thoughts in his mind. He was not thinking particularly of Miss Brownlow. He was too sensible not to know that for him, a junior clerk just promoted to the glory of a hundred and twenty pounds a-year, such an idea would have been pure madness. He was thinking, let us say, of the Claude, of how it hung, and all the little accessories round it, and of the sunshine that fell on Sara's dress, and on her hair, and how it resembled the light upon the rippled water in the picture, and that he was about to witness all that again. This is what he was thinking of. He was country bred, and to breathe the fresh air, and see the trees waving over his head, was new life to him; and warm gratitude, and a kind of affection to the man who generously gave him this pleasure, were in his mind. And notwithstanding the horrible effect that the bur-

den of debt had so recently had upon him, and the fact that a hundred and twenty pounds a year are far, very far, from being a fortune, there was no whiteness now visible at his seams. He was as well dressed as he could be made in Masterton, which was a commencement at which Mr. Wrinkell, or any other good economist, would have frowned. Mr. Brownlow went to join his daughter in the drawing-room as soon as he heard that his visitor had come to the door, and met him in the hall, to Powys's great comfort and satisfaction. And they went up-stairs together. The sunshine crossed Mr. Brownlow's grizzled locks, just as it had crossed the ripply shining hair, which glistened like the water in Claude's picture. But this time Powys did not take any notice of the effect. Sara was reading when they went in, and she rose, and half-closed her book, and gave the guest a very gracious majestic welcome. It was best to be indoors just then, while it was so hot, Sara thought. Yes, that was the Claude—did he recollect it? Most likely it was simply because he was a backwoodsman, and entirely uncivilised, that Powys conducted himself so well. He did not sit on the edge of his chair as even Mr. Wrinkell did. He did not wipe his forehead, nor apologise for the dust, as Mr. Brown would have done. And he was grateful to Mr. Brownlow, and not in the least anxious to show that he was his equal. After a while, in short, it was the master of the house who felt that he was set at ease, as it was he who had been the most embarrassed and uncomfortable, and whose mind was much more occupied than that of his visitor was by thinking of the effect that Powys might produce.

At dinner, however, it was more difficult. Jack was present, and Jack was civil. It is at such a moment that breeding shows; anybody, even the merest pretender, can be rude to an intruder, but it requires careful cultivation to be civil to him. Jack was so civil that he all but extinguished the rest of the party. He treated Mr. Powys with the most distinguished politeness. He did not unbend even to his father and sister. As for Willis, the butler, Jack behaved to him as if he had been an archbishop; and such very fine manners are troublesome when the party is a small one and disposed to be friendly and agreeable. Under any circumstances, it would have been difficult to have kept up the conversation. They could not talk of their friends and ordinary doings, for Powys knew nothing about these; and though this piece of courtesy is by no means considered needful in all circles, still Mr. Brownlow was old-fashioned, and it was part of his code of manners. So they had to talk upon general subjects, which is always difficult; about books, the universal resource; and about the park, and the beauties of nature, and the difference of things in Canada; and about the music in Masterton church, and whether the new vicar was High or Low, which was a very difficult question for Powys, and one to which he did not know how to reply.

"I am sure he is High," said Sara. "The church was all decorated with flowers on Ascension Day. I know, for two of the maids were there and saw them; and what does it matter about a sermon in comparison with that?"

"Perhaps it was his wife's doing," said Mr. Brownlow, "for I think the sermon the best evidence. He is Low—as Low as you could desire."

"As I desire!" cried Sara. "Papa, you are surely forgetting yourself. As if I could be supposed to like a Low Churchman! And Mr. Powys says they have good music. That is proof positive. Don't you think so Jack?"

This was one of many little attempts to bring back Jack to common humanity; for Sara, womanlike, could not be contented to leave him disagreeable and alone.

"I think Mr. Powys is extremely good to furnish you with information; but I can't say I am much interested in the question," said Jack, which brought the talk to a sudden pause.

"Mr. Powys has not seen our church, papa," Sara resumed. "It is such a dear old place. The chancel, everybody says, is pure Norman, and there are some bits of real old glass in the west window. You should have gone to see it before dinner. Are you very fond of old glass?"

"I am afraid I don't know," said Powys, who was bright enough to see the manufactory of conversation which was being carried on, and was half amused by it and half distressed. "We have no old churches in Canada. I suppose they could scarcely be looked for in such a new world."

"Tell me what sort of churches you have," said Sara. "I am very fond of architecture. We can't do any thing original nowadays, you know. It is only copying and copying. But there ought to be a new field in a new world. Do tell me what style the people there like best."

"You strain Mr. Powys's powers too far," said Jack. "You cannot expect him to explain every thing to you from the vicar's principles upwards—or downwards. Mr. Powys is only mortal, I presume, like the rest of us. He can't know every thing in heaven or earth."

"I know a little of that," said Powys. "Out there we are Jacks-of-all-trades. I once made the designs for a church myself. Miss Brownlow might think it original; but I don't think she would admire it. We have to think less of beauty than of use."

"As if use and beauty could not go together," said Sara, with a little indignation. "Please don't say those things that everybody says. Then you can draw if you have made designs? and I want some cottages so much! Papa, you promised me these cottages; and now Mr. Powys will come and help me with the plans."

"There is a certain difference between a cottage and a church," said Mr. Brownlow; but

he made no opposition to the suggestion, to the intense amusement and indignation of Jack.

"You forget that Mr. Powys's time is otherwise engaged," he said; "people can't be Jacks-of-all-trades here."

Mr. Brownlow gave his son a warning glance, and Sara, who had been very patient, could bear it no longer.

"Why are you so disagreeable, Jack?" she said: "nobody was speaking to you. It was to Mr. Powys I was speaking. He knows best whether he will help me or not."

"Oh, it was to Mr. Powys you were speaking!" said Jack. "I am a very unimportant person, and I am sorry to have interposed."

Then there came a very blank disagreeable pause. Powys felt that offence was meant, and his spirit rose. But at the same time it was utterly impossible to take offence; and he sat still and tried to appear unconscious, as people do before whom the veil of family courtesy is for a moment blown aside. There are few things which are more exquisitely uncomfortable. He had to look as if he did not observe any thing; and he had to volunteer to say something to cover the silence, and found it very hard to make up his mind as to what he ought to say.

Perhaps Jack was a little annoyed at himself for his freedom of speech, for he said nothing further that was disagreeable, until he found that his father had ordered the dogcart to take the visitor back to Masterton. When he came out in the summer twilight, and found the mare harnessed for such an ignoble purpose, his soul was hot within him. If it had been any other horse in the stable — but that his favourite mare should carry the junior clerk down to his humble dwelling-place was bitterness to Jack. He stood and watched in a very uncomfortable sort of way, with his hands in his pockets, while Powys took his leave. The evening was as lovely as the day had been, and Sara too had come out, and stood on the steps, leaning on her father's arm. "Shall you drive, sir?" the groom had asked, with a respect which sprang entirely from his master's cordiality. It was merely a question of form, for the man expected nothing but a negative; but Powys's countenance brightened up. He held out his hands for the reins with a readiness which perhaps aroused more of transatlantic freedom than ought to have been the case; but then he had been deprived of all such pleasures for so long. "Good heavens!" cried Jack, "Tomkins, what do you mean? It's the bay mare you have in harness. He can't drive her. If she's lamed, or if she lames you" —

And he went up to the side of the dogcart, almost as if he would have taken the reins out of Powys's hand. The Canadian grew very red, and grasped the whip. They were very ready for a quarrel — Jack standing pale with anger, talking with the groom; Powys red with indignation, holding his place. But it was the latter who had the most command of himself.

"I shall not lame her," he said, quietly,

"nor let any one be lamed; jump up." He was thus master of the situation. The groom took his place; the mare went off straight and swift as an arrow down the avenue. But Jack knew by the look, as he said, of the fellow's wrist, by the glance in his eye, that he knew what he was about, though he did not at this moment confess the results of his observation. They stood all three on the steps when that fiery chariot wheeled away; and Jack, to tell the truth, did not feel very much satisfied with himself.

"Jack," said Mr. Brownlow, calmly, "when I have any one here again, I must require of you to keep from insulting them. If you do not care for the feelings of the stranger, you may at least have some regard for yourself."

"I had no intention of insulting any one, sir," said Jack, with a little defiance. "If you like him to break his neck or the horse's knees it is not my affair; but for a fellow who probably never had the reins in his hand before, to attempt with that mare" —

"He has had the reins in his hand oftener than either you or I," said Mr. Brownlow. The fact was, he said it at hazard, thinking it most likely that Powys could drive, but knowing nothing more about it, while Jack knew by sight and vision, and felt himself in his heart a snob as he strolled away from the door. He was uncomfortable, but he succeeded in making his father more uncomfortable still. The mare, too, was his own, though it was Jack's favourite, and if he liked to have her lamed he might. Such was the Parthian arrow which Mr. Brownlow received at the end of the day. Clearly that was a distant land — a land far removed from the present burden of civilization — a primitive and blessed state of existence, in which a man could be permitted to do what he liked with his own.

#### CHAPTER XXII. — THE DOWNFALL OF PHILOSOPHY.

JACK BROWNLAW was having a very hard time of it just at that moment. There had been a lapse of more than a week, and he had not once seen the fair little creature of whom every day he had thought more and more. It was in vain that he looked up at the window — Pamela now was never there. He never saw her even at a distance — never heard so much as her name. Sara, who had been ready enough to speak of her friend — even Sara, indiscreet, and hasty, and imprudent — was silent. Poor Jack knew it was quite right — he recognised, even though he hated it, the force that was in his father's arguments. He knew he had much better never see her — never even speak of her again. He understood with his intelligence that utter separation between them was the only prudent and sensible step to be taken; but his heart objected to understand with a curious persistency which Jack could scarcely believe of a heart of his. He had found his

## BROWNLAWS.

intellect quite sufficient to guide him up to this period; and when that other part of him, with which he was so much less acquainted, fought and struggled to get the reins in hand, it would be difficult to express the astonishment he felt. And then he was not anxiously desirous to marry. A house of his own, with all its responsibilities, did not appear to him to have done for his mind, a very early marriage was a sort of suicidal step to take. This was all very well for his heart it was very different. That newly discovered organ behaved in the most incomprehensible sort of way. Even though it possibly gave a grunt of consent to the theory about marriage, it kept on longing and yearning, driving itself frantic with eagerness just to see her, just to feel the soft passing of her little hand, just to feel the soft passing of her dress. That was all. And as for talking reason to it, or representing how profitless such a gratification would be, he went back and preached to the stones. He went back with this ward to the office for a whole week with conflict going on within him, keeping dutifully to his work, doing more than he had done for years at Masterton, and with anticipations with former thoughts, and with anticipations of the career he had once shaped out for himself. He wanted to get away from the office to get into public life somehow, to be returned for the borough, and have a seat in Parliament. Such had been his ambition before this episode in his life. Such surely ought to be his ambition now; but it was amazing, incredible, how all his more elevated thoughts with a kind of inarticulate cry for Pamela. She was what he wanted most. He could put her aside. His heart kept crying out for her, whatever his mind might be trying to think. It was extraordinary and despicable, and he could not believe it of himself; but this was how it was. He knew it was best that he should not see her; yet it was no virtue nor self-denial of his that kept them apart. It was she who would not be visible. Along the roads, under the trees, at the window morning or evening, there was no appearance of her. He thought sometimes she must have gone away. And his eager inquiries with himself whether this separation would make her unhappy gradually gave way to irritation and passionate displeasure. She had gone away and left no sign; or she was shutting herself up, and sacrificing all that was pleasant in his existence. She was leaving him alone to bear the brunt; and he would gladly have taken it all to spare her—but if he bore it, and was the victim, something at least he ought to have had for his recompense. A last meeting, a last look, an explanation, a farewell—at least had a right to that. And notwithstanding his anger he wanted her all the same—wanted to see her, to speak to her, to have her near him though he was not ready to carry her off, to marry her on the spot, or defy his father and all the world on her account. This was the painful struggle that poor Jack had to bear: he went back and forward all those days Masterton. He held very little communication with his father, who was the cause of all. He chose to ride or to walk rather than have those *tête-à-tête* drives. He kept his eyes on every turn of the way, on every hedge which might possibly conceal her, and yet he knew he must part from her, and in heart was aware that it was a right judgment which condemned him to this sacrifice. And it was not in him, poor fellow, to take it cheerfully or suffer with a good grace. He kept it to himself, and scorned to betray to his father or sister what he was going through. But he was not an agreeable companion during this interval, though the fact was that he gave them very little of his society, and struggled, mostly by himself, against his hard fate.

And probably he might have been victorious in the struggle. He might have fought his way back to the high philosophical ground from which he was wont to preach to his friend Keppel. At the cost of all the first freshness of his heart, at the cost of many buds of grace that never would have bloomed again, he might have come out victor, and demonstrated himself beyond all dispute that in such matters a strong will is every thing, and that there is love or longing that may not be crushed on the threshold of the mind. All this Jack might have done, and lived to profit by it and smile for it, but for a chance meeting by which Pamela's philosophy. He had gone home early in the afternoon, and he had been seen anxious eyes behind the curtains of M. Swayne's window—to go out again dressed those of her mother—to go out again dressed about the time when a man who is going dinner sets out to fulfil his engagement. Jack was going out to dinner; he was going to Ridley, where the family had just come from town. But there had come that kind of crisis in his complaint, and he was half-way to his friend's house a sudden gust seized him. Instead of going down from the dogcart, on which he was jumped down from the dogcart, on which he was out of his pocket-book, on which he saw a hasty word of apology to Keppel while the groom went on with his dusty road in his evening coat. Yet he go and eat the fellow's dinner? he care about it? Go and make a self, and laugh and talk when he rather run a tilt against all the what could she mean by shutting like this, and never so much as say It could harm nobody to say

Jack roused in pure despite and contrariety, without any intention of laying a snare for the object of his thoughts. He had gone a long way on the road to Ridley before he changed his mind, and consequently it was getting late when he drew near Brownlows coming back. It was a very quiet country road, a continuation of that which led to Masterton. Here and there was a clump of great trees making it sombre, and then along stretch of hedgerow with the fragrant meadow on the other side of it, and the cows lowing to go home. There was nobody to be seen up or down the road except a late carter with his horse's harness on his shoulder, and a boy and a girl driving home some cows. In the distance stood Swayne's Cottages, half lost in the twilight, with two faint curls of smoke going up into the sky. All was full of that dead calm which chafes the spirit of youth when it is in the midst of its troubles — that calm which is so soothing and so sweet when life and we have surmounted the first battles, and come to a moment of truce. But there was no truce as yet in Jack Brownlow's thoughts. He wanted to have his own way and he could not have it; and he knew he ought not to have it, and he would not give it up. If he could have kicked at the world, and strangled Nature and made an end of Reason, always without making a fool of himself, that would have been the course of action most in consonance with his thoughts.

And it was just then that a certain flutter round the corner of the lane which led to Dewsbury caught his eye, — the flutter of the soft evening air in a black dress. It was not the "creatura bella vestita in bianca" which comes up to the ideal of a lover's fancy. It was a little figure in a black dress, with a cloak wrapped round her and a broad hat shading her face, all dark among the twilight shadows. Jack saw, and his heart sprang up within him with a violence which took away his breath. He made but one spring across the road. When they had parted they had not known that they were lovers; but now they had been a week apart and there was no doubt on the subject. He made but one spring, and caught her and held her fast. "Pamela!" he cried out; and though there had been neither asking nor consent, and not one word of positive love-making between them, and though no disrespectful or irreverent thought of her had ever entered his mind, poor Jack, in his ardour and joy and surprise and rage, kissed her suddenly with a kind of transport. "Now I have you at last!" he cried. And this was in the open road, where all the world might have seen them; though happily, so far as was apparent, there was nobody to see.

Pamela, too, gave a cry of surprise and fright and dismay. But she was not angry, poor child. She did not feel that it was unnatural. Her poor little heart had not been standing still all this time any more than Jack's. They had gone over all those tender, childish, celestial preliminaries while they were apart; and now

there could not be any doubt about the bond that united them. Neither the one nor the other affected to believe that further preface was necessary: circumstances were too pressing for that. He said, "I have you at last," with eyes that gleamed with triumph; and she said, "Oh, I thought I should never, never see you again!" in a voice which left nothing to be confessed. And for the moment they both forgot every thing — fathers, mothers, promises, wise intentions, all the secondary lumber that makes up the world.

When this instant of utter forgetfulness was over, Pamela began to cry, and Jack's arm dropped from her waist. It was the next inevitable stage. They made two or three steps by each other's side, separate, despairing, miserable. Then it was the woman's turn to take the initiative. She was crying, but she could still speak — indeed, it is possible that her speech would have been less natural had it been without those breaks in the soft voice. "I am not angry," she said, "because it is the last time. I shall never, never forget you; but oh, it was all a mistake, all from the beginning. We never — meant — to grow fond of each other," said Pamela through her sobs; "it was all — all a mistake."

"I was fond of you the very first minute I saw you," said Jack; "I did not know then, but I know it now. It was no mistake; — that time when I carried you in out of the snow. I was fond of you then, just as I am now — as I shall be all my life."

"No," said Pamela, "oh, no. It is different — every day in your life you see better people than I am. Don't say any thing else. It is far better for me to know. I have been a — a little — contented ever since I thought of that."

These words once more put Jack's self-denial all to flight. "Better people than you are?" he cried. "Oh, Pamela! I never saw anybody half as sweet, half as lovely, all my life."

"Hush! hush! hush!" said Pamela: they were not so separate now, and she put her soft little hand up, as if to lay it on his lips. "You think so, but it is all — all a mistake!"

Then Jack looked into her sweet tearful eyes, nearer, far nearer than he had ever looked before — and they were eyes that could bear looking into, and the sweetness and the bitterness filled the young man's heart. "My little love!" he cried, "it is not you who are a mistake." And he clasped her, almost crushed her waist with his arm in his vehemence. Every thing else was a mistake — himself, his position, her position, all the circumstances; but not Pamela. This time she disengaged herself, but very softly, from his arm.

"I do not mind," she said, looking at him with an innocent, wistful tenderness, "because it is the last time. If you had not cared, I should have been vexed. One can't help being a little selfish. Last time, if you had said you were fond of me, I should have been frightened; but now I am glad, very glad you are fond of

me. It will always be something to look back to. I shall remember every word you said, and how you looked. Mamma says life is so hard," said Pamela, faltering a little, and looking far away beyond her lover, as if she could see into a long stretch of life. So she did; and it looked a desert, for he was not to be there.

"Don't speak like that," cried Jack; "life shall not be hard to you — not while I live to take care of you — not while I can work" —

"Hush, hush!" said the girl softly. "I like you to say it, you know. One feels glad; but I know there must be nothing about that. I never thought of it when — when we used to see each other so often. I never thought of any thing. I was only pleased to see you; but mamma has been telling me a great deal — every thing, indeed; I know better now" —

"What has she been telling you?" said Jack. "She has been telling you that I would deceive you; that I was not to be trusted. It is because she does not know me, Pamela. You know me better. I never thought of any thing either," he added, driven to simplicity by the force of his emotions, "except that I could not do without you, and that I was very happy. And, Pamela, whatever it may cost, I can't live without you now."

"But you must," said Pamela: "if you could but hear what mamma says! She never said you would deceive me. What she said was, that we must not have our own way. It may break our hearts, but we must give up. It appears life is like that," said Pamela, with a deep sigh. "If you like any thing very much, you must give it up."

"I am ready to give up everything else," said Jack, carried on by the tide, and forgetting all his reason; "but I will not give you up. My little darling, you are not to cry — I did not know I was so fond of you till that day. I didn't even know it till now," cried the young man. "You mustn't turn away from me, Pamela — give me your hand; and whatever happens to us, we two will stand by each other all our lives."

"Ah, no," said Pamela, drawing away her hand; and then she laid the same hand which she had refused to give him on his shoulder and looked up into his face. "I like you to say it all," she went on, — "I do — it is no use making believe when we are just going to part. I shall remember every word you say. I shall always be able to think that when I was young I had some one to say these things to me. If your father were to come now, I should not be afraid of him; I should just tell him how it was. I am glad of every word that I can treasure up. Mamma said I was not to see you again; but I said if we were to meet we had a right to speak to each other. I never thought I should have seen you to-night. I shouldn't mind saying to your father himself that we had a right to speak. If we should both live long and grow old, and never meet for years and years, don't you think we shall still know each other in heaven?"

As for poor Jack he was driven by the sadness of her sweet eyes, by the earnestness of her voice, by the virginal and sincerity which breathed out of her eyes, by the mela stood by him with the consciousness that it was the supreme moment of her life. She might have been going to die, and she felt the feeling in her heart. She was glad to get out of all the sweet hopes, all the dreams of her youth; she was going out into a black desert of life where the law of the world would not care for you if you liked any thing very much you would give it up. But before she went she had opened her heart, to hear him disclose to her if it been possible that their love should be to any thing, Pamela would have been ashamed to be so; but that was not possible. The minute was theirs, and the dark world was around to swallow them up from the earth. Therefore the words flowed in a flood from her lips. She had so many things to say to him, — she wanted to tell him so many things, there was but this minute to include them all. Her very composure — her tender smile — the pure little white martyr that she had been, she gave up what she most loved, gave him a wilder thrill, a more headlong impulse. He grasped her two hands, he put his face to her in a sudden passion. It seemed that he had no patience with her or with the world — that he must seize upon her and be away.

"Pamela," he cried, hoarsely, "I don't use talking, — you and I are not going to be like this. I don't know anything about it, and I don't want to know — not just now, we are not going to part, I tell you. You may say what she likes, but she is as cruel as to take you from a man who would care and can take care of you — and I would care of you, by heaven! Nobody can come between us. A fellow may think when he doesn't know his own mind that it's easy for a girl like you to talk to him. I tell you it is not the last time. I don't care a straw for anything else in the world — not in connection with you. Pamela, don't cry; we are to be together all our life."

"You say so because you have no other thought about it," said Pamela, with an ineffable smile, "and I have been thinking of it ever since — ever so much. No; but I don't say that to go away, not yet. I want to have you as long as I can; I want to tell you all the things — every thing I have in my heart."

"And I will hear nothing," said Jack, "nothing except that you and I belong to each other. That's what you have got to say to me! do you think I am a child? Pamela, look here — I don't know what you are, nor how it is to be, but you are going to be my wife."

"Oh no, no," said Pamela, shrugging her shoulders, him, growing red and growing pale with the shock of this new suggestion. If this was to be, her frankness, her sad smile, had become a kind of crime. She had su

embrace before, prayed him to speak to her, thought it right to take full advantage of the last indulgence accorded to them; and now the tables were turned upon her. She shrank away from him, and stood apart in the obscure twilight. There had not been a blush on her cheek while she opened her innocent young heart to him in the solemnity of the supposed farewell, but now she was overwhelmed with sudden shame.

"I say yes, yes, yes," said Jack vehemently, and he seized upon the hands that she had clasped together by way of safeguard. He seized upon them with a kind of violence appropriating what was his own. His mind had been made up and his fate decided in that half-hour. He had been full of doubts up to this moment; but now he had found out that without Pamela it was not worth while to live—that Pamela was slipping through his fingers, ready to escape out of his reach; and after that there was no longer any possibility of a compromise. He had become utterly indifferent to what was going on around as he came to this point. He had turned his back on the road, and could not tell who was coming or going. And thus it was that the sudden intrusion which occurred to them was entirely unexpected, and took them both by surprise. All of a sudden, while neither was looking, a substantial figure was suddenly thrust in between them. It was Mrs. Swayne, who had been at Dewsbury and was going home. She did not put them aside with her hands, but she pushed her large person completely between the lovers, thrusting one to one side and the other to the other. With one of her arms she caught Pamela's dress, holding her fast, and with the other she pushed Jack away. She was flushed with walking and haste, for she had seen the two figures a long way off, and had divined what sort of meeting it was; and the sight of her fiery countenance between them startled the two so completely that they fell back on either side and gazed at her aghast, without saying a word. Pamela, startled and overcome, hid her face in her hands, while Jack made a sudden step back, and got very hot and furious, but for the moment found himself incapable of speech.

"For shame of yourself!" said Mrs. Swayne, panting for breath; "I've a'most killed myself running, but I've come in time. What are you a persuadin' of her to do, Mr. John? Oh for shame of yourself! Don't tell me! I know what young gentlemen like you is. A-enticin' her, and persuadin' her, and leading her away, to bring her poor mother's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Oh for shame of yourself! And her mother just as simple and innocent, as would believe any thing you liked to tell her; and nobody as can keep this poor thing straight and keep her out o' trouble but me!"

While she panted out this address, and thrust him away with her extended hand, Jack stood by in consternation, furious but speechless. What could he do? He might order her away,

but she would not obey him. He might make his declaration over again in her presence, but she would not believe him, and he did not much relish the idea; he could not struggle with this woman for the possession of his love, and at the same time his blood boiled at her suggestions. If she had been a man he might have knocked her down quietly, and been free of the obstruction, but women take a shabby advantage of the fact that they cannot be knocked down. As he stood thus with all his eloquence stopped on his lips, Pamela, from across the bulky person of her champion, stretched out her little hand to him and interposed.

"Hush," she said; "we were saying good-by," to each other, Mrs. Swayne. I told mamma we should say good-by. Hush, oh hush, she doesn't understand; but what does that matter? we must say good-by all the same."

"I shall never say good-by," said Jack; "you ought to know me better than that. If you must go home with this woman, go—I am not going to fight with her. It matters nothing about her understanding; but, Pamela, remember it is not good-by. It shall never be good-by!"

"Understand!" said Mrs. Swayne, whose indignation was furious, "and why shouldn't I understand? Thank Providence I'm one as knows what temptation is. Go along with you home, Mr. John; and she'll just go with this woman, she shall. Woman, indeed! And I don't deny as I'm a woman—and so was your own mother for all so fine as you are. Don't you think as you'll lay your clutches on this poor lamb, as long as Swayne and me's to the fore. I mayn't understand, and I may be a woman, but"—Miss Pamela, you'll just come along home."

"Yes, yes," said Pamela; and then she held up her hand to him entreatingly. "Don't mind what she says—don't be angry with me; and I will never, never forget what you have said—and—good-by," said the girl, steadily, holding out her hand to him with wonderful glistening smile that shone through two big tears.

As for Jack, he took her hand and gave it an angry loving grasp which hurt it, and then threw it away. "I am going to see your mother," he said, deigning no other reply. And then he turned his back on her without another word, and left her standing in the twilight in the middle of the dusty road, and went away. He left the two women standing amazed, and went off with quick determined steps that far outstripped their capabilities. It was the road to the cottage—the road to Brownlows—the road anywhere or everywhere. "He's a-going home, and a blessed riddance," said Mrs. Swayne, though her spirit quaked within her. But Pamela said nothing; he was not going home. The girl stood and watched his quick firm steps and worshipped him in her heart. To her mother! And was there any thing but one thing that her mother could say?



From the Spectator, 6th July.

THE FATE OF MAXIMILIAN.

THE curtain has fallen on the Mexican tragedy. There is no longer any reason to doubt that Juarez, overpowered by the clamour of his followers, or sincerely believing in the necessity of extreme measures, has given way, and that Maximilian was executed on the 19th June at Queretaro. His own orders condemning all Mexicans who resisted him to immediate death, orders which were acted upon by his lieutenants with cruel zeal, had maddened his Liberal opponents, who justly held that until they had accepted his rule they were not rebels, but patriots resisting an invader, and in some degree justify an act which would otherwise have been a simple murder of a prisoner of war. Juarez, too, as a pure Indian, had a grievance against his enemy which Europe has chosen to forget. We published, months since, a decree signed by the Emperor himself re-establishing peonage, that is, re-introducing slavery in a country which had been relieved from that curse,—the greatest and most inexcusable crime a ruler can in this century commit. Nevertheless, it is impossible for men not blinded by mere hatred of thrones not to regret the unhappy fate of a man whose previous history had been so unspotted, who certainly meant well to the Mexicans who have killed him, and who displayed in the last stages of his career a dignity and a courage worthy alike of the position he had quitted and the rank he strove to obtain. A German prince, Maximilian sought to seize a sovereignty over Spanish republicans; a Hapsburg, he descended to be the satrap of Napoleon; but the refusal to leave Mexico with the French, the effort to enlist a national army, the desperate defence of Queretaro, were all acts worthy of a House which with all its failings has never skulked, and reveal a character which, though vain and ambitious, could never have been base. The faults of the Archduke were those of his family, his training, and his position; his heroism was his own, and his unexampled misfortunes may well extort commiseration, if not sympathy, from men who nevertheless despise the rapidly reviving worship of the royal caste. He played with his head for a throne, but at least when defeated he frankly and loyally paid the stakes. From the departure of the French, Maximilian was the chief of a national party, was alone as a Mexican with Mexicans, and the cruelty of Juarez forms

a bad contrast to the clemency of the people whose interposition alone has restrained him to supreme power. The Americans have pardoned a far more formidable opponent who fought them in a far less justifiable cause.

The event, apart altogether from its personal aspects, may yet prove to be one of high political moment. It reveals to the people of France as no other occurrence could have done that their Emperor is liable, that when not interpreting French opinion he is liable to blunder on a colossal scale. The French expedition was first to last Napoleon's own idea. The Emperor disliked it, the army dreaded it, the politicians denounced it, and even the officers, with a few noteworthy exceptions, questioned or denied its wisdom. The Emperor planned and executed it alone, from first to last scarcely a calculation turned out sound. He believed that a Civil War would end in a division of the Empire, and it has ended by consolidating its dominion and immensely increasing its external power. He supposed that the Mexicans after a short resistance would yield to the organizing genius of the French, that the love of order would counterbalance patriotism, and the Mexicans have gone on with savage determination for more than four years. He hoped to reinvigorate the Latin races in their great struggle with the Anglo-Saxons on the American continent, and the only powers left alive and real are the Anglo-Saxon and the Indian. He believed that the expedition would at once yield incalculable wealth to France, give her virtual control of the alternative route between Europe and the Far East, and it ended in a loss of forty millions sterling drawn mainly from supporters who subscribed in their faith in his star to French Mexican loans. He judged that it would be easier to rule Mexico through an independent sovereign than through a viceroy, and the Sovereign's pretensions proved his own most serious embarrassment. He thought that the grant of a throne to the Hapsburg would permanently conciliate the house on which he relies for influence in Germany, and the appointment has deepened the chasm which separates the Austrians and the French almost beyond repair from the most skilful engineering. Finally, he deemed it safest, after conquering Mexico and selecting its monarch, to desert his nominee, rather than fight for the Union, and it may well be that this was his greatest blunder of all. The French were wounded in their honour, the army killed

well that it has retired without firing a shot before an American menace, and the *bourgeois* are alarmed by an expenditure to which there seems no limit except that of the national resources. Even M. Rouher, the rhapsodist of the Tribune, the Barrère of the *Cesarist régime* who will defend anything and can answer any one, is compelled to call the expedition the "black spot on a brilliant surface," and to acknowledge that his master has been beaten, if not by Juárez and Mr. Seward, then by distance and the destinies. Much of this could have been kept from the people had Maximilian escaped, and much more might have been thrown upon his shoulders; but the execution of an Emperor is a fact which cannot be concealed, and which renders recrimination useless and offensive to French taste. A great war — for in expenditure of men and treasure it has been nothing less — has ended in a disastrous, or, as many Frenchmen will deem it, a dishonourable retreat, in the concession of all disputed points, and in the formal execution of the chief under whose standard the war was carried on. This clearly will not seem success even in peasants' eyes, and the essential condition of *Cesarism* is that, in their eyes at least, it shall constantly succeed. Impartial men will argue that there was something of grandeur in the original idea, that the Emperor was beaten by events he could not foresee, and that in retreating at last he deliberately preferred the prosperity of his people to his own vain-glory; but average Frenchmen are not impartial, they never recognized the idea, they hold that earthly Providences must be present, and they always, in private life, accept challenges without stopping to contemplate results. The belief in the Emperor, still almost immovable among the peasantry, will be sadly shaken, and that strange Nemesis which follows the unjustifiable use of power will, we believe, hurry him on to enterprises yet more dangerous than the one which has so conspicuously failed. What Moscow was to the First Empire, Mexico may yet prove to the Second.

From the Daily News.

#### MAXIMILIAN'S SOWING AND REAPING.

If it be true that this unhappy man has perished, he has only fallen into the snare which he had set for others. It was he — a European Prince, who professed to have gone to Mexico to sow the seeds of

civilization — who interrupted the humanities of war, and set the horrid example of executions in cold blood. When we are called on every morning to admire the spirit which animated his conduct in Mexico, and to execrate Juárez, it is necessary to recall facts which we should otherwise be glad to bury in oblivion. The truth is, there is nothing more barbarous in the history of this century than the measures to which Maximilian resorted to secure his power in a country in which he was a stranger and an invader. When those measures are referred to by his apologists, they are vaguely spoken of as severities of certain French and Imperialist generals; but on this point history appeals to documentary evidence which has not been, and never will be, disputed. On the third of October, 1865, Maximilian signed at the city of Mexico a decree, by the first article of which it was notified that all persons belonging to armed bodies not authorized by his Government, whatever their number, organization, character, or denomination, would be tried by a court-martial, and if found guilty of belonging to such a band, would be executed within four-and-twenty hours. In other words, the troops of the Republic, which were defending the independence of their country, were to be treated as brigands. The decree did not remain a dead letter. Before the month was out, Colonel Ramon Mendez defeated at Santa Anna Amatlan a Republican force of 1,000 men, and took prisoners General Arteaga, General Salazar, the governor of the department, and four colonels, all of them belonging to the regular army of the Republic, officers by education and profession, who had fought for the independence of their country from the time the French landed in Mexico. General Arteaga was a well-known patriot, of unblemished character, and the honourable French journalist who announced his capture in the Mexican newspaper, the *Estafette*, testified of him, "he is an honest and sincere man, whose career has been distinguished by humanity." These officers, pursuant to Maximilian's decree, were shot. The following letters were written by the two generals just before their execution: —

URUAPAN, October 20, 1865.

My adored Mother, — I was taken prisoner on the 13th inst. by the Imperial troops, and to-morrow I am to be shot. I pray you, mother, to forgive me for all the suffering I have caused you during the time I have followed the profession of arms, against your will. Mother, in spite of all my ef-

forts to aid you, the only means I had I sent you in April last; but God is with you, and he will not suffer you to perish, nor my sister Trinidad. I have not told you before of the death of my brother Luis, because I feared you would die of grief; he died at Tuxpan, in the state of Jalisco, about the 1st of January last. Mother, I leave nothing but a spotless name, for I have never taken any thing that did not belong to me; and I trust God will pardon all my sins and take me into his glory. I die a Christian, and bid you all adieu — you, Dolores, and all the family, as your very obedient son,

JOSE MARIA ARTEAGA.

Dona Apolonia Magallanes de Arteaga,  
Aguas Calientes.

URUAPAN, October 20, 1865.

Adored Mother, — It is seven o'clock at night, and General Arteaga, Colonel Villa Comez, with three other chiefs and myself, have just been condemned. My conscience is quiet. I go down to the tomb at thirty-three years of age, without a stain upon my military career or a blot upon my name. Weep not, but be comforted, for the only crime your son has committed is the defence of a holy cause — the independence of his country. For this I am to be shot. I have no money, for I have saved nothing. I leave you without a fortune, but God will aid you and my children, who are proud to bear my name. \* \* \* Direct my children and my brothers in the path of honour, for the scaffold cannot attain loyal names. Adieu, dear mother. I will receive your blessing from the tomb. Embrace my good uncle Luis for me, and Tecla, Lupe and Isabel, also my namesake, as well as Carmelita, Cholita, and Manuelita; give them many kisses, and the adieu from my inmost soul. Many blessings for my uncles, aunts, cousins, and all loyal friends, and receive the last adieu of your obedient and faithful son, who loves you much.

CARLOS SALAZAR.

Postscript. — If affairs should change hereafter — and it is possible they may — I wish my ashes to repose by the side of my children, in your town.

In estimating the character of this act, let it be remembered that these officers were on their own soil, defending their country, while Maximilian was a foreign adventurer — the puppet of an adventurer — with a borrowed army. It is said that the blood of Maximilian will cling to Juarez. Be it so; but to whom will the blood of

Generals Arteaga and Salazar cling? Let equal justice be done; Maximilian's decree was nothing less than a general license of assassination. This atrocious act provoked an immediate remonstrance from the Belgian prisoners of war in the hands of the Republicans, who thus wrote to the Emperor: —

TACAMBARO, October 23, 1865.

Sir, — We have learned with horror and dismay of the act committed by Colonel Mendez, who, in violation of all the laws of humanity and war, has executed a number of officers of the Liberal Army taken prisoners by him. In all civilized countries military officers respect prisoners of war. The Liberal Army — to which you refuse to accord even the name of army — pays a greater respect to those laws than the leaders of your forces; for we, who are prisoners are respected by all, from generals down to private soldiers. Were we not with a genuine Liberal force, the act of Colonel Mendez might provoke a bloody revenge; and we Belgians, who came to Mexico solely in order to act as a guard to our princes, by whom you have forced to fight against principles identical with our own, might have expiated with our blood the crime of a man who is a traitor to his country. We hope, sire, that this act of barbarity will not remain unpunished, and that you will cause the laws existing among all civilized nations to be respected. We protest most earnestly against this unworthy act, hoping that the Belgian name will not much longer continue mixed up with this iniquitous war.

BREUER, GUYOT, FLACHAT, VAN HOLLENBECK, and two hundred others.

From the Examiner, 6 July.

#### EXECUTION OF MAXIMILIAN.

THE unhappy dupe of the Emperor or the French has met the fate his best friend feared. Lured from a position of honour and of safety in his brother's realm, by the glitter of a phantom Crown, the restless and rash young man rejected the counsel of his wise father-in-law and the remonstrance of his proud brother; and consented to set out at the bidding of the enemy of his House and of his country, to effect a burglary in a distant State that had never done him any harm. "And the devil said unto the woman, ye shall not surely die and the woman took of the fruit and did

eat and gave unto her husband, and he did eat." It is an old and a miserable tale — the tale of human weakness and selfishness. Humanity shudders at the death, in a foreign land, of a Prince in the prime of life, who, had his lot fallen in pleasant places, would have lived amiably, and been spoken of in epitaphs and chronicles as a benefactor of his kind : but who, having succumbed to the temptings of lawless ambition, climbed for a moment high, propped by treacherous aid, and when bereft of it, fell precipitately down into darkness. A tragical ending this of a three-years' sham sovereignty! A chorus of execration sounds and resounds against those by whose hands Maximilian has been put to death ; and we who, in every exigency and under all circumstances, have consistently lifted up our voice against political executions, lament his death, while we are glad of his fall. From first to last, we denounced the buccaneering plot against Mexico : we honored the courage of our Minister there, Sir Charles Wyke, who broke the alliance into which we had unfortunately entered, at the first opportunity afforded him by the French, and who refused to be sent back as England's representative, to the Court of the invader. We deplored the mistake of sending Mr. Scarlett in his stead, and receiving here the Minister of the usurper. Undeviatingly we stuck to our text, that the show and semblance of success in violence and fraud could not and would not come to good ; and we say now that we think it would have been a great calamity to the world, if Napoleon III. had succeeded in founding by such means an alien empire in Mexico. All this does not blind us, however, to the folly and cruelty of the political Judaism of taking an " eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." We hate revenge as impolitic and anti-Christian, and we condemn the rulers of Mexico, who, in the hour of their country's deliverance from invaders, have sullied their triumph by a prisoner's blood.

But let us be just. Which is the European State that can dare to sit in judgment or cast a stone ? The Pretender was not executed on Tower Hill, for he was not caught : but the English and Scotch noblemen who were convicted of complicity in his cause suffered the death of traitors. The Bourbons did not shoot Napoleon when he broke into France in 1815, because he contrived to find refuge on board the *Bellerophon* ; but they shot Ney, " the bravest of the brave," like any dog, despite of cries and groans of shame ; and

the representative of England at Paris thought it his duty not to interfere, for which England never blamed him. The Neapolitan Bourbons whom by troops and armies we twice put back upon their forfeit throne, tried by Court-martial and shot their rival Murat, who had governed the country prosperously and in peace, and with genuine popular approval, during several years, and whose sole offence consisted in his trying to oust them, and take his place again. The great Napoleon's memory is laden with the reproach of seizing the heir of Condé, dragging him across the Border, and having him shot in the ditch of Vincennes for plotting the overthrow of his dynasty. Finally, the King of Hungary, now forgiven by a weary people, can never dissociate from his name that of Count Batthyany and those of too many of his countrymen, whose sole pretended fault was treason against the Imperial crown and dignity. We would that we could stop here ; but it were mere hypocrisy to blink the fact, which will outweigh in history's judgment all parallels and analogies, the terrible fact, that just a year and a half ago, in October, 1865, Maximilian issued a decree, whereby he declared that from and after date he would execute as a criminal any man who was found in arms against him. Under that decree, five gallant gentlemen, Generals Arteaga and Salazar, with three of their staff holding the rank of Colonel in the Republican Army, were taken prisoners and put to death by order of the alien Emperor. Is it not written, " they that take the sword shall perish by the sword " ? A fearful thing is this poetic retribution ; but a thing which it can serve no honest or pious purpose to deny or to ignore.

We can quite believe that Juarez, had he found himself strong enough to resist the pressure from without, and to still the cry for vengeance from the many whom his Imperial prisoner had made orphans and childless, would have spared his life. He is described by those who know him as a man specially given to the forms and ceremonies of legality. A self-made man, who late in life took to the study of law and politics, and who, above all his countrymen, has shown a freedom from impulsive and sordid qualities ; who in a land and a time of violence has been reproached with fewer acts of severity than any other, whether of native or foreign birth, and who has manifested a marvellous tenacity of national purpose and national policy, can have had no motive of pique or passion instigating

him to take Maximilian's life. But let us put this case to ourselves. What would be our feelings, what our words, — may we not add, what our acts and deeds, — if a French or German adventurer, of high descent, were to land in Munster, with a foreign army, and, fortifying himself in a few southern towns near the coast, were recognized there as King by half the Governments of Europe, and, after months or years of bloodshed and exaction, were he to fall into our hands?

From the Saturday Review, 6th July.

#### THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.

THE sad fate of the Emperor MAXIMILIAN has fallen on Europe with the stroke of an unexpected calamity. It did not seem possible that this extreme measure of cruelty should be dealt out to one whose sincere desire to serve his adopted country at any cost not even his enemies doubted, that so profitless a crime should be committed after full time for reflection had elapsed, and that the remonstrances of the United States, by whose breath the triumphant party in Mexico has been made, and could be in a moment unmade, should be entirely disregarded. The fury of a savage partisanship has, however, prevailed, and the Emperor MAXIMILIAN has been shot. It is hard to believe that this is really the end of the high hopes, the brilliant auguries, and the noble endeavours with which three years ago the ARCHDUKE began his ill-starred reign. He was a man of the true heroic mould, yet not very wise; by no means a good judge of men or events, but essentially heroic. To live to do good, to be worthy of his race, to trust even when those to be trusted were Mexicans, to do something before he died that should be useful, great, and striking, was literally the passion of his soul. He went to Mexico exactly as Dr. LIVINGSTONE went to Africa, and the common sense that points out how foolish it is to go to be murdered by negroes may also point out triumphantly how foolish it was to go to be murdered by Mexicans. It is by men who do things at once foolish and noble that the salt of the earth is preserved. The resolution of the EMPEROR to stay in Mexico after the French left was Quixotic and ill-advised, but it was conceived in the lofty vein of a man who prefers death to dishonour. The thought that there should be others who would fight for him when he would not fight

for himself stung him to desperation during the whole siege of Querebracted for sixty-five days, with round him on every side, with no respect before him at the best than thin his way to the hills, and leading a hunted and wounded animal until by chance get to the coast, he was of the defence, the one man who tion never wavered and whose never gave way. Perfectly indidanger, sharing to the utmost the of his soldiers, unflagging in his wounded, he went on day after day against hope, until the basest trea- livered him into the hands of a s most merciless ruffians that disg earth.

As if in irony of human gran news of this most shocking and event came to the Emperor NAPO. as he was hastening to preside most splendid of the ceremonies t given glory to the year of triumph All the world was to be judged by and to receive from France the due to labour, to taste, and ingenui unwonted spectacle of the chief of homedan world in a Christian ca aroused even the sated spirits of to enthusiasm. On a sudden it known that the Prince whom Fr sent out to establish her influence ca, to uphold the fortunes of the I and to do a great work for huma been shot in cold blood for d which France had invited him The EMPEROR has acknowledged ness of the calamity and the sever blow that has fallen on France. mournful end of the unfortunate I IAN neither France nor the Emp POLEON can, under the circumst justly accountable. The French I MAXIMILIAN himself knew perfe the risk he ran. They warned hi it, and offered him a secure retrea chose from regard to his own hono it. Nevertheless, the tragedy wi the Mexican expedition has clo throw its gloom over the whole e and make it seem a more lament ure than it did before. But our are drawn even more to the Unit than to France. What will the A feel when they know that their fe treaty for the life of MAXIMILIAN set at nought? That the life of peror of MEXICO was technically may be true; and if all the diffi circumstances is ignored, it may be

the Mexicans had as much right to treat the EMPEROR as a brigand as he had to treat them as brigands. It must always be referred to the conscience and judgment of mankind to say when pleas of this sort are valid. But at any rate the United States did not hold them valid. The American Government acknowledged that it had a debt to discharge, not only to humanity, but to the Powers whom it had prevented from supporting the Mexican Empire. Mr. SEWARD has endeavoured to save the life of the EMPEROR, and he has failed. It remains to be seen whether he and the American people will think it honourable to sit passive under this failure. They will scarcely hold themselves bound to avenge the death of the EMPEROR; but they must in any case hold themselves bound not to allow that a Republic which owes its existence solely to them shall be plunged into endless anarchy by the manifestation of that spirit of recklessness and shortsighted fury which has wasted Mexico for half a century, and has found its latest victim in the Emperor MAXIMILIAN. The men who at present exercise the powers of government in that distracted and unhappy country must, after this fearful tragedy, begun in treachery and ending in blood, be regarded by all Christian Powers as beyond the pale of civilization.

From the Saturday Review, 6th July.

## LORD LYONS.

LORD LYONS succeeds Lord Cowley as our Ambassador at Paris; and it may well be said that he has earned the advancement which he has attained. His long service, commencing years back with the English Legation at Athens, though a conspicuous recommendation, is by no means the first that calls for mention or reward. Neither do his pretensions rest on the ground that part of his service has been cast in the lower posts of the profession to the heights of which he has now ascended. These considerations indeed involve claims which it would be unfair to forget, and which it is unusual to overlook in the Foreign Department. But he has others stronger than these. The four or five years during which he represented Great Britain at the capital of the United States were equivalent to a quarter of a century in the life of an average diplomatist. They were years of unceasing anxiety and unresting activity. They exacted from him, not only the or-

dinary duties of the diplomatic profession, but also the extraordinary qualities of a trustworthy, patient, catholic-minded statesman. It is not an easy thing at any time for any man to represent his country at Washington; but the difficulties of the position, great in every case, are by far the most overpowering in the case of him who represents England there. The irritable sensitiveness of the American character, the chameleon-like mobility of American opinion, the nervous excitability of American prejudices, and their anti-English tendency at all times and under all circumstances, make the position of an English representative at Washington one of anxiety and unpleasantness. Then, too, there are the manners and customs of American statesmen and Cabinet Ministers — men who often embody the most uncourtly demeanour of a people of whom but few are ever courtly; men who diversify the semi-barbarous wildness of the Far-West settlements with the astuteness peculiar to the civilization of the Eastern States; men who have learned by experience the comparative excellences of the Irish dodge, the American Eagle dodge, and the British Lion dodge — in fact, of every artifice by which the susceptibilities of political parties may be roused and worried — and whose rule of conduct in all matters relating to England is determined either by a hatred or by a jealousy of her. In ordinary times, collision — for contact often unavoidably becomes collision — with these men is a severe trial both of temper and of self-respect. But what must it have been in time of civil war, and such a civil war as raged four years ago in the United States! The nation was disjointed and dismembered — one part looking with anxious hope, the other with anxious fear, to the policy of England; the one feeling that the integrity of the Union and the unity of the people depended upon her, the other knowing that on her friendliness hung the realization of a long-cherished independence and the creation of a separate nationality. The minds of men, both in the Northern and the Southern States, wavered with each day's news, and doubted into which scale of that trembling balance they should throw their weight. Such was the state of things while Lord Lyons was Ambassador at Washington. It was apprehended that, animated by a desire to redeem past failures, encouraged by the example and persuaded by the solicitations of France, England might take the opportunity to break up the power of a formidable rival, to divide an encroaching Government

into two hostile camps, and to secure for herself in all future time the alternative of one staunch ally on the Continent of the Western World. To those who judged the conduct of States by the ordinary conduct of individuals, it seemed possible that England might exact a tremendous indemnity for the frauds of the two Boundary disputes, and for the aggression on San Juan. At such a crisis the difficulties of an English Minister were necessarily complicated and increased. His every action was watched with vigilance; his every appeal on behalf of his countrymen was regarded with suspicion; his explanations were received with incredulity, and his whole position made as disagreeable as possible. It would be an exaggerated, and therefore an unflattering, compliment to Lord Lyons to say that in his person no slights were endured by the English Government, and that under his protection the rights of every English subject were uniformly respected. If we are to judge by the past and the present, it will be long before respect and courtesy so general will be shown by the Government of the United States to the Government and people of England. This, however, is true, and it is a truth which redounds to the permanent honour of Lord Lyons. No man ever more honestly, more faithfully, or more laboriously discharged the difficult duties of a singularly difficult position than he did. Working harder than any clerk, he left nothing of even secondary importance to be transacted by subordinates. He gave up days and nights to long and complicated correspondence, which often related to the private concerns of very humble English subjects. Charged, by a Government cautious beyond precedent, to maintain in every act and attitude the most unqualified neutrality, he never penned a document or uttered a word which could justly wound the susceptibilities of the most sensitive nation by the faintest inuendo of partisanship. Received sometimes coldly, sometimes angrily and almost rudely, he never allowed affronts or ill-breeding to betray him into ill-humour. When he was conveying the ultimatum of his Government on the Trent affair, he exhibited as little heat and passion as when he forwarded the petition of a British subject who had been irregularly pressed into the Northern army. The words of Cicero are literally applicable to his labours: — "*Hanc urbanam militiam respondendi, scribendi, cavendi, plenam sollicitudinis ac stomachi, securus est; jus civile edidit; multum vigilavit; laboravit; præserto multis fuit; multorum stultitiam perpersus*

*est; arrogantiam pertulit; difficultatem ex-*  
*buit; vixit ad aliorum arbitrium, non ad*  
*um."* The fruits of a temper and a patience like this were just what they might have been expected to be. On the minds of Americans except those who were determined to be displeased and disgusted at every thing English — who were equally soured by the demands of England in the affair of the Trent, and by her studied neutrality afterwards — on the minds of American statesmen whose whole energies were concentrated on the gigantic conflict which they were conducting, Lord Lyons left an impression which has become more and more favourable as the clouds and mists of the tempestuous epoch are clearing away. It is perhaps not too much to say that few other men beside Lord Lyons could, in such a state of national passion, have kept the leading statesmen of the North on equally good terms with himself, and have preserved relations as friendly as those which now exist between the two Governments. A man who has done what he has done has done his work, and earned his honours as a diplomatist.

From The Spectator.

COPSLEY ANNALS, PRESERVED IN PROVERBS.\*

If we are often tired of books, tired of the subjects which seem to us treated in a dead, unpractical manner; if, looking around us, we think we see barrenness and dryness pervading even our most respectable fictions, we are yet sometimes startled by the freshness of an unexpected, unheard-of volume, pitched into our own dull room, to be, through its means lighted up and made to assume a most refreshing aspect. For this happy purpose commend us to the writers of really good children's stories. These *Copsley Annals* have come upon us without any previous idea about them. We opened them dreadingly; to close them soon was impossible. They seemed to make us children again. There we were playing together, boys and girls, little distinguished one from another, for the strength of sympathy in the circumstances of a quiet country life has a great tendency to level distinctions. We were once more looking up in memory to the noble old elms under which we, like the Copsley children, played.

\* *Copsley Annals, Preserved in Proverbs.* By the Author of *Village Missionaries*, &c. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Co.

**J**e heard the various language of the rooks **t** an almost unimaginable height above us; **r**e thought of the days when our small world **s**eemed to us far too large, too awe-striking, **a**nd when every new acquaintance, coming **a**t long intervals among us, was, for ages **a**fter, our domestic oracle. We were brought, **t**oo, in sight of the village church and **c**hurchyard, and the men and women who **w**ere always ready at the stile to greet us **a**s we went by. There was the clerk (but **h**is name was not Clarke, like the Copsley **o**fficial), who read better than any clerk I **h**ave ever heard since, being tutored by a **v**ery competent master. But the vision, **t**hough not hastily dismissed, departed of **i**tself, and the pleasant book which called it **u**p alone remains, to be soberly recurred to, **a**nd, oh! dry work, discussed in a literary **p**aper.

**W**e know nothing about the author, nor **a**bout former publications announced as by **t**he same hand, but on the whole we have **s**eldom opened a pleasanter volume. The **s**taories, six in number, are given by **d**ifferent members of the Copsley group, in **i**llustration of certain well-known family or **v**illage proverbs, such as not unnaturally **g**row into use when the occasions which gave **r**ise to them are of a nature to take strong **h**old on the minds of families and neigh- **b**ours, and yet in process of time will be **u**sed without much meaning or apprehension **o**f their origin. These sort of proverbs are **n**ow scarce. In our own childhood we **r**emember one or two springing up amongst **u**s, to be a source of some irritation to the **y**oung people, whose folly or childishness **h**ad given rise to them. They were a little **t**oo obvious and too personal. The first of **t**he Copsley proverbs is one explained by **t**he young lady whose adventure it **c**o- **m**memorates. Alice Beverley tells the origin **o**f a common query in her time, "Have you **h**ead the proud lady's distaff?" And **H**arry, her brother, gives his version of **a**n- **o**ther saying, "'I can't' lies down at the **b**ottom of the tree; 'I will' climbs it." On **t**he whole, we rather prefer Harry's but **b**oth are very good, and in the last, and, **a**gain, in Mrs Blackett's story, there is an **e**xtremely well depicted character of a **m**is- **t**aken, but worthy, clergyman of the self- **d**enying school, who "never seems to be at **r**est unless he made himself uncomfortable," **s**o that, as Mrs. Blackett says, "The very **s**unshine must feel it was taking a liberty if **i**t came into his house any way but by the **b**ack door." He was a good man; but **a** stern one, that never smiled; like bread **t**hat is good and wholesome, but left too

**l**ong in the oven and comes out mostly **c**rust. "He seemed to take it as a favour **i**f he was sent for to a sick person seven **m**iles off on a winter's night, especially if it **w**as in a storm, and his landlady — poor **M**rs. Swan that was — told me in confi- **d**ence, that one time, having sent up a jelly **w**ithout leave, and thinking it might tempt **h**im, as a change, he rang the bell, and **s**poke to her that seriously about indulgence **o**f the appetite, and life being for conflict **a**nd enduring hardness, that she was **c**on- **s**trained to promise humbly that she'd never **m**ore testify respect in the form of jelly, or **e**ven of a custard, if he'd pass it over."

**T**his uncomfortable man, Mr. Adamson, **i**s on the whole, we believe, a rarity; but we **h**ave certainly met in our day with persons **m**aking so near an approach to him as to **c**onvey a perpetual reproof to the sound and **h**ealthy members of their congregations, — **s**eeming to lay themselves out in readiness **f**or a dire misfortune and, till that came to **p**ass, ignoring almost the common human **n**ature of their neighbours.

**T**hen Mrs. Blackett — a housekeeper and **c**onfidential caretaker at Copsley Hall — in **a** long interregnum between the death of **o**ne mistress and the advent of another, is **a** capital person — telling her own story well **o**n the whole — though we have our doubts **a**s to the education she received having any **m**arked tendency to produce such a charac- **t**er.

**S**uch a person would, we can conceive, **r**igorously keep the path of duty, but we **c**annot believe in either her humility or her **s**pontaneous feeling. The "bread has been **t**oo long in the oven," we suspect, and there- **f**ore the best and brightest traits in her **c**haracter, though somewhat accounted for **b**y her strong attachment to children, *do* **s**eem to us, on the whole, incongruous. **P**erhaps the most natural and beautiful **p**art is the struggle in her mind on receiv- **i**ng a new mistress and new mother to these **c**hildren, and yet more beautifully is it **s**up- **p**lemented by the short portion given to **"**our Lady of Copsley," who, after years of **w**aiting, has at last a "wee Janie" of her **o**wn, a darling child, who gives rise to the **p**roverb illustrated, "Flowers from wee **J**anie's garden," and is herself the sovereign **q**ueen of her realm of Copsley, and the **p**ride of Mrs. Blackett's heart.

**T**he picture of a busy little woman is **p**erfectly exquisite. We never remember fall- **i**ng in love so desperately with a child. **A**ll imaginable little bits of mischief are **p**erpetrated by her without the possibility of **d**isgrace ensuing. She is the most inde-



fatigable of busybodies. Whatever is going on in the house "wee Janie" assumes the management of it, and then in spring she'll have to see to the buds coming out, and the daisies putting on their white pinafores, and the birds building their nests, and all ready for summer." But the prime wish of Janie's heart is to have a piece of garden-ground all to herself, and this is conceded to her, and then the amount of business is tremendous. "I'm so busy," and "its very particklar indeed," was all the explanation she would at first give, but later on the family were summoned — "Papa, Mamma, Harry, Mary, come to my garden, my own boo'ful garden."

"My own wee Janie! how proudly she surveyed the results of her labours, and rejoiced in the work of her hands. Daisies and buttercups, roses and pinks, were grouped into a motley medley, all standing up with their stalks stuck into the ground, and interspersed with a marvellous collection of feathers from the poultry-yard, that seemed to flutter with surprise at their unexpected association. 'I did it all myself,' said wee Janie, proudly, 'and its boo'ful.' And the next morning my child had to learn the lesson which, sooner or later, and in some form or other, comes to us all, as she surveyed the dead, rootless flowers which lay scattered on the ground, and contemplated with a perplexed sigh the futility of her yesterday's endeavours." And so passed into a proverb the saying, "Flowers from wee Janie's garden."

From the Spectator.

#### MAID-SERVANTS' PARASOLS.

THERE is something rather striking, not to say pathetic, to our minds, in the satisfaction with which you see stout country lasses, who would no more think of shading their eyes and complexions from the sun on any other day of the week than of wearing wings, carrying out with them, in visible satisfaction, on the Sunday, a gay little machine in silk for protecting their eyes and complexions from that embrowning and dazzling power. Some people will say that it is only as a comparatively inexpensive ornament, like a new bonnet, or ribbon, or brooch, that the parasol is displayed on a Sunday by young women entirely and absolutely indifferent to the special annoyances from which it is supposed to protect the eyes and face. But that view, which

may no doubt have its force in many cases, would be a very inadequate one indeed on the real fascination of the parasol to the class in question. The true glory of the parasol to those who are not really aware of the glare and heat from which it is intended to protect, consists precisely in the pleasant fiction that they are aware of it, and it is this which gives it a charm much more than purely ornamental. That any woman should seek to wear what she thinks will make her look prettiest is a matter of course which needs no remark; and if rustic maid-servants erroneously think the look prettiest in silks and tulle bonnets and gilt brooches, why silks and tulle bonnets and gilt brooches they will wear. But parasols are dear to their hearts for an additional and more precious reason. True they are not really so childish as to suppose that by warding off the sun for some hours or two in the week, they will really save either eyes or complexions from any appreciable fraction of exposure. If they thought that, they would not be so fond as they are of standing at the gate, completely unprotected, on ordinary summer afternoons, pick up chance gossip, and watch a chance carriage roll through the village. No, the special charm of the parasol in these cases is the vivid suggestion it carries to the imagination of its owner of possible worlds in which she might be in actual need of this article, — worlds in which all those delicate susceptibilities of pain or annoyance which the parasol is adapted to keep uninjured might exist to her, though they do not. In short, the parasol to maid-servants or farmers' girls is an imaginative plaything, a sort of dramatic toy, which brings closer to them the possibility of having been placed in a sphere of life in which they would have a number of feelings which they have not got, which they think marks of a finer organization and a more delicate nature, which, in short, they regard as signs of caste, to which it is not, therefore, in human nature to despise. In fact, the parasol thus is to those who use it much what a bit whipcord is to a child when he harnesses a chair and makes believe it is a horse, — a little dramatic property that slightly assists the illusion, and lifts the fancy for the time into a fairer region than the actual. How nice it would be to be personally sensitive to the least glare and exposure, and to be able to take anxious thought for your tendernessusceptibilities of this sort, and to feel a sort of shudder at the open air and morning sun, as if one were a delicate flower! The

is, we take it, the secret of the special charm of maid-servants' parasols as a Sunday appendage, — one quite different in kind from the love of mere ornament or the love of mere expense. Love of mere ornament and of mere expense can be justified better in other ways. The parasol is a comparatively unornamental and inexpensive appendage, whose value consists precisely in guarding the bearer against evils which she does not feel. But that is the triumph of it, that she does conceive in some faint and obscure way, as she puts it up and overshadows her embrowned complexion and her not too tender eyes, for the only hour in the 168 hours of the week when it would occur to her to seek this interposing shade, that she, too, might have been one, had Providence been sufficiently generous, to miss keenly this artificial aid which she is not too poor to procure. All she really regrets in fact is, that, with her power to supply this deficiency if she had felt it, she has not the power to procure for herself the full sense of deficiency. She is happy in being able to purchase the satisfaction. She would be happier if she could also purchase the want.

But rustic girls and maid-servants are by no means the only persons who carry such Sunday parasols. There are plenty of us who like to procure for ourselves dramatically a share in susceptibilities which personally we do not feel, by anticipating their demands, as it were, and assuming, for a few moments rather arbitrarily selected in a life of complete indifference to such susceptibilities, that we are so constituted as to stand in constant need of a shade or shelter which is, except for an interesting dramatic fiction, quite unfelt by us. A great deal of the pretense of artistic and literary taste in people who, when in earnest, may be seen, by genuine preference, to avoid both art and literature, is absolutely of the Sunday-parasol kind, a periodic ceremonial observance, which has a charm of its own, — not that, however, of satisfying any existing want, but of giving a sort of speciousness and plausibility to the notion that such a want might, under some circumstances, be really felt. At least half the books and pictures in the world, probably much more than half, are bought either by or for people who like them a great deal better for the sort of tastes and interests which such purchases suggest and seem to assume, than for any which they really im-

ply. Whether you care for Millais and Poynter, or Tennyson and Arnold, or George

Eliot and Thackeray, or not, you feel not, indeed, bound to society, — that is not the point, for Sunday parasols are not carried half as much out of deference to society as out of common self-respect — but bound to *yourself* to enter dramatically in heart into the position of caring for them. If we don't actually feel the sultriness and dustiness of common life, so as to need the shade of imaginative works beneath which we may rest our soul, we do at least feel that such a need implies a more delicate mental constitution, which it would be well to have; and that the least we can do is to devote now and then a stray hour or two to doing what we should do, if we had it, so that we may, at least, seem not quite alien creatures from those who have such a mental constitution. Half the interest assumed in literature and art is not so much assumed for social display, as to dignify ourselves in our own eyes by impersonating for a moment, now and then, the sort of creature which we like to think ourselves capable of becoming, — or, at least, in different circumstances, of having become. Look at half the women and very many of the men in the Royal Academy, and you will see no real interest in their eyes of that kind which Mr. Arnold indicates when he speaks of art composed or criticized with the "eye on the object," for the eye is not on the object. You see that half the eyes of the spectators, more than half the eyes, are really only open to a small proportion of the impressions which they might receive in the time; — that they are suffused with that peculiar lack-lustre which says, as plainly as words could say, that the mind is not in the glance, but only congratulating itself on its comparatively near approach to the condition of those whose mind really is in the glance. And with British visitors to foreign picture galleries this is even more notable. Numbers of them go to keep up their own self-respect, and like the maid-servant with her Sunday parasol, they would give a great deal more if they could only feel the want as easily as they can satisfy it.

But perhaps the most remarkable case of Sunday parasols is the periodic fiction which so many (and again, we fancy, more women than men, but also literary men not a few) make of needing some satisfaction for "the infinite side of human nature," in cases when almost every action of their ordinary lives, except these rare periodic symbolic actions, proves that they are entirely insensible to the fact that there is "an infinite side to human nature." Peo-

ple who prefer to be ever buffeting with the dust-storms of earth, and never shrink from them for a moment, however full all the crevices of their nature may get with that dust, all the week, parade their dainty little bits of *paraterres*,— as we might call the religious machinery for shutting out earth for a few moments from our view and leaving us open to the true sun of heaven,— with a really sentimental feeling of gratification at belonging to the race which now and then feels the need of such machinery. No housemaid feels a more sentimental gratification when the pretty silk screen intervenes between herself and the Sunday glare which she would rather like than otherwise, if it were not ladylike to dislike it,— than you can see expressed in many persons' Sunday faces to whom worship is by no means a social ostentation or hypocrisy, but to whom it is also any thing but a real want. What they like it for is just what the housemaid likes her parasol for,— that it suggests very vividly to them how near they are to a race of beings with immortal desires,— so near that they can procure all that which immortal souls thirst after, though it may be without thirsting after it. From Monday till Saturday the notion of needing any Redeemer probably never occurs in any thing but the most formal way, and yet it is for what we do from Monday till Saturday, in most cases, that we do need redeeming. Then, on the Sunday there comes a refreshing sense that, after all, we belong to this race of great sins, and great passions, and great virtues, and great hopes, for whom there has been a divine education from the beginning, for whom Christ came from heaven, for whose salvation all creation travailed with groanings that could not be uttered. What a new and ornamental crown to the human race is such a creed as that! Or, if the school of thought be more sceptical, and instead of the face of Christ, it is "the infinite verities" and "everlasting facts of Nature" which now and then shine through the cloud of material things, the attitude of mind is not very different. All the same it is as a tribute to our species, and as a sort of pledge to ourselves that we really belong to that species, that so many of us go through at intervals a series of actions and con over a number of thoughts, which we should only brush out of our way as interfering with the actual business of life at any other time. A great deal of what is commonly supposed to be vain show and social ostentation, is, we are quite convinced like the maid-servant's parasol, not really of

that nature at all, but a sort of mutation of our abstract right to reckon selves as included in a species with the natural history of which we have, as a matter of personal experience, exceedingly good proof of relationship. We put in a peculiar claim, as it were, to have, potentially at least, all the feelings and susceptibilities which some of our noblest fellow-creatures have shown to be real and powerful. This periodic claim, while it seems to have the right to exclude us from the best qualities of our fellow-men, has too only the effect of keeping us quiet while these potential higher qualities are really slipping nearly out of our reach

From the Saturday Review

POMPEII. \*

DR. DYER, whose admirable work on the topography of Rome we noticed a year or a half ago, deserves the thanks of the public for the talent and industry he has brought to bear upon a subject only second in importance to the Imperial City itself—the history and antiquities of Pompeii. His book in its present form is based on a work originally written for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge between thirty and forty years ago. But so much has been the progress effected since the discovery and excavation of Pompeii that the present compilation may be regarded as almost new and independent work. Besides consulting carefully the best and most reliable authorities, the author made frequent excursions to Pompeii during a residence at Naples the winter of 1865-6, and was thus enabled to correct his previous compilations in the aid of impressions gained while the process of exhumation was still fresh, or in presence before his eyes. The result is naturally thrown into the description an air of freshness and reality which was hardly possible in the case of sites or edifices so well known as those of Rome.

To those who have not access to the original and costly illustrations of the Niccoli to the careful plans and monographs of Commendatore Fiorelli, the present work and indefatigable director of the excavations, the little volume before us will be sent in a moderate compass, and in a readable shape, the leading points of

\* *Pompeii: its History, Buildings and Antiquities*. Edited by Thomas H. Dyer, LL.D. London: Bell & Daldy. 1867.

discovery, together with the conclusions of the best and latest archaeologists upon the questions of art or history thence arising. A summary of the literature connected with Pompeii enables the reader to follow the track of discovery from the outset a century ago, and to pursue his studies by the light of the most approved authorities at every point. While serving as a succinct history of the progress of excavation, the book is so arranged as to form a complete and handy guide for the use of visitors on the spot. The process of excavation carried on by fits and starts for more than a century, until pursued with some system and energy by the present administration, has resulted in laying open to view, up to the present time, a third part or so of the presumed area of the city, which originally comprised about one hundred and sixty acres. Its circuit was about two miles in extent, of an oval shape, the apex lying in the direction of the amphitheatre, or towards the south-east. The excavated part lying towards the western side seems to have been that which contained the principal public buildings — the forum, the basilica, the theatres, the public baths, and the most conspicuous temples. It is scarcely to be hoped, in consequence, that the labours of future generations of excavators will be rewarded by any sensation equal to that produced in the years 1824 and 1858 by the discovery of the spacious and elegant *thermae*. Still there may remain work for our great-grandsons, with any amount of recompense in treasures of art, or possibly of literature. Considering, too, that the most spacious and costly of private dwellings, the house of Diomedes, lies beyond the walls, there is scarcely a limit to the area within which patient research may look for its harvest, particularly since the new and energetic directorate does so much to guide the steps of the excavator, and to preserve the products of his toil. As it is, we are often left to sigh over the loss or waste of objects which the amount of intelligence and skill now at hand would most assuredly have spared to us.

The style of the earliest remains found in Pompeii does much to bear out the legendary or half-mythical notices which assign to this town, as well as to its neighbour and fellow-victim, Herculaneum, a Greek origin. To what date we are to attribute the Oscan occupation spoken of by Strabo, and whether we are to follow him in identifying that people with the Tyrrhenians or Pelasgians, may be open to doubt. At an early though uncertain period, Cumæ was certainly

founded by a colony from Chalcis, in Eubœa; and Parthenope, afterwards Neapolis, now Naples, was an offshoot from thence. The name of Pompeii may be held decisive of its Greek origin, though we need not commit ourselves to the etymology of Solinus in tracing it to *πομπη*, in allusion to the expedition of Hercules. The masonry of the city is in parts identical with that in use in early Greek fortifications, and characters have been met with upon some of the stones which are described by Mazois as either Oscan or early forms of the Greek alphabet. The lower portions of the wall are of the rough and irregular kind called by the ancients *opus incertum*, while the upper and most modern portions are composed of the *isodomum*, or more regular courses of Greek work. Like the most ancient fortresses of Greece, those of Tiryns and Mycense, they were without towers, which seem to have been inserted at regular intervals during the Roman period. The gates — of which seven are traceable, besides what is called the *Porta della marina*, on the western side, now the principal entrance — are of Roman construction. In the area of the *forum triangulare*, on the west side of the larger theatre, are the remains of a temple much dilapidated, of unquestionably Greek character. The capitals of the columns are of Greek Doric, of which order is also the small monopteral building close at hand, covering a *puteal*, from whence the water required in the temple was drawn. This temple, which from its situation, size, arrangement, and style of art, is one of the most important buildings in Pompeii, is dated by the Count de Clarac as early as the eighth century B.C. It must in that case be regarded as one of the most ancient specimens of Greek art extant, and must have been erected by the Greek colonists long before the subjugation of the city by the Romans. It is supposed to have been dedicated to Hercules. It is thought that the basement of the temples both of Jupiter and Venus may be likewise of Greek construction. The greater number of the public buildings, however, are of Roman date, or at all events have been modified or rebuilt by Romans, as the inscriptions in many cases testify. The theatres and amphitheatre, the baths, and triumphal arches, are entirely of this most recent order. The forum, with its splendid colonnades, has been carried down by Overbeck as possibly later even than the earthquake of 63 A.D. These buildings will be found minutely described in Dr. Dyer's pages, with the aid of admirable woodcuts

of their present state and occasional restorations of much skill and taste.

The second part of the volume treats of the domestic architecture of Pompeii as illustrated by its private houses, shops, and the works of art and utility found in them. The reader is thus enabled to realize with extreme vividness the ordinary daily life of a Roman city. Among other objects of new and curious interest we may mention the characteristic signs which mark out the various shops, taverns, and places of business. These are in some cases figured in baked clay and coloured, in others painted on the walls. Over a wine-shop, two men carry an amphora slung on a pole. Over another, a goat is supposed to indicate the trade of a milkman. Here a large statue of Priapus points out the shop of an amulet-maker. A rude painting of two men fighting, while the master stands by holding a laurel crown, marks a fencing establishment, or school of gladiators. A painting of one boy horsed on another's back, and undergoing flagellation, is an ominous indication that the schoolmaster was there at home. An inn in the newly-discovered *Via del Lupanare* bore the sign of an elephant enveloped by a large serpent, and tended by a pigmy. This no longer exists. On the door-posts of another tavern were painted some checkers. Into the edifice of ill repute which gave its name to that street, the writer, for obvious reasons, forbears to conduct his readers. That a similar degree of caution was not unknown at the time when the golden youth of Pompeii might plead the authority of Cato for venturing within those dangerous precincts, we have a highly curious proof. On the walls of a villa hard by the *forum Boarium*, or cattle-market, was found an inscription, by way of advertisement, to the effect that "on the estate of Julia Felix, daughter of Spurius, are to let a bath, a venereum, nine hundred shops, with booths and garrets, for a term of five continuous years from the first to the sixth of the ides of August." The notice concludes with the formula S. Q. D. L. E. N. C., which is taken by Romanelli to stand for *si quis domi lenocinium exercent ne conducito* — "let no one apply who keeps a brothel." We get many a curious insight into the common or lower life of Pompeians from the numerous *graffiti*, or rude scratchings and scribblings in chalk or paint, with which the walls abound. Many a party cry or political dislike, or even the rough Fescennine chaff of the streets, has here come down to us in expressive, though often very dubious, Latinity, or is embodied in

outlines of rude but often highly grotesque art. A more than common refinement of taste is met with when, in the back-room of a thermopolium, is scrawled the first line of the *Æneid*. Perhaps, of all the relics eighteen centuries here laid bare, the most touches the feelings is the reproduction in plaster of the group of bodies found in the year 1863. By the skill of Signor Fiorelli in filling up the cavity left in soft *lapilli* by the decay of these human forms, the figures are moulded in all the ghastly reality of the death-struggle. In a pair engraved by Dr. Dyer, which is probably familiar to many of our readers as a stereoscopic group, the profile of the young girl is plainly to be traced. Her little hands clench her veil round her head in the last struggle to keep the mouth free while her feet are drawn up in agony. The smooth young skin looks in the plaster like polished marble. The woman, probably the mother, who lies feet to feet with her lies quietly on her side. Her arm hangs loosely down. Her finger still bears her coarse iron ring. Besides this group, Nicolini gives the figure of a man of the lower classes, perhaps a soldier, of colossal size who had laid himself down calmly on his back to await death. "His dress consists of a short coat or jerkin, and tight-fitting breeches of some coarse stuff, perhaps leather. Heavy sandals, with poles studded with nails, are laced tightly round his ankles. On one finger is seen his iron ring. His features are strongly marked, the mouth open as in death. Some of the teeth remain, and even part of the moustache adheres to the plaster." We are sorry to find the affecting story of the sentry found erect in his box, still grasping his lance, dismissed as a fable. Much doubt has been attached to the recent report of an amphora of stone having been met with, closely sealed, half full of water. It may be remarkable, however, that the bronze cock of a water pipe was found at Capri in which the joints had been hermetically closed by wax for seventeen or eighteen centuries, in which, on being shaken, gives audible proof of the water being still unabsorbed within. It may be added that the numerous water pipes met with in Pompeii, together with the general arrangements of the fountains, place beyond doubt the fact, which has frequently been questioned, that the property of water to find its level was well known at that epoch.

It has naturally been throughout a question of the liveliest interest whether Pompeii might be found to yield any trace of

the new religion pushing its way among the inmates of the classical Pantheon. On this important point the ruins have hitherto been silent. The only indication of Christianity which has even been held plausible depends upon an unsatisfactory story told by Mazois.

In one of the row of small shops extending along one side of the so-called house of Pansa, when newly-discovered, there was found on the wall of the passage leading to the *posticum* a Latin cross marked in bas-relief upon a panel of white stucco. This wall, being at the end of the passage, and directly facing the street, was in full view of the passers-by. On this symbol, Mazois founded the conjecture that the owner of the shop was a Christian. No vestige of the cross now remains, and we find it difficult, with Dr. Dyer, to conceive, even were the cross in use at that time among Christians, that any one should have ventured to exhibit that sign of the religion so publicly as this. Mazois himself, too, was puzzled to account for the juxtaposition of this symbol with the ordinary Pagan emblems. Could the same man at once bow before the cross of Christ, and pay homage to Janus, Ferulus, Limentinus, Cardia, the deities of the thresholds and the hinges of doom? Still more, could he adore it in combination with the guardian serpents of Esculapius, or with the obscene emblem of an incomprehensible worship, possibly Orphic or Mithraic, which is over the hearth. The Commendatore Fiorelli explicitly denies that any Christian symbols have been discovered at Pompeii. "It is said, indeed," writes Dr. Dyer, "that in a house in this *Via del Lupanare* may be traced written in charcoal a *graffito* with the letters, . . NI GAUDIL . . . HRISTIANI; which have with so slight probability been supplemented *igni gaude, Christiane* ("rejoice in the fire, Christian.") Dr. Dyer has clearly not seen this inscription himself, and neither the reading itself nor the interpretation seems to us at all satisfactory. If rightly read, the words proceeded at all events from a Pagan, and they may have reference, Dr. Dyer suggests, to the burning of Christians at Rome in the time of Nero. They are as likely to refer to the charge of setting Rome on fire brought against the Christians. We should like more direct evidence of the basis of the whole story. Evidences of Egyptian worship are not unfrequent. An elegant temple disinterred next to that of Esculapius is shown by an inscription over the entrance to have been dedicated to Isis, to have been overthrown by an earthquake,

and to have been restored by Numerius (or Nonnius) Popidius Celsinus, at his own expense. This earthquake was probably that of the year 63 A.D., sixteen years before the destruction of the city. From this temple were taken the famous Isiac table of basalt now in the Museum at Naples. This fine relief contains fourteen figures, thirteen of which are turned towards the first, which is supposed to represent Osiris. Beneath are twenty-five lines of hieroglyphics, which have been interpreted by M. Champollion *filz* to be an invocation of Osiris or Isis. It is, however, denounced by Overbeck as a sham. In a niche on the court wall fronting the temple stood a painted figure of Sigaleon or Harpocrates, otherwise called Orus, the son of Osiris. Beneath this was a shelf, intended perhaps to receive offerings, and under it a board supposed to be for the knees of the worshippers. In another part of the court was found a beautiful statue of Isis, with the *sistrum* and the key of the Nile sluices, her drapery painted purple, and in part gilt. From several of the pictures and bas-reliefs we obtain interesting evidence of the influence exercised by classic symbolism upon Christian art. An instance of this occurs in the ugly conventional glory with which the heads of sacred personages are commonly encircled. This usage was borrowed by the Italian painters from the Greek artists of the lower Empire, in whose paintings it generally assumes the appearance of a solid plate of gold. In a small house at Pompeii, decorated with subjects from the Odyssey, a painting of Ulysses and Circe was copied by Mazois in 1812, which is remarkable as exhibiting the head of Circe crowned with a halo of aureole of this precise kind. The outer limb or circumference is solidly and sharply defined, not shaded off, and divided into rays, as we usually see it in works of the Italian school. This painting has since perished. A similar aureole surrounds the grand figure of Jupiter in the house of Zephyrus and Flora. The god is here sitting in a contemplative attitude, the eagle at his feet, and his golden sceptre in his hand. His mantle is of violet colour, and lined with azure, the throne and footstool are golden, ornamented with precious stones, a green drapery covering the back of the throne. These pictures, like most of those discovered at Pompeii, were executed on the plaster of the wall. It appears, however, that movable pictures were not unknown. In the handsome house in the street of Stabiae, excavated in 1847, and assigned on the evidence of an inscription to

M. Lucretius, a Flamen of Mars and Decurio of Pompeii, the walls of the *tablinum* are painted with architectural subjects. Among these are spaces for two large paintings, which have either been carried away, or had not yet been fixed in their places when Pompeii was overwhelmed. A full account of the principal paintings and sculptures, together with a critical discussion of the methods and materials in use among the artists of the age, is given by Dr. Dyer. Of these, the noblest mosaic is beyond comparison that discovered in the house of the Faun, not less than 18 feet long by 9 broad, supposed to represent one of the battles of Alexander and Darius, probably that at the Issus. Few paintings of any age can excel in fire and animation the celebrated head of Achilles giving up Briseis, in the house of the dancing Faun, the Silenus, and those of sundry animal figures, are not surpassed by the finest remains of classic art. We lay down Dr. Dyer's work with regret at not being able to afford space for a more complete epitome of its multifarious points of interest.

AMUSEMENTS. — For instance, it is no doubt quite as easy to play at chess for money as to play at whist for money; but people who want the excitement of gambling are impatient of the tedious length to which the one game often extends, and prefer the more rapid movement of the other. The two games are equally games of skill, and require an equal amount, though a different kind, of intellectual effort; but by the one a clever player may win a good number of sixpences or half-crowns in an evening, while the other is too solemn and slow to be made subordinate to the pecuniary profits of success. Professionals may play for a heavy stake, and heavy bets may be laid on the rival players as the fortunes of the game ebb and flow; but under ordinary circumstances chess is not a convenient disguise for gambling. This is probably the reason that a chess-board may be found in hundreds of houses where the difference between spades and diamonds is quite unknown. There can be no more harm in playing with pieces of coloured pasteboard than with pieces of carved ivory; but cards have been always associated with gambling, and chess has not. Nor is it difficult to explain why bagatelle is allowed, and billiards are forbidden. A billiard table is a large and costly piece of furniture. It needs a room for itself, and a room such as few families belonging to the middle classes have ever been able to spare for the purpose. It must be treated as tender-

ly as a new-born infant — kept in an unvarying temperature, if it is to be of any real use — To play at billiards, therefore, people have had to go to a public table, and generally to an hotel. The game has come to be associated with late hours and brandy and water. Public playing has brought gambling with it. But bagatelle boards, sufficiently accurate to afford considerable amusement, are cheap enough to be within the reach of persons of very moderate means; and they have been made of a form and size which render a special room unnecessary. Bagatelle, therefore, has been dissociated from the evils which have given an evil name to billiards; it has made home pleasant; the girls and boys have played with their father. While the nobler game has lost its reputation for bad company, the inferior game has kept its honour almost stainless. Again: there are large numbers of good people who look kindly upon a rod and the line, though they regard a man that carries a gun (unless he happens to be an African missionary or a Western settler) as belonging to the devil's regiment. How is this? H. Izaak Walton made all the difference? Would shooting have been as innocent as fishing, if praises had been sung by a spirit as pure and simple as that of the biographer of the saint George Herbert? Hardly. Perhaps the root of the distinction lies in this — that men commonly go alone to the river, and in parties to the stubble. The angler is generally a quiet meditative man; he is silent, solitary, and gentle; he "handles his worm tenderly;" his enjoyment lies in penetrating into the secret places of Nature, in surprising her shy and hidden beauties, in watching the pleasant wooing which is always going on in shady places in summer time between the murmuring, rippling waters, and the ash, the beech, and the willow, which stoop to kiss them as they pass. He loves stillness and peace. The country parson may think over his text while his float drifts lazily with the current, or while he wanders by the stream watching for the silver flashes which tempt him to throw his fly. The men that delight to hear the whirr of the partridge are generally of another sort. Anyhow, September brings shooting dinners as well as birds; and with many people heavy drinking is inseparably associated with heavy bags of game. They do not object to eat the partridges when they are shot; but they have the impression that the men who shoot them are a roystering, rollicking set, with whom it is undesirable that their sons should be too intimate. All this is rapidly changing; in many parts of the country it has quite disappeared; but I am inclined to think — speaking of those whom I know best — that though a Nonconformist minister, with a cast of flies on his hat, and a rod on his shoulder, would feel no shyness at meeting accidentally the very gravest of his deacons, he would rather be on the other side of the hedge if he happened to have on his gaiters, and to be carrying his gun. — *Good Words.*

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## A RIDDLE BY GARRICK.

KITTY, a fair but frozen maid,  
 Kindled a flame I still deplore.  
 The hoodwinked boy I called in aid,  
 Much of his near approach afraid,  
 So fatal to my suit before.  
 At length, propitious to my prayer,  
 The little urchin came.  
 At once he sought the midway air,  
 And soon he cleared with dexterous care  
 The bitter relics of my flame.  
 To Kitty, Fanny now succeeds,  
 She kindles slow but lasting fires ;  
 With care my appetite she feeds ;  
 Each day some willing victim bleeds,  
 To satisfy my strange desires.  
 Say by what title or what name,  
 Must I this youth address ?  
 Cupid and he are not the same —  
 Tho' both can raise or quench a flame —  
 I'll kiss you if you guess.

The answer is "A CHIMNEY SWEEP;" and the cleverness of this trifle is shown in its throwing guessers off the scent by sending them to explore the region of *façades*, common-places about love, and flames and cupids.

## MY LOVE AND I.

AND we sat in the quiet evening,  
 All alone, my love and I,  
 And she played on her organ softly,  
 And I listened silently.  
 For she sang me a gay song sweetly,  
 Like a chorus of wedding chimes,  
 And oh! in the music ringing  
 Came the thoughts of other times.

In a dream I was still beside her  
 In the summer woods and dells,  
 And I led her on in the sunlight  
 To the sound of village bells.  
 And she sang me a grave song sadly,  
 That was soft and sweet and low,  
 Of the good Book's golden promise,  
 That wine and oil should flow.

In a dream I was still beside her,  
 And I saw her yet; the same,  
 Though the promise was for others,  
 And those good things never came.  
 Then she sang me an old song softly,  
 Like a sigh from a dying breath,  
 And 'twas only the world's old story  
 Of love and life and death.

And I thought as I sat beside her,  
 As I heard her gently sing,  
 That with such sweet, thrilling voices  
 The choirs of angels ring.  
 So we sat in the quiet evening,  
 All alone, my love and I,  
 And she played on her organ softly,  
 And I listened silently.

U. L. A.

—Dublin University Magazine.

## A DEATH-BED

JAN. 23, 1867.

WITHOUT, a soft, still morning,  
 The first month of the year,  
 Scarce a breath was stirring,  
 Few sounds met the ear.  
 Without, a bird's soft twittering,  
 A bright and sunny sky,  
 The murmur of the ocean,  
 The steps of passers-by.

Within, a holy death-bed,  
 A soul just taking flight,  
 Just leaving the frail body,  
 Just passing into light.  
 Within, soft words of comfort  
 Breathed in that dying ear :  
 "Jesus the same forever  
 As you have known him here."  
 Within, the last fond greetings,  
 Last messages of love.  
 And then the long, long parting,  
 Until we meet above.

Without, we turn our footsteps,  
 The busy world to roam ;  
 Within, an angel enters,  
 And takes that spirit home.

—Dublin University Magazine.

From the Westminster Review.

THE LAST GREAT MONOPOLY.

HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORY. — RED RIVER COUNTRY.

1. *Papers relative to the Exploration, by the Expedition under Captain Palliser, of that portion of British North America which lies between the Northern Branch of the Saskatchewan and the Frontier of the United States, and between the Red River and the Rocky Mountains, and thence to the Pacific Ocean.* Presented to the House of Parliament, 1860-63-65.
2. *Journal and Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society from 1859 to 1865.*
3. *The North-West Passage by Land.* Being the narrative of an Expedition from the Atlantic to the Pacific, undertaken with a view of exploring a route across the Continent to British Columbia, through British Territory, by one of the Northern Passes in the Rocky Mountains. By Viscount MILTON, F.R.G.S., F.G.S., &c., and W. B. CHEADLE, M.A., M.D., F.R.G.S. London: 1865.
4. *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Hudson's Bay Company.* 1857.
5. *Narrative of the Canadian Red River Exploring Expedition of 1857, and of the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan Exploring Expedition of 1858.* By HENRY YOULE HIND, M.A., F.R.G.S. London: 1860.
6. *The Hudson's Bay Company, its Position and Prospects.* By JAMES DODDS. London: 1866.
7. *America from the Atlantic to the Pacific.* By THOMAS RAWLINGS, F.R.G.S. London: 1895.
8. *Physical Features of the Central Part of British North America.* By JAMES HECTOR, M.D. Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal. 1860.
9. *Report of the Exploration of the Country between Lake Superior and the Red River Settlement.* Printed by order of the Legislative Assembly of Canada. Toronto: 1858.
10. *History of the Rise and Progress of the Red River Settlement.* By ALEXANDER ROSS. London: 1856.
11. *Narrative of a Journey Round the World during the Years 1841 and 1842.* By

Sir GEORGE SIMPSON, Governor-in-Chief of the Hudson's Bay Territories in North America. London: 1847.

THE possession of almost absolute power over a vast extent of territory, by a trading company claiming a right to the land in fee simple, and an entire monopoly of the trade therein, is an anomaly which is still exhibited within the bounds of the British empire. The great merchant company of the East is indeed dead, but its hardier brother of the North, although never attaining such gigantic luxuriousness of growth, still stands strongly rooted, and sturdily resists the many blows from time to time directed against it. The Hudson's Bay Company remains the Lord Proprietor of a portion of North America more than half as large as Europe, over which it rules supreme and alone, the Last Great Monopoly. The trading monopoly has to some extent been shorn of its former grand proportions by the loss of Oregon and Washington Territory, which became the property of the United States by virtue of the treaty of 1846, and of British Columbia and Vancouver Island, which have become crown colonies, and the company there reduced to the condition of simple traders, without any exclusive privileges. The original grant by the royal charter included only that area of country which is drained by rivers flowing into Hudson's Bay, the rest of their territory being merely held on lease for the purpose of exclusive trade and sole government. But the whole of the vast watershed of Hudson's Bay, the Rupert's Land of the charter, comprising the greater portion of America north of the forty-ninth parallel, is, if the charter be valid, not only entirely in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, but their property absolutely and completely, except in so far as the Indians of the country may dispute their title. The only oasis of civilization in this enormous extent of wild and virgin country, is the solitary settlement of Red River, situated at the point where that river is joined by the Assiniboine, about forty miles before it falls into the great Lake Winnipeg. This little colony, numbering some 10,000 people, is, with the rest of Rupert's Land, under the sole and absolute control of the Hudson's Bay Company. How this condition of things arose requires a brief explanation. In the year 1670 Charles the Second incorporated by royal charter an association of certain noblemen and gentlemen, with Prince Rupert at their head, into one

"body corporate and politic," under the title of "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay." The charter contains a grant of—

"The sole trade and commerce of all those seas, straits, bays, rivers, lakes, creeks, and sounds in whatsoever latitude they shall be that lie within the entrance of the straits commonly called Hudson's Straits, together with all the lands and territories upon the countries, coasts, and confines of the seas, bays, lakes, rivers, creeks, and sounds aforesaid that are not already actually possessed by or granted to any of our subjects, or possessed by the subjects of any other Christian power or State, with the fishing of all sorts of fish, whales and sturgeon, and all other royal fishes in the seas, bays, inlets, and rivers within the premises, and the fish therein taken, together with the royalty of the sea upon the coasts within the limits aforesaid, and all mines royal, as well discovered as not discovered, of gold, silver, gems, and precious stones, to be found or discovered within the territories, limits and places aforesaid, and the said land be from thenceforth reckoned and reputed as one of our plantations or colonies in America, called Rupert's Land."

The charter proceeds to confer the right of the sole government of the country, and the right to make laws and impose penalties and punishments, provided they be not repugnant to the laws of England. It is expressly declared, moreover, that the Governor and Company and their successors are created "the true and absolute lords and proprietors" of the territory for ever, subject only to their allegiance to the crown, and the condition of paying yearly to King Charles and his heirs and successors "two elks and two black beavers," to which is added the strange proviso, "whenever and as often as we, our heirs, and successors shall happen to enter into the said countries, territories, and regions." The clause is obscure, but if its meaning be that the two elks and two black beavers are only to be paid when the sovereign of England visits the Hudson's Bay territories, the rent has never been paid yet, nor is it likely to become due in our time. The Company of Adventurers, thus richly endowed with land and absolute power of both sole trade and government therein, turned their privileges to such good account, that notwithstanding considerable losses sustained by the capture of some of their establishments by the French, amounting to £118,014, their profits were so enormous that they paid a dividend of fifty per cent. in fourteen years from the date of the charter, and from 1690 to 1800,

or for 110 years, the profits averaged between sixty and seventy per cent. yearly. For above 100 years the Hudson's Bay Company increased in wealth and prosperity, while undisturbed in the enjoyment of their monopoly; but the harvest was too rich not to excite the cupidity of the unprivileged, especially in the neighbouring province of Canada, and at last, in the year 1783, a formidable rival entered the field in the shape of the North-West Fur Company. The new company, extending its posts from the North of Canada towards the forbidden hunting-grounds of Rupert's Land, soon began to inflict serious injury on the Hudson's Bay Company. Its traders spread over the hitherto sacred territory in all directions, to the shores of Hudson's Bay, along the Western prairies, and even over the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific. The invasion was not suffered to continue unresisted. The Hudson's Bay traders called together the half-breeds and Indians in their employ, and attempted by force to repel the intruders. A war ensued between the rival companies, which was fruitful in suffering and bloodshed. The campaigns were conducted in a barbarous Indian fashion, characteristic of the wild natures of the majority of the combatants, and the forests and prairies where they fought. A few Englishmen or Scotchmen were the leaders of the Hudson's Bay forces, and some Canadians the captains of the North-West bands, the rank and file on either side consisting of Indians and half-breeds. It was a war of stratagems and surprises, of night attacks and treacherous ambushes, and in which houses and camps were pillaged and burnt, and it is to be feared even women and children scalped in cold blood. Numbers of unfortunate persons were driven out into the wilds far away from the trading posts or human help, and were lost in the forests, or died of starvation. The fierce competition caused the most unscrupulous use of ardent spirits in their barter with the Indians, which soon produced the most disastrous effects. But the attempts of the North-West Company to overthrow the older Fur Company were not confined to invasion of the territory they claimed as their own. The opinion of the highest legal authorities was repeatedly taken with a view of disputing the validity of the charter. It was contended that the Hudson's Bay Company had not originally made any claim to the southern portion of their territory under the charter; but for 104 years had neglected to do so, and did not put forward their right until the opposition traders of

the North-West Company had entered it and established posts there, thus annexing it to Canada; and further, that the land had been granted by the French Government to a company of that nature forty-three years before the date of the charter of the Hudson's Bay Company, that the charter of the latter body expressly excepted any lands which might have been so granted, and that accordingly they could not belong to the Hudson's Bay Company, but to Canada, with which they were virtually ceded by the French in the treaty of 1763, at the close of the war with Great Britain.

The opinions of the eminent lawyers consulted have differed to some extent, but the greatest authorities, including Sir John Jervis, Sir John Romilly, Mr. Justice Keating, and Lord Westbury, agree in declaring the title to the land valid, although it is extremely doubtful whether the right to a monopoly of trade, or the sole government, could be legally granted by the crown. In the year 1811, while the feud was at its height, the Earl of Selkirk, actuated by a desire to improve the condition of some of his poorer countrymen who tilled barren acres at home, and to divert the stream of emigration which at this time set strongly towards the United States into British territory, purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company, and also from the Cree and Saulteaux Indians, a tract of land extending along the banks of the Red River and its tributary, the Assiniboine, with the view of planting a colony in Rupert's Land. Here he brought a number of Scotch settlers in the following year, and these were reinforced from time to time by subsequent detachments. This little colony, placed a thousand miles from civilization, in the centre of a land of Indians, fur-traders, and wild animals, had a hard fight for existence during the first eight or nine years. They were before long attacked by the "North-Westers," who viewed them with jealousy as protégés of their enemies: and they were compelled to flee to Pembina, about fifty miles distant, where they found a camp of friendly Indians and half-breeds. During the winter they suffered the greatest hardships from want of food, for they had as yet raised no crops, were inexperienced in hunting, and could get but small supplies from the inhabitants, and they were withal ill protected from the severity of the fierce Northern winter. When they again returned to the colony, they were a second time attacked by their relentless foes of the North-West Company. The houses they

had just erected were pillaged and burnt, many of their number shot down, and the rest driven once more into exile. When at last they were enabled to settle down in comparative peace, misfortune still pursued them. Vast armies of locusts, which at this period devastated the Northern portion of the United States, appeared at Red River also, and for two years devoured the whole of their crops, which had promised to repay them a hundred-fold, with the exception of a small quantity of seed gathered in haste by the women in their aprons. These insects came in such enormous numbers that they lay in heaps on the ground; fires lighted out of doors were speedily extinguished by the swarms which thronged into them; the earth stank, and the waters were polluted with the mass of decomposing bodies. The locusts disappeared, and have but once since revisited the settlement; but they were succeeded by thousands of blackbirds, which made terrible havoc with the grain. It was not until the year 1821, nine years after the first foundation of the colony, that these unfortunate settlers were able to reap the fruit of their labours fully and in peace. In that year the two rival companies, impoverished by continual warfare, and the consequent decline of their trade (the dividends of the Hudson's Bay Company having fallen from between sixty to seventy per cent to nothing), agreed to amalgamate, and were accordingly united under the title of the Hudson's Bay Company, thus securing the protection of the charter. The English Government at this time also granted them a license of exclusive trade over the country to the west of the watershed of Hudson's Bay or Rupert's Land, i.e., across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, which included the Indian territory drained by the Mackenzie River, and what is now the colony of British Columbia.

Since 1821 the Red River settlement has steadily prospered, with the single exception of a disastrous flood which swept away houses and cattle, and stacks of corn. The farmers have become rich in flocks and herds and the produce of the soil, and the settlement now possesses a population of 10,000 souls.

Lord Selkirk committed the government of the infant colony into the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, and after that nobleman's death the settlement was repurchased by them from his executors in 1835, and is now on precisely the same footing as the rest of Rupert's Land. The present position of the great Fur Company

seems to be that it claims to stand possessed as a freehold estate of the enormous tract of Rupert's Land, which may be roughly estimated at above two millions of square miles, having in addition numerous trading posts in the Indian country to the west, in Russian America, and in the territory of the United States. This grand estate, nearly as large as the whole United States, and more than half the size of Europe, is still kept as a vast preserve for the fur-bearing animals; the only portion of it which has been given up to agricultural purposes and civilized improvement being the little colony of Red River. This, however, was not initiated by the Company, but merely purchased after its foundation within the boundaries of their property; and since it came under their care they have shown little disposition to encourage its growth, or promote the establishment of other centres of civilization elsewhere. It is not, therefore, surprising that dissensions have arisen in the settlement between the governing power and the bulk of the inhabitants. It is clearly the interest of the settlers that the colony should expand, the agricultural interest be promoted, and free communication with the outer world established.

The Company, on the other hand, anxious to retain their monopoly of the fur trade, which brought them such enormous wealth in days gone by, and prevent the invasion of their preserves by a larger population, discourage settlement, and all attempts to establish free trade or easy communication with the rest of the continent. Is there, then, nothing to be done with this extensive territory, but allow it to run waste, that wild animals may increase and multiply there?

The Hudson's Bay territories are commonly supposed by the people of this country to be a mere "waste and howling wilderness, wherein half-famished beasts of prey wage eternal war with a sparse population of half-starved savages, where the drought is more than Saharan, the cold more than arctic, and that woe would betide that mad and unfortunate individual who might be so far diverted from the path of prudence as to endeavor to settle in those parts."

Such was a few years ago, and probably now is, the popular belief amongst those who have heard of the existence of such a country as Rupert's Land, and this belief has been industriously fostered and propagated by the Hudson Bay Company. Until the last few years it was only occasionally that some traveller who had hunted buffalo on the plains of Red River, or pene-

trated to the Saskatchewan, described the country in glowing terms as rich, beautiful, and fertile, and fit for the habitation of man; or it was whispered by the missionaries that wonderful crops of corn and roots had been grown there; or a feeble voice came from the distant settlement protesting its value, asking the Government for freedom from the Company's rule, in order that it might expand and grow as a true British colony.

But in the crowd and bustle of affairs in this country these rare challenges of the unfavourable opinion usually received, have been little noticed, or if they have raised transient doubts, or caused momentary discussion, they have been quickly and easily quieted by the great authorities on that country—the Directors of the Hudson's Bay Company. The testimony of explorers has been pooh-poohed as the traveller's tales of men who knew little about anything but hunting and shooting; the missionaries declared unreliable, and too sanguine; the protesting settlers ill-conditioned fellows, discontented with a most benign and paternal government, who would ruin the country which has been managed with such acknowledged success for nearly two hundred years.

Thus the subject has been shelved again without much trouble, although questions which might be inconvenient caused perhaps some temporary uneasiness to the governor and council; yet on the whole they gathered in their yearly harvest of furs at the old House in Fenchurch-street without any serious apprehensions of Government interference.

Within the last ten or twelve years, however, the Red River settlement has been more frequently visited by travellers. Some of the later arctic expeditions overland, passed through the country. The settlers, moreover, have petitioned the Canadian Parliament for help, and the discovery of gold in British Columbia having brought that colony into considerable prominence for a time, public attention has been turned to the portion of country extending between Canada and the Rocky Mountains—the central portion of British America.

In the year 1857 the time approached when the license of exclusive trade in the Indian territory (or that portion of British territory beyond the boundaries of Rupert's Land) which had been granted to the Company by the Government in 1821, and subsequently renewed for twenty-one years in 1838, would expire; and this, together with the condition of Vancouver Island as a colo-

ny under the sole control of the Company, excited public attention. At the instance of Mr. Labouchere, now Lord Taunton, a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to investigate "the state of those British possessions in North America which are under the administration of the Hudson's Bay Company, or over which they possess a license to trade." About the same time the Canadian Government became alive to the fact that they were greatly interested in the question, and sent over Chief Justice Draper to represent them and place their claims before the Committee. They also sent out two expeditions, one in 1857, and another in the following year, to explore the southern portion of the territory watered by the Red River and Saskatchewan and their tributaries, and report upon its resources and fitness for colonization.

In 1858 the English Government sent out an expedition under Captain Palliser, with a similar object of reporting upon the value of the country for settlement, and with the further purpose of ascertaining whether any pass through the Rocky Mountains existed in British territory by which an overland route could be carried from Canada to British Columbia, Vancouver Island, and the Pacific Ocean. The same region has since been visited by Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle, who have supplemented the explorations of the previous expeditions by penetrating into British Columbia through a pass in the Rocky Mountains which lies in a direct line across the continent from Canada to the gold-fields of Cariboo.

The results of these various inquiries and expeditions have been published in the form of Blue Books and other more attractive accounts of the country, and it is well worth while to examine into the real value of this part of North America, so strangely circumstanced and hitherto so little cared for. At the present time the inquiry becomes more interesting and important since the project of uniting all the British colonies in North America in one Confederation has assumed shape and consistency. The Bill uniting Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, which has already passed both Houses of Parliament, contains provisions for the admission of the other Provinces.\*

The southern portion of Rupert's Land lies directly between Upper Canada and

British Columbia, forming the connecting link which would establish the chain of British possessions from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and possibly a highway across the continent which would furnish the shortest and most direct route to China and Japan.

Before proceeding to examine more particularly the evidence furnished from the sources already indicated, it will simplify the matter to state briefly the most distinct features of the different portions of the Hudson's Bay territories. In a region so wide as Rupert's Land, extending through 20° of latitude and 50° of longitude, the differences of climate, soil, and general physical character of the country in the various districts, are very considerable. A glance at a map of North America will show at once the position of the different regions, distinguished from each other by broad general characteristics. The description is rendered more easy and intelligible from the fact that the several "countries" as they are called occur in the form of well-defined zones, of varying width, which run completely across the country in a general direction from east to west. These zones, however, curve towards the north as they proceed westward, so that the western extremity of the belt is several degrees of latitude higher than the eastern, the curves apparently corresponding pretty closely with certain isothermal lines. The 49th parallel of latitude is the boundary line between British territory and the United States. Beyond this, from the Valley of the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains, the United States territory consists of an arid tract extending south nearly to Texas, which has been called the great American desert. This sterile region, covering such an immense area, contains but a few thousand square miles of fertile land, the rest being dry and sandy treeless plains, scantily covered with vegetation, and utterly unfit for cultivation. These prairies extend north of the boundary line for a short distance, but quickly assume a more fertile character, and become clothed with rich long grass.

The northern limit of the great American desert is an imaginary line drawn a little south of the Assiniboine and South Saskatchewan Rivers, then south of Battle River, as far as longitude 112°, when turning south it sweeps along the flanks of the Rocky Mountains in long. 115°. North of this is the zone of "mixed country" extending from the Lake of the Woods to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, between the 49th degree and 50th parallel at its eastern.

\* Since the above was written, the Legislature of British Columbia has, by a unanimous vote, decided to enter the Confederation of Canada.

entrance, and gradually winding northwards, increasing in width until at the western extremity it reaches from the 51st to the 55th parallel. This zone of "mixed country," which has been named "The Fertile Belt," is drained by the Red, Assiniboine, and Saskatchewan Rivers, and constitutes the basin of Lake Winnipeg, into which these streams discharge their waters. It consists of an undulating park-like country, where prairies covered with luxurious grasses are mingled with stretches of woodland, and well-watered by numerous lakes and streams.

Immediately beyond this commences the zone of "forest or the thick-wood country," and there is no doubt that the Fertile Belt was at one time covered with timber, which has been partially destroyed by the prairie fires continually lighted by the Indians for the purpose of driving the buffalo in certain directions, and which cause is frequently seen in operation at the present time. The forest zone extends to lat. 61 on Hudson's Bay at the eastern extremity, to the northern end of Great Bear Lake in lat. 67 at the western end. Through this thick-wood country runs the chain of lakes which stretches from Lake Superior to Great Bear Lake, and it is also traversed by a mountain-chain running in the same direction from the northern shores of Lake Superior. North of this lie the barren grounds of the arctic and sub-arctic regions, where no trees grow, and but little vegetation, with the exception of lichens.

With this brief and general outline of the various districts of Rupert's Land before us, we shall more readily understand the accounts of the different sections of the country, and it will be seen that the chief interest centres in the zone of "mixed country" or the "Fertile Belt"—the southern portion of Rupert's Land. Whether this part of the Hudson Bay territories be fit for colonization or not, and the condition of the Red River settlement under the rule of the Company, are the most important questions arising in relation to the subject before us.

Sir George Simpson, who was for forty years governor of the Hudson's Bay territories, and who had visited nearly every portion of them, had three times crossed the Rocky Mountains, and travelled round the world "overland," was one of the most important witnesses examined before the Select Committee. He was a man of immense energy and activity, and considerable knowledge and attainments; but from his long association with the Company, and

having devoted his life to the advancement of their interests, his whole soul was bound up in the corporation, and he looked upon any infringement of their privileges, or any attempt to alter the established condition of things in Rupert's Land, such as the increase of settlement there, to the detriment of the fur monopoly, with unqualified aversion and instinctive opposition. Yet it is difficult to understand how, even with this antecedent prejudice, with this inability to see any thing except with the fur-trader's eye, he could be led to make statements so contradictory to each other as those contained in his book, the "Overland Journey round the World," and those given in evidence before the Select Committee. In his book he thus speaks of the Valley of the Kaminstiquoia—a river which falls into Lake Superior at the eastern extremity of the Fertile Belt:—

"The river, during the day's march, passed through forests of elm, oak, fir, birch, &c., being studded with hills not less fertile and lovely than its banks; and many a spot reminded us of the rich and quiet scenery of England. The paths of the different portages were spangled with violets, roses, and many other wild flowers, while the currant, the gooseberry, the raspberry, the plum, the cherry, and even the vine, were abundant. All this bounty of nature was inspired as it were with life by the cheerful notes of a variety of birds, and by the restless flutter of butterflies of the brightest hues. Compared with the adamantine deserts of Lake Superior, the Kaminstiquoia presented a perfect paradise. One cannot pass through this fair valley without feeling that it is destined sooner or later to become the happy home of civilized men, with their bleating flocks and their lowing herds and their full garners. The mines of Lake Superior besides establishing a continuity of route between the east and west, will find their nearest and cheapest supply of agricultural produce in the Valley of the Kaminstiquoia."

As he proceeded westward he found the country equally promising. He says of the river which empties Rainy Lake (*Lac La Pluie*) into the Lake of the Woods, that it is decidedly the finest stream in the whole route from Lake Superior to Red River settlement, "for it is not interrupted by a single impediment for nearly a hundred miles, while yet the current is not strong enough materially to retard an ascending traveller," and he continues thus:—

"Nor are the banks less favourable to agriculture than the waters themselves to navigation, resembling in some measure those of the Thames near Richmond. From the very brink

f the river there rises a gentle slope of green-land, crowned in many places with a plentiful growth of birch, poplar, beech, elm, and oak. *Is it too much for the eye of philanthropy to discern, through the vista of futurity, this noble stream, connecting as it does the fertile shores of two spacious lakes, with crowded steam-boats on its bosom, and populous towns on its borders? "*

The soil of Red River settlement he describes generally as —

"A black mould of considerable depth, which, when first tilled, produces extraordinary crops, as much on some occasions as forty returns of wheat, and even after twenty successive years of cultivation, without the relief of manure or of fallow or of green crop, it still yields from fifteen to twenty bushels to the acre. The wheat produced is plump and heavy; there are also large quantities of grain of all kinds, besides beef, mutton, pork, butter, cheese, and wool in abundance."

On his way along the zone of "mixed country" from the Red River settlement to the Rocky Mountains he describes how in the country along the Assiniboine River they brushed the luxuriant grass with their very knees, and found the surface of the ground beautifully diversified with a variety of flowers, such as roses, hyacinths, and tiger-lilies, the vegetation being so rank that it savoured rather of the torrid zone, with its perennial spring, than of the northern wilds. He traversed well-wooded districts and boundless prairies — one vast plain, which had evidently once been the bed of a lake, covered with alluvial soil of great fertility. He continually praises the beauty and richness of the country along the banks of the Saskatchewan, where were

"Lofty hills, and long valleys full of sylvan lakes, while the bright green of the surface, as far as the eye could reach, assumed a foreign tinge under an uninterrupted profusion of roses and blue bells. On the summit of one of these hills we commanded one of the few extensive prospects that we had of late enjoyed. One range of heights rose behind another, each becoming fainter as it receded from the eye, till the farthest was blended in almost undistinguishable confusion with the clouds, while the softest vales spread a panorama of hanging copses and glittering lakes at our feet."

At Fort Carlton, situated on the North Saskatchewan, a little above its junction with the South branch, Sir George Simpson found large gardens and fields which produce abundance of potatoes and other vegetables; but he remarks that wheat, although it has sometimes succeeded, has been

far more frequently destroyed by the early frosts of autumn.

Near the Company's trading post of Edmonton, more than 300 miles west of Carlton, is a plain of three or four leagues and many spots several miles in area, as smooth and flat as if levelled by artificial means, the whole extent being covered with a luxuriant crop of vetches or wild peas, which are almost as nutritious for cattle and horses as oats. The country in the immediate neighbourhood of the fort is rich in minerals, a bed of coal ten feet thick appearing on both banks of the river. Of the farm he says that there, as appears to have been almost universally the case throughout the whole extent, the pasturage was most luxuriant, and a large dairy maintained. Barley yielded a fair return, but wheat was almost sure to be destroyed by the early frosts. The garden produced potatoes, turnips, and a few other hardy vegetables. We shall see hereafter that with more careful farming wheat and all vegetables succeed as admirably at Edmonton as at Red River. Of the climate generally Sir George says that it resembles that of Canada, the winter being a little longer, and more severe; that horses may be left out in the hardest winter, and will find pasture for themselves under the snow, but that cattle require some protection during five months of the year.

Such is the unprejudiced testimony of Sir George Simpson, writing as a simple traveller an account of the country which he visited. It was not, moreover, merely the first impression which he received, nor were his statements founded upon a single passing observation of the Fertile Zone, for he had repeatedly travelled through these same districts during the twenty-seven years for which he had been governor of the territories at the time he wrote "The Overland Journey round the World." In strange contrast with the high estimate of the beauty, and value, and resources of the country, which he gave to the world in his private capacity, is the account which he gives when examined before the Select Committee. He then appeared as Governor of the Hudson's Bay territories, and danger seemed to threaten the great monopoly which he was bound to defend and uphold to the utmost. His description of the country is now as disparaging as it was before eulogistic. When asked by Mr. Labouchere to state his opinion of the soil and climate of Rupert's Land, and its general fitness for colonization, he replied, "I do not think that any part of the Hudson's



Bay territories is well adapted for settlement; the crops are very uncertain."

Of the Rainy Lake River, the magnificent stream which he prophesied would one day be thronged with steamboats, and its banks, so favourable to agriculture, crowded with populous towns, he now asserts that there is merely a slip along the right bank which is fit for cultivation, and that immediately behind it are morasses which never thaw. Rainy River is situated between latitude 49° and 50°, and Sir John Richardson has fixed the limit of frozen soil, i.e. soil at some depth below the surface which never thaws in summer, at lat. 56°, or 57°, *that is, 6 or 7 degrees north of it!*

The alluvial soil of the Red River settlement he declares to be confined to the immediate banks of the river, a mile distant from which no good soil exists, and that the few alluvial spots which are cultivated by Scotch farmers produce very fair crops of wheat, although these are very uncertain, so that it had been several times necessary to import grain from the United States into the settlement. On cross-examination, he admitted that this was necessary only on one occasion; and on being further pressed, stated that it was in consequence of the arrival of the wing of a regiment as a garrison, the governor fearing that the resources of the settlement would be unequal to the increased demand. He says that his opinion of the Saskatchewan country is far more unfavourable than of the Red River district, since the climate is more rigorous, the crops less certain, and there is very little timber. Sir George Simpson's unqualified condemnation of the whole country excited some surprise in the mind of several members of the Committee who had read his "Journey round the World," and they forthwith proceeded to cross-examine him.

Sir George could offer no proper explanation, assuring his questioners that he adhered to his former statements, which were made on mature knowledge, but that he had overrated the importance of the country as fit for settlement; that his description generally had been "too glowing," and that his favourable report merely related to a few isolated spots. He allows, moreover, that he found large and productive gardens and fields at Carlton, and exceedingly luxuriant pasturage and very productive crops of barley at Edmonton; that the wheat harvest is easily secured at Red River before winter, and that the climate improves to the westward. Such is the curiously inconsistent evidence of the late governor of

the Hudson's Bay Company concerning the land and climate of the Fertile Belt; but his account of the constitution and operation of the government of the Red River settlement, coming from so great an authority, deserves to be briefly summed up. He explained that it consisted of a governor appointed by the Company, and generally a chief factor in their service, who ruled over a district of fifty miles by compass round the settlement, this district being denominated Assiniboia. The governor is assisted by a council appointed by the Company, and only retaining office during their pleasure. The magistrates consist of the chief factors, who are so *ex-officio*, and certain others nominated by the governor. The judge, or recorder as he is styled, is appointed in precisely the same way. At the time of the inquiry the recorder was also governor of Assiniboia, the executive and judicial functions being discharged by the same person. Land was sold to settlers at from 5s. to 7s. 6d. an acre on a 999 years' lease, *the terms of the lease containing provisos that the land shall not be underlet, assigned, alienated, or otherwise disposed of without the consent in writing of the Governor and Company for the time being, and that the purchaser shall not traffic in furs.*

A duty of twenty per cent. had been imposed by the governor and council on all goods imported into the colony by settlers, the governor having, however, the power to remit this in cases where the importer was positively free from suspicion of trafficking in furs. The Company have in some cases refused to bring out goods from England for colonists, on the ground that they were intended to be used for trading in furs. No ships are allowed to trade at York Factory and Moose River in Hudson's Bay, except those of the Company, so that at that time the only means of obtaining supplies from England was in their hands, and liable to be stopped. Arrests have been made of persons resident in the colony suspected of illegal traffic in furs, and their goods confiscated. The Company opposed the formation of the new settlement at Portage la Prairie on the Assiniboine River, which is now one of the most flourishing portions of the colony. And lastly, Sir George Simpson allows that it was possible for the governor and council of Assiniboia to make an order that the letters of private individuals should be opened and read by the officers of the Company, which had been alleged to be the fact; but he believed that if such an order were made — of which he was ig-

—it would probably have been dis-  
l by the directors of the Company  
land.

the governor of the territories we  
the most active of the directors of  
Company, the Right Hon. Edward El-  
bo had been formerly connected with  
position North-West Company, and  
influence in the House of Commons  
ry great, and who was a member of  
the Select Committee, before which  
gave evidence. He appears through-  
her as an advocate of the Company  
ther an impartial investigator or a  
witness. In his character of a mem-  
the Committee, he acted a promi-  
nent in the examination of witnesses,  
; with great tact leading questions  
; to bring out into strong relief any  
facts which may exist to settlement,  
directing attention to the more inho-  
e and barren regions of the northern  
of Rupert's Land, instead of the  
rich and promising district of the Fer-  
tile.

witness he defended the monopoly  
ground, which is to a great extent  
ough, that if it were abolished the fur  
s would speedily become extinct from  
salus given to their destruction by free  
ition, and that ardent spirits would  
d in the traffic with the Indians,  
s they are strictly interdicted by the  
r's Bay Company, and thus great  
would be brought upon the natives.  
demns the land and climate of the  
y, speaks of all the good qualities  
have been attributed to them as mere  
er's tales, declares that timber is  
coal wanting, and the whole territo-  
rally unfit for colonization. His ev-  
e, however, fails to carry any weight,  
gh he greatly influenced the decision  
Committee, for we find that he had  
visited the country which he speaks  
sch disparaging terms, and describes  
ste of Minnesota, at this time per-  
e most flourishing of all the agricul-  
tates of the Union, as "not a very  
ble country." The chief scientific  
es called were Dr. Rae, Sir John  
deon, and Colonel Lefroy. Their  
ny loses much of its value from the  
at they were principally engaged in  
research, and their explorations of the  
y being directed to the more norther-  
ions of it, they had little opportunity  
ring the resources of the southern  
Dr. Rae stated that from what he  
in the country he believed the whole

of the Saskatchewan district adapted for  
agricultural settlement; and as he was for  
many years engaged in the service of the  
Company, this may probably be taken as  
the current opinion amongst the officers of  
the Company. Colonel Lefroy and Sir  
John Richardson speak much less highly of  
the land, but give some data which go a  
long way to impugn the accuracy of their  
opinion. From them we learn that the cli-  
mate improves towards the west, that wheat  
ripens at Fort Laird on the Athabasca Riv-  
er in lat. 60°, once in three years on an av-  
erage, that barley thrives admirably at Fort  
Simpson on the Mackenzie River in lat.  
62°, and is grown at Fort Norman, in lat.  
64°. Now, as Fort Laird is 5 degrees, Fort  
Rimpson 7 degrees, and Fort Norman 9 de-  
grees further north than the most northerly  
limit of the Fertile Belt, it seems certain  
that all the cereals will flourish in the latter  
region, if the soil be good and the rainfall  
sufficiently great. Sir John Richardson  
fixes the limit of the growth of wheat at the  
mean isothermal line of 32°, which varies  
from 51° on Hudson's Bay, in the east, to 56°  
to 57° at the western boundary of Rupert's  
Land, beyond which the soil is permanently  
frozen at a certain depth below the sur-  
face.

From Dr. Anderson, the Bishop of Ru-  
pert's Land, and the Rev. Mr. Corbett, who  
was for some years a missionary in the Red  
River settlement, we gain much valuable  
information. They both agree in declaring  
that the country is well adapted for settle-  
ment, and ought to be settled, but that the  
influence of the Company is exerted against  
any further colonization. They adduce  
several instances in which new settlements  
now flourishing and increasing were stren-  
uously opposed by the authorities at Red  
River; and Mr. Corbett relates that he was  
compelled to abandon a mission station  
which he proposed to establish because the  
governor prohibited any settlement at that  
place; such prohibition being an insuper-  
able obstacle, since he would not have been  
allowed to purchase supplies at the Compa-  
ny's stores if he acted contrary to their  
wishes, and that being the only channel  
through which necessaries could be obtain-  
ed, he would have been reduced to actual  
starvation. When he commenced the es-  
tablishment of another station, the Compa-  
ny raised the terms for land from 2*l.* to 12*l.*,  
and thus seriously retarded its progress.  
Mr. Corbett speaks strongly of the necessity  
for free communication with Canada, and  
affirms that the inhabitants of the colony

are discontented with the monopoly, and desire some freedom of trade, and a proper representative government.

The last witness called before the Committee whose evidence deserves especial notice is Mr. Isbister, a gentleman of education, born and bred in the country, and for some time in the service of the Company. He informed the Committee that not only do the cereals flourish at Red River, but maize never fails to ripen there, and is as fine and productive as in the Western States of the Union; while wild rice grows in the greatest abundance in the district between Lake Superior and Lake Winnepeg, forming the chief sustenance of the Chippewa Indians. He points out too a source of anxiety and danger to the English occupation of the country, in the fact that American fur-traders had already established themselves at Red River in spite of all the efforts of the Company to exclude them; so that in the preceding year, 97,000 dollars' worth of furs had been exported by way of St. Paul; and since the tide of immigration had set so strongly into Minnesota, it might reasonably be feared that the Americans, who were pushing rapidly up to the boundary line, would people the country, unless steps were taken to anticipate them by facilitating the introduction of British immigrants.

He confirms the statement that all further settlement was opposed by the government, all trade practically stopped, since those who held land were prohibited from importing goods from any port but London, from any part of the port of London except the warehouses of the Hudson's Bay Company, by any ships except their vessels, or into any port in Rupert's Land except York Factory in Hudson's Bay, where they were charged a duty of five per cent.

In addition to the verbal evidence given before the Select Committee certain papers were put in, which appear in the appendix to their Report. Amongst them is a letter from a Mr. Gunn, a settler in Red River, addressed to the Hon. Philip Vanboughnet, President of the Legislative Council of Canada, which gives in very homely language some valuable proof of the capabilities of the colony. After confirming the accounts of the wonderful fertility of the soil, which he says produces often sixty bushels per acre, and sixty-four to seventy pounds per bushel, and sometimes even more, so that less than forty bushels is considered a small return, although the same patches grow in some cases twenty successive crops of wheat without fallow or manure, he continues:

"But in general we exact no more than four or five. These successive crops do not exhaust the soil, but weeds overcome all our efforts to keep them down, and therefore we are obliged to have recourse to the plough to destroy them. Barley grows well if the ground be not too rich, or the season too wet, when it throws up too much straw. Oats thrive well and give good returns. Maize, potatoes, beet-root, onions, carrots, and turnips, are cultivated, and give profitable returns. The soil of this colony is admirable for growing hemp and flax. Horned cattle thrive well, and though very indifferently cared for by many, are subject to no disease. Horses are abundant, and prosper as well here as in any other country, roaming summer and winter through the woods, where they keep in good condition. Our climate and soil seem peculiarly adapted or favourable to sheep. There are twenty-eight years since their introduction into this settlement, and I have never seen or heard of any sickness attacking them. The wool is of good quality, though not very fine. In 1829, the Company reduced the price of produce to what suited its own interest. The helpless agriculturist had no other market, and the magic in the word 'charter' kept out all competitors. In the above-mentioned year it was resolved by the governor and council that 3s. 6d. per bushel should be the legal price for wheat, 1½d. for good beef per pound, 7d. for butter, &c.; now these prices were very low, but there was a still greater evil than low prices, and that was a limited market. The clergy would not take the beef at 1½d. per pound, but gave 2d. From 1829 to 1845, the Company bought annually from an owner and occupier of a lot of land eight bushels of wheat at 3s. 6d. per bushel; and if he had been suspected of infringing any of the Company's privileges, there was no market for him. The price of goods in the Company's stores varies from 100 to 400 per cent. in prime cost. We have a governor and council, all nominated by the Company, for by the charter they say we have nothing to say. Up to 1849, the governor and council ruled with a hard and heavy hand, but that year they received a lesson from an armed multitude, which taught them there were other things more potent than the charter, and ever since they have been as harmless as doves."

From the statistics given by Mr. Gunn for the years 1855-56, it appears that the highest temperature registered was 91°, the lowest 48°; that the river was frozen over on the 12th of November, and clear again on the 20th of April; that wheat sown on the 29th of that month was ripe on the 14th of August, the whole harvest being over in that month or the beginning of September, and barley harvest often commencing in July.

The Deed of Land, of which a copy is given in the appendix, contains, as confessed

by Sir George Simpson, provisions that the owner shall not sell or part in any way with the land or any interest in it without the written consent of the Governor or Company; that he shall not traffic in furs, skins, or dressed leather, or spirituous liquors; the prohibition to import goods except from London, by York Factory, through the Company and by their ships—the breach of any of these provisions rendering the deed invalid, and it is expressly stated that it shall be lawful for the Governor to drive out the owners and resume possession on any such breach of the Company's privileges being committed. There is also given the extract from the minutes of the Governor and Council of Rupert's Land held at Red River settlement in 1845, granting permission for settlers to import their own stores on certain favourable conditions, if it be satisfactorily shown that they are imported for their own use and at their own risk, and that furs shall henceforward be bought only from the hunters, since the intervention of middlemen has been found injurious to the Company.

We may conclude the review of the evidence given before this Committee by quoting some extracts from a petition forwarded to the Legislative Assembly of Canada by one Roderick Kennedy and 574 other inhabitants of the Red River settlement. After some preamble, and stating that although they had paid large sums of money to the Company for lands, and were unable to obtain any deeds except such as would render themselves and their posterity slaves to the Company (the deeds before alluded to), and that they were prevented from trading in furs, "even in exchange for food supplied to famishing Indians," under penalty of being imprisoned, and their goods confiscated, they proceed:—

"The Hudson's Bay Company's clerks, with an armed police, have entered into settlers' houses in quest of furs, and confiscated all they found. One poor fellow, after having his goods seized, had his home burnt down, and was afterwards conveyed prisoner to York Factory. The Company's first legal adviser in this colony has declared our navigating the lakes and rivers between this colony and Hudson's Bay with any articles of our produce, to be illegal. The same authority has declared our selling of English goods in this colony illegal. In our commercial journeys into Minnesota we have been pursued like felons by armed constables, who searched our property even by breaking open our trunks—all furs found were confiscated. . . . This country is governed and legislated for by two distinct legislative

councils, in the constitution of which we have no voice—the members of the highest holding their office of councillor by virtue of rank in the Company's service. This body frames laws affecting our interests—as, for instance, in 1845 it decreed that twenty per cent. duty should be levied on the imports of all who were suspected of trading in furs. Again, in 1845, the same body passed a resolution imposing twelve and a half per cent. on all the goods landed for the colony at York Factory. The local legislature consists of the governor, who is also judge, and who holds his appointments from the Company—they (the council) are appointed by the same body, and are, with one or two exceptions in a greater or less degree dependent on that body. This council imposes taxes, creates offences, and punishes the same by fines and imprisonment—*i.e.*, the governor and council make the laws, judge the laws, and execute their own sentence. We have no voice in their selection, neither have we any constitutional means of controlling their action. Under this system our energies are paralysed, and discontent is increasing to such a degree, that events fatal to British interests, and particularly to the interest of Canada, and even to civilization and humanity, may soon take place. When we contemplate the mighty tide of immigration which has flowed towards the north these six years past, and has already filled the Valley of the Upper Mississippi with settlers, and which will this year flow over the height of land, and fill up the Valley of Red River, is there no danger of being carried away by that flood, and that we may thereby lose our nationality? We love the British name! We are proud of that glorious fabric, the British constitution. We have represented our grievances to the Imperial Government, but through the chicanery of the Company and its false representations, we have not been heard, and much less have our grievances been redressed. We therefore, as dutiful and loyal subjects of the British crown, humbly pray that your Honourable House will take into immediate consideration the subject of this our petition, and that such measures may be devised and adopted as will extend to us the protection of the Canadian government, laws, and institutions, and make us equal participators in those rights and liberties enjoyed by British subjects in whatever part of the world they reside."

This petition of the settlers of Red River, although couched in somewhat high-flown language, demands our most serious attention, for it is the cry of men under a despotic government—of a community so isolated from the world that it might be reduced to the most miserable condition, might be most unrighteously oppressed, without our knowing anything about the matter. We are bound to inquire whether these 10,000 people, ostensibly under the rule and the protection of the British crown, have any real

grievance to redress, or whether they possess the same advantages under the absolute control of the Great Monopoly which they would enjoy under a free colonial government. For good or for evil, they are legally helpless in the hands of their rulers; and we ought to know whether the good of the Fur Company means good to the colony. The weight of evidence given before the Select Committee is undoubtedly strongly in favour of the fitness of the country for settlement, and seems to prove that the authority of the Company is uniformly exerted against the further colonization of the country, and to promote and preserve as much as possible their monopoly.

But the influence of Mr. Edward Ellice, looked up to as the great authority on all questions connected with these regions, was very powerful with many of the members of the Committee, who forgot how strongly the best man's judgment may be warped by his interest, and how ready he is to believe that that state of things is right and just which is not at first sight conspicuously wrong, when it is a prime source of wealth to him. Many of them besides Mr. Ellice were, it is likely enough, also shareholders in the Company, and interested in its preservation; but be this as it may, the result of all this labour of investigation was the adoption of a vague and unpractical Report, drawn up by the chairman, which recommends the whole subject of the tenure of the territories to the consideration of the Government, "considers" that Canada ought to be allowed to annex portions of the territories; "apprehends" that such portions will be the Red River and Saskatchewan districts; and "trusts" that there will be no difficulty in making arrangements with the Hudson's Bay Company, who, it is of opinion, should be confirmed in the monopoly of the portions not required by Canada.

A very decided amendment proposed by Mr. Gladstone, recommending that the country capable of colonization should be forthwith withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the Company, and that incapable of colonization remain within it, was negatived by the casting vote of the chairman only. The evidence we have been considering is so clearly prejudiced in the cases of the witnesses who have the greatest acquaintance with the subject, some being strongly interested in favour of the monopoly, and others as strongly opposed to it; the knowledge of the scientific witnesses on this subject so uncertain, and their means of observation of any but the most northerly portions of the country so limited; and the

decision of the Committee themselves so very hesitating and qualified, that we turn with pleasure to the Report of the two Commissions sent out by the British and Canadian Governments. Captain Palliser in command of the English expedition, thus describes the Fertile Belt:—

"It is now a partially wooded country abounding in lakes and rich natural pasturage, in some parts rivalling the finest park scenery of our own country. Throughout this region of country the climate seems to preserve the same character, although it passes through very different latitudes, its form being doubtless determined by the curves of the isothermal line. The superficial extent embraces about 65,000 square miles, of which more than one third may be considered at once available for the purposes of the agriculturist. Its elevation increases from 700 to 4000 feet, as we approach the Rocky Mountains, consequently it is not equally adapted throughout to the cultivation of any one crop; nevertheless, at Fort Edmonton, which has an altitude of 3,000 feet, even wheat is sometimes cultivated with success.

After describing several practicable passes through the Rocky Mountains which he and his associate, Dr. Hector, had investigated, he continues:—

"Although I consider this fact established—viz., that a line for a route has been discovered from Red River settlement to the west coast of the continent, and that, moreover, entirely within British territory, yet I wish it to be distinctly understood that I think it far from being the best that could be discovered. Time did not admit of a series of attempts in a more northerly direction. Dr. Hector's explorations, when within sixty miles of his exit on Thompson's River, were permanently closed by the advance of winter and the absence of provisions, while pressing his way through timber so thick that he could not penetrate faster than from three to four miles a day."

Dr. Hector says of the Fertile Belt that the climate is not more severe than that of Canada, and in the western portion, at a distance from the chilling influence of the Great Lakes, the spring commences "about a month earlier than on the shores of Lake Superior, which is five degrees of latitude further South." The depth of snow is never excessive, while in the richest tracts the natural pasture is so abundant, that horses and cattle may be left to obtain their own food during the greater part of the summer. There is a large proportion of arable land, and even late in autumn, which is the driest portion of the year, the lakes and streams are plentifully supplied with water.

The account of Mr. Bourgeau, the botanist to this expedition, is very conclusive. He considers the Saskatchewan district much more adapted to the culture of staple crops of temperate climates, such as wheat, barley, rye, oats, &c., than would be imagined from its high latitude. As it is between latitude 52° and 54°, this is not so exceptional as it appears at first sight, for although this is the latitude of the southern part of Labrador and Newfoundland, the isothermal line runs, as we have seen, in a curve from the East coast towards the North; so that the line of annual mean temperature of 32° (the limit of wheat), which commences on the East coast, under the influence of the arctic ice-stream, about latitude 50° or 51°, turns rapidly to the North through latitude 55° and 56° in the Saskatchewan district, or north of the northern limit of this portion of the Fertile Zone, and ends on the Pacific coast in latitude 64°.

Mr. Bourgeau tells us that the few attempts to cultivate cereals already made in the vicinity of the Hudson's Bay Company's trading-posts demonstrate by their success how easy it would be to obtain products which would well repay the agriculturist. The prairies offer natural pasturage as favourable for the maintenance of numerous herds as if they had been artificially created. There would be abundant material for building, both timber and stone, and clay for bricks. He speaks highly of the land in the neighbourhood of Fort Edmonton, and alone the south side of the North Saskatchewan, where extend —

“ Rich and vast prairies, interspersed with woods and forests, and where thick-wood plants furnish excellent pasturage for domestic animals. Two vetches found here are as fitting for the nourishment of cattle as the clover of European pasturage. The abundance of buffalo, and the facility with which the herds of horses and oxen increase, demonstrate that it would be enough to shelter animals in winter, and feed them with hay collected in advance.

“ The harvest could in general be commenced by the end of August, or the first week in September, which is a season when the temperature continues sufficiently high, and rain is rare. In the gardens of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts, and still more in those of the different missions, vegetables of the leguminous family, such as beans, peas, and French beans, have been successfully cultivated, also potatoes, cabbages, turnips, carrots, rhubarb, and currants.

“ The only difficulty which would oppose agricultural settlements is the immense distances to traverse over countries devoid of roads, and almost uninhabited. The assistance of

Government, or a well-organized Company, would be indispensable.”

With respect to the means of access which exist for British emigrants to reach the Red River settlement, Captain Palliser states that there are none to be recommended save those through the United States. The manner in which natural obstacles have isolated the country from all other British possessions he considers almost beyond the remedies of art. The road to the settlement, in his opinion, is obviously through Minnesota by the Valley of the Red River. Dr. Hector, the geologist of the expedition, speaks highly of its mineral wealth, and amongst other products he found clay ironstone in abundance, and large beds of tertiary coal.

Mr. Hind, who was appointed as geologist to Canadian expeditions which were sent out with the twofold object of ascertaining the practicability of a route direct from Canada to Red River by way of Lake Superior and the Lake of the Woods, and of ascertaining if the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan districts were adapted for settlement, was greatly impressed by the magnificent country he found on the banks of the Red River, the Assiniboine, and the Saskatchewan, although his exploration extended westward only to Fort Carlton, near the junction of the north and south branches of the Saskatchewan; and perhaps the finest portion of the whole Fertile Belt, *four hundred miles in length*, lies between this point and the Rocky Mountains. He describes how he found extraordinary wheat crops at Red River, yielding in one instance fifty-six bushels to the acre; Swede turnips so large that four weighed 70 lbs., and two others 31 lbs. The potatoes he never saw equalled either in quantity, quality, or size; roots turned up haphazard yielded thirteen to sixteen potatoes each, averaging 3½ inches in diameter; Indian corn, melons, onions, seemed to flourish equally well. The remark of a successful farmer, Mr. Fowler, states very clearly the value of the land, and the real cause of the slow growth and improvement of the settlement to be the want of means of communication with the rest of the world: —

“ Look at that prairie; 10,000 head of cattle might fatten there for nothing. If I found it worth while I could enclose 50, 100, or 500 acres, and from every acre get thirty to forty bushels of wheat. I could grow Indian corn, barley, oats, flax, hemp, hops, turnips, tobacco, any thing you wish, and to any amount; but

what would be the use? There are no markets — it's a chance if my wheat's taken, and my potatoes I may have to give to the pigs. If we had only a market, you'd have to travel long before you would see the like of these prairies about the Assiniboine."

Mr. Hind states that in this one district of the Red River and Assiniboine millions of acres of land which cannot be surpassed for fertility, being composed of rich prairie mould from 18 in. to 2ft. deep, lie free and unoccupied, inviting settlement. He notices the discontent prevailing in the colony amongst all who were not in some way connected with the Company, but refrains from passing any remark upon the influence of the Company on the condition and progress of the Settlement, although he alludes to the extraordinary deeds by which land is granted. With respect to the practicability of establishing a road from Lake Superior to Red River he entirely disagrees with Captain Palliser (who had not explored the route) as to its extreme difficulties, although he admits that it is the chief and indeed only obstacle to an easy passage across the continent through British territory; asserting from personal observation that the outlay of a few thousand pounds would make the route available for emigrants, and the journey practicable in from three to six days according to the line selected, which will bring the Red River settlement within twenty or twenty-two days of Liverpool. In such case, however, the way would lie near the boundary line, no route having been explored in a direct line north of the frontier, although it is probable this might prove very difficult, from the ranges of hills which would have to be crossed at right angles to the axes of the chains.

Of the climate Professor Hind speaks as favourably as Dr. Hector. The summer temperature is high, and the winter cold of great severity, but the absence of late spring and early autumn frosts, with an abundant fall of rain during the agricultural months, are distinguishing features, while the fact of the melon and Indian corn ripening by August and September are strong proofs of the almost uniform absence of summer frosts, and the intensity of winter cold is of comparatively small moment. A comparison between the climate of Toronto and Red River shows that the temperature of the latter ranges three degrees higher in summer and two degrees lower in winter than the former, giving a mean temperature of one degree higher in favour of Red River. The low elevation of the Red River prairies,

of only 730 feet above the sea, and the Saskatchewan of from 1,200 to 1,600 feet, accounts to some extent for their high spring and summer temperature, and also perhaps for the fact that there is a far greater rainfall along the Fertile Belt than even in Upper Canada, which is one cause of its vast superiority in point of fertility to the great American desert to the south. The soft westerly breezes passing through a great depression in the Rocky Mountains which occurs in this latitude bring heat and moisture from the Pacific, while up the Valley of the Mississippi to that of Red River, stream warm and humid currents from the Gulf of Mexico. These genial winds about this point from time to time encounter the north-easterly blasts which come keen and cold from arctic regions, and chilled by the contact the excess of moisture is discharged in refreshing showers over the favoured zone. Colonel Lefroy noticed that the thermometer rose rapidly at Fort Simpson whenever the wind changed to the southwest from an easterly direction, the warmer air of the Pacific being carried across the Rocky Mountains without much loss of temperature, and this explains in great measure the rapid improvement of the climate to the west of Lake Superior. The plague of locusts which is instanced as one of the great drawbacks to the cultivation of the soil in Red River, has only occurred in 1818, 1819, and 1857. Minnesota suffered in the same way, and in New England their ravages have at times been so great that days of fasting and prayer were appointed on account of the calamity.

Floods have occurred twice since the foundation of the settlement fifty-five years ago, and caused great loss, houses and barns and cattle being swept away, and the country changed to one great lake for many miles on either side the river. But the rarity of their occurrence places the Red River settlement in no worse condition than many districts of France, and even some places in our own country. The Saskatchewan district, too, the largest and richest portion of the Fertile Belt, appears to be as free from floods as it is from the plague of locusts.

We cannot sum up Mr. Hind's conclusions better than his own words:—

"North of the great American desert, there is a broad slip of fertile country, rich in water, wood, and pasturage, drained by the North Saskatchewan, and a continuation of the fertile prairies of the Red River and Assiniboine. It is a physical reality of the highest importance to the interests of British North America that

this continuous belt can be settled and cultivated from a few miles west of the Lake of the Woods to the passes of the Rocky Mountains; and any line of communication, whether by wagon-road or railroad, passing through it, will eventually enjoy the great advantage of being fed by an agricultural population from one extremity to the other. No other part of the American continent possesses an approach even to this singularly favorable disposition of soil and climate; which last feature, notwithstanding its rigor during the winter season, confers, on account of its humidity, inestimable value on British America south of the fifty-fourth parallel. The occupation and government of the basin of Lake Winnepeg has already become a serious question, and, even before the rising generation succeed to the responsibilities of those who now rule the destinies of this great empire, they may have occasion to lament a lost opportunity of inestimable worth or rejoice in the extension of British dominion over loyal populations extending in an unbroken series from the eastern to the western hemisphere."

Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle, who traversed the Fertile Belt throughout its whole length, spending the greater part of two summers and a winter there, and who visited the great forest to the north of it, the vast prairies to the south, and penetrated through the Rocky Mountains, speak with unqualified admiration of the beauty and fertility of this Belt of park-like country:—

"Rich prairies with from three to five feet of alluvial soil are ready for the plough, or offer the luxuriant grasses which in the old time fattened countless bands of buffalo, to domesticated herds. Woods, lakes, and streams diversify the scene, and offer timber, fish, and myriads of wild fowl; yet this glorious country, estimated at sixty-five thousand square miles, and forty millions of acres of the richest soil, capable of supporting twenty millions of people, is, from its isolated position, and the difficulties put in the way of settlement by the governing power, hitherto left utterly neglected and useless, except for the support of a few Indians and the employes of the Hudson Bay Company."

They point out, moreover, that this fine agricultural country lies close to the gold-fields of British Columbia, to which it is the very supplement required, for British Columbia has little land fit for cultivation. They demonstrated by their journey across the Rocky Mountains which separate the Fertile Belt from the gold-fields (in the part where Dr. Hector failed to get through) that communication could be easily established in a direct line by the Leather or

Yellow Head Pass, which forms a natural roadway through the chain, and the utmost height of which is 3,760 feet, thus verifying Captain Palliser's prediction that a good route would thereabouts be found.

With respect to the influence of the Hudson's Bay Company on the country, they have no hesitation in declaring that their interests are opposed to its development, and it is their policy to discourage immigration, and keep the country as one vast preserve for the fur-growing animals. Lord Milton and his companion agree also with Mr. Corbett and Mr. Ibister that the authorities of Rupert's Land prevent free-trade as much as possible; and since the failure of their attempt to enforce the monopoly by arrest and imprisonment, they have put every obstacle in the way of the free-trader by tabooing such offenders, refusing to furnish them with any thing out of their stores. They remark upon the ill-feeling this obstructive policy has caused among the independent population, who naturally enough have little faith in the justice of laws framed, as they believe, for the protection of the Company rather than the public good. While giving all credit to the great Fur Company for the justice and kindness of their dealing with the Indians, and the exercise of their absolute power righteously and wisely until an opposing element in the free settlers of Red River arose, they express a hope that the power may now pass from the hands of a community so wedded to one sole object—the promotion of the fur trade. They urge the formation of a road across the continent; and assert that, with the exception of one or two rocky and precipitous bluffs, there are no engineering difficulties of any importance in the way of making a highway from the Red River settlement to the centre of British Columbia.

Having gone through the evidence furnished by the books before us, we are enabled to come to a tolerably definite conclusion upon the value of the country, its present condition under the sway of the Company, and the practicability of its being developed into a prosperous colony, which would form an important member of the projected British American Confederation. In spite of the disparaging estimate of Mr. Edward Ellice and Sir George Simpson, and the unfavourable impression of the territory which has been so industriously propagated by the Hudson's Bay Company, we are compelled to believe on overwhelming testimony that the Fur Company possess, or claim to possess, a grand estate larger than most kingdoms, and a great portion of it of un-



equalled natural resources, which they persistently decline to colonize or improve, or put to any use, but keep strictly as an uninhabited wild for the sole purpose of the fur-trade. The cream of this territory, larger than England and Wales together, is described as a beautiful and fertile land by almost every traveller who has visited it, and even Sir George Simpson was led away in an unguarded moment by its rich beauty to extol its productive plains, its woods and copses, its sylvan lakes and its well-watered meadows. Nature marching from east to west showered her bounties on the land of the United States until she reached the Mississippi; but there she turned aside and went northward to favour British territory. The fertility of the Western States is proverbial, and of these, Minnesota, the most northerly and one of the youngest, has advanced with the most rapid strides. The country is a beautiful combination of prairies and woods, of rolling hills and smiling valleys, of meadows, lakes, and streams. The newly-arrived immigrant selects some pleasant spot, where the prairie and woodland meet, and builds his log-hut, and fences his fields with the timber at his hand, and ploughs up, without obstruction from stumps of trees or rocks or even stones, what he desires of the rich soft mould of the level plain. The heavy crops of natural grasses which cover the rest for miles and miles, supply inexhaustible pasture for his flocks and herds, and abundance of hay for winter use. His farm is ready made to hand, for there is no clearing of the forest as in the true backwoods; and he knows that he does not labour in vain, for the seed he sows will repay him a hundred-fold. Such is the farmer's paradise in the North-western States of America; and so attractive is it, that thousands and thousands of emigrants crowd there yearly, and cities instantly rise up in wilds where the buffalo and the cabris had their home but a few years before. So rapid has been the growth and so great the prosperity of the young State of Minnesota, the "not very hospitable country" of Mr. Ellice, that although it was not organized into a "Territory" until 1849, with four or five thousand inhabitants, it was admitted as a State in 1859, with a population of more than 200,000, and during the war sent 15,000 soldiers into the field, paying besides a heavy war-tax, which in 1864 amounted to upwards of \$8,000,000 dollars, or 8,000,000*l*. The value of land has risen from 5*s*. an acre to an average of 1*l*. 5*s*. 3*d*.

This has taken place on the very border of the Hudson's Bay territories, in that part

of Minnesota drained by the Red River amongst the rest, the southern portion of the basin of Lake Winnepeg. Canada cannot compete with the North-western States. The forests she offers have not the charm for the farmer which the parks and prairies of Illinois, Wisconsin, or Minnesota possess. It is true enough that the soil is good, but it takes a lifetime to make a well-cleared farm in the Canadian woods. The prairies of the West are ready for the plough, or the reception of innumerable cattle. And it is probable that the preference shown by emigrants for the latter is not due so much to a desire to live under republican institutions, as to obtain the superior material advantages which they possess.

This wealth of agricultural land of unequalled quality, so fit for the rapid and easy creation of farms, is not boundless. The new States of Minnesota, Iowa, and Kansas, have reached the western limits of this beautiful region. The line of the Red River marks roughly the eastern boundary of the barren plain of the central portion of North America, the great American desert — where there is a scarcity of wood and water. This stretches away for 800 or 1,000 miles to the base of the Rocky Mountains on the west. To the north, however, the good land of the Western States is prolonged beyond the forty-ninth parallel, where it enters British territory as the Fertile Zone. In the United States, from the borders of Minnesota, Iowa, and Kansas, to California, the country is dry, barren, unfruitful, and unfit for the habitation of man. North of the boundary line, from Canada to British Columbia, we have a continuation of the fine country which is the glory of Minnesota. The basin of Lake Winnepeg, 400,000 square miles in extent, is not indeed entirely of this character. It is encroached on to some extent by the great forests of the North, by the so-called coteau ground, and by the great prairies of the South. The forest land is here very fertile, and will eventually be cleared and cultivated. The coteau ground is a limited region of sharp ridges and elevated plateaux — a spur of the great desert projecting into British America, and suitable only for grazing grounds. The great prairie country will ultimately be available; for although bare of timber now, except along the banks of streams, woods will spring up when devastating fires cease to rage there.

This has proved to be the case in Missouri, where grassy plains become dotted with copses, without planting by the hand of man, whenever the Indians, who are the originat-

ors of the prairie-fires, are driven away by the approaching civilization. But leaving out of the question those Southern parts which are less immediately adapted for settlement, it appears that there are from 60,000 to 100,000 square miles, or from forty to sixty millions of acres, lying directly between the two colonies of Canada and British Columbia, which possess every possible qualification for agricultural purposes.

There are the same alluvial plains, with stretches of woodland, which have attracted such vast numbers of emigrants to the Western States, and speedily placed them in a condition of prosperity which they had never known in the Old World. The country offers not only every advantage to the tiller of the soil, but every charm of soft and lovely scenery to the lover of nature. The landscape gardening is often finished to perfection. Beautiful natural little parks and pleasure grounds continually appear, waiting for man to step in and enjoy and utilize what is prepared for him;—a tiny prairie, perhaps of a few hundred acres, dotted with wonderfully circular patches of birch and aspens, with here and there a dark fir towering up amongst the lighter greens, and thickets of dogwood and hazel; in the little plain a winding lake fed by a clear bubbling stream, and alive with fish; resting on its surface are the wild swan and the goose, the mallard, the famed canvas-back, and the dainty blue-winged teal, while the crane and the stilt-plover stalk along its shores. As you walk through the flowery meadow, broods of prairie-birds, flutter up from beneath your feet; and in the copses, round whose edges the white and purple vetches, tiger-lilies, and roses bloom in profusion, the rabbits steal silently away as you enter, and the ruffed grouse darts out with a loud whirr through the trees. Park and garden, shrubbery and lawn, ornamental water, wood and meadow, fish and game preserves, are all complete. The house and its tenant, with his plough and his flocks and herds, are alone wanting.

The fertility of the soil is shown undeniably by the luxuriant grasses which in times past fattened millions of buffalo, and on which the cattle and sheep and horses of the different trading posts thrive so admirably now; while the success of the farmers of the Red River settlement and elsewhere, and the enormous yield of the grain and root crops, proves that the staples of vegetable food of temperate climates flourish as well as the indigenous plants. The climate is in many respects superior to that of the finest parts of Upper Canada.

The country is not only well adapted for agricultural purposes, but it abounds in mineral wealth also. Coal crops out at intervals in seams of ten or twelve feet thick from the Mackenzie in the Far North to the Saskatchewan in the South; these outcrops along the same line being apparently portions of one great field which dips gradually towards the East, and extends through six or eight degrees of latitude.

Ironstone has been discovered in great quantities in the Saskatchewan and Athabasca, and miners have already obtained a considerable amount of gold on the Saskatchewan. Sulphur abounds on the Peace and Smoky Rivers. Salt is plentiful near Great Slave Lake; plumbago and mineral pitch on Lake Athabasca; copper, native and in the form of malachite, on the Coppermine River; limestone and granite form the bases of the mountain ranges. There is little doubt that the Rocky Mountains will prove as rich in minerals in this latitude as they have done in California, and that the continuation of the granite range of Lake Superior which runs through Rupert's Land north of the Fertile Belt possesses the same been found to exist to such an extent in the valuable copper and iron ores which have Canadian portion of the chain. This was anticipated by Sir John Richardson, who states that it would well repay the Company to investigate the mineral resources of their territory, for they would surely find stores of wealth which alone would far surpass all the profits of the fur trade.

The country is easily accessible from Minnesota. About this there is no difference of opinion. Communication with Canada could also be established without much difficulty from the shores of Lake Superior along the Pigeon River or the Kaministiquia, to Rainy River and the Lake of the Woods, the route formerly used by the North-west Company, where is magnificent land, and about 400 miles of water fit for steam navigation. Vessels of considerable tonnage can now pass direct from the Atlantic to Lake Superior by means of the canals which connect the chain of great lakes, so that a ship may sail from Liverpool to within 400 miles of the Red River settlement. Whether more direct communication with Canada, overland, along the north shores of Lakes Huron and Superior can be at once established, is rendered uncertain from the fact that that region has not been properly explored. The little that is known of it confirms the belief that the ground in the immediate vicinity of the lakes is rich in

minerals, while further back there is much good land covered with valuable timber. That direct communication will ultimately result from the development of the Huron and Superior mines, and the advance of the western settlements of Upper Canada from the Ottawa, seems undoubted.

The great Colonization road has already reached Lake Nipissing, and other roads are in course of formation, which will complete the land communication between the Ottawa and the settlements on the Sault Ste. Marie — the falls between Lake Huron and Lake Superior. But whether the country be entered through Canada, or for a short time at first only through the United States, we cannot resist the conclusion that such a valuable territory ought not to be permitted to run waste any longer. Fifty years ago, when the company seemed inclined to favour settlement, Lord Selkirk visited his infant colony of Red River; and although he knew little or nothing of the capabilities of the western portion of the Fertile Belt, he declared, as he looked upon the wide-spreading alluvial plains of Red River, that it was a very moderate calculation to say, that, if those regions were occupied by an industrious population *they might afford ample means of subsistence to more than thirty millions of British subjects.*

But the question of the colonization of this territory has a wider range than the simple development of its agricultural and mining resources. We must agree with Mr. Hind that it is a physical reality of the highest importance to the interests of British North America that this continuous belt of country can be settled and cultivated from the Kaministiquia to the Rocky Mountains, and that it thus offers the only route across this portion of the continent where supplies of food could be obtained throughout. The advantages which a road or railway passing through it would have over one traversing the desert to the South, would be enormous. The timber and coal alone are sufficient to establish its superiority.

From what we have seen already, the opening of communication between the western settlements of Canada and Red River is merely a work of time, and already commenced. West of Red River lie the rolling prairies and mixed country of the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan, which offer no impediment, and a good cart trail already exists across them for more than 900 miles. The great barrier of the Rocky Mountains is cleft asunder in this very latitude, so that the road along the Fertile Zone runs in a

direct line up to the lowest and easiest pass of only 3,760 feet above the sea — a natural gateway leading to the Pacific. Immediately through this lies British Columbia, which abounds in minerals, and possesses unequalled timber and fisheries, but is almost entirely destitute of land fit for agriculture, so that the colony is compelled to draw all its supplies of food from Oregon and California. The road across the continent, therefore, by this route would connect the mining country of British Columbia with the agricultural country of the Fertile Belt, whence could be drawn all the necessaries of life now obtained from American sources.

In Vancouver Island, close by, are large beds of coal, which have been already successfully worked for several years, and the harbour of Esquimault is one of the finest in the world.

At Halifax, in Nova Scotia, there is also a fine harbour, and abundance of coal. If a railway were made along the Fertile Belt from Halifax to some point in British Columbia near to Esquimault in Vancouver Island, the route would pass through fertile land, entirely within British territory, and from a good harbour and ample supply of coal on the Atlantic to a still finer harbour and larger coal supply on the Pacific. We should thus have the most direct communication possible with India, China, and Japan in our own hands. The journey could clearly be made more quickly by this route. Allowing ten days for the voyage from Southampton or Liverpool to Halifax, and six days for the 3000 miles across the continent by railway, since Esquimault is but 6,053 miles from Hong Kong, or about twenty-one days' steaming, the whole distance from England to China would be accomplished in thirty-eight days at a very liberal computation, being from thirteen to eighteen days less than the present overland route *via* Suez.

It may be premature to speak of railway communication across the continent until the country through which the line would pass is more extensively settled. But the project of a road to the Pacific is by no means a novel one, nor is it so visionary as it may at first sight appear. Two hundred years ago, Cavalier de la Sale, a French Canadian, conceived the idea of reaching the Western Ocean by way of the great lakes. A similar attempt of this kind, under the direction of the Marquis de Beauharnais, then governor of "New France," led to the discovery of the Rocky Mountains. Since then the scheme has been fre-

mently mooted, and has even attracted the ingenuitous notice of the English Government, who, however, have of course carefully avoided any action in the matter. The feat has been accomplished at last, not by Englishmen or Canadians, but by Americans.

The road has been carried, not through a beautiful country like the Fertile Belt, but through the barren wilderness of the American desert, inhabited by fierce and hostile Indians. The Rocky Mountains are crossed by a steep and high pass, unlike the easy gradients and low elevation of the Leather Pass in British territory. But in spite of this a road has been made and already in use for several years, so that by it California is in daily communication with the Western States. Moreover, a telegraph line has been established, which paid the cost of its construction in a single year. Surely with this example before us we cannot doubt the possibility of a route through the far more inviting British territory.

Yet the Americans have done still more. They have actually commenced and completed many hundred miles of two branches of a railway which is to run from St. Paul in Minnesota and St. Louis in Missouri to California. They know that the railway will attract rapid colonization in its track, and that railways have done before throughout the West. With a view to promote more direct communication with China, the American Congress passed a Bill in 1865 granting a subsidy for the establishment of a line of steamers between San Francisco and Hong Kong, which is now actually in operation. San Francisco possesses no coal except what is shipped from Pennsylvania or Vancouver Island, the British line of communication would have an immense advantage over its rival.

The project of uniting the British North American colonies in one Confederation has made such progress by the union of the two Canadas, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, that its full accomplishment can hardly be thought doubtful. This gives additional importance and interest to the Hudson's Bay territories. Are British Columbia and Vancouver Island to be left out in the cold of their elder brethren in the East? Let the Southern portion of Rupert's Land be settled and formed into a colony, communication opened with the other colonies on the other hand, and we shall have a chain of British provinces in North America, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, united in one grand Confederation, holding in our hands the true highway to the East. The latter is becoming urgent. The Americans

are pushing up to the boundary line rapidly. Nay, Yankee traders have actually entered the hitherto sacred preserve of the Company, and buy furs before their eyes in Red River. American miners have squatted on the banks of the Saskatchewan. As the neighbouring State of Minnesota fills up, American emigrants will throng more and more over the boundary line into the Fertile Belt. They cannot spread westward within the limits of the United States, for the great American desert forbids it. In most significant relation to this view of the question are the facts that the settlers of Red River, discontented with the partial government of the Company, are half inclined to look favourably upon any prospect of annexation to the United States; that an attempt has been made in the Legislature of Vancouver to vote such annexation of that Island; and that in the last Session of the American Congress a bill was introduced by General Banks, which proposed to obtain the cession of Rupert's Land from the Hudson's Bay Company, to organize it into two "territories," with the ultimate view of their being admitted as States into the Union. Although the introduction of this bill was probably a mere party move to gratify the anti-English section of the American people, it shows that they are alive to the discontent that prevails at Red River, to the value of the territory, and the neglect which it has hitherto met with from the English Government. Is it altogether unlikely, as the settlers of Red River suggest in their petition, that the American flood may prove irresistible if we do not anticipate it by immediate occupation? The Hudson's Bay Company stands in the way of such a step. They have, it is true, made professions of an intention to open out the country, but have done little to forward any such design. In 1863 they published a prospectus of reconstruction, and issued and sold shares to the amount of 2,000,000*l.*, on the distinct and absolute pledge that "the southern district will be opened to European colonization under a liberal and systematic scheme of land settlement." The money was raised on this express understanding three years ago; but up to the present time the only step they have taken has been to send out Dr. Rae to survey a route for a telegraph line across the continent, which would be connected with the Russian telegraph to British Columbia, and thus complete the chain round the world. Dr. Rae we believe, reported that no difficulty what, ever existed along the Fertile Belt and through the Leather Pass, and there the

faint attempt to carry out their programme ended. The old directors, leavened with the old leaven of the monopoly, came into power, and content themselves with struggling vainly to keep up the fast-failing fur trade, to the neglect of far greater sources of wealth in their power to develop. They hope, doubtless, that they may be saved all further trouble by the purchase of the territory either by the Canadian or British Government. The time seems to have come, indeed, when, since the teeming human life of the United States is pressing onward into this preserve for animals, where settlement is prevented, commerce prohibited, and free government denied to an English community of 10,000 people, who have but one lawgiver, one executive, one merchant, one banker — the Company itself — this anomalous and unjust condition should cease, and the Last Great Monopoly share the fate of all others which have preceded it. Let the proprietors be compensated for the loss of their property, but that property must be transferred from their hands to be put to better uses. The Hudson's Bay Company have, we are willing to believe, ruled well and justly, as far as they could do so compatibly with the inter-

ests of their trade. They have explored the country, and prepared the way for settlement. The great travellers who were the servants of the North-west Company or its rival, Mackenzie, Lewis, and Clarke, Dease and Simpson, and Dr. Rae, have contributed more to our knowledge of North America than any others, and left undying names behind them. The corporation has rendered good service, too, by maintaining amicable relations with the Indians, and for many years past prohibiting the use of spirituous liquors in their traffic. They have thus caused the British name to be loved and respected by the natives, exhibiting in this point a marked and most favourable contrast to the reckless dealings of the American Fur Companies. But their time has gone by. This rich country can be spared for their sole benefit no longer. The injustice of permitting a colony to remain in the condition of the Red River settlement calls for immediate redress; and we hope that this urgent question will receive the most serious attention of Parliament during the present session, for its consideration may not be with safety delayed.

**THE TENT ON THE BEACH, AND OTHER POEMS.** — By John Greenleaf Whittier. (Boston, Ticknor & Fields; London, Trübner.) — The poem which gives its name to this volume is made up of several short lyrical pieces strung on a thread of narrative. Longfellow's "Wayside Inn" may have served as a model for Mr. Whittier's "Tent on the Beach;" and, in addition to this resemblance of the framework, the scenes of some of the pictures are, like Longfellow's, laid in Scandinavian and Italian climates. But there is nothing else that savors of imitation in the present volume. Mr. Whittier is more happy in his American stories than in his foreign sketches, with the exception of the Zealand legend of Kallundborg Church. But in one of his American pieces there is a note that rather jars on the solemnity of the accompaniment. In May, 1780 a sudden and fearful darkness came over Connecticut, and the assembled House of Representatives feared the approach of the Day of Judgment. Mr. Whit-

tier makes one of them say, "It is the Lord's Great Day! *Let us adjourn.*" But the boldest one present rises, and says that if it is the Day of Judgment, they ought to be found at their posts, and he concludes with, —

"Bring in the candles.' And they brought them in.  
Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,  
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,  
An Act to amend an Act to regulate  
The shad and alewife fisheries."

There is a quaint, grim humour about this that is peculiarly American, and too abrupt, artistically. Mr. Whittier rather delights in grotesque of a somewhat subdued order. But the other poems in this volume are more completely harmonized, and some are perfectly beautiful. — *Spectator.*

## CHAPTER XII.

## IN WHICH CLEVE VERNEY WAYLAYS AN OLD LADY.

CLEVE visited the old Priory next day, but there had been no one to look at it since. He took a walk in the Warren, and killed some innocent rabbits, and returned an hour later. Still no one. He loitered about the ruins for some time longer, but nothing came of it. The next day in like manner he again inspected the Priory, to the wonderment of Mrs. Hughes, who kept the keys, and his yacht was seen till sunset hovering about Penruthyn. He drove into the town also now and then, and looked in on the shop-keepers, and was friendly as usual; and on these occasions always took a ramble either over the hill or by the old Malory Road, in the direction of the Dower-house.

But the Malory people seemed to have grown still more cautious and reserved since the adventure of Penruthyn Priory. Sunday came, and Miss Anne Sheekleton sat alone in the Malory pew.

Cleve, who had been early in his place, saw the old lady enter alone and the door shut, and experienced a pang of disappointment—more than disappointment, it amounted to pain.

If in the dim light of the Malory seat he had seen, once more, the Guido that haunted him, he could with pleasure have sat out three services, with three of the longest of good Mr. Splayfoot's long sermons. But as it was, it dragged wofully—it made next to no way; the shrilly school-children and the deep-toned Mr. Bray sang more verses than ever to the solemn drone of the organ, and old Splayfoot preached as though he'd preach his last. Even Cleve's watch, which he peeped at with a frequency he grew ashamed of, limped and loitered over the minutes cruelly.

The service would not have seemed so nearly interminable if Cleve had not resolved to waylay and accost the lady at the other side—even at the risk of being snubbed for his pains; and to him, full of this resolve, the interval was miserable.

When the people stood up after the blessing, Cleve Verney had vanished. From the churchyard he had made his exit, by the postern door, from which he and his enamoured friend, Sedley had descended a week before to the narrow road, under the town wall, leading to Malory.

Down this he walked listlessly till he

reached that lonely part of the road which is over-arched by trees; and here, looking over the sloping fields toward the sea, as if at the distant mountains, he did actually waylay Miss Sheekleton.

The old lady seemed a little flurried and shy, and would, he fancied, have gladly been rid of him. But that did not weigh much with Cleve, who, smiling and respectful, walked by her side after he had made his polite salutation. A few sentences having been first spoken about indifferent things, Cleve said—

"I've been to the old Priory twice since I met you there."

"Oh!" said Miss Anne Sheekleton, looking uneasily toward Malory. He thought she was afraid that Sir Booth's eye might chance to be observing them.

Cleve did not care. He rather enjoyed her alarm, and the chance of bringing matters to a crisis. She had not considered him much in the increased jealousy with which she had cloistered up her beautiful reclusé ever since that day which burned in his memory and cast a train of light along the darkness of the interval. Cleve would have been glad that the old man had discovered and attacked him. He thought he could have softened and even made him his friend.

"Do you never purpose visiting the ruin again?" asked Cleve. "I had hoped it interested you and Miss Fanshawe too much to be dropped on so slight an acquaintance."

"I don't know. Our little expeditions have been very few and very uncertain," hesitated Miss Sheekleton.

"Pray, don't treat me quite as a stranger," said Cleve in a low and earnest tone; "what I said the other day was not, I assure you, spoken upon a mere impulse. I hope, I am sure, that Miss Fanshawe gives me credit at least for sincerity."

He paused.

"Oh! certainly, Mr. Verney, we do."

"And I so wish you would tell her that I have been ever since thinking how I can be of any real use—ever so little—if only to prove my anxiety to make her trust me even a little."

"I think, Mr. Verney, it is quite enough if we don't distrust you; and I can assure you we do not," said the spinster.

"My uncle, though not the sort of man you may have been led to suppose him—not at all an unkind man—is, I must allow, a little odd and difficult sometimes—you see I'm not speaking to you as a stranger—and he won't do things in a moment; still

if I knew exactly what Sir Booth expected from him—if you think I might venture to ask an interview”——

“Quite impossible! You must not think of it,” exclaimed the lady with a look almost of terror, “just now, while all is so fresh, and feelings so excited, he’s in no mood to be reasonable, and no good *could* come of it.”

“Well, you know best, of course. But I expect to be called away, my stay at Ware can’t be much longer. My uncle writes as if he wants me; and I wish so much, short as it is, that I could improve it to any useful purpose. I can’t tell you how very much I pity Miss Fanshawe, immured in that gloomiest of all gloomy places. Such an unnatural and terrifying seclusion for one so very young.”

“It is certainly very triste,” said Miss Sheckleton.

“She draws, you told me, and likes the garden, and reads; you must allow me to lend you some books, won’t you? *you* I say; and you can lend them to her,” he added, seeing a hesitation, “and you need take no trouble about returning them. Just lock them up anywhere in the house when you’ve done with them, and I’ll get them when you leave Malory, which I hope won’t be for a long time, unless it be for a very much pleasanter residence.”

Here came a pause; the eyes of the two pedestrians were directed toward Malory as they descended the road; but no sign of life was visible in that quarter.

“You got home very well that day from the Priory; I watched you all the way,” said he at last.

“Oh! yes; the distance is nothing.”

Another little pause followed.

“You’re not afraid, Miss Sheckleton, of venturing outside the walls. I fear, however, I’ve a great deal to answer for in having alarmed Miss Fanshawe, though quite unintentionally, for the safety of Sir Booth’s incognito. The secret is known to no one but to me and the persons originally entrusted with it; I *swear* to you it’s so. There’s no reason on earth for your immuring yourselves as you do within those melancholy precincts; it excites curiosity, on the contrary, and people begin to pry and ask questions; and I trust you believe that I would not trifle or mislead you upon such a subject.”

“You are very good,” answered Miss Sheckleton, looking down. “Yes, we are

obliged to be very careful; but it is hardly worth breaking a rule; we may possibly be here for so very short a time, you know. And about the books”——

“Oh! about the books I’ll hear nothing; there are books coming for me to Ware, and I shan’t be there to receive them. And I shall be, I assure you, ever so much obliged if you’ll only just give them house-room—they’ll be so much safer—at Malory; and you won’t deny me the pleasure of thinking that you and Miss Fanshawe will look over them.”

He fancied she did not like this; and thought she seemed embarrassed to find an evasion; but before she could speak, he continued, “And how is the little squirrel I saw in the boat the other day; Miss Fanshawe’s, I suppose? Such a pretty little thing!”

“Oh! poor little Whisk. There has been a tragedy: some horrid thing, a wild cat or an owl, killed him the other night, and mangled him so; poor little, dear thing, you must not ask.”

“Oh dear! I’m so sorry; and Miss Fanshawe can so ill spare a companion just now.”

“Yes, it has been a great blow; and—and I think, Mr. Verney, I should prefer bidding you good-by *here*,” said Miss Sheckleton, stopping resolutely, and holding out her fingers for him to take; for she was on odd terms of suspicion and confidence—something more than mere chance acquaintance.

He looked towards the wood of Malory—now overlooking them, almost in the foreground; and, I think, if he had seen Miss Fanshawe under its shadows, nothing would have prevented his going right on—perhaps very rashly—upon the chance of even a word from her. But the groves were empty; neither “Earl King” nor his daughter were waiting for them. So, for simply nothing, it would not do to vex the old lady, with whom, for many reasons, it was desirable that he should continue upon good terms, and with real regret he did *there*, as she desired, take his leave, and slowly walk back to Cardyllian, now and then stealing a glance over the old sidewalk of the steep road, thinking that just possibly his Guido might appear in the shadow to greet the old lady at the gate. But nothing appeared—she went in, and the darkness received her.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE BOY WITH THE CAGE.

AT Ware a letter awaited Cleve, from his uncle, the Hon. Kiffyn Fulke Verney. He read it after dinner, with his back to the fire, by a candle, placed on the corner of the chimney-piece. He never was in any great haste to open his uncle's letters, except when he expected a remittance. I must allow they were not entertaining, and did not usually throw much light upon any thing. But it was not safe to omit a single line, for his uncle knew them by wrote, and in their after meetings asked him questions upon some passages, and referred pointedly to others. Uncle Kiffyn was in fact thin-skinned in his vanities, and was a person with whom it would have been highly inconvenient to have been on any but the very best terms.

Cleve had, therefore, to read these closely written despatches with more attention than even his friend Dixie read his Bible. They were a sore trouble, for their length was at times incredible.

As he read these letters, moans, and even execrations, escaped him, such as poets describe as issuing from the abode of torment — "Good heavens! mightn't he have said that in five words?" Then a "Pish!" — "Always grumbling about that executorship. Why did he take it? I do believe he likes it."

And then Cleve read, — "I see no reason why, with respect to you, I may not exercise — as between ourselves, at least — an absolute unreserve with relation to a fact of which through a channel not necessary to particularize, I have just received an authentic assurance, to the effect, namely, that Sir Booth Fanshawe, whose ruin has been brought about, partly by his virtual insanity in opposing me with an insensate pertinacity and an intense ill feeling, on which I offer no observation, but involving an expense to which his impaired means were obviously inadequate, and partly by early follies, profligacies, and vices, is now living concealed in the Rue de —, in Paris." Cleve laughed. "He is a person to whom neither courtesy nor forbearance, as it appears to me, can reasonably be held to be in any respect due from me. There has been a recent order, charging him, as you may have seen by the public papers, with £2,317 costs in the collateral suit connected with the trust cause, in which I was, though I by no means sought the position, the plaintiff, to foreclose the mortgage over Wycroft. I

have written to apprise Milbanke of the fact, that he may take such steps as the nature of the case may suggest." Well for Sir Booth he does not know he's so near! What's this? A postscript! well" — "P.S. — I have opened my letter to introduce this postscript, in consequence of a letter which has just reached me in course of post from Mr. Jos. Larkin, a solicitor, who was introduced to my notice about two years since by a member of the Brandon family, and who is unquestionably a man of some ability in his position in life. His letter is accompanied by a note from Messrs. Nun and Samuels, and the two documents involve considerations so sudden, complicated, and momentous, that I must defer opening them, and request your presence at Verney House on the 15th proximo, when I mean to visit town for the purpose of arriving at a distinct solution of the several reports thus submitted upon a subject intimately connected with my private feelings, and with the most momentous interests of my house."

So abruptly ended the postscript, and for a moment Cleve was seriously alarmed. Could those meddling fellows who had agents everywhere have fished up some bit of Cardyllian gossip about his Malory romance?

He knew very well what the Hon. Kiffyn Fulke Verney would think of that. His uncle could make or mar him. He knew that he had dangerous qualities, being a narrow man, with obstinate resentments. He was stunned for a moment; but then he reflected that all the romance in which he was living had been purely psychological and internal, and that there was no overt act to support the case which he might not confess and laugh at.

"On the 15th proximo" — Very well; on the 15th he would be in town, and hear his uncle upon this subject, involving his "private feelings" and "the most momentous interests of his house." Could it be that his outcast uncle, who had been dragging out a villainous existence in Turkey, under the hospitable protection of the Porte — who was said to have killed the captain of a French man-of-war, in that contemplative retreat, and whom he was wont respectfully to call "the Old Man of the Mountains," was dead at last?

The postscript would bear this interpretation and a pompous liking for mystery, which was one of his uncle's small weaknesses, would account for his withholding the precise information, and nursing, and making much of his secret, and delivering it at



last, like a Cabinet manifesto or a Sessional address.

"If the Old Man of the Mountains be really out of the way, it's an important event for us!"

And a dark smile lighted the young man's face, as he thought of the long train of splendid consequences that would awake at his death-bed, and begin to march before his funeral.

Ambition, they say, is the giant passion. But giants are placable and sleep at times. The spirit of emulation — the lust of distinction — *hominum volūare per ora — digito monstrarier* — in a wider, and still widening sphere — until all the world knows something about you — and so on and on — the same selfish aspiration, and at best, the same barren progress, till at last it has arrived, you are a thoroughly advertised and conspicuous mediocrity, still wishing, and often tired, in the midst of drudgery, and importance and éclat, and then — on a sudden, the other thing comes — the first of the days of darkness which are many.

Thy house shall be of clay,  
A clot under thy head;  
Until the latter day,  
The grave shall be thy bed.

But Nature has her flowers and her fruits, as well as those coarse grains and vegetables on which overgrown reputations are stalled. The Commons lobby, the division list, the bureau, Hansard, the newspapers, the dreary bombast of the Right Hon. Marcus Tullius Countinghouse, which fashion lauds, and no mortal ever reads; the ironies of Mr. Swelter, so far behind the satire of the *Times*; the jokes, so much below *Punch*, of Mr. Rasp, — enjoy these illusions while you may, now, in the days of thy youth, before your time comes, and care catches you, and you are drawn in and ground under the great old machine which has been thundering round and round, and bruising its proper grist, ever since Adam and Eve walked out of Eden.

But beside all this delicious rape-cake and mangold of politics, Cleve Verney had his transient perceptions of the flowers and fruits, as we say, that spring elsewhere. There are fancy, the regrets, the yearnings — something reclusive in the human soul, which will have its day, a day, though brief it may be, of entire domination.

Now it came to pass, among the trees of lonely Malory, at eventide, when the golden air was flooded with the vesper songs of small birds, and the long gray shadows were

stretching into distance, that a little brow Welsh boy, with dark lively eyes, and wire cage in his hand, suddenly stood before Miss Margaret Fanshawe, who awaking from a reverie, with a startled look — the intruders were there unknown — fixed his great eyes upon him.

"You've climbed the wall, little gipsy," said the beautiful lady, with a shake of her head and a little frown, raising her finger threateningly. "What! You say nothing! This is a lonely place don't you know; there are ghosts here and fairies, in Malory. And I'm one of them perhaps," she continued, softening a little, for he looked at her with round eyes of wonder and awe.

"And what do you want here? and what have you got in that cage? Let me see it."

Breaking through an accidental clef among the old trees, one sunset ray streamed on the face of this little Welsh Marillo and now through the wires of the cage gilding them pleasantly as he raised it in his hand, and showed two little squirrels hopping merrily within.

"Squirrels! How curious! My poor little Whisk, there's none like you, funny little Whisk, kind little Whisk, true little thing you loved your mistress, and no one else no one else. He's buried there, under the large rose-bush; I won't cry for you, little Whisk, any more, I said I wouldn't."

She looked wistfully toward the rose-bush and the little head-stone she had girlisk placed at her favourite's grave, and the little boy saw two great crystal tears glittering in her large eyes as she gazed; and she turned and walked a hasty step or two toward it. I don't know whether they were dried, but when she came back she looked as at first.

"I'll buy one of these little things, they are very pretty, and I'll call it Frisk; I'll please myself by thinking it's little Whisk's brother; it may be, you know," she said, unconsciously taking the little into the childish confidence. "What will you sell one of those little things for? perhaps you would not like to part with it, but I'll make it very happy, I shall be very kind to it."

She paused, but the little fellow looked still silently and earnestly in her face.

"Is he deaf or dumb, or a sprite — what are you?" said the girl, looking at him curiously.

A short sentence in Welsh, prettiest of all pretty tongues, with its pleasant accent was the reply.

"Then all my fine sentences have been thrown away, and not one word has he understood!"

Looking at his impenetrable face, and ~~was~~ speaking, she smiled; and in that sudden and beautiful radiance he smiled merrily also.

All this happened under the trees close by the old Refectory wall, at the angle of which is a small door admitting into the stable-yard. Opening this she called "Thomas Jones!" and the Cardyllian "helper," so called, answered the invocation quickly.

"Make out from that little boy, what he is willing to take for one of his squirrels," said she, and listened in suspense while the brief dialogue in Welsh proceeded.

"He says, my lady, he does not know, but will go home and ask; and if you'll give him a shilling for earnest, he'll leave the cage here. So you may look at them for some time, my lady—yes, sure, and see which you would find the best of the two."

"Oh, that's charming!" said she, nodding and smiling her thanks to the urchin, who received the shilling and surrendered the cage, which she set down upon the grass in triumph; and seating herself upon the turf before them, began to talk to the imprisoned squirrels with the irrepressible delight with which any companionable creature is welcomed by the young in the monotony and sadness of solitude.

The sun went down, and the moon rose over Malory, but the little brown boy returned not. Perhaps his home was distant. But the next morning did not bring him back, nor the day, nor the evening; and, in fact, she saw his face no more.

"Poor little deserted squirrels!—two little foundlings!—what am I to think? Tell me, Cousin Anne, was that little boy what he seemed, or an imp that haunts these woods, and wants to entangle me by a bargain uncompleted; or a compassionate spirit that came thus disguised to supply the loss of poor little Whisk; and how and when do you think he will appear again?"

She was lighting her bed-room candle in the faded old drawing-room of Malory, as being about to part for the night, she thus addressed her gray cousin Anne. That old spinster yawned at her leisure, and then said—

"He'll never appear again, dear."

"I should really say, to judge by that speech, that you knew something about him," said Margaret Fanshawe, replacing

her candle on the table as she looked curiously in her face.

The old lady smiled mysteriously.

"What is it?" said the girl; "you must tell me—you *shall* tell me. Come, cousin Anne, I don't go to bed to-night till you tell me all you know."

The young lady had a will of her own, and sat down, it might be for the night, in her chair again.

"As to knowing, my dear, I really *know* nothing; but I have my *suspicions*."

"H—m!" said Margaret, for a moment dropping her eyes to the table, so that only their long silken fringes were visible. Then she raised them once more gravely to her kinswoman's face. "Yes, I *will* know what you suspect."

"Well, I think that handsome young man, Mr. Cleve Verney, is at the bottom of the mystery," said Miss Chatterton, with the same smile.

Again the young lady dropped her eyes gravely, and was for a moment silent. Was she pleased or *dis*-pleased? Proud and sad her face looked.

"There's no one here to tell him that I lost my poor little squirrel. It's quite impossible—the most unlikely idea imaginable."

"I told him on Sunday," said Miss Sheekleton, smiling.

"He had no business to talk about me."

"Why, dear, unless he was a positive brute, he could not avoid asking for you; so I told him you were *deade* about your bereavement—your poor little Whisk, and he seemed so sorry and kind; and I'm perfectly certain he got these little animals to supply its place."

"And so has tricked me into taking a present?" said the young lady, a little fiercely—"he would not have taken that liberty!"

"Liberty, my dear?"

"Yes, *liberty*; if he did not think that we were fallen, ruined people!"

"Now, my dear child, your father's *not* ruined, I maintain it; there will be more left, I'm very certain, than he supposes; and I could have almost beaten you the other day for using that expression in speaking to Mr. Verney; but you *are* so *impetuous*—and then, could any one have done a more thoughtful or a kinder thing, and in a more perfectly delicate way? He *hasn't* made you a present; he has only contrived that a purchase should be thrown in your way, which of all others was exactly what

you most wished ; he has not appeared, and never *will* appear in it ; and I know, for my part, I'm very much obliged to him — *if* he has done it — and I think he admires you too much to run a risk of offending you."

"What?"

"I do — I think he admires you."

The girl stood up again, and took her candle, paused but for a moment by the table looking thoughtfully. Was she paler than usual? or was it only that the light of the candle in her hand was thrown upward on her features? Then she said in a spoken meditation —

"There are dreams that have in them, I think, the germs of insanity; and the sooner we dissipate them, don't you think, the better and the wiser?"

She smiled, nodded, and went away.

Whose dreams did she mean? Cleve Verney's, Miss Sheckleton's, or — could it be, her own?

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### NEWS ABOUT THE HON. ARTHUR VERNEY.

NEXT morning Margaret Fanshawe was unusually silent at breakfast, except to her new friends the squirrels, whose cage she placed on a little table close by, and who had already begun to attach themselves to her. To them she talked, as she gave them their nuts, a great deal of that silvery nonsense which is pleasant to hear as any other pleasant sound in nature. But good old Miss Sheckleton thought her out of spirits.

"She's vexing herself about my conjectures," thought the old lady. "I'm sorry I said a word about it. I believe *I* was a fool, but *she's* a greater one. She's young, however, and has that excuse."

"How old are you, Margaret?" said she abruptly, after a long silence.

"Twenty-two, my last birth-day," answered the young lady, and looked, as if expecting a reason for the question.

"Yes; so I thought," said Miss Sheckleton. "The twenty-third of June — a mid-summer birth-day — your poor mamma used to say — the glow and flowers of summer — a brilliant augury."

"Brilliantly accomplished," added the girl; "don't you think so, Frisk, and you, little Comet? Are you not tired of Malory already, my friends? *My* cage is bigger, but so am I, don't you see; you'd be happier climbing and hopping among the boughs. What am *I* to you, compared with liberty? I did not *a-k* for you, little fools, did I?"

You came to me; and I will open the door of your cage some day, and give you back to the unknown — to chance — from which you came."

"You're sad to-day, my child," said Miss Sheckleton, laying her hand gently on her shoulder. "Are you vexed at what I said to you last night?"

"What did you say?"

"About these little things, — the squirrels."

"No, darling, I don't care. Why should I? They come from Fortune, and the little brown boy. They came no more to *me* than to *you*," said the girl carelessly. "Yes, another nut; you shall, you little wonders!"

"Now, that's just what I was going to say. *I* might just as well have bought them as *you*; and I must confess I coloured my guess a little, for I only mentioned poor Whisk in passing, and I really don't know that he heard me; and I think if he had thought of getting a squirrel for us, he'd have asked leave to send it to *me*. I could not have objected to that, you know; and that little boy may be ill, you know; or something may have happened to delay him, and he'll turn up: and you'll have to make a bargain, and pay a fair price for them yet."

"Yes, of course; I never thought anything else — eventually; and I knew a long you were jesting. I told these little creatures so this morning, over and over again. If they could speak they would say so. Would not you, you two dear little witches?"

So she carried out her pets with her, and hung their cage among the boughs of the tree that stood by the rustic seat to which she used to take her book.

"Well, I've relieved her mind," thought Miss Sheckleton.

But, oddly enough, she found the young lady not sad, but rather cross and fierce that afternoon — talking more bitterly than ever to her squirrels, about Malory, and with an angry kind of gayety, of her approaching exile to France.

"It is not always easy to know how to please young ladies," thought Miss Sheckleton. "They won't always take the trouble to know their own minds. Poor thing! It is very lonely — very tiresome, to be sure; — and this little temper will blow over."

So, full of these thoughts, Miss Sheckleton repaired to that mysterious study door within which Sir Booth, dangerous as a caged beast, paced his floor, and stormed

ound his teeth, over — not his own prodigalities, and madness, but the villainies of mankind — glared at his window in his paroxysms, and curses like muttered thunder across over the head of old Pendencyllion — when would subside, and write long, illegible, rubbishy letters to his attorneys in London, which it was Miss Sheckleton's duty to enclose and direct, in her femine style, to her old friend Miss Ogden, in Grosvenor-street, Piccadilly, who saw after the delivery of these missives, and made generally useful during the mystery of the Fanshawe affairs.

Outside the sombre precincts of Malory, the old Fanshawe would not go. Old Sheckleton had urged her. Perhaps she had a girlish perversity; perhaps she disliked the idea of again meeting her old acquaintance. At all events, she refused against any more excursions. Thus she was dull at Malory, and even Sheckleton was weary of her imprisonment.

It was a nice thing to hit the exact point of convenience and difficulty at which an interest in the main sort is piqued, without danger of being killed. Perhaps it is seldom accomplished by art, and a fluke generally does not absolutely certain that there was to be seen here. But there is a spirit of pique — a product of pride, of a sense almost morbid, of a reserve gliding into duplicity, a duplicity without calculation — which yet operates like design. She was piqued — Cleve was angry. The object of the chase was roused, as often as he was seen at the dusky woods of Malory.

Now he had walked on three successive days past the old gateway, and on each day he loitered long on that wind-beaten bank which overlooks the grounds of Malory. It was vain. He was no more accustomed to the chase than Louis XIV. No wonder he was impatient, and meditated the wildest schemes — even that of walking up to the castle, and asking to see Sir Booth and Sheckleton, and, if need be, Miss Fanshawe.

He only knew that, one way or another, he must see her. He was a young man of exorbitant impatience, and a violent man, and would control events.

His passions are consequences, of course, and his passions are controlled in their turn. Time, as mechanical science shows, is an element in power; and patience is a quality. God waits, and God is might. Without patience we enter not into the kingdom of God, which is the kingdom of heaven and the kingdom of eternity.

Cleve Verney's romance, next morning was doomed to a prosaic interruption. He was examining a chart of the Cardyllian estuary, which hangs in the library, trying to account for the boat's having touched the bank at low water, at a point where he fancied there was a fathom to spare, when the rustic servant entered with —

"Please, sir, a gentleman which his name is Mr. Larkin, is at the door, and wishes to see you, sir, on partickler business, please."

"Just wait a moment, Edward. Three fathom — two — four feet — by Jove! So it is. We might have been aground for five hours; a shame there isn't a buoy there — got off in a coach, by Jove. Larkin? Has he no card?"

"Yes, sir, please."

"Oh! yes — very good. Mr. Larkin — The Lodge. Does he look like a gate-keeper?"

"No, sir, please; quite the gentleman."

"What the devil can he want of me? Are you certain he did not ask for my uncle?"

"Yes, sir — the Honourable Mr. Verney — which I told him he wasn't here."

"And why did not you send him away, then?"

"He asked if you were here, and wished to see you partickler, sir."

"Larkin — the Lodge; what is he like — tall or short — old or young?" asked Cleve.

"Tall gentleman, please, sir — not young — helderly, sir, rayther."

"By Jove! Larkin? I think it is. — Is he bald — a long face, eh?" asked Cleve with sudden interest.

"Yes, sir, a good deal in that way, sir — rayther."

"Show him in," said Cleve; "I shall hear all about it, now," he soliloquized as the man departed. "Yes, the luckiest thing in the world!"

The tall attorney, with the tall bald forehead and pink eyelids entered simpering, with hollow jaws, and a stride that was meant to be perfectly easy and gentleman-like. Mr. Larkin had framed his costume upon something he had once seen upon somebody whom he secretly worshipped as a great authority in quiet elegance. But every article in the attorney's wardrobe looked always new — a sort of lavender was his favourite tint — a lavender waistcoat, lavender trowsers, lavender gloves — so that, as the tall lank figure came in, a sort of blooming and vernal effect, in spite of his open black frock-coat, seemed to enter and freshen the chamber.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Larkin? My uncle is at present in France. Sit down, pray — can I be of any use?" said Cleve, who now recollected his appearance perfectly, and did not like it.

The attorney, smiling engagingly, more and more, and placing a very smooth new hat upon the table, sat himself down, crossing one long leg over the other, throwing himself languidly back, and letting one of his long arms swing over the back of his chair, so that his fingers almost touched the floor, said —

"Oh?" in a prolonged tone of mild surprise. "They quite misinformed me in town — not at Verney House — I did not allow myself time to call there; but my agents, they assured me that your uncle, the Honourable Kiffyn Fulke Verney, was at present down here at Ware, and a most exquisite retreat it certainly is. My occupations, and I may say my habits, call me a good deal among the residences of our aristocracy," he continued, with a careless grandeur and a slight wave of his hand, throwing himself a little more back, "and I have seen nothing, I assure you, Mr. Verney, more luxurious and architectural than this patrician house of Ware, with its tasteful colonnade, and pilastered front, and the distant view of the fashionable watering-place of Cardyllian, which also belongs to the family; nothing certainly lends a more dignified charm to the scene, Mr. Verney, than a distant view of family property. where, as in this instance, it is palpably accidental — where it is all forced, as in the otherwise highly magnificent seat of my friend Sir Thomas Omnibull, baronet; so far from elevating, it pains one, it hurts one's taste" — and Mr. Jos. Larkin shrugged and winced a little, and shook his head — "Do you know Sir Thomas? — no — I dare say — he's quite a new man, Sir Thomas — we all look on him in that light in our part of the world — a — in fact, a *parvenu*," which word Mr. Larkin pronounced as if it were spelled *pair vennew*. "But you know, the British Constitution, every man may go up — we can't help it — we can't keep them down. Money is power, Mr. Verney, as the Earl of Coachhouse once said to me — and so it is; and when they make a lot of it, they come up, and we must only receive them, and make the best of them."

"Have you had breakfast, Mr. Larkin?" inquired Cleve, in answer to all this.

"Thanks, yes — at Llewinnan — a very sweet spot — one of the sweetest, I should say, in this beauteous country."

"I don't know — I dare say — I think

you wished to see me on business, Mr. Larkin?" said Cleve.

"I must say, Mr. Verney, you will permit me, that I really have been taken a little by surprise. I had expected confidently to find your uncle, the Honourable Kiffyn Fulke Verney, here, where I had certainly no hope of having the honour of finding you."

I must here interpolate the fact that no person in or out of England was more exactly apprised of the whereabouts of the Verneys, uncle and nephew, at the moment when he determined to visit Ware, with the ostensible object of seeing the Hon. Kiffyn Fulke, and the real one of seeing Mr. Cleve, than was my friend Mr. Larkin. He was, however, as we know, a gentleman of ingenious morals and labyrinthine tastes. With Truth he was, as it were, on bowing terms, and invariably spoke of her with respect, but that was all. There was no intimacy, she was an utterly impracticable adviser, and Mr. Larkin had grown up under a more convenient tuition.

"The information, however, I feel concerns you, my dear sir, as nearly, in a manner, as it does your uncle; in fact, your youth taken into account, more momentously than it can so old a gentleman. I would therefore, merely venture to solicit one condition, and that is, that you will be so good as not to mention me to your uncle as having conveyed this information to you, as he might himself have wished to be the first person to open it, and my having done so might possibly induce in his mind an unpleasant feeling."

"I shan't see my uncle before the fifteenth," said Cleve Verney.

"A long wait, Mr. Verney, for such intelligence as it falls to my lot to communicate, which, in short, I shall be most happy to lay before you, provided you will be as good as to say you desire it on the condition I feel it due to all parties to suggest."

"You mean that my uncle need not be told any thing about this interview. I do not see that he need, if it concerns me. What concerns him, I suppose you will tell him, Mr. Larkin."

"Quite so; that's quite my meaning — merely to avoid unpleasant feeling. I am most anxious to acquaint you — but you understand the delicacy of my position with your uncle — and that premised, have now to inform you" — here he dropped his voice, and raised his hand a little, like a good man impressing a sublime religious fact — "that your uncle, the Honourable Arthur Verney, is no more."

The young man flushed up to the very roots of his hair. There was a little pinkish, also on the attorney's long cheeks; or there was something exciting in even making such an announcement. The consequences were so unspeakably magnificent.

Mr. Larkin saw a vision of permanent, confidential, and lucrative relations with the rich Verney family, such as warmed the cold tide of his blood, and made him feel for the moment at peace with all mankind. Cleve was looking in the attorney's eyes — the attorney in his. There was a silence for while you might count three or four. Mr. Larkin saw that his intended client, Cleve — the future Viscount Verney — was puzzled, and a little confounded. Recollecting himself, he turned his shrewd gaze on the marble face of Plato, who stood on his pedestal near the window, and a smile graphic and melancholy lighted up the features and the sad pink eyes of the godly attorney. He raised them; he raised his great hand in the lavender glove, and shook his long head devoutly.

"Mysterious are the dealings of Providence, Mr. Verney; happy those who read the lesson, sir. How few of us so favoured! wonderful are His ways!"

With a little effort, and an affectation of gravity, Cleve spoke: —

"No very great wonder, however, considering he was sixty-four in May last." The young man knew his vagabond uncle Arthur's age to an hour, and nobody can blame him much for his attention to those figures. It might not have happened, of course, in ten or twelve years, but it might have happened, I suppose, at any moment. How did it happen? — Do you know the particulars? But, is there — is there no (he was ashamed to say hope) no chance that he may still be living? — is it quite certain?"

"Perfectly certain, perfectly. In a family matter, I have always made it a rule to be certain before speaking. No trifling with sacred feelings, that has been my rule, Mr. Verney, and although in this case there are mitigations as respects the survivors, considering the life of privation and, solitude and as I have reason to know, of ceaseless self-abasement and remorse, which was all that remained to your unhappy relative, the Honourable Arthur Verney, it was hardly to be desired that the event should be very much longer deferred."

Cleve Verney looked for a moment on the table, in the passing contagion of the good attorney's high moral tone.

Cleve just said "yes," in a low tone, and

shook his head. But rallying, he remarked —

"You, of course, know how the title is affected by this event — and the estates?" And as he raised his eyes he encountered the attorney's fixed upon him with that peculiar rat-like vigilance, concentrated and dangerous, which, as we know, those meek orbs sometimes assumed when his own interests and objects were intensely present to his mind.

Cleve's eye shrank for a second under the enigmatic scrutiny which as instantly gave way, in turn, before his glance.

"Oh, certainly," said the attorney, "the public know always something of great houses, and their position; that is, generally, of course — details are quite another affair. But every one knows the truly magnificent position, Mr. Verney, in which the event places your uncle, and I may say you. At the same time the House of Lords, your house, I may call it now, are, very properly, particular in the matter of evidence."

"Our consul, I suppose," said Cleve —

"If he were cognizant of all the points necessary to put in proof, the case would be a very simple one indeed," said Mr Larkin, with a sad smile, slowly shaking his tall head.

"Where, Mr. Larkin, did my poor uncle die?" inquired Cleve, with a little effort at the word "uncle."

"In Constantinople, sir — a very obscure quarter. His habits, Mr. Verney, were very strange; he lived like a rat — I should say a rabbit in a burrow. Darkness, sir, obscurity — known, I believe, personally to but two individuals. Strange fate. Mr. Verney, for one born to so brilliant an inheritance. Known to but two individuals, one of whom died — what a thing life is! — but a few months before him, leaving, I may say, but one reliable witness to depose to his death; and, for certain reasons, that witness is most reluctant to leave Constantinople, and not very easily to be discovered, even there. You see, Mr. Verney, now, probably, something of the difficulty of the case. Fortunately, I have got some valuable information, confidential, I may say, in its nature, and with the aid of a few valuable local agents, providentially at this moment at my disposal, I think the difficulty may be quite overcome."

"If old Arthur Verney is dead, I'll find proof of the fact," said Cleve; "I'll send out people who will know how to come at it."

"You must be well advised, and very cautious, Mr. Verney — in fact, I may tell

you, you can't be *too* cautious — for I happen to know that a certain low firm are already tampering with the witness."

"And how the devil can it concern any firm to keep us — my uncle Kiffyn Verney out of his rights?" said Mr. Cleve Verney, scornfully.

"Very true, Mr. Verney, in one sense, *no* motive; but I am older in the sad experience of the world than you, Mr. Verney. At your age I *could* not believe it, much later I *would* not. But, ah! Mr. Verney, in the long-run, the facts are too strong for us. Poor, miserable, fallen human nature, it is capable of *any thing*. It is only too true, and too *horrible*. It sticks at *nothing*, my dear Mr. Verney, and their object is to command the witness by this means, and to dictate terms to you — in fact, my dear Mr. Verney, it is shocking to think of it — to *extort money*."

"I hope you over-estimate the difficulty. If the death has occurred, I wager my life we'll prove it, and come what will I hope my uncle will never be persuaded to give those scoundrels a shilling."

"Certainly not — not a shilling — not a farthing — but I have taken prompt, and I trust decisive steps to checkmate those gentlemen. I am not at liberty, just at present, to disclose all I know; I don't say that I could exactly undertake the management of the case, but I shall be very happy to volunteer all the assistance in my power; and, as I say, some accidental circumstances place me in a position to undertake that you shall not be defeated. A break-down, I may mention, would be a more serious matter than you seem to suppose; in fact, I should prefer the Honorable Arthur Verney's living for twelve years more, with clear proof of his death at the end of that time, than matters as they stand at present, with a failure of the necessary proof."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Larkin; my uncle, I am sure, will also be *very* much obliged. I understand, of course, the sort of difficulty you apprehend."

"It's not conjectural, Mr. Verney, I wish it were — but it's past *that*; it *exists*," said the attorney sadly.

"Well, I can only say, we are very much obliged," said Cleve, quite honestly. "I shan't forget your wish, that I should not mention our conversation to my uncle, and if you should learn any thing further" —

"You shall certainly hear it, Mr. Verney. I must now take my leave. Sweet day, and a beautiful country! How blest you are, Mr. Verney, in your situation! I allude to your scenery, and I may add, the

architectural magnificence of this princely residence. What a row of windows as I approached the house! What a number of bed-rooms you must have! Hardly so many, let us hope, as there are mansions, Mr. Verney, in that house to which we humbly trust we are proceeding." Mr. Larkin, who, on his way, had called professionally upon a subscriber to the Gylingden Chapel — an "eminent Christian" — and talked accordingly — perceived that his meat was a little too strong for a babe of Mr. Verney's standing, and concluded more like an attorney of this world.

"Splendid and convenient residence, and in all respects suitable, Mr. Verney, to the fine position of usefulness, and, I may say, splendour, to which you are about being called;" and he smiled round upon the book-cases and furniture, and waved his hand gently, as if in the act of diffusing a benediction.

"Won't you take something, Mr. Larkin, before you go?" asked Cleve.

"No — thanks — no, Mr. Verney — many thanks. It is but an hour since had my modest *dejeuner* at that sweet little inn at Lewinan."

So on the door-steps they parted; the attorney smiling quite celestially, and feeling all a-glow with affability, virtue, and a general sense of acceptance. In fact he was pleased with his morning's work for several reasons — pleased with himself, with Cleve Verney, and confident of gliding into the management of the Verney estates, and a great measure of the Verneys themselves — now seeing before him in the great and cloudy vista of his future a new and gorgeous castle in the air. These chateaux in the good man's horizon had, of late, been multiplying rapidly, and there was now quite a little city of palaces in his perspective — an airy pageant which, I think, he sometimes mistook for the New Jerusalem; he talked and smiled so celestially when he was in view.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### WITHIN THE SANCTUARY.

"So the Old Man of the Mountains is dead at last," thought Cleve. "Poor old sinner — what a mess he made of it — Uncle Arthur! Fine cards, uncle, ill played, sir. I wonder what it all was. To judge by the result, he must have been a precious fool. Of what sort was your folly, I wonder — weak brains, or violent will?"

They say he was clever, — a little bit mad, I dare say; an idea ran away with him, whip and spurs, but no bridle — not unlike me, I sometimes think, headstrong — headlong — but I'll never run in *your* track, though I may break my neck yet. And so this Viscount Verney, *de jure* — out-cast and renegade, *de facto* — has died in one of those squalid lanes of Constantinople, and lies among poor Asiatics, in a Turkish cemetery! This was the meaning of my Uncle Kiffyn's letter — never was mortal in such a fuss and flurry about any thing, as he is at this moment; and yet he must practise his affectation of indifference, and his airs of superiority — *what a fool my Uncle Kiffyn is!*"

Cleve walked back to the study. Things looked changed, somehow. He had never perceived before how old and dingy the furniture was, and how shabby the paint and gilding had grown.

"This house must be made habitable, one of the first things," said he, "and we must take our right place in the county. The Hammerdons have been every thing here. It must not be so."

Cleve went to the window and looked out. The timber of Ware is old and magnificent. The view of Malory and Cardyllian and all that Verney sea-board does make an imposing display across the water. The auctioneering slang of the attorney had under its glare and vulgarity a pleasant foundation of truth; and as the young man viewed this landscape the sun seemed to brighten over it, and he smiled with a new and solemn joy swelling at his heart.

"I hope that attorney fellow, Larkin, will go on and work this thing properly. It would be too bad that any delay should occur for want of proof — another name for want of energy — after the unfortunate old fellow has actually died."

Mr. Larkin's card was upon the table, and with the providence which in all small matters distinguished him, he had written under "The Lodge" his post-town, "Gylingden." So Cleve Verney wrote forthwith to tell him that although he had no authority to direct inquiries in the matter, and that his uncle would, of course, undertake that, he was yet so strongly of opinion that no time should be wasted, and that Mr. Larkin's services might be of the greatest possible value, that he could not forbear writing to say so; and also that he would take the first opportunity of pressing that view upon his uncle. So the letter found the good attorney that evening at "The Lodge." He needed no such spur.

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He was, in fact, very deep in the business already, and, with his own objects in view, was perhaps quite as much excited as either Cleve Verney or his uncle.

When Cleve had despatched this note, the restlessness and fever of this new and great suspense were upon him. It was impossible to sit down and read his magazines and newspapers. Had he been a fisherman, he might have taken his rod and fly-book, and becalmed his excited spirit in that mysterious absorption. But he had never possessed patience for the gentle craft. It ought to be cultivated early for its metaphysical virtues — neither transient like music nor poisonous like opium. For a harassed or excited mind, priceless is the resource of being able to project itself into the condition of the otter or the crane, and think of *nothing* but fish.

Two sedatives, however, were at his disposal — cigars and the sea — and to them he betook himself. Away went the *Wave* over the sparkling sea, with a light breeze, toward the purple dome of Pendillion, streaked with dull yellow rock, and towering softly in the distance. Delightful sea-breeze, fragrant cigars, and gently-rising, misty woods of Malory with their romantic interest — and all seen under the glory of this great news from the East. The cutter seemed to dance and writhe along the waves in elation and delight, and the spray flew up like showers of brilliants from the hands of friendly Undines sporting round her bows. Trance-like it seemed, all musical and dreamy; and Cleve felt, for the hour, he could have lived and died in that luxurious fascination.

Away for Pendillion ran the cutter. He did not choose idle tongues in Cardyllian to prate of his hovering about Malory. He knew his yacht would be seen from the pier. Active Captain Shrapnell frequented it, and would forthwith report her course in the billiard and reading rooms, with such conjectures as might strike his ingenious mind. So the cutter should run for that remote headland for nearly an hour, and then with a change of tack for Penruthyn Priory, which was hidden from Cardyllian eyes by intervening promontories; and not one of the wise-acres could tell or guess where he had been.

When the sail of the yacht had grown like a gray speck in the distance, she was put about, and at a sharp angle ran to the rude pier of Penruthyn Priory, whence taking his gun as if for a ramble in the Warren, he told his men to expect him in about two hours, at the turn of the tide.



Across the Warren there is a wild pathway which leads toward Malory, coming out upon the old road close by Llanderris churchyard, and within a few minutes' walk of the wooded grounds of the ancient Dower House of the Verneys.

Approached from this point, there is a peculiar melancholy in the old wood. The quiet little church of Llanderris, and the graveyard with its old yew tree, and the curve of the narrow road overhung by ivy-mantled ash trees, form the foreground, as you approach the wildest side of the woodlands, which lie at the foot of the gentle descent.

The little by-road making a sweep skirts the rear of the Malory grounds. Here the great hawthorn hedges have, time out of mind, been neglected, and have grown gigantic and utterly irregular, stooping from the grassy bank like isolated trees, and leaving wide gaps through which you may see the darkened sward, the roots and stems of the forest trees within, and the vistas that break dimly into the distance.

Hours had passed since the *Ware* had left the jetty of Ware, and the autumnal sun was already declining in the early evening. There is no hour and no light, not even night and moonlight — so favourable to a certain pensive and half saddened view of fancy, as that at which the day gives signs of approaching farewell, and glids the landscape with a funereal splendour.

When Cleve reached the old road that descends by the churchyard, and through its double hedge-rows looked down upon the enchanted grounds of Malory, he slackened his pace, and fell into a sort of reverie and rapture.

There are few of the impostures we commit more amusing than that which we habitually practise upon ourselves in assigning the highest moral motives for doing what pleases us best.

"If my Uncle Arthur had married some one whom he really loved, how differently all might have gone with him! Here am I, with more money ultimately awaiting me than I shall really care to spend. One thousand pounds with me will do more than two thousand with most other men. I don't play. I'm not on the turf. Why should I sacrifice my chance of happiness for the sake of a little more money, which I really don't want, or for the sake of party connexion? If I can't make my way without the aid of a wife, I'm not fit for politics, and the sooner I turn to something else the better. Every man ought to consult his affections, and to make his home the centre of them.

Where is the good of fortune, and money — and all that, if it does not enable one to do so? How can you love your children if you don't love their mother — if you hate her, by Jove — as I know fellows that do. Settlements, and political influence — all very fine — and we expect happiness to come of itself, when we have sold our last chance of it."

In this vein was Cleve Verney's contemplation — and even more virtuous and unworldly as he proceeded — in the elation of his new sense of omnipotence and glory. Had he been a little franker with himself, he might have condensed it thus, "A fancy has taken possession of me, and I don't choose to deny myself."

Troubling his visions, however, was the image of his uncle, and the distant sound of his cold uncomfortable voice, and a sense of severity, selfishness, and danger, under his feeble smile. Against this teasing phantom with its solemn prattle, however, he closed his eyes and shook his ears. He had never enjoyed a sail or a walk so in all his life. Was nature ever so glorious before, or romance so noble and tender? What a pensive glow and glory was over every thing! He walked down the steep little curve of the old road, and found himself on the path that follows the low bank and thorn trees which fence in the woods of Malory.

Walking slowly, and now and then pausing, he looked among the trunks and down the opening aisles of the wood. But there was no sign of life. The weeds nodded in the shadow, and now and then a brown leaf fell. It was like the wood of the "Sleeping Beauty." The dusky sunlight touched it drowsily, and all the air was silent and slumbrous.

The path makes a turn round a thick clump of trees, and as he passed this, on a sudden he saw the beautiful young lady standing near the bank, her hat thrown on the ground, the thick folds of her chestnut hair all golden in the misty sunlight. Never so like the Guido before. The large eyes, the delicate, oval, and pearly tints, and the small vermilion mouth, its full lips parted, he could see the sunlight glitter on the edge of the little teeth within.

A thrill — a kind of shiver — passed through him, as if at sight of a beautiful spectre. She saw him stop, and in the momentary silence, he thought — was it fancy? — he saw a blush just tinge her cheeks. On the bank, glimmering in the sunlight, was the cage with the little squirrels hopping inside.

"What a sweet evening!" said he.

"I've been down to Penruthyn Priory — I've grown so fond of that old place. I used not to care about it; but — but one changes — and now it seems to me the most interesting place in the world, except, perhaps, one. You tired of it very quickly, Miss Fanshawe. You have not half seen it, you know. Why don't you come and see it again?"

"I suppose we ought to," said the young lady, "and I dare say we shall."

"Then do to-morrow, pray," said he.

She laughed, and said,

"An excursion like that must always depend on the whim of the moment, don't you think, to be the least pleasant? It loses its charm the moment it loses the air of perfect liberty and caprice; and I don't know whether we shall ever see the old Priory again."

"I'm very sorry," said Cleve. There was honest disappointment in his tone, and his dark soft eyes looked full in hers.

She laughed again a little, and looking at the pretty old Church of Llanderris, that stands among nodding ash-trees on the near upland, she said,

"That old church is, I think, quite beautiful. I was exploring these woods with my little squirrels here, when I suddenly came upon this view, and here I have stood for nearly ten minutes."

"I'm very much obliged, I know, to Llanderris Church, and I'm glad you admire it, and I like it very much myself," said Cleve.

"And so you have got two squirrels. I was so sorry to hear last Sunday that you had lost your little pet, Whisk. Wasn't that its name?"

"Yes. Poor little Whisk!"

"And you're not going to leave Malory?"

"Not immediately, I believe," said Miss Fanshawe.

"That makes me very happy for three reasons. First, it proves that you have some confidence, after all, in me; and next, because it shows that you are not so troubled here as you feared you might be; and the third reason — perhaps you shall never know until, at least, you can guess it."

"Yes; papa is not talking of leaving immediately, and I'm glad of it, for I know it was important that he should be able for a little time longer to remain in England. And now, I think my little squirrels want their nuts, and I must go."

"Poor little prisoners! You're all prisoners here. You shut yourselves up so

jealously," said Cleve. "The monastic spirit still haunts this place, I think. It must be that old convent ground. Almost every day I walk by this old place, and never have seen you once, even through the grille, until to-day."

She stooped to pick up the cage.

"I'm sure you'll shake hands before you go, Miss Fanshawe, won't you, through the grille — the hedge, I mean?"

"Well, I wish you good-by," she said merrily, but without coming nearer.

"And we are good friends?"

"Oh, yes."

"And — and I'll tell you a secret, but you must forgive me." As he spoke, Cleve Verney, with a step or two, mounted the bank and stood beside the young lady within the precincts of Malory.

"Don't mind coming in, pray," said she.

"Only for a moment — only one word," besought Cleve.

"Well," laughed Miss Fanshawe, though he thought a little uneasily, for she glanced toward the house, and he fancied was thinking of Sir Booth. "If you will, I can't help it, only you must remember there are dogs in the yard, and," she added, more gravely, "papa has so many notices up to keep people away, I think he'd be vexed."

"Here I'm almost on neutral ground. It is only a step, and I'm gone. I want to tell you — you must forgive me — but it was I who ventured to send that little boy with those squirrels there. I knew how lonely you were, and I was selfish enough to wish to give you even so small an evidence of the sincerity of my professions — my anxiety to be employed."

"That little boy promised to return, but has never come back," said Miss Fanshawe, throwing back her head a little, and pushing back her rich tresses. He thought there was a brighter colour in her cheeks, and that she looked a little haughty. She was certainly very grave.

"He could not help it, poor little fellow. He lives at Pendillion, nine miles across the water, and nearly thirty by the road. You must lay the whole blame upon me — you must, indeed. It's all my fault."

Miss Fanshawe was looking haughtily down upon the unconscious squirrels. There was something of disdain in this glance that fell from under her long silken lashes askance upon them, hopping and frisking within their wires, as if she meditated sending them away in disgrace.

"You must not be vexed with them either, it is all my doing, my fault, let me confess.

I ran down in my boat to Pendillion, and looked up that little fellow who always has half-a-dozen squirrels. I had to go twice to find him, and then brought him here, and he met a lady in the wood. There was no mistaking the description, and so these little creatures are your happy captives — and — and I hope you are not very angry with me."

The colour was brilliant in her cheeks, and gave a corresponding brilliancy to her great eyes; how were they so mysterious and yet so frank. She looked on him gravely in silence for a moment, and then down upon the little prisoners in the cage. Was she angry — was she embarrassed — was she secretly pleased? That odd, beautiful girl — he could not quite understand her.

But Mr. Cleve Verney was an impetuous orator; when he took fire upon a theme, he ran on daringly —

"And I've done more — I'm even *more* guilty; I'll hide nothing — I've taken a great reward — I've got a talisman that I prize above any thing — this little coin;" and there was a bright shilling fixed like a "charm" to his watch-guard. "It is *mine* — you only can guess; no one shall ever know why I wore it next my heart, and you may blame, but you won't *quite* condemn me; and won't you make it up with those poor little squirrels, and tell me it's all forgiven, and — by Jove, here's Miss Sheckleton."

And so she was approaching with her firm light step, and pleasant smile, in the shadow of the great trees, and near enough already to greet Mr. Verney with —

"How d'ye do? What a charming evening!" and having arrived at the hawthorn tree beside which they were standing, she added, in the low tone in which she habitually spoke of the Baronet — "Sir Booth is not very well this evening — he's in his room, and he'll stay at home reading the newspapers, at all events for an hour or so."

There was a want of tact in this little intimation which had an effect quite different from that which the good-natured spinster intended; for Miss Fanshawe said, lifting the little cage, and looking in upon its tiny inhabitants in the sunlight —

"Then I had better run in and see him." And with a gay slight "Good-by," she nodded to Mr. Cleve Verney. The smile was only a momentary light, and the great hazel eyes looked thoughtfully as she turned away; and as she disappeared among the old trees, it seemed to him that a dull shad-

ow suddenly descended upon the trees, and the grass, and the landscape.

"We are always, Mr. Verney, in a *faux pas* here; that is, we never know exactly where a post may bring us any morning or evening, or how suddenly we may have to *arrange*. You may guess what it is to me, who have to arrange every thing," said the old lady, lifting her thin fingers and shaking her head. "As for Margaret there, she's both clever and energetic — but *no* experience; and therefore, I don't allow her to take her share. Poor thing it is a sad thing for her, and this place so very solitary for her.

"You must make her come to-morrow," said Cleve, "and see the Priory; you only *half* saw it the other day, and I assure you it is really well worth looking at; and it will make an excuse to tempt her outside this gloomy place. I can't conceive any thing worse than being shut up week after week in this solitude and darkness; you really *must* persuade her; at what hour do you think you will be there?"

"Well now, I really *will* try," said good-natured Miss Sheckleton, "positively I will; and I think about three o'clock — I'll make an effort; and I'll send for the boat without asking her, and she can hardly refuse me, then. You have not been here very long, Mr. Verney?" she added, with a not unnatural curiosity.

"Only a minute or two before you came," he answered, a little inaccurately, I think.

"Well, then, to-morrow, I hope to tempt her out a little, as you advise; and — and" — she glanced over her shoulder toward the house — "perhaps I had better bid you good-by for the present, Mr. Verney; good-bye! how beautiful every thing looks!"

She gave him her hand very cordially. Was there a sort of freemasonry and a romantic sympathy in that kindly farewell? Cleve felt that she at least half understood him. Even in reserved natures, there is an instinctive yearning for a confidant in such situations, and a friendly recognition, even at a distance, of one that promises to fill that place of sympathy.

So there they parted, with friendly looks, and a friendly spirit. Romantic and simple Miss Sheckleton, he felt that you were a true denizen of those regions in which of late, he had been soaring, unworldly, true. It is well for a time to put off the profound attorney-nature of man — we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out — and to abandon ourselves for a few happy moments to the poetry and kindness which are eternal.

## CHAPTER XLV.

## AN UNLOOKED-FOR VISITOR.

IN romances, it is usual for lovers to dream a great deal and always of the objects of their adorations. We acquiesce gravely and kindly in these conventional visions; but on reflection, we must admit that lovers have no faculty of dreaming, and of selecting the subjects of their dreams superior to that of ordinary persons. Cleve, I allow, sat up rather late that night, thinking, I venture to say, a great deal about the beautiful young lady who, whether for good or ill, now haunted his thoughts incessantly; and with this brilliant phantom, he walked romantically in the moonlight, by the chiming shingle of the sea. But I don't know what his dreams were about, or that he had any dreams at all; and in fact, I believe he slept very soundly, but awoke in the morning with a vague anticipation of something very delightful and interesting. Why is it that when we first awake the pleasures or the horrors of the coming day seems always most intense?

Another bright autumnal day with just breeze enough to fill the sails of the cutter. On his breakfast-table from the post-office of Ware, lay a letter, posted over night, at Gylingden, by his newly revealed good angel, "very truly, his," Jos. Larkin. It said —

"MY DEAR SIR,

"The interview with which you this morning honoured me conveyed more fully even than your note implies, your wishes on the subject of it. Believe me, I needed no fresh incentive to exertion in a matter so pregnant with serious results, and shall be only too happy to expend thought, time, and money, in securing *with promptitude* a successful termination of what in dilatory or inexperienced hands might possibly prove a most tedious and distressing case. I have before me directions of proofs on which I have partially acted, and mean in the sequel, to do so completely. I may mention that there awaited me on my arrival a letter from my agent, to whom I more particularly referred in the conversation which you were pleased to invite this morning, conveying information of very high importance, of which I shall be happy to apprise you in detail when next I have the honour of a conference. I am not quite clear as to whether I mentioned this morning a person named Dingwell? —

"No, you did not," interpolated Cleve "—

"Who," continued the letter, "resides, under circumstances of considerable delicacy on his part, at Constantinople, and who has hitherto acted as the correspondent and agent of the Jewish firm, through whom the Dowager Lady Verney and your uncle, the Hon. Kiffyn Fulke Verney, were accustomed, with a punctuality so honourable to their feelings, to forward the respective annuities, which they were so truly considerate as mutually to allow for the maintenance of the unfortunate deceased. This gentleman, Mr. Dingwell, has been unhappily twice a bankrupt in London, in early life, and there are still heavy judgments against him; and as he is the only witness discoverable, competent, from his habits of regular communication with your lamented uncle for years, to depose to his identity and his death, it is unfortunate that there should exist, for the special reasons I have mentioned, considerable risk and difficulty in his undertaking to visit London, for the purpose of making the necessary depositions; and I fear he cannot be induced to take that step without some considerable pecuniary sacrifice on your part. This will necessarily form one of the topics for discussion at the proposed conference of the 15th prox.; and it is no small point in our favor, satisfactorily to be assured that a witness to the cardinal points to which I have referred is actually produceable, and at this moment in communication with me.

"I have the honour, to be, dear sir, very truly yours, — JOS. LARKIN.

"The Lodge, Gylingden."

"P. S. I may mention that the Jewish firm to which I have referred have addressed to me a letter, apprising me of the decease of the Hon. Arthur Verney, a step which, as terminating the annuities on which they received an annual percentage, they would not, I presume, have adopted, had they not been absolutely certain of the event, and confident also that we must, if they were silent, be otherwise apprized of it."

I think our old friend, Jos. Larkin, wrote this letter with several views, one of which was that, in the event of his thinking proper, some years hence, notwithstanding his little flourishes of gratuitous service, to unuzzle the ox who had trod out the corn, and to send in his little bill, it might help to show that he had been duly instructed to act in this matter at least by Mr. Cleve Verney. The other object, that of becoming the channel of negotiating terms with Mr. Dingwell, offered obvious advantages to a gentleman of acquisitive diplomacy and ingenious morals.

Cleve, however, had not yet learned to suspect this Christian attorney, and the letter on the whole was highly satisfactory.

"Capital man of business, this Mr. Larkin! Who could have expected an answer, and so full an answer, so immediately to his letter? That is the kind of attorney the world sighed for. Eager, prompt, clear, making his clients' interests his own" — more literally sometimes than Cleve was yet aware — "disinterested, spirited, for was he not risking his time, skill, and even money, without having been retained in this matter, and with even a warning that he might possibly never be so? Did he not also come in the livery of religion, and discuss business, as it were, in a white robe and with a palm in his hand? And was it not more unlikely that a man who committed himself every hour to the highest principles should practise the lowest, than a person who shirked the subject of virtue, and thought religion incongruous with his doings? Perhaps, Cleve thought, there is a little too much of that solemn flam. But who can object if it helps to keep him straight?"

This was the day of surprises. Cleve had gone up to his room to replenish his cigar-case, when a chaise drove up to the hall-door of Ware, and looking out he beheld with a sense of dismay, his uncle's man, Mr. Ridley, descending from his seat on the box, and opening the door of the vehicle from which the thin stiff figure of the Hon. Kiffyn Fulke Verney descended, and entered the house.

Could the devil have hit upon a more ill-natured plan for defeating the delightful hopes of that day? Why could not that teasing old man stay where he was? Heaven only knows for how many days he might linger at Ware, lecturing Cleve upon themes on which his opinion was not worth a pin, directing him to write foolish letters, and now and then asking him to *obeege* him by copying papers of which he required duplicates, benumbing him by his chilly presence, and teasing him by his exactions.

Cleve groaned when he saw this spectacle from his window, and muttered something, I don't care what.

"Let him send for me if he wants me. I shan't pretend to have seen him," was Cleve's petulant resolve. But a knock at his room door, with an invitation from his uncle to visit him in the library, settled the question.

"How d'ye do, Cleve," and his uncle, who was sitting in a great chair at the table, with some letters, noted, and folded into

long slim parallelograms, already before him, put forth a thin hand for him to shake, throwing back his head, and fixing his somewhat dull grey eyes with an imperiousness of curiosity upon him, he said, "Yes — yes — recruiting. I was always in favour of making the most of the recess, about it. You make the most of it. I saw Winkledo — and your friend Colonel Tellerton at Dyce yesterday, and talked with 'em, about it, and they both agreed with me, we are pretty sure of a stormy session, late sittings, and no end of divisions, and I am glad you are taking your holiday so sensibly. The Ware here, isn't she? and you sail in her a good deal, I dare say, about it, you've got yourself a good deal sunburnt. Yes, the sun does that; and you're looking very well, about it, I think, very well indeed."

To save the reader trouble, I mention here that the Hon. Kiffyn Fulke Verney has a habit of introducing the words "about it," as everybody is aware who has the honour of knowing him, without relation to their meaning, but simply to caulk, as it were, the seams of his sentences, to stop them where they open, and save his speech from foundering for want of this trifling half-pennyworth of oakum.

"Very lonely, sir, Ware is. You've come to stay for a little time perhaps."

"Oh! no. Oh, dear no. My view upon that subject is very decided indeed, as you know. I ask myself this question, — What good can I possibly do about it, by residing for any time at Ware, until my income shall have been secured, and my proper position ascertained and recognized? I find myself, by the anomalous absurdity of our existing law, placed in a position, about it, of so much difficulty and hardship, that although the people must feel it very much, and the country regret it, I feel it only due to myself to wash my hands, about it, of the entire thing for the present, and to accept the position of a mere private gentleman, which the existing law, in its wisdom, imposes upon me — don't you see?"

"It certainly is," acquiesced Cleve, "a gross absurdity that there should be no provision for such a state of things."

"Absurdity! my dear sir, I don't call it *absurdity* at all, I call it rank injustice, and a positive *cruelty*," said the feeble voice of this old gentleman with an eager quaver in it, while, as always occurred when he was suddenly called on for what he called his "sentiments" upon this intolerable topic, a pink flush suffused his thin temples and narrow forehead. Here I am, about it, invested by opinion, don't you see, and a moral

constraint, with the liabilities of a certain position, and yet excluded from its privileges and opportunities. And what, I ask myself, can come of such a thing, except the sort of thing, about it, which we see going on? Don't you see?"

"Any news of any kind from the East, sir?" asked Cleve.

"Well, now, wait—a—a—I'll come to it—I'm coming to that. I wrote to you to say that you were to meet me in town, d'ye see, on the fifteenth, and I mean to have a Mr. Larkin, an attorney, a very proper person in his rank of life—a very proper person—about it, to meet, us and produce his papers, and make his statement again. And I may tell you that he's of opinion, and under the impression, that poor Arthur is dead, about it; and now you'll read this letter—very good, and now this—very good, and now this."

As he handed these papers over to Cleve in succession, the young gentleman thought his uncle's air a little grander than usual, and fancied there was a faint simper of triumph discernible under the imposing solemnity of his looks.

"A—well, that's all at present; and immediately on receiving the first of these I wrote to the Consul there—a very proper man, very well connected; I was, I may say, instrumental in getting his appointment for him—saying he'd oblige me by instituting inquiry and communicating the result, and possibly I may hear before the fifteenth; and I should be very glad, about it, to learn or know something definite, in which case, you see, there would be a natural solution of the complication, and prove Arthur's death, about it, would clear up the whole thing, as in fact it does in all such cases, don't you see?"

"Of course, sir, perfectly."

"And as to mourning and all that, about it, I don't quite see my way, no, I don't; because, d'ye see, I rather think there should be nothing of the kind: but it's time enough to decide what the house of Verney are to do when I shall have all the circumstances, don't you see, and every thing."

Cleve acquiesced.

"And if the dissolution comes next autumn—as they apprehend it may—you'll have no annoyance from the old quarter—Sir Booth Fanshawe—he's quite ruined—about it; and he's been obliged to leave the country; he's in France, I understand, and I've directed our people in town to follow up the proceedings as sharply as possible. He has never spared me, egad, and has often distressed me very seriously by his ma-

levolent and utterly wanton opposition where he had absolutely no chance whatever, and knew it, nor any object, I give you my honour, except to waste my money, when, owing to the absurd and cruel position I was placed in, he knew very well I could not have a great deal to throw away. I look upon a person of that kind as a mere nuisance; and I look upon it as a matter of duty and of principle, about it, which one owes to society, don't you see, to exterminate them like vermin. And if you want to stop it, you mustn't let him off when you've got the advantage at last, do you see? You must follow it up, and show evil-disposed people that if they choose to play that game they may, but that you won't let 'em off, about it and that."

These were not very pleasant words in Cleve's ears.

"And, egad, sir, I'll make an example of that person—I owe it to the principle of fair political warfare, about it. What business had he to run me into six thousand pounds expense for nothing, when he had not really a hundred pounds at the time he could call his own? And I ask myself, where's the good of laws if there's no way of reaching a person who commits, from the worst possible motives, an outrage like that, and goes on doing that sort of thing, about it?"

Here the Hon. Kiffyn Fulke Verney paused for a minute, and then looked at his watch.

"Just ten minutes still left me. I'll ask you to touch the bell, Cleve. I'm going to the railway—to Lluinan, about it, and to see the people at Heathcote Hall; and I've been thinking you ought to turn over in your mind what I said last Easter, when we were at Dawling Hill. If this affair of poor Arthur's should turn out to be quite genuine, I think the connexion would recommend itself to most people," he said grandly, "and in fact you might strengthen yourself very materially, about it. You could not do better than marry Ethel; depend upon it, the connexion will serve you. Her uncle, you know—always some of that family—in the Cabinet; and Dorminster, they say—every one says it—Winkledon, for instance, and Colonel Tellers, about it—they both said the other day he'll very probably be Minister. Every one says that sort of thing, about it; and it has been my opinion a long time before people generally began to say so, and things of that sort, don't you see?"

As a general rule Cleve knew that there was no use in fighting any favourite point

with his uncle. He acquiesced and relied upon dilatory opportunities and passive resistance; so now he expressed himself most gratefully for the interest he had always taken in him, and seemed to lend an attentive ear, while the Hon. Kiffyn Fulke Verney rambled on upon this theme in his wise and quietly dictatorial way. It was one of his pleasantest occupations, and secretly pleased his self-love, this management of Cleve Verney — really a promising young man — and whom he magnified, as he did everything else that be'onged to him, and whose successes in the house, and growth in general estimation, he quietly took to himself as the direct consequence of his own hints and manipulations, and his "keeping the young man straight about it."

"He has an idea — the young man has — that I know something about it — that I

have seen some public life, and known people — and things of that sort. He is a young man who can take a hint, and, egad, I think I've kept him pretty straight about it up to this, and put him on a right track, and things; and if I'm spared, I'll put him on ~~air~~. I know pretty well about things, and you see the people talk to me, and they listen to ~~me~~, about it, and I make him understand ~~what~~ he's about, and things."

And then came the parting. He gave Cleve ten pounds, which Mrs. Jones, the draper's wife, used to distribute for him among certain poor people of Cardyllian. So his small soul was not destitute of kindness, after it's fashion; and he drove away from Ware, and Cleve stood upon the steps, smiling and waving his hand, and repeating, "On the fifteenth," and then, suddenly was grave.

**WASHING.** — The evening previous to washing, all the clothes should be gathered up and assorted; woolens, coloured clothes, unbleached cottons, and linens and fine clothes, into their separate bundles. Except woolens and coloured clothes, all other kinds should be put to soak over night, the very dirty parts having soap rubbed on them. If you use a washing fluid, it is usually mixed in the soaking water; if you use no wash mixture, the next morning wring out the clothes, and proceed to wash them carefully through two warm lathers; then boil them in clean lather briskly, but not longer than a half-hour. Wash them out of boil, rinse through two waters. The last rinsing-water should have a delicate tinge of blue, likewise a small quantity of starch for all cottons or linens; reserve those you wish stiffer for the last, and mix more starch in the water. Shirt bosoms and collars, skirts, in short, any thing you wish very stiff, should be dipped in starch while dry. Swiss and other thin muslins and laces are dipped in starch while dry, and then clapped with the hands in the right condition to iron. Calicoes, brilliants, and lawns of white grounds, are washed like any other white material, omitting boiling, until the yellow tinge they acquire make it absolutely necessary. Unbleached cottons and linens follow the white clothes, through the same waters, but must in no case be boiled or washed with them, as they continually discharge a portion of their colour, and so discolour the white clothes. In directing the prepara-

tions for washing fluids, we give the process employed with them, but coloured clothes, in our experience, can be washed in none of them without injury to the colour. Calicoes, coloured lawns, and coloured cottons, and linens generally, are washed through two suds and two rinsing waters; starch being used in the last, as all clothes look better and keep cleaner longer if a little stiffened. Many calicoes will spot if soap is rubbed on them; they should be washed in a lather, simply. A spoonful of ox-gall to a gallon of water will set the colours of most any goods soaked in it previous to washing. A teacup of lye in a bucket of water will improve the colour of black goods. A strong, clean tea of common hay will preserve the colour of those French linens so much used in summer by both sexes. If the water in which potatoes are cooked is saved and boiled down it stiffens black calicoes as well as starch, and saves them from the dusty and smeared look they so often have. Vinegar in the rinsing water, for pink or green calicoes, will brighten them. Pearlash answers the same end for purples and blue. Coloured and white flannels must be washed separately; and by no means wash after cotton or linen, as the lint from these goods adheres to the flannel. There should be a little blue in the rinsing-water for white flannels. Allow your flannels to freeze after washing in winter, it bleaches them. — *Montreal Witness.*

From The Cornhill Magazine.

## THE LOVE OF THE ALPS.

OF all the joys in life, none is greater as the joy of arriving on the outskirts of Switzerland at the end of a long dusty day's arney from Paris. The true epicure in fined pleasures will never travel to Basle at night. He courts the heat of the sun and the uninteresting monotony of French rains,—their sluggish streams and never-ending poplar-trees,—for the sake of the evening coolness and the gradual approach to the great Alps which await him at the close of day. It is about Mulhausen that he begins to feel a change in the landscape. The fields broaden into rolling downs, watered by clear and running streams; the green Swiss thistle grows by river-side and overshadowed; pines begin to tuft the slopes of gently rising hills; and now the sun has set, the stars come out, first Hesper, then the group of lesser lights; and he feels,—yes, indeed, there is now no mistake,—the well-known, well-loved, magical fresh air that never fails to blow from snowy mountains and meadows watered by perennial streams. The last hour is one of exquisite enjoyment, and when he reaches Basle, he scarcely sleeps all night for hearing the swift Rhine beneath the balconies, and knowing that the moon is shining on its waters, through the town, beneath the bridges, between pasture lands and copses, up the still mountain-girled valleys to the ice-caves where the water springs. There is nothing in all experience of travelling like this. We may greet the Mediterranean at Marseilles with enthusiasm; on entering Rome by the Porta del Popolo, we may reflect with pride that we have reached the goal of our pilgrimage, and are at last among world-shaking memories. But neither Rome nor the Riviera wins our hearts like Switzerland. We do not lie awake in London thinking of them; we do not long so intensely, as the year comes round, to revisit them. Our affection is less a passion than that which we cherish for Switzerland.

Why, then, is this? What, after all, is the love of the Alps, and when and where did it begin? It is easier to ask these questions than to answer them. The classic nations hated mountains. Greek and Roman poets talk of them with disgust and dread. Nothing could have been more degrading to a courtier of Augustus than residence at Aosta, even though he found his theatres and triumphal arches there. Wherever classical feeling has predominated, this

has been the case. *Cellini's Memoirs*, written in the height of pagan Renaissance, well express the aversion which a Florentine or Roman felt for the inhospitable wilderness of Switzerland.

Dryden, in his dedication to *The Indian Emperor*, says, "High objects, it is true, attract the sight; but it looks up with pain on craggy rocks and barren mountains, and continues not intent on any object which is wanting in shades and green to entertain it."

Addison and Gray had no better epithets than "rugged," "horrid," and the like for Alpine landscape. The classic spirit was adverse to enthusiasm for mere nature. Humanity was too prominent, and city life absorbed all interests,—not to speak of what perhaps is the weightiest reason—that solitude, indifferent accommodation, and imperfect means of travelling, rendered mountainous countries peculiarly disagreeable. It is impossible to enjoy art or nature while suffering from fatigue and cold, dreading the attacks of robbers, and wondering whether you will find food and shelter at the end of your day's journey. Nor was it different in the Middle Ages. Then individuals had either no leisure from war or strife with the elements, or else they devoted themselves to the salvation of their souls. But when the ideas of the Middle Ages had decayed, when improved arts of life had freed men from servile subjection to daily needs, when the bondage of religious tyranny had been thrown off and political liberty allowed the full development of tastes and instincts, when moreover the classical traditions had lost their power, and courts and coteries became too narrow for the activity of man; then suddenly it was discovered that Nature in herself possessed transcendent charms. It may seem absurd to class them all together; yet there is no doubt that the French Revolution, the criticism of the Bible, Pantheistic forms of worship, landscape-painting, Alpine travelling, and the poetry of Nature, are all signs of the same movement—of a new Renaissance. Limitations of every sort have been shaken off during the last century, all forms have been destroyed, all questions asked. The classical spirit loved to arrange, model, preserve traditions, obey laws. We are intolerant of every thing that is not simple, unbiassed by prescription, liberal as the wind, and natural as the mountain crags. We go to feed this spirit of freedom among the Alps. What the virgin forests of America are to the Americans the Alps are to us. What there is in these huge blocks



and wall of granite crowned with ice that fascinates us it is hard to analyze. Why, seeing that we find them so attractive, they should have repelled our ancestors of the fourth generation and all the world before them, is another mystery. We cannot explain what *rappori* there is between our human souls and these inequalities in the surface of the earth which we call Alps. Tennyson speaks of—

Some vague emotion of delight  
In gazing up an Alpine height, —

and its vagueness eludes definition. The interest which physical science has created for natural objects has something to do with it. Curiosity and the charm of novelty increase this interest. No towns, no cultivated tracts of Europe, however beautiful, form such a contrast to our London life as Switzerland. Then there is the health and joy that comes from exercise in open air; the senses freshened by good sleep; the blood quickened by a lighter and rarer atmosphere. Our modes of life, the breaking down of class privileges, the extension of education, which contribute to make the individual greater and society less, render the solitude of mountains refreshing. Facilities of travelling and improved accommodation leave us free to enjoy the natural beauty which we seek. Our minds, too, are prepared to sympathize with the inanimate world; we have learned to look on the universe as a whole, and ourselves as a part of it, related by close ties of friendship to all its other members. Shelley's, Wordsworth's, Goethe's poetry has taught us this: we are all more or less Pantheists, worshippers of "God in Nature," convinced of the omnipresence of the informing mind.

Thus, when we admire the Alps we are after all but children of the century. We follow its inspiration blindly; and, while we think ourselves spontaneous in our ecstasy, perform the part for which we have been trained from childhood by the atmosphere in which we live. It is this very unconsciousness and universality of the impulse we obey which makes it hard to analyze. Contemporary history is difficult to write; to define the spirit of the age in which we live is still more difficult; to account for "impressions which owe all their force to their identity with themselves" is most difficult of all. We must be content to feel, and not to analyze.

Rousseau has the credit of having invented the love of Nature. Perhaps he first expressed, in literature, the pleasures of

open life among the mountains, of walking tours, of the "*ocole buissonnière*," away from courts, and schools, and cities, which it is the fashion now to love. His bourgeois birth and tastes, his peculiar religious and social views, his intense self-engrossment, all favoured the development of Nature-worship. But Rousseau was not alone, nor yet creative in this instance. He was but one of the earliest to seize and express a new idea of growing humanity. For those who seem to be the most original in their inaugurations of periods are only such as have been favourably placed by birth and education to imitate the floating creeds of the whole race. They resemble the first cases of an epidemic which become the centres of infection and propagate disease. At the time of Rousseau's greatness the French people were initiating in politics, in literature, in fashions, and in philosophy they had for some time led the taste of Europe. But the sentiment which first received a clear and powerful expression in the works of Rousseau soon declared itself in the arts and literature of other nations. Goethe, Wordsworth, and the earlier landscape-painters, proved that Germany and England were not far behind the French. In England this love of Nature for its own sake is indigenous, and has at all times been peculiarly characteristic of our genius. Therefore it is not surprising that our life, and literature, and art have been foremost in developing the sentiment of which we are speaking. Our poets, painters, and prose writers gave the tone to European thought in this respect. Our travellers in search of the adventurous and picturesque, our Alpine Club, have made of Switzerland an English playground.

The greatest period in our history was but a foreshadowing of this. To return to Nature-worship was but to reassume the habits of the Elizabethan age, altered indeed by all the changes of religion, politics, society, and science, which the last three centuries have wrought, yet still in its original love of free open life among the fields and woods, and on the sea, the same. Now the French national genius is classical. It reverts to the age of Louis XIV.; and Rousseauism in their literature is as true an innovation and parenthesis as Pope-and-Drydenism was in ours. As in the age of the Reformation, so in this, the German element of the modern character predominates. During the two centuries from which we have emerged, the Latin element had the upper hand. Our love of the Alps is a Gothic, a Teutonic, instinct; sympathetic with all that is vague, infinite, and unsub-

ordinate to rules, at war with all that is defined and systematic in our genius. This we may perceive in individuals as well as in the broader aspects of arts and literatures. The classically-minded man, the reader of Latin poets, the lover of brilliant conversation, the frequenter of clubs and drawing-rooms, nice in his personal requirements, scrupulous in his choice of words, averse to unnecessary physical exertion, preferring town to country life, cannot deeply feel the charm of the Alps. Such a man will dislike German art, and, however much he may strive to be catholic in his tastes, will find as he grows older, that his liking for Gothic architecture and modern painting diminishes almost to aversion before an increasing admiration for Greek peristyles and the Medicean Venus. If in respect of speculation all men are either Platonists, or Aristotelians, in respect of taste, all men are either Greek or German.

At present the German, the indefinite, the natural, commands; the Greek, the finite, the cultivated, is in abeyance. We who talk so much about the feeling of the Alps, are creatures, not creators of our cultus, — a strange reflection, proving how much greater man is than men; the common reason of the age in which we live than our own reasons, its constituents and subjects.

Perhaps it is our modern tendency to "individualism" which makes the Alps so much to us. Society is there reduced to a vanishing point, — no claims are made on human sympathies, — there is no need to toil in yoke-service with our fellows. We may be alone, dream our own dreams, and sound the depths of personality without the reproach of selfishness, without a restless wish to join in action or money-making, or the pursuit of fame. To habitual residents among the Alps this absence of social duties and advantages is of necessity barbarous, even brutalizing. But to men wearied with too much civilization, and deafened by the noise of great cities, it is beyond measure refreshing. Then again among the mountains history finds no place. The Alps have no past nor present nor future. The human beings who live upon their sides are at odds with nature, clinging on for bare existence to the soil, sheltering themselves beneath protecting rocks from avalanches, damming up destructive streams, all but annihilated every spring. Man who is all things in the plain is nothing here. His arts and sciences, and dynasties, and modes of life, and mighty works, and conquests and decays, demand our whole atten-

tion in Italy or Egypt. But here the mountains, immemorially the same, which were, which are, and which are to be, present a theatre on which the soul breathes freely and feels herself alone. Around her on all sides is God and Nature, who is here the face of God, and not the slave of man. The spirit of the world hath here not yet grown old. She is as young as on the first day; and the Alps are a symbol of the self-creating, self-sufficing, self-enjoying universe which lives for its own ends. For why do the slopes gleam with flowers, and the hill-sides deck themselves with grass, and the inaccessible ledges of black rock bear their tufts of crimson primroses, and flaunting tiger-lilies? Why, morning after morning, does the red dawn flush the pinnacles of Monte Rosa above cloud and mist unheeded? Why does the torrent shout, the avalanche reply in thunder to the music of the sun, the trees and rocks and meadows cry their "Holy, Holy, Holy"? Surely not for us. We are an accident here, and even the few men whose eyes are fixed habitually upon these things are dead to them — the peasants do not even know the names of their own flowers, and sigh with envy when you tell them of the plains of Lincolnshire or Russian steppes.

But indeed there is something awful in the Alpine elevation above human things. We do not like Switzerland merely because we associate its thought with recollections of holidays and health and joyfulness. Some of the most solemn moments of life are spent high up above among the mountains, on the barren tops of rocky passes, where the soul has seemed to hear in solitude a low controlling voice. It is almost necessary for the development of our deepest affections that some sad and sombre moments should be interchanged with hours of merriment and elasticity. It is this variety in the woof of daily life which endears our home to us; and, perhaps, none have fully loved the Alps who have not spent some days of meditation, or it may be of sorrow, among their solitudes. Splendid scenery, like music, has the power to make "of grief itself a fiery chariot for mounting above the sources of grief," to ennoble and refine our passions, and to teach us that our lives are merely moments in the years of the eternal Being. There are many, perhaps, who, within sight of some great scene among the Alps, upon the height of the Stelvio, or the slopes of Mürren, or at night in the valley of Cormayeur, have felt themselves raised above cares and doubts and miseries by the mere recognition of unchangeable magnifi-

cence; have found a deep peace in the sense of their own nothingness. It is not granted to us every day to stand upon these pinnacles of rest and faith above the world. But having once stood there, how can we forget the station? How can we fail amid the tumult of our common life, to feel at times the hush of that far-off tranquillity? When our life is most commonplace, when we are ill or weary in London streets, we can remember the clouds upon the mountains we have seen, the sound of innumerable waterfalls, and the scent of countless flowers. A photograph of Bisson's, the name of some well-known valley, the picture of some Alpine plant, rouses the sacred hunger in our souls, and stirs again the faith in beauty and in rest beyond ourselves which no man can take from us. We owe a deep debt of gratitude to everything which enables us to rise above depressing and enslaving circumstances, which brings us nearer in some way or other to what is eternal in the universe, and which makes us feel that, whether we live or die, suffer or enjoy, life and gladness are still strong in the world. On this account the proper attitude of the soul among the Alps is one of reverential silence. It is almost impossible without a kind of impiety to frame in words the feelings they inspire. Yet there are some sayings, hallowed by long usage, which throng the mind through a whole summer's day, and seem in harmony with its emotions—some portions of the Psalms or lines of greatest poets, inarticulate hymns of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, waifs and strays not always apposite, but linked by strong and subtle chains of feeling with the grandeur of the mountains. This reverential feeling for the Alps is connected with the Pantheistic form of our religious sentiments to which we have before alluded. It is a trite remark, that even devout men of the present generation prefer temples *not* made with hands to churches, and worship God in the fields more contentedly than in their pews. What Mr. Ruskin calls "the instinctive sense of the divine presence not formed into distinct belief" lies at the root of our profound veneration for the nobler aspects of mountain scenery. This instinctive sense has been very variously expressed by Goethe in Faust's celebrated Confession of Faith, by Shelley in the stanzas of *Adonais* which begin, "He is made one with nature," and by Wordsworth in the lines on Tintern Abbey. It is more or less strongly felt by all who have recognized the indubitable fact that religious belief is undergoing a

sure process of change from the dogmatic distinctness of the past to some at present dimly described creed of the future. Such periods of transition are of necessity full of discomfort, doubt, and anxiety, vague, variable, and unsatisfying. The men in whose spirits the fermentation of the change is felt, who have abandoned their old moorings and have not yet reached the haven for which they are steering, cannot but be indistinct and undecided in their faith. The universe of which they form a part becomes important to them in its infinite immensity; the principles of beauty, goodness, order, and law, no longer definitely connected in their minds with certain articles of faith, find symbols in the outer world; they are glad to fly at certain moments from mankind and its oppressive problems, for which religion no longer provides a satisfactory solution, to Nature, where they vaguely localize the spirit that broods over us controlling all our being. Connected with this transitional condition of the modern mind is the double tendency to science and to mysticism, to progress in knowledge of the world around us, and to indistinct yearnings after something that has gone away from us or lies in front of us. On the one side we see chemists and engineers conquering the brute powers of Nature, on the other, jaded, anxious, irritable men adrift upon an ocean of doubt and ennui. With regard to the former class there is no difficulty: they swim with the stream and are not oppressed by any anxious yearnings to them the Alps are a playground for refreshment after toil—a field for the pursuit of physical experiment. But the other class complain, "Do what we will, we suffer; it is now too late to eat and drink and die obliviously; the world has worn itself to old age; a boundless hope has passed across the earth, and we *must* lift our eyes to heaven." The heaven to which they have to lift their eyes is very shadowy, far off, and problematical. The temple of their worship is the Alps; their oracles are voices of the winds and streams and avalanches; their Urim and Thummim are the gleams of light on ice or snow; their Shekinah is the sunrise and the sunset of the mountains.

Of the two tendencies here broadly indicated, the former is represented by physical research—the science of our day; the latter by music and landscape painting—the art of our day. There is a profound sympathy between music and fine scenery; they both affect us in the same way, stirring strong but undefined emotions, which express themselves in "idle tears," or evoking a

thoughts "which lie," as Wordsworth says, too deep for tears," beyond the reach of any words. How little we know what multitudes of mingling reminiscences, held in solution by the mind, and colouring its scenery with the iridescence of variable hues, which mountains stir. It is the very fugacity, changefulness, and dreamlike distinctness of these feelings which cause their charm; they harmonize with the hazyness of our beliefs, and seem to make our very doubts melodious. For this reason it is obvious that unrestrained indulgence in the pleasures of music or of scenery must destroy habits of clear thinking, sentimentalize the mind, and render it more apt to entertain embryonic ideas than to bring thoughts to definite perfection. As illustrating the development of music in modern times, and the love of Switzerland, it is not a little remarkable that the German style of music has asserted an unquestionable ascendancy, that the greatest lovers of this art prefer Beethoven's symphonies to merely vocal music, and that harmony is even more regarded than melody. That is to say, the vocal element of music has been comparatively disregarded for the instrumental; and the art, emancipated from its subordination to words, has become the most accurate interpreter of all the vague and powerful emotions of yearning and reflection and perturbed humanity. If some aversion to thoughtfulness and seclusion are necessary to the development of a true love of the Alps, it is no less essential to a right understanding of their beauty that we should pass some wet and gloomy days among the mountains. The unclouded sunsets and sunrises which often follow one another in September in the Alps have something terrible. They produce a satiety of splendour, and oppress the mind with the sense of perpetuity. I remember spending such a season in one of the Oberland valleys, high up above the pine trees, in a little chalet. Morning after morning I awoke to see the sunbeams glittering on the Eiger and the Jungfrau; noon after noon the snowfields blazed beneath a steady fire; evening after evening they shone like beacons in the red light of the setting sun. Then peak by peak they lost the glow; the soul passed from them, and they stood pale and garish against the darkened sky. The stars came out, the moon shone, but not a cloud sailed over the untroubled heavens. Thus day after day for several weeks there was no change, till I was seized with an overpowering horror of unbroken calm. I left the valley for a

time; and when I returned to it in wind and rain I found that the partial veiling of the mountain heights restored the charm which I had lost, and made me feel once more at home. The landscape takes a graver tone beneath the mist that hides the higher peaks, and comes drifting, creeping, feeling, through the pines upon their slopes — white, silent, blinding vapour wreaths around the sable spires. Sometimes the cloud descends and blots out everything. Again it lifts a little, showing cottages and distant Alps beneath its skirts. Then it sweeps over the whole valley like a veil, just broken here and there, above a lonely chalet, or a thread of distant dangling torrent foam. Sounds, too, beneath the mist are more strange. The torrent seems to have a hoarser voice, and grinds the stones more passionately against its boulders. The cry of shepherds through the fog suggests the loneliness and danger of the hills. The bleating of penned sheep or goats, and the tinkling of the cow-bells, are mysteriously distant in the dull dead air. Then again, how immeasurably high above our heads appear the domes and peaks of snow revealed through chasms in the drifting cloud; how desolate the glaciers and the avalanches in gleams of light that struggle through the mist! There is a leaden glare peculiar to clouds, which makes the snow and ice more lurid. Not far from the house where I am writing, the avalanche that swept away the bridge last winter is lying now, dripping away, dank and dirty, like a rotting whale. I can see it from my window, green beech-boughs nodding over it, forlorn larches bending their tattered branches by its side, splinters of broken pine protruding from its muddy caves, the boulders on its flank, and the hoarse hungry torrent tossing up its tongues to lick the ragged edge of snow. Close by, the meadows, spangled with yellow flowers, and red and blue, look even more brilliant than if the sun were shining on them. Every cup and blade of grass is drinking. But the scene changes; the mist has turned into rain-clouds, and the steady rain drips down, incessant, blotting out the view.

Then, too, what a joy it is if the clouds break towards evening with a north wind, and a rainbow in the valley gives promise of a bright to-morrow! We look up to the cliffs above our heads, and see that they have just been powdered with the snow that is a sign of better weather. Such rainy days ought to be spent in places like Seelisberg and Müren, at the edge of precipices, in front of mountains, or above a lake. The

cloud-masses crawl and tumble about the valleys like a brood of dragons; now creeping along the ledges of the rock with sinuous self-adjustment to its turns and twists; now launching out into the deep, repelled by battling winds, or driven onward in a coil of twisted and contorted serpent curls. In the midst of summer these wet seasons often end in a heavy fall of snow. You wake some morning to see the meadows which last night were gay with July flowers huddled up in snow a foot in depth. But fair weather does not tarry long to reappear. You put on your thickest boots and sally forth to find the great cups of the gentians full of snow, and to watch the rising of the cloud-wreaths under the hot sun. Bad dreams or sickly thoughts, dissipated by returning daylight or a friend's face, do not fly away more rapidly and pleasantly than those swift glory-coated mists that lose themselves we know not where in the blue depths of the sky.

In contrast with these rainy days nothing can be more perfect than clear moonlight nights. There is a terrace upon the roof of the inn at Cormayeur where one may spend hours in the silent watches when all the world has gone to sleep beneath. The Mont Chétif and the Mont de la Saxe form a gigantic portal not unworthy of the pile that lies beyond. For Mont Blanc resembles a vast cathedral: its countless spires are scattered over a mass like that of the Duomo at Milan, rising into one tower at the end. By night the glaciers glitter in the steady moon; domes, pinnacles, and buttresses stand clear of clouds. Needles of every height and most fantastic shapes rise from the central ridge, some solitary like sharp arrows shot against the sky, some clustering into sheaves. On every horn of snow and bank of grassy hill stars sparkle, rising, setting, rolling round through the long silent night. Moonlight simplifies and softens the landscape. Colours become scarcely distinguishable, and forms, deprived of half their detail, gain in majesty and size. The mountains seem greater far by night than day—higher heights and deeper depths, more snowy pyramids, more beetling crags, softer meadows, and darker pines. The whole valley is hushed, but for the torrent and the chirping grasshopper and the striking of the village clocks. The black tower and the houses of Cormayeur in the foreground gleam beneath the moon until she reaches the edge of the firmament, and then sinks quietly away, once more to reappear among the pines, then finally to leave the valley dark beneath the shadow of the

mountain's bulk. Meanwhile the heights of snow still glitter in the steady light: they, too, will soon be dark, until the dawn breaks, tinging them with rose.

But it is not fair to dwell exclusively upon the mere sombre aspect of Swiss beauty when there are so many lively scenes of which to speak. The sunlight and the freshness and the flowers of Alpine meadows form more than half the charm of Switzerland. The other day we walked to a pasture called the Col de Checruit, high up the valley of Cormayeur, where the spring was still in its first freshness. Gradually we climbed by dusty roads, and through hot fields where the grass had just been mown, beneath the fierce light of the morning sun. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the heavy pines hung overhead upon their crags, as if to fence the gorge from every wandering breeze. There is nothing more oppressive than these scorching sides of narrow rifts, shut in by woods and precipices. But suddenly the valley broadened, the pines and larches disappeared, and we found ourselves upon a wide green semicircle of the softest meadows. Little rills of water went rushing through them, rippling over pebbles, rustling under dock-leaves, and eddying against their wooden barriers. Far and wide "you scarce could see the grass for flowers," while on every side the tinkling of cowbells, and the voices of shepherds calling to one another from the Alps, or singing at their work, were borne across the fields. As we climbed we came into still fresher pastures where the snow had scarcely melted. There the goats and cattle were collected, and the shepherds sat among them, fondling the kids and calling them by name. When they called, the creatures came, expecting salt and bread. It was pretty to see them lying near their masters, playing and butting at them with their horns, or bleating for the sweet rye-bread. The women knitted stockings, laughing among themselves, and singing all the while. As soon as we reached them, they gathered round to talk. An old herdsman, who was clearly the patriarch of this Arcadia, asked us many questions in a slow deliberate voice. We told him who we were, and tried to interest him in the cattle-plague which he appeared to regard as an evil yet unreal and far away,—like the murræ upon Pharaoh's herds which one reads about in Exodus. But he was courteous and polite, doing the honours of his pasture with simplicity and ease. He took us to his chalet and gave us bowls of pure cold milk. It was a funny little wooden house, close

d dark. The sky peeped through its  
 as, and if shepherds were not in the habit  
 sleeping soundly all night long they  
 ght count the setting and rising stars  
 about lifting their heads from the pillow.  
 s told us how far pleasanter they found  
 a summer season than the long cold win-  
 which they have to spend in gloomy  
 uses in Cormayeur. This indeed is the  
 so pastoral life which poets have described,  
 a happy summer life among the flowers,  
 all occupied with simple cares, and har-  
 by "no enemy but winter and rough  
 rather."

Very much of the charm of Switzerland  
 longs to simple things, to greetings from  
 e herdsmen, the "Guten Morgen" and  
 Guten Abend," that are invariably given  
 and taken upon mountain paths; to the  
 me creatures, with their large dark eyes,  
 to raise their heads one moment from the  
 stare while you pass; and to the plants  
 that grow beneath your feet. It is almost  
 illegious to speak of the great mountains  
 in this hasty way. Let us, before we finish,  
 take one glance at the multitude of Alpine  
 flowers.

The latter end of May is the time when  
 spring begins in the high Alps. Wherever  
 the light smiles away a patch of snow the  
 brown turf soon becomes green velvet, and  
 the velvet stars itself with red and white  
 and gold and blue. You almost see the  
 blue and lilies grow. First come pale cro-  
 cuses and lilac soldanellas. These break  
 the last dissolving clods of snow, and stand  
 on an island, with the cold wall they  
 have thawed all round them. It is the fate  
 of these poor flowers to spring and flourish  
 in the very skirts of retreating winter; they  
 soon wither — the frilled chalice of the sol-  
 danelia shrivels up and the crocus fades away  
 before the grass has grown; the sun, which  
 has brought all the other plants to life,  
 has shrunk their tender petals. Often when  
 summer has fairly come, you still may see  
 their pearly cups and lilac bells by the side  
 of the avalanches, between the chill snow and  
 the fiery sun, blooming and fading hour by  
 hour. They have, as it were, but a Pisgah  
 view of the promised land, of the spring  
 which they are foremost to proclaim. Next  
 come the clumsy gentians and yellow  
 ranunculuses, covered with soft down like  
 the winged birds. These are among the ear-  
 liest and hardiest blossoms that embroider  
 the high meadows with a drift of blue and  
 gold. About the same time primroses and  
 ranunculuses begin to tuft the dripping rocks,  
 while frail white fleurs-de-lis, like flakes of  
 snow forgotten by the sun, and golden-balled

ranunculuses, join with forget-me-nots and  
 cranesbill in a never-ending dance upon the  
 grassy floor. Happy, too, is he who finds  
 the lilies of the valley clustering about the  
 chestnut boles upon the Colma, or in the  
 beechwood by the stream at Macugnaga,  
 mixed with fragrant white narcissus, which  
 the people of the villages call "Angiolini."  
 There, too, is Solomon's-seal with waxen  
 bells and leaves expanded like the wings of  
 hovering butterflies. But these lists of flow-  
 ers are tiresome and cold; it would be bet-  
 ter to draw the portrait of one which is par-  
 ticularly fascinating. I think that botanists  
 have called it *Saxifraga cotyledon*; yet, in  
 spite of its long name, it is a simple and  
 poetic flower. London pride is the com-  
 monest of all the saxifrages; but the one  
 of which I speak is as different from London  
 pride as a Plantagenet upon his throne from  
 that last Plantagenet who died obscure and  
 penniless some years ago. It is a great ma-  
 jestic flower, which plumes the granite rocks  
 of Monte Rosa in the spring. At other  
 times of the year you see a little tuft of  
 fleshy leaves, set like a cushion on cold  
 ledges and dark places of dripping cliffs.  
 You take it for a stone crop — one of those  
 weeds doomed to obscurity, and safe from  
 being picked because they are so uninviting  
 — and you pass it by incuriously. But  
 about June it puts forth its power, and from  
 the cushion of pale leaves there springs a  
 strong pink stem, which rises upward for a  
 while, and then comes down and breaks  
 into a shower of snow-white blossoms. Far  
 away the splendour gleams, hanging, like a  
 plume of ostrich-feathers, from the roof of  
 rock, waving to the wind, or stooping down  
 to touch the water of the mountain stream  
 that dashes it with dew. The snow at even-  
 ing, glaring with a sunset flush, is not more  
 rosy pure than this cascade of pendent  
 blossoms. It loves to be alone — inaccessi-  
 ble ledges, chasms where winds combat, or  
 moist caverns overarched near thundering  
 falls, are the places that it seeks. I will not  
 compare it to the spirit of the mountains or  
 to a proud lovely soul, for such comparisons  
 desecrate the simplicity of nature, and no  
 simile can add a glory to the flower. It  
 seems to have a conscious life of its own, so  
 large and glorious it is, so sensitive to every  
 breath of air, so nobly placed upon its bend-  
 ing stem, so gorgeous in its solitude. I first  
 saw it years ago on the Simplon, feathering  
 the drizzling crags above Isella. Then we  
 found it near Baveno, in a crack of sombre  
 cliff beneath the mines. The other day  
 we cut an arduous opposite Varallo, by the  
 Sesia, and then felt like murderers; it was

so sad to hold in our hands the triumph of those many patient months, the full expansive life of the flower, the splendour visible from valleys and hillsides, the defenceless creature which had done its best to make the gloomy places of the Alps most beautiful.

After passing many weeks among the high Alps, it is a great pleasure to descend into the plains. The sunset, and sunrise, and the stars of Lombardy, its level horizons and vague misty distances, are a source of absolute relief after the narrow skies and embarrassed prospects of a mountain valley. Nor are the Alps themselves ever more imposing than when seen from Milan or the terrace of Novara, with a foreground of Italian corn-fields and old city towers, and rice-grounds golden green beneath a Lombard sun. Half-veiled by clouds the mountains rise like visionary fortress walls of a celestial city — unapproachable, beyond the range of mortal feet. But those who know by old experience what friendly chalets, and cool meadows, and clear streams are hidden in their folds and valleys, send forth fond thoughts and messages, like carrier-pigeons, from the marble parapets of Milan, crying, "Before another sun has set I too shall rest beneath the shadow of their pines!" It is in truth not more than a day's journey from Milan to the brink of snow at Macugnaga. But very sad it is to leave the Alps, to stand upon the terraces of Berne and waft our ineffectual farewells. The unsympathizing Aar rushes beneath; and the snow-peaks, whom we love like friends, abide untroubled by the coming and the going of the world. The clouds drift over them — the sunset warms them with a fiery kiss. Night comes, and we are hurried far away to wake upon the shores of unfamiliar Seine, remembering; with a pang of jealous passion, that the flowers on Alpine meadows are still blooming, and the rivulets still flowing with a ceaseless song, while Paris shops are all we see, and all we hear is the dull clatter of a Paris crowd.

Part of an article in Fraser's Magazine.

JANE, DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Toward the close of last century Gordon Castle, in the county of Moray, was the favorite resort of all the most distinguished Scotchmen of the day. The old halls of the castle rang with mirth and music and the minstrel's song; grave Presbyterian divines laid aside their bands and Geneva

gowns to contend for the laurel wreath. The inspiring goddess of the scene who kindled this flame of poesy was the beautiful Jane Maxwell, fourth Duchess of Gordon. She is not to be confounded with the Dowager Duchess who died a few years ago and has been almost canonised by the sect which she belonged to; the two women had little in common, and the admirers of the one will find little to admire in the other. Jane Maxwell had few saintly qualities, but she was at once a beauty and a wit, a leader of fashion, and a patron of talent. No man in the north of Scotland has ever left such a lasting impression on the popular mind as the Duchess Jane, and her name frequently recurs in the fashionable annals of the period. She was the daughter of a Scottish baronet, and spent the early part of her life in Edinburgh. Her family occupied a mansion in one of those narrow wynds in the Old Town where the arms of the Scottish nobility may still be seen on the mouldering fetid walls. Young ladies in those days enjoyed an amount of freedom in the north difficult to reconcile with our modern ideas of feminine propriety; but Jane Maxwell went a little further than her contemporaries, and was known even in girlhood as one of the fastest of the fast. She might be seen at any hour drawing water from the pump at the corner of the street, engaging in contests of wit with the passers-by. She was a sort of Scottish Topsy, wild, natural, irrepressible. She did and said things which no one but herself would have ventured to do or to say, and all this with such a charm as none could resist. One old gentleman relates that while passing up the wynd to visit the baronet, he was overturned in the gutter by his madcap daughter, who came scampering past on the back of a pig. It is easy to see from the way he relates the story, that the old gentleman, irate though he was at having his nankeens spoiled (a Scottish gutter is none of the cleanest), would rather have been overturned by Jane Maxwell than by any one else. It was the same everywhere; she played many a wild prank, but her wit and beauty carried her safely through. She was as untamed and untamable as the roe on her native mountains, till she felt the power of the one great sorrow which left a dark shadow on her future life. She had formed a strong attachment to a young officer, a relation of her own; soon after their engagement, his regiment was ordered abroad, and he was one of the first who fell. On hearing of his death, she gave way to an agony of grief too violent to last; this great trial, instead

softening, made her more worldly and ambitious than before. She was bent on success, and fortune favoured her ambition; at an evening assembly in Edinburgh she met Alexander, the fourth Duke of Gordon, the head of his clan, the possessor of princely estates, the Cock of the North, as he was proudly called by his admirers. He was then a young bachelor of pleasing manners and refined tastes; he composed one or two strathspeys, which doubtless received their finishing touch from Marshall, his butler, who was second only to Gow in the composition of Scottish music; and wrote a song to the tune of 'Cauld Kail in Aberdeen,' one verse of which may be given:

In cotillons the French excel;  
John Bull loves country dances;  
The Spaniards dance fandangoes well;  
Mynheer en allemande prances.  
In foursome reels the Scots delight;  
At threesomes they dance wondrous light:  
But twasomes ding a' out o' sight,  
Danced to the reel o' Bogie.

Such a man was sure to be appreciated in Edinburgh or elsewhere; what chance could the daughter of a poor Scottish baronet have in the marriage lists? The odds were carefully against her; but Jane Maxwell knew her power, and bided her time, till she found herself his vis-à-vis in a country dance, when, during a lull in the music, she said, as if to herself, but loud enough to be heard by him, 'Oh! how I should like to be a duchess.' Such a remark from one so beautiful might have repelled rather than attracted; the Duke looked at her in surprise; surprise soon changed into admiration; within a few months the ambitious desire so naively expressed was gratified. She became the mother of one son, the fifth and last Duke of Gordon, and of three daughters, all of whom were married to English dukes. She displayed the same energy in securing husbands for her daughters as she had done for herself; pursued her victims from place to place, and gave them no peace till they surrendered unconditionally. We remember seeing some years ago an amusing caricature; it was an English duke rushing in the hottest haste from an hotel at which the Duchess had just arrived with one of her daughters. It was in vain that he tried to avoid his fate; like the unfortunate Bunsby, he was captured in the end, and had to bend his neck to the yoke. Her wit, her beauty, her extravagance, and her recklessness gained her a name in the world of fashion, but estranged her from her husband, who sought in the society of a Mrs. Christie

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for that domestic happiness which Jane Maxwell had denied him. At Gordon Castle, her own princely mansion in the north, she kept open house and, surrounded herself with all that was most brilliant in Scottish society. The clerical lyre was struck again and again in her praise; with all her faults and eccentricities, she adhered to the Church which Charles II. pronounced unworthy of the adherence of a gentleman. Her *bons-mots*, often at the expense of the clergy, are still fondly remembered in the north. 'What is this young man intended for?' she put to one of her tenants, who had brought his son, a gigantic young Highlander, to wait upon her. 'He is intended for the Church, your grace.' 'Intended for the steeple, I should say.' Pleased with her own wit, and with him who had been the occasion of it, she took care to provide for him in after-life. Her name is perpetuated in the British army by the regiment she raised, the gallant 92nd, or Gordon Highlanders, of which her son, the Marquis of Huntly, obtained the command. Mounted on horseback, with waving tartan and plumes, she rode from house to house, from village to village, in search of recruits. Like Henry VIII. she 'loved a good man,' and wherever she found one, she would have him at any price. Some were bribed with commissions, others with money; when other means of suasion failed, she tried the silent eloquence of her own fair lips, which had the same effect on the young Highlanders as those of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire on the Westminster butcher. She attended every rural merry-meeting, and danced with the wild Camerons and Macraes till she effected her purpose. A farmer named Macgregor had seven sons; all of them obtained commissions in the army through her influence; four of them fell in the Peninsula; three of them survived to return to Badenoch; among their offspring are men of title and high social rank. All this they owe to the Duchess Jane, though the fact may be unknown to them; many others, in different departments of life, labour under the like obligation.

We have dwelt long on the Duchess; the clerical songs written in her praise have only the ordinary merits of *vers de société*, and are scarcely worth repeating, but we feel loth to part with her. She brings back a past generation, a past state of society in many respects different from the present. She said and did things which could not be said or done by the fastest of her rank and sex at the present day. She was a well-



known leader at Almack's, and her name recurs frequently in the fashionable memoirs of the period. Old men, who are scarcely able to totter to their clubs, still speak of her and her beautiful daughters with a sort of enthusiasm; to the peasantry of the north she is still *the* Duchess of Gordon, though another Duchess of saintly character has succeeded her in the title and passed away. A woman thus remembered and loved must have been possessed of many amiable qualities; the favourite popular expression in speaking of her is: 'She had no pride.' She was thoroughly national, and adhered wherever she might happen to be, to the language and customs of the north. On one occasion, George III., with whom she was much of a favourite, playfully declared that he knew Scotch as well as she did, and challenged her to use any expression he did not understand. They happened to be seated near one another: 'Hirsell yon!' said the Duchess. 'It is something about sheep,' said the king. The literal meaning of the words is: 'Sit up a little.' She gave him another chance: 'The other day, as I was passing along the High Street in Edinburgh, I met a woman with a basket who was crying, "Wha'll buy my black dowgs folpit in a peel?" What did she mean?' 'She wanted to sell her puppies of course,' rejoined the king; he was much amused on finding that the 'black dowgs' were leeches.

Lord Byron's mother was a Gordon, and distantly related to the Duke; the Duchess is supposed by some to have suggested the idea of her 'frolic grace, the Duchess of Fitz-fulke.' The physical description tallies; even in her younger days, she was a woman of 'full, voluptuous, but not o'ergrown bulk.' The close, like the beginning of her career, was dark and sorrowful. Her husband separated from her; her extravagance and folly had almost ruined him. The allowance he gave her proved insufficient; she was constantly in difficulties; the money she received was spent at the gambling table; she died, almost unnoticed and unknown, in a London hotel. When she was on her death-bed, she sent for Dr. Nichol, the minister of the Scotch Church, Swallow Street, whose ministrations she had occasionally attended; and asked him if there could be any hope for one who had lived as she had done. It is to be presumed that the answer was satisfactory, as she presented the doctor with a handsome service of Communion plate, which is still in the possession of the Kirk Session of Swallow Street Church.

Her death was deeply felt in the north. All her failings were forgotten; people thought only of her matchless beauty, her sparkling wit, her graceful manners, her affability and kindness to all. The members of the presbytery of Strathbogie lost in her a patron and friend, and lamented her in strains of truest sincerity. The best elegy was written by a Mr. Allardyce, minister of Forgue, in the adjoining presbytery of Turriff. The remains of the Duchess had been removed from London, and interred at Kinrara, a beautiful spot near Gordon Castle, where her tomb is still to be seen. Mr. Allardyce's lines, set to music by a local composer, were once very popular in the north:—

Far in Kinrara blooms the rose,  
And softly waves the drooping lily,  
Where beauty's faded charms repose,  
And splendour rests on earth's cold pillow.

Her smile, who sleeps in yonder bed,  
Could once awake the soul to pleasure,  
When Fashion's airy train she led,  
And formed the dance's frolic measure.

When war called forth our youth to arms,  
Her eye inspired each martial spirit;  
Her mind, too, felt the Muse's charms,  
And gave the meed to modest merit.

But now farewell, fair northern star;  
Thy beams no more shall courts enlighten,  
No more lead forth our youth to war,  
No more the rural pastimes brighten.

Long, long thy loss shall Scotia mourn;  
Her vales, which thou wert wont to gladden,  
Shall long look cheerless and forlorn,  
And grief the minstrel's music sadden.

And oft amid the festive scene,  
Where pleasure cheats the midnight pillow,  
A sigh shall breathe for noble Jane,  
Laid low beneath Kinrara's willow.

The reader will form his own opinion regarding the merits of this production; the truthfulness of certain parts of it will not be disputed by any one familiar with the north.

Many changes have occurred there since these lines were written; the title of Duke of Gordon has become extinct through the death of the fifth duke without lawful issue; Gordon Castle and the Gordon estates have passed into the hands of the Richmond family; the poetical presbytery of Strathbogie have gone the way of all living; but 'noble Jane' still occupies a prominent place

in the memory of the old people who were her contemporaries. In the south there are a few Nestors of the clubs who still speak of her and her daughters as superior to any of the reigning beauties of the day; in the north, the feeling of admiration is more intense and general. We had occasion recently to visit that part of Scotland where she was best known, and is still fondly remembered. One old gentleman, himself once passionately given to field sports, spoke of her as the boldest rider he had ever seen: 'I have seen her clear fences where Barclay of Ury, or Lord Kintore, would have turned back.' 'Her beauty would have been perfect,' said an old lady, 'if her front teeth had no been geyen lang.' We must bear in mind, however, that a short upper lip passes with many as a proof of beauty; it is certain, moreover, that no woman can be without a flaw in the eyes of another. Scotland has given her no successor in the world of fashion; it is to be regretted that Burns did not make her the subject of one of his lyrics. She met the poet during his short-lived career of gaiety in Edinburgh; she gives her impression of him with her usual emphasis: 'I never met any man whose conversation swept me so completely off my feet.' The poet says nothing of her; he had an almost morbid dread of the charge of flunkeyism, and scorned the idea of being a worshipper of rank and title. Poor Jane! peace to her ashes! may they long remain undisturbed beneath the weeping willows at Kinrara.

From the Saturday Review, 13 July.

## FRANCE AND MEXICO.

THE hour of reckoning has come for the Government of France, and it has to listen to the story of its disastrous failure told by the mouth of one of its most persistent adversaries. There is scarcely any one sentence in M. THIERS long speech which does not express with accuracy what has occurred in the different stages of the miserable history of the Mexican expedition. As M. THIERS states, this expedition was undertaken from very mixed motives. It was to be a glory to France, and also a gain. The Empire of France and of French ideas was to be advanced, and Frenchmen were to find in Mexico a brilliant harvest. The ground on which these hopes were

based was pointed out from the very beginning. Spain and England retired from the expedition, which had been commenced by them in concert with France, on the express ground that it could not possibly answer. At home there were not wanting voices to raise a note of warning, and M. THIERS, more than any one, denounced the folly of the enterprise. He was answered that history would pronounce that the Emperor NAPOLEON was a man of genius, who had carried out to a successful ending an undertaking beset with great difficulties. The history of prophets is very unlike the history of historians. What history has to record is that an expedition, based on a thorough miscalculation of probabilities and an extreme ignorance of facts, has terminated in a most lamentable and tragical end. M. THIERS is quite right. A free nation could not have made so great a mistake, have persisted in it so obstinately, or have carried it out so recklessly. The Government speakers have nothing to say. There is no excuse to make. M. ROUHER tries to make the Chamber, and through the Chamber the nation, share the responsibility; but the best possible answer to the speech of M. ROUHER was that of another defender of the Government, M. GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC, who insisted that the expedition only failed because the general feeling in France was so strongly against it. Such an event cannot fail to produce an impression fruitful of great consequences. France has sunk forty millions sterling, has lost thousands of lives, and has to bear something of the reproach of having led MAXIMILIAN to his doom, simply because France had no will of her own, because her Chamber was a club of nominees, and the advisers of her ruler were mere dummies. Frenchmen cannot fail to feel that a system under which such a state of things is possible must be a very bad system; and the unfortunate MAXIMILIAN, if he has succeeded in so little else, will in all probability be hereafter reckoned among those who have most largely contributed to the restoration of some sort of liberty in France.

Fortunately for the EMPEROR those who oppose him always manage to spoil, if possible, their own case. It was difficult to say anything bad of the Mexican expedition which was not true, but M. JULES FAVRE succeeded in giving M. ROUHER an opportunity of diverting from the Government the stream of general indignation. He said that the blood of MAXIMILIAN was on the Government of France; and this is notoriously not true. If the French made a great

mistake, and put themselves in an impossible position, so did the unfortunate Emperor of MEXICO. He took what was offered him, and, if it was wrong to make the offer, it was also wrong to accept it. When the French were driven out of Mexico by the United States they offered a secure retreat to the EMPEROR. He stayed because he thought he was in honour bound to stay, and it was not the fault of the French that he chose to take the desperate risk which he thought his honour imposed on him. It is far more true that the blood of the French citizens who have been massacred in Mexican cities by the triumphant Liberals lies on the French Government than that the blood of MAXIMILIAN does. If the Emperor NAPOLEON could realize the sufferings which his own subjects have gone through since his army was ordered by the Americans to leave Mexico, the full depth of his humiliation would be brought home to him. But for this last saddest event in the whole sad history he is in a very small degree responsible; and since the news was received in Europe he has behaved in a manner at once dignified and marked by right feeling. Disclaiming all direct responsibility, he yet owns that he took a part in placing MAXIMILIAN within reach of the death he has died, and this must always be to him a matter of painful regret. It may be doubted, however, whether the language of the French Government with regard to the future of Mexico is quite wise. It seems, as M. THIERS said, to be calling on others to avenge what it cannot avenge itself. The Americans are invoked in the most pointed way to take possession of Mexico. They are to do what the French could not do. This is not very dignified nor very prudent. If there is anything which will make the Americans resolve not to trouble themselves about Mexico, it will be these instigations on the part of European politicians, urging them to absorb Mexico as a matter of duty. They will not like to think that they are called on to fulfil an obligation, and they will set themselves steadily against appearing to yield to dictation. It is a great exaggeration to say that they are bound to avenge MAXIMILIAN. He took his own course, and he has fallen a victim to the short-sighted fury of his enemies. He put himself in the position of a Mexican heading a party of Mexicans, and he was shot just as SANTA ANNA has been shot. The history of SANTA ANNA's expedition is not yet known, and it has yet to be explained how an English officer thought himself entitled to interfere in Mexican affairs. But

SANTA ANNA has died without any one expressing any pity for him. The reason why the two executions are viewed so differently is a very good reason. The EMPEROR had honestly tried to do Mexico all the good he could; he had behaved honourably; he was shot in cold blood; and his execution was entirely useless, as he would have been most delighted to retire from Mexico altogether if he thought the claims of honour were satisfied. SANTA ANNA was a veteran intriguer, a Mexican of the Mexicans, a man who had twenty times tried to get up a revolution, and he was shot at once by those who got him into their power. But the American nation is not more to blame for the death of the EMPEROR than for that of SANTA ANNA. Only one duty lies on the Americans. If Mexico relapses into a perfectly hopeless state of anarchy, it will then be incumbent on the Government of the United States to consider whether it will not be possible to interfere, and to place Mexican affairs on an endurable footing, and whether this can be effected at a cost not wholly disproportionate to the result.

An account has come to Europe of the last hours of the unfortunate EMPEROR, and if this melancholy record is a fiction, it is a very ingenious and plausible fiction, for it is entirely in keeping with probability. How so very minute an account came to be telegraphed from New Orleans to the *Figaro*, of all European journals, is exceedingly obscure. But with scarcely an exception the details are interesting, pathetic, and probable. The only noticeable exception to this general vein of probability is the description of MEJIA as radiant with joy, because, being an Indian, he was allowed to die with his master. This conception of a Mexican general as a fond, faithful savage seems as if it were the offspring of the imagination of some one who thought that an Indian, if he was to be praised, must be praised for behaving like a sort of FRIDAY in *Robinson Crusoe*. The letter of the EMPEROR to his wife was, however, singularly well imagined if it was fictitious, and the writer must have known Mexico well to know that MAXIMILIAN had not followed the advice of the EMPRESS — a mistake for which he expresses his regret in this farewell address. He could not bear to think or have it said that he was guided by her, and, from a legitimate wish to preserve his independence, he often refused to listen to her when he might have got on much better if he had let her advise him. It will also seem probable, to those who know the past

history of Mexico, that JUAREZ may not have personally desired the execution of the EMPEROR. He has never shown himself an exceptionally cruel man, and it is possible that he acted under a pressure which he felt unable to resist. On whom the chief blame for this barbarous, because unnecessary and unjustifiable, act is to fall remains to be settled, nor do we yet know how those who are responsible for the act will try to justify it; but we are gradually learning enough of the story of the siege of Queretaro to know that the EMPEROR had every right to ask to be treated as a prisoner of war. He was not defending a hopeless position. In one or two sallies he had obtained some slight advantages, and if he and his troops were hard pressed for food, the besieging force also was short of supplies, and was even, it is said, on the eve of breaking up, when the treachery of LOPEZ placed the prize within its grasp. The EMPEROR was therefore an enemy taken in fair fight, and his character deserved recognition at the hands of the Liberals. They had, indeed, often acknowledged that he had tried to do his best for Mexico, and when he was at Orizaba they might have taken or shot him day after day with great ease, as he was then unprotected; but they spared him, because they thought he was going with the French. It was probably because he at last called to his aid such notorious men as MIRAMON and MARQUEZ, and thus entered into the internecine struggles of Mexican parties, that he fell a victim to the anger and the policy of the Liberals, who are said to have resolved to rid themselves once for all of the leaders opposed to them, and then proclaim an amnesty for the rest of their adversaries. Perhaps, too, the successful party were in some measure guided by a wish to show their independence of the United States, and were inclined to take the life of the EMPEROR for the very reason that they had been asked to spare it. But, whatever may have been their motives, it is certain that the EMPEROR was wholly undeserving of his fate, and that his execution was an act of the most reckless impolicy.

From the London Review, 13 July.

#### THE FUTURE OF MEXICO.

THE execution of Maximilian was a serious blunder on the part of the Mexican Liberals. The unfortunate ex-Emperor was no longer to be dreaded. He and his

party had given up even the show of resistance, and only endeavoured to postpone their inevitable fall through the hope of obtaining easier terms of capitulation. So soon as the order had gone forth for the return of the French troops, Maximilian was practically harmless; the enemies of the Republic then most to be feared being Miramon, Marquez, and those leading politicians of the Church party who, since 1848, have torn Mexico asunder by their dissensions and bloodthirsty reprisals. Had Maximilian been allowed to leave the country, and carry back to Europe the story of his misfortunes and baffled hopes, the unlucky effort to found a Mexican empire would soon have been dismissed from the public mind, and would certainly never have been recalled by those potentates whose own share in the project is no very grateful subject for reflection. Now, the sudden indignation which seems to possess all Europe — an indignation which would be very beautiful but for the unconscionable amount of forgetfulness, unfairness, and ignorance which accompanies it — may have a prejudicial effect on the fortunes of the only Mexican Government which the Mexican people are willing to recognise. We do not apprehend that the hectic appeals of the *Moniteur*, and the incontinent screeching of certain English Tory journals, will lead to an effort on the part of European monarchs to chastise the Juarists for their summary and unwise act of retribution. Governments, after all, are blessed with a little memory and a little modesty. Besides, we in England nowadays never chastise: we admonish. When a notorious piece of injustice or disturbance occurs, we confine ourselves to the duty of reading the Riot Act, and allow somebody else to apply the terrors of the law. It is to be feared that the graceful little moral essays which we from time to time address to the unruly children of Europe are rather disregarded; but then we have done our duty and obtained credit for the possession of high principles. To scold the Juarists, therefore, comes natural to us; and we are ably seconded, in this instance, by France and Austria, both of which countries have particular cause to be angry. Austria is robbed of one of her best-beloved princes; France wishes to conceal her own share in the catastrophe by drawing the eyes of Europe towards the heinous nature of Juarez's crime. We cannot help remarking, however, that we should have better admired the moral indignation which has been aroused by this event, had it been somewhat less a respecter

of persons. We do not hear so much horror expressed at the idea of a political execution as at the thought that the brother of an Emperor should so have suffered. Had Maximilian executed Juarez, there would have been less sympathy exhibited by those persons whose acquaintance with history does not reach to a knowledge of the antecedents of the European Powers which are now most vociferously irate. Let Austria, before she accuses the Mexicans of being a race of savages, wipe out the recollection of those gibbets which, after the capitulation of Komorn, hung out their ghastly trophies in the Hungarian capital. Let France, before she denounces the deed as an unheard-of outrage, look at almost any page of her own blood-stained annals. Let England remember that the very man whose untimely fate she deploras did himself publish one of the most infamous decrees which even guerilla warfare has called forth, by which any person belonging to the Juarist army, or who had sold provisions, horses, or arms to the army, was to be tried and executed within twenty-four hours, and that, among others, two Mexican generals were thus taken and shot. We do not at all seek to justify the execution of the unhappy prince who was made the scapegoat of Louis Napoleon's mistake. We should rejoice to see the punishment of death, for any political offence, abolished by the universal consent of all civilized nations. But while it is not abolished — while no one European nation can proclaim itself guiltless of this crime — while even in England a month has scarcely passed over since we were on the verge of perpetrating this barbaric reprisal upon the prisoner Burke, it does not behoove us to inveigh with exaggerated emphasis against the Mexicans for committing an outrage which is so far justified by the code and example of Europe. Moral indignation is a fine sentiment; but it should be guided by some little regard for reason and consistency.

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MEXICO AND EUROPE.

(*Il diritto* — Florence: Democratic, July 5.)

MAXIMILIAN of Hapsburg, by right divine Archduke of Austria, and by right of conquest Emperor of Mexico, was shot by the Republicans on the 19th of last month. We are sorry for this as for human blood which ought not to have been shed, and much less by Republicans.

We do not wish, however, to commit over this fallen man a pomp of pious imposture. He died firm at his post, and for a king he was brave; but in his death we see rather the vengeance of a people oppressed for ages by European preponderance than the unhappy fate of a brave player for crowns.

It is allowable, it is true, to weep over betrayed Archduke; but before that we think it right to refer to the tears of a whole country, which for three centuries has been hunted down, beaten, and insulted by Spanish, French, and Austrian conquest.

Let us appeal to history.

On Holy Thursday in the year 1519, when Charles V. of Spain and Austria was reigning, a handful of Spanish soldiers, flying from the wrath of their supreme governor landed, under the leadership of Cortez, and S. Giovanni d'Ulloa, in Mexico. They were led there by an insatiable thirst for gold, and that feverish love of adventure and unknown empires which then agitated the contemporaries of Columbus, and which, strangely enough, was mixed up with a religious sentiment for planting crosses in barbarous lands and breasts.

The country where they landed, rich in the finest products, and having every variety of climate, was the present Mexico, which the natives called Tenoctitlan. It was inhabited and governed by the Aztecs, a warlike and priestly race, who, having come from the North, had imposed themselves over the Ancient Toltechi. . . .

The union of the Aztecs with the Toltechi produced good fruit: the two peoples mixed, and from their contact arose a civilization in which remained some traces of the Aztec ferocity blended with the polish of the aborigines.

They worshipped in the *tescalli* the god, Mexitli, god of war, they worshipped light also, and expected the Messiah.

Then came Cortez, who united all the Castilian bravery with the political art for which the Spanish school is famous. He contrived to gain over the Cacique of Compoalla, and to spread discord amongst the inhabitants by stirring up the memories of the Aztec conquest, until at last, having allied himself with the party of Tlascala, he went toward Mexico, the capital, an uninvited guest, but still a guest.

He soon abused this hospitality, took the King Montezuma prisoner, fortified himself in Mexico, and, having to go forth from the city to oppose other Spaniards who had landed to divide the booty with him, he gave the command to the intrepid but brutal Alvarado. This wretch on the occasion of a

festival had aimed all the nobility of the place massacred, and the people, having rebelled against the Spaniards, began the most heroic struggle.

The *noche triste* are well known in the annals of Spain, when Alvarado and Cortez, in the middle of Mexico, surrounded by desperate enemies, owed their life to superhuman efforts.

But the arms of the adventurers were superior; Cortez, saved by a miracle from the *noche triste* gained at Otumba, bloody battle by the help of the Tlascalans, laid siege to Mexico again, and took the city by storm, destroyed the inhabitants, and tortured to death with barbarous cruelty the valorous King Quatimozin.

Mexico fell: in the Plain of Anahuac where twenty cities once stood a desert appeared.

If the Aztecs, according to their horrid custom devoured their enemies, the Spaniards, who were at that time devouring Italian liberty in Europe, gave the bones of the poor natives to the dogs. Of the two, the Spaniards were the worse.

How Mexico was afterwards governed by the Court of Madrid, and the cruel avidity of the Viceroy is evident to any who goes and sees the country. The original race, the Aztec Indians, were divided into *repartimientos*, given like land or sheep to the conquering whites, so that in a few years that people were decimated and completely brutalized. . . .

The natives could not have civil rights, were confined in small villages, put under a priest and a European lord. They had to live as he liked, and die when Madrid and its followers thought proper. What a mass of ignorance, hatred, and savage customs accumulated in so many years of servitude history knows and Mexico now shows. Europe is reaping now what she sowed.

In 1810 the indignation of the native population broke forth — Hidalgo, a poor curate of Dolores, put himself at the head of the insurgents, guided them to the victory of Las Cruces, laying the foundation of Mexican liberty. Hidalgo having been conquered and shot by the Spaniard Calleja, Morelos arose with the flag of liberty; another priest — similar to Hidalgo — Matamoros, having been also shot by Calleja, the hatred of the foreigner remained as bitter as before, so that Iturbide — who was a native — was able for a time to make himself Emperor, and to dictate the laws of the

*piano d'Iguala* which were the legal foundation of the Mexican autonomy. Independence then re-rose, and Iturbide and the empire died.

Thenceforth, Mexico, freed from foreign rule, fell a prey to internal discord. . . .

However, how could one expect that a people which had no one to help it, and only the memory of past centuries of the most brutal condition, should rise all at once to a perfect State? One thing, one holy thing, however, had remained in the Mexicans — the love of liberty, the hatred of foreign rule.

And this sole virtue Europe tried to suffocate: Napoleon III., Spain, and England, taking as their pretext some financial questions, decided to intervene by arms in the affairs of Mexico. They went; but Spain and England, more careful than Napoleon, soon drew back at Soledad, leaving Napoleon to manage the enterprise, and to rule the country, and encounter the tremendous jealousy of the United States.

The French were beaten at Puebla, but afterwards conquered, and having shot the enemy's generals, succeeded in subjecting a part of Mexico, while the Republicans had withdrawn to the more distant provinces.

Then Maximilian of Austria was thought of, an ambitious spirit, although personally honest and good. Some notables got up for the occasion offered him the throne. He went to America, accepted it, and trusted to his good fortune and the help of the French. . . .

The scene, however, was soon changed. The United States turned the French out by a few words, and Maximilian remained alone. He fought bravely, rushed boldly at his enemies, and was taken and shot. . . .

We should have voted for his not being killed. But we shall not insult Mexico on that account. He who attacks the liberty of a people has to play a terrible game, for which he must be prepared.

The *noche triste* have been repeated, after 330 years, at Queretaro, Maximilian, has fallen into the tomb into which the Europeans thrust Montezuma, Quatimozin, Hidalgo, Matamoros, and so many others. Juarez, a descendant of the conquered Aztecs, has killed Maximilian of Austria, a descendant of Charles V., the first conqueror of Mexico. . . .

The Archduke was a brave man, but that is all. For the rest, we hail the victory of Mexico with joy.

From The Spectator.

MEMOIR OF GENERAL JAMES OGLETHORPE.\*

MR. WRIGHT is not, we must admit, a very interesting biographer. His subject had a career well deserving record, he has ample materials and he writes clearly enough, but he heaps up uninteresting details, has no clear notion of his hero, and is entirely deficient in picturesqueness. Still, the book seems accurate enough, except, as we suspect rather than know, when it treats of the Wesleys, who had a feud with General Oglethorpe, which has made his memory odious to the denomination, and it revives the memory of a very considerable though nearly forgotten personage, who was among the first of English philanthropists, and founded a great American State. James Oglethorpe was born on the 1st of June, 1689, the third son of Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe, Knight, representative of an old family in the West Riding, and owner of a considerable estate in Surrey. He served as a young man under Prince Eugène, and in 1722 was returned to Parliament for Haslemere, Surrey, as a high Tory, which meant in those days something like what Newdegatism would be now. He was a Tory of the good kind, independent, high-principled, sincerely attached to the people, and with a fund of common sense and courage. His bravery, indeed, was rash, and he was to the end of his life prone to duelling, which he seems to have considered the only mode in which a gentleman could defend himself. He had a stern temper, too, which he himself thought a deal sterner than it really was; witness the following story:—

“ Mr. Wesley, hearing an unusual noise in the cabin of General Oglethorpe, stepped in to inquire the cause, on which the General immediately addressed him:—‘ Mr. Wesley, you must excuse me. I have met with a provocation too much for a man to bear. You know, the only wine I drink is Cyprus wine, as it agrees with me the best of any. I therefore provided myself with several dozens of it, and this villain, Grimaldi [his foreign servant, who was present, and almost dead with fear], has drunk nearly the whole of it. But I will be revenged. He shall be tied hand and foot, and carried to the man-of-war. The rascal should have taken care how he used me so; for I never forgive.’—‘ Then I hope, Sir,’ said Mr. Wesley, looking calmly at him, ‘ you never sin.’ The General was quite confounded at the re-

proof; and after a pause, putting his hand into his pocket, he took out a bunch of keys, which he threw at Grimaldi, saying, ‘ There, villain! take my keys, and behave better for the future.’ ”

Mr. Wright doubts this story, which came direct from Wesley's own lips, apparently from simple hatred of Wesley, but it is exceedingly characteristic of both men. An almost precisely similar story is told of the late Lord Durham, and as it is by no means unusual to find good and kindly men who are unable to put up with the, as they feel it, impertinent dishonesty of domestic servants, we see no reason whatever for supposing that either Wesley or his biographer invented the little incident. That Oglethorpe sympathized strongly with suffering is certain, but is by no means a proof that he would not flog a thief. Be that as it may, he was the first to call attention to the shocking state of the Debtor's Prisons, which were private property, ruled by scoundrels with the power of feudal lords, one of whom was accustomed to load his prisoners with chains, while another used to wreak his spite on debtors without money by tying the dead to the living. That particular miscreant,— Acton was the name of him — bribed the jury which tried him, but Oglethorpe, by the assiduous exertions of three years and incessant references to Parliament, reduced the prisons to some sort of order and decency. He was a determined free-trader; not, we imagine, from our economic ideas, but from a general perception that a differential duty involved a fine to be paid by an innocent person, which he could not abide. He wanted the colonies, for example, to be placed commercially on the precise footing of English counties, and actually succeeded in convincing a House, of Commons of that day that if a machine would make silk better than a handloom, the machine benefited the nation, a bit of wisdom which even now cannot be driven into some Unionists' heads. The following sentence shows in very few lines the businesslike shrewdness of the man. The House was inquiring into the great fraud known as the robbery of the Charitable Corporation, and there was a question in the House whether the Corporation, which was simply a bank on the Scotch principle, was, or was not, charitable and beneficial. Whereupon Oglethorpe says:—

“ People may call it “charitable,” or not, as they please; but I always looked upon it as an act of charity to let necessitous persons have money to borrow upon easier terms than they

\* *Memoir of General James Oglethorpe.* By R. Wright. London: Chapman and Hall.

I have it elsewhere. Money, like other things, is but a commodity, and, in the way of using, the use thereof, as well as of other things, is looked upon to be worth as much as one can get for it. If this corporation let situate people have the use of their money cheaper rate than any other persons would give them, they were certainly useful to the colony, and were so far to be reckoned a charity-corporation, and if they had asked more than was usual to be given, they would not have any customers."

had escaped belief, one sees, in usury just one century and a quarter before our men had, a clear though slight proof rain.

1732 Mr. Oglethorpe betook himself to larger enterprises. He had read a "wild" scheme, framed by Sir Robert Montgomery, and a colony in the border land between South Carolina and the Spanish dominions, to be called the Margravate of Georgia, with Sir Robert as Margrave, and he thought him that his unhappy debtors might in this way be made useful. He said:—"Let us cast our eyes on the multitude of unfortunate people in this dominion of reputable families and of liberal education; some undone by guardians, some ruined by accidents in commerce, some ruined by stocks and bubbles, some by surety; but all agree in this one circumstance, they must either be burthensome to their relations, or betake themselves to little means for sustenance which, it is ten to one, do not answer their purposes, and to which ill-educated person descends with the least constraint. There are the persons who may relieve themselves and strengthen Georgia by resorting thither, and Great Britain by their departure." "To the objection which might be made, that such persons were unable for the drudgery of agriculture, he replies that in Georgia they would have land for nothing, and that land would be as fertile as to yield a hundredfold increase. 'We here in England,' he adds, 'ten acres of good land to one of these helpless persons, I doubt not his ability to make it subsist; but the difference between no rent and rack-rent is the difference between living and starving.'" He therefore called on the public to aid him in founding a true colony of Adullam, a colony of debtors in Georgia, and the public subscribed him £1000, and the Crown gave him and other trustees power to found what was in fact a colony. The applications were numerous, the affair grew, and Oglethorpe at last consented to take upon him the office of Gov-

ernor, only stipulating that he should have no emoluments, and that slavery should be prohibited as fatal to the industry and character of free labourers. He arrived in Georgia with his strange crew in January, 1733, and as his first act selected a spot for the future capital of the colony. His first day's proceedings reveal the man:—

"Glad to be released from the confinement of their close vessels, and to find themselves once more on dry land, they had little time to look about them, for they must prepare some means of shelter. So the men immediately set to work, and tore branches from the nearest pines, cedars, and evergreen oaks, with which to form rude tents or bowers. These were rapidly made by sticking two forked poles into the ground, and laying another on the top, over which were spread sheets, cloaks, and blankets. At nightfall a watch-fire was kindled, and when their Governor made his midnight round, all except the sentinels he had posted to guard the encampment seemed to be sunk in peaceful slumber. Next morning he again called the people together to thank God for His mercy in bringing them safely to the land of their adoption. Then, addressing them, he reminded them of their duties as the founders of a new colony, and told them that the seed sown by themselves would, morally as well as literally, bring forth its increase, either for good or for evil, in after generations. Above all, he warned them against drunkenness, from which some of them had already suffered. The importation of ardent spirits was illegal, but as, in spite of every care, rum might find its way amongst them, they must resist any temptation to which they might be exposed. This he recommended not only on their own account, but on that of their Indian neighbours. Experience had proved that the red man soon became addicted to the habit of drinking European 'fire-water,' which was invariably fatal to him. 'But it is my hope,' added Oglethorpe, 'that through your good example, the settlement of Georgia may prove a blessing and not a curse to the native inhabitants.' Then, having explained to his hearers that it was necessary they should labour in common until the site of the town was cleared, and having encouraged them to work amicably and cheerfully together, he dismissed them."

He carried his notion of duty to the Indians straightway into practice, compelled his people to respect them, won the natives' confidence till they referred tribal disputes to his arbitration, and throughout his reign absolutely forbade all cruelty or oppression, even the taking of land clearly in occupation. So keenly did he sympathize with the Indians that he learned their language, and when one of their number died on a visit to England he took them all down at



great inconvenience to his country-seat, in order that in the woods of Westbrook they might wail for their dead in their own fashion, without fear of ridicule, and so comfort their minds. That little incident seems to us to bear unmistakable testimony to Oglethorpe's genuine kindness and sympathy with the suffering, however far beneath himself. He was repaid by the unswerving fidelity of his *protégés*, who during his reign as founder, and subsequently as Commander-in-chief, were never tempted by the high Spanish bribes, and never quarrelled with him, except when he refused peremptorily to allow a massacre. Oglethorpe, said a great Creek chief to Spaniards, who piled up scarlet clothes and silver before him, if only he would betray his ally, can give us nothing, but "We love him. It is true he does not give us silver; but he gives us everything we want that he has. He has given me the coat off his back and the blanket from under him." A body of persecuted German Protestants, Salzburgers, were subsequently added to the colony, while from time to time Oglethorpe, returning to England and resuming his seat in Parliament, brought out hundreds of needy or impoverished settlers. His efforts even touched the imagination of poets. Thomson sang his praise in his poems on "Liberty." With intervals of English life he remained in Georgia ten years, building, planting, organizing, fighting Spaniards, conciliating Indians, doing all the work of a true ruler of men, and then, suspected at home of Jacobite tendencies, he returned home not one penny or one acre the richer, to dwell in peace and honour for forty-two more years in Essex, on an estate belonging to his uncle. He lived to see the colony he had founded a great and independent but slaveholding State—the colonists insisting on their right to lease slaves, though they could not buy them—retaining at ninety-five his erect bearing, keen eyes, and habitual activity. "His eyes," writes Walpole in 1785, "ears, articulation, limbs, and memory would suit a boy, if a boy could recollect a century backwards. His teeth are gone; he is a shadow, and a wrinkled one; but his spirits and his spirit are in full bloom. Two years and a half ago he challenged a neighbouring gentleman for trespassing on his manor." To the last he was a fierce Tory, declaring that there could be no basis of authority save the divine right of the King to rule, and to the last was, as the English legitimists often were, a fierce opponent of tyranny and oppression. He told the Government, for ex-

ample, that America could never be subdued by force, and recommended as a first step the removal of all just grievances. He was, in fact, up to his lights a just man, competent to govern other men, and we wish that this, the first clear biography of him, had been written in a style less like that befitting a family chronicle or diary of exploring adventure.

From the Spectator.

#### THE OPEN POLAR SEA.\*

THIS remarkable book is not a work of science, but, in fact, the popular part of that which, if published, in full would be work of science in the proper sense, namely, the record of a scientific exploration undertaken for public ends. The scientific part of Dr. Hayes's voyage, begun in 1860 and ended in 1861, is in the hands of the Smithsonian Institution awaiting publication, and the volume before us is a popular instalment of a work which is, or ought to be, an addition to the knowledge of the globe, since Dr. Hayes claims to have proved the existence of an open polar sea. Soon after his return from that sea, Dr. Hayes placed his principal records at the disposal of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, comprising papers giving a full analysis of his magnetic, meteorological, astronomical, geographical, pendulum, and tidal observations. Not a little, certainly. With Dr. Hayes, and in equal ignorance of the cause, we, too, regret that the publication of such records should have been so much delayed. From his preface, it is difficult to say (he dates October, 1866) if they have really not yet been published, and if not, why not? At all events, we have not seen them, and we understand him to say that they were not published when he published the present volume. We also understand him to hint that the Smithsonian Institution have failed him in some promise or other to publish his records, and he seems to speak of their publication as a contingency which might happen at any time, but one upon which, to use Lord Dundreary's expression, "no fellow" could calculate. If that is not Dr. Hayes's meaning, then all we can say is that his style is lucid,

\* *The Open Polar Sea: a Narrative of a Voyage of Discovery towards the North Pole, in the Schooner "United States."* By Dr. I. I. Hayes. London: Sampson Low, and Co.

is meaning obscure. The two are incompatible. However, we speak here of Hayes's preface, and his preface only. The object of Dr. Hayes was to prove the existence of an open polar sea. The enterprise suggested itself to him as he was acting as surgeon of the expedition commanded by the late Dr. E. D. Nease, of the United States' Navy. Dr. Hayes sailed, as we know, to penetrate further an lat.  $78^{\circ} 37'$ . That was the highest he reached in 1854-55 when he sailed with his vessels in Van Rensselaer Har- bour, on the eastern side of Smith

It seemed to Dr. Hayes, however, more favourable position could be attained on the western side of Smith Sound; from personal observations made in 1851 while on a sledge journey from Van Rensselaer Harbour, it appeared to him that the same degree of latitude could be secured for a winter station and the prospect of further exploration. Accepting the inductions of many learned physicists as to the sea about the North Pole cannot be denied, that an open area of varying extent be found within the ice-belt which it is to invest it, Dr. Hayes aspired to the proofs which had already been obtained by the early Dutch and English voyagers, and, more recently, by the reports of Scoresby, Wrangel, and Parry, and, still later, by Dr. Kane's expedition. Although the very noble ambition of definitely solving the problem of an open sea encouraged Dr. Hayes in the high which he had undertaken, there were questions of physical science to be solved, concerning the currents of air and their temperature, pressure, tides, variations of gravity, the direction and intensity of the magnetic force, the Aurora Borealis, the formation and movement of glaciers, and many other features of polar history. With these objects in mind and hoping to take with him a corps of instructed observers, Dr. Hayes appealed to the "scientific men of the world, the enlightened public sentiment of the countrymen." The answer was eventful, satisfactory, but very slow in coming, a chapter in which Dr. Hayes details how he took to effect his object, how he wandered up and down the country until, at last, the learned bodies surrendered their prejudices, and subscriptions in money and poured in upon him from all parts, the least curious in the book. Truly, this sea is the land of private enterprise and individual achievement.

It would not be fair to call Dr. Hayes's

book sensational; but when we say that it is eminently readable and sprightly, we are understating the case. It is even more than a man's book, it is also a boy's book in the good sense of the word, masculine, simple, amusing, and very full of dogs. Indeed, Dr. Hayes confesses that he felt as lively an interest in his "teams" as any proprietor of horses in his stud, and his analysis of their habits seems new and good. The picture of the king of the team, "a big, aggressive brute, who sports a dirty red uniform with snuff-colored facings, and has sharp teeth; who in the twinkling of an eye can trounce any dog in the whole herd, and seems to possess the faculty of destroying conspiracies, cabals, and all evil designs against his stern rule," is particularly lively. Then the characters of the Esquimaux who attend him are happily touched off. He has also a great sense of scenery, and the following description forcibly recalls Mr. Church's great picture, which some of our readers may remember to have seen exhibited some time ago in London. He is describing a midnight scene among the icebergs:—"I have just come below, lost in the wondrous beauty of the night. The sea is smooth as glass; not a ripple breaks its dead surface, not a breath of air stirring. The sun hangs close upon the northern horizon; the fog has broken up into light clouds; the icebergs lie thick about us, the dark headlands stand boldly out against the sky, and the clouds and sea and bergs and mountains are bathed in an atmosphere of crimson and gold and purple most singularly beautiful." . . . "The air," he writes later, of the same night, "was warm almost as a summer's night at home, and yet there were the icebergs and the bleak mountains, with which the fancy, in this land of green hills and waving forests, can associate nothing but cold repulsiveness. The sky was bright and soft and strangely inspiring as the skies of Italy. The bergs had lost their chilly aspect, and, glittering in the blaze of the brilliant heavens, seemed in the distance like masses of burnished metal or solid flame. Nearer at hand they were huge blocks of Parian marble, inlaid with mammoth gems of pearl and opal. One in particular exhibited the perfection of the grand. Its form was not unlike that of the Coliseum, and it lay so far away that half its height was buried beneath the line of blood-red waters. The sun, slowly rolling along the horizon, passed behind it, and it seemed as if the old Roman ruin had suddenly taken fire." Dr. Hayes here pays a compliment to the truth of

Church's picture of "The Icebergs," to which we have alluded, and then proceeds:—"In the shadows of the bergs the water was a rich green, and nothing could be more soft and tender than the gradations of colour made by the sea shoaling on the sloping tongue of a berg close beside us. The tint increased in intensity where the ice overhung the water, and a deep cavern nearby, exhibited the solid colour of the malachite mingled with the transparency of the emerald; while, in strange contrast, a broad streak of cobalt blue ran diagonally through its body. The bewitching character of the scene was brightened by a thousand little cascades, which leaped into the sea from these floating masses,—the water being discharged from lakes of melted snow and ice, which reposed in quietude far up in the valleys separating the high icy hills of their upper surface. From other bergs large pieces were now and then detached, plunging down into the water with deafening noise, while the slow moving swell of the ocean resounded through the archways,"—altogether, a fine bit of painting. The description of the drive across the hummocks is of a very different aspect, but equally lively. We cannot make any further quotations, but can only give the result of Dr. Hayes's journey in his own words:—

"Port Foulke, June 3, 1861. Back again on board the schooner, after two months' toiling and journeying on the ice. Since I left her deck on the 3d of April, I have travelled not less than 1,300 miles, and not less than 1,600 since first setting out in March. I am somewhat battered and weather-beaten, but a day or so of rest and civilized comfort, the luxury of a wash and a bed, and of a table covered with clean crockery filled with the best of things that my old Swedish cook can turn out, are wondrously rejuvenating."

Later on he adds:—

"1. I have brought my party through without sickness, and have thus shown that the Arctic winter of itself breeds neither scurvy nor discontent. 2. I have shown that men may subsist themselves in Smith Sound independent of support from home. 3. That a self-sustaining colony may be established at Port Foulke, and be made the basis of an extended exploration. 4. that the exploration of this entire region is practicable from Port Foulke, having from that starting-point pushed my discoveries much beyond those of my predecessors without any second party in the field to co-operate with me, and under the most adverse circumstances. 5. That, with a reasonable degree of certainty, it is shown that, with a strong vessel, Smith Sound may be navigated, and the open sea

reached beyond it. 6. *I have shown that an open sea exists.*"

We shall not enter into the pathetic account of Dr. Hayes' return to the United States, and of the first intelligence which reached him—the news of the battle of Bull Run; our space is exhausted. But the last chapter lends an artistic touch and finish to a volume likely to acquire and retain a considerable and not undeserved popularity among all lovers of travel.

From the Saturday Review.

#### TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

THE time of year is fast approaching when many of us are called upon to make a momentous choice which requires nearly, if not quite, as much deliberation as the choice of a wife. Probably, of the two, the choice of a travelling companion is the more difficult. In the selection of a partner for life, nature comes in and helps us to make up our mind; passion speaks, if reason is silent; we gratify a caprice, even if the caprice is destined to be short-lived; and though matrimony is a risk, at all events it is a pleasant leap in the dark which men and women take with their eyes open. The selection of a travelling companion is equally a leap in the dark. But it is unaccompanied with the delightful flutter and illusion which comes to most people once at least in their lives, and the brief enjoyment of which makes up for all subsequent disappointment. A travelling partnership is marriage without a honeymoon. There are no Arcadian dreams about it. The vows exchanged over a Continental *Bradshaw* are of the dullest and most prosy kind—to frequent the same railway carriage; to be faithful to the same *table d'hôte*; to hold fast to one *Murray*; to keep a common purse; and not to part company for the space of six weeks. Yet every one who has tried it is aware of the solemn nature of such an obligation, and that it is not to be lightly undertaken. Novelists tell us that no misery is as great as that which attends the discovery, shortly after marriage, that we are yoked to a companion for life whom we have ceased to admire. Yet one misery is perhaps nearly as acute. It is the

discovery, after a man has crossed the Channel, that he abhors his travelling companion. The deadly gloom of the conviction that five weeks and six days more have to be passed side by side with a being whom we have learnt in twenty-four hours to hate is unsurpassed by any sensation common to mankind. After all, married people can separate. A British Court of Justice, with Sir James Wilde at its head, has been established for the purpose of enabling them to do so. But travelling companions have no possibility of severing the fatal knot. What is wanted is a kind of Divorce Court at the Paris Embassy, where British travellers after a little wholesome experience of each other might repair to sort themselves afresh, and to dissolve easily, and without dishonour or discourtesy, the mutual compact which they wish in their souls they never had made. Even in countries where divorce is unknown, married people are allowed the solace of occasional matrimonial infidelity. The travelling companion has not this alleviating resource. The customs of society compel him to stand by his distasteful bargain. He is tied as firmly to his mate as Mazeppa was to his awful horse, and must make up his mind to be dragged over Europe at full speed in close contact with a brute. Such an obligation, as we have already said, ought not to be assumed thoughtlessly, and now that summer is beginning to wane, and the travellers' Valentine day is at hand, it is desirable that Englishmen should be warned to pause and look about them before they take an irrevocable plunge which may involve them in two months of worry and disappointment.

The first difficulty in selecting a travelling companion is to know whether it is better, on the whole, to take a man whom one likes, or a man to whom one is wholly and absolutely indifferent. The balance of reasoning seems to be on the side of a *mariage de convenance* in preference to a travelling partnership of affection. To be guided by sentiment at such a moment is a dangerous thing. As most friendships lose their bloom and freshness under the trying ordeal of a Continental tour, it is doubtful whether a wise man can afford to run the chance of forfeiting a friend in the space of a brief holiday. No doubt there are rare instances in which mutual affection survives the test. Sometimes Pythias and Damon manage to return from the Tyrol or from Jerusalem as devoted to each other as when they started from Charing Cross; for there are travelling companionships which, like

marriages, may be said to be made in Heaven. But, saving the case of these golden exceptions, it often happens that Pythias and Damon come back oppressed with the unpleasant consciousness that they have lost the power of being charming any longer in each other's eyes. Wherever they next meet, it is with a secret sense of having been found out. Pythias never can forget how peevish he showed himself the night they slept together at the Grands Mulets, or how thoroughly he lost his temper on a camel in the Desert. It is no use any more to go about among his and Damon's common acquaintances in the old character of an agreeable and entertaining man. Damon has not only ceased to be a friend, but has become a sort of skeleton in the closet, who could unmask, if he chose, in a moment, all such genial imposture. We are positively at the mercy of a shrug of Damon's shoulders, or a sentence in Damon's diary. The sufferer's very familiarity with the partner of his travels has been his ruin. With another man he might have been more reticent, or more self-contained, and less fretful. As it is, he has turned himself inside out, and never again can hope to impose on those who have known him so thoroughly. This is a terrible end of travelling with friends, and when he thinks of it he devoutly wishes he had never travelled about the world with anybody except his bitterest foes. His fate ought to be a warning to all who are about to travel. When we consider the possibilities of such a catastrophe happening to ourselves, perhaps the first golden maxim to be laid down, for any Cœlebs who is in search of a travelling companion for six weeks is to be sure and not take with him the friend or acquaintance of his bosom.

The disadvantages, on the other hand, of choosing as a travelling companion a man of whom one knows too little are formidable. In the course of companionship for six weeks, men are thrown into very close contact. Every little foible in the companion of our choice comes out into violent relief before many miles are passed, and at the end of a week has become entirely unbearable. Perhaps, for example, of which he is rather proud. It is possible for a person of phlegmatic disposition to travel with equanimity for a day or two with a whistling genius, and, by abstracting his mind as far as possible from his comrade, to live the whistling down. It appears churlish and ridiculous to be put out by such a trifle. But after forty-eight hours the whistling begins to tell, and ends

by inflicting excruciating agony. What is to be done? It requires much moral courage boldly to remonstrate with the innocent and smiling offender, who is totally unconscious of his sins. It is far easier to say nothing, and to vent one's dislike of whistling by hating the whistler with a deadly and suppressed hatred. And the hatred thus begun grows before very long to a white heat. Everything the whistler does only serves to fan the flame. Once awakened to a sense of his imperfections, we go on in a condition of internal fury to criticize all his other performances, and to wish him hourly at the bottom of the British Channel. Whistling, we soon perceive, is only the first item in a chapter of atrocities, which we might never perhaps have thought of observing if it had not been for the confounded tunes which have wearied our patient soul. At the end of a heavy day, a traveller's temper is not at the best of times a thing to be trifled with, and is easily moved to ferocious antipathies against those about him. The wretched whistler, who at the beginning of the morning was only a bore, at the close of the evening appears an incarnate fiend. Not only does he whistle like a demon, but we observe with pain that, when he is hungry, he eats like a horse, and drinks like a bargee. Nothing is so observant as dislike. As soon as we are dissatisfied with the unlucky partner of our journey, our eyes are opened to the weak side of everything he does. His voice seems twice as loud and harsh as when we started. We burn to revenge on him the way he airs his French to the waiters, we hate him in his rising up and in his sitting down, and it is difficult to say whether we most detest and despise his affability to the men, or his gallantry to the women, who cross his path. There are no doubt a few moments of pleasure and enjoyment to be derived from the tour. These are when we have safely got rid of his society for a couple of hours. No sense of delight is so exquisite as that which a man experiences — who has worked himself into a state of bitter animosity towards a travelling companion — when the travelling companion is safely off on a visit to the top of some neighbouring tower or cathedral, and we can give ourselves up to the ineffable luxury of being alone. It may appear a cynical observation, but perhaps the only real pleasure of travelling with another is the intense sensation of enjoyment at those rare intervals when he has set out for a day's recreation by himself. This is one of the freshest and keenest luxuries of life, and makes up for a good deal of the bitter which has

necessarily preceded it. People who have never felt it may realize to themselves what it is like by the somewhat similar sensation of emerging from a London drum into the cool air, in company with a cigar. Everybody admits that it is worth going to a drum, in order to taste the rapturous sensation of getting away from it. In the same way it is worth travelling with a travelling companion, in order to experience the thrilling delight of getting rid of him.

It is to be remembered that one of the features in marriage which make the institution possible is absent from the parallel institution of travelling companions. The interests of husband and wife never clash. They are not brought into social personal competition with one another. The husband's little triumphs are the wife's little triumphs too. If the one talks well, other is not thrown into the shade; and spheres in which they move respectively do not clash in any way. It would not be possible for two beings to live in such close and unrestricted intercourse if one was not a man, and the other a woman. Travelling companions, to get on permanently together, ought certainly to be of different sexes. As long as the conventionalities of life forbid this convenient arrangement, so long will travelling partnerships be an imperfect and faulty system. A man is not offended by a woman's personal vanities, her endeavour to make herself agreeable to those about her, and her display of what may be called her personal individuality. Such things do not affect or interfere with him, and if he notices them at all, it is rather with a sense of amusement than of annoyance. That this toleration is the result of diversity of sex is plain from the fact that women, amongst themselves, are not so patient of each other's foibles. Travelling companions are fully as restless and dissatisfied as women are, and for precisely the same reason. They see through each other's disguises, and are irritated, and not amused, at watching each other's personal individuality in full play. To see the man who was so petulant and selfish over-night ventilating his good manners to a stranger in the railway train the next morning, showing off a learning which a fortnight's intercourse has taught us is superficial, or parading fashionable friends in whom we have learnt to disbelieve, is a sight that worries any travelling companion more than is reasonable. His prominent personality is in itself a torture and an affliction. Few men can really bear it long, and those that can are the salt of the earth, and the most amiable of their species.

moments it is that we begin to regret we did not at any rate select for our companion a friend on whose qualities we depend. If to travel with a friend is rooms, to travel with a mere acquaintance usually a weariness of soul. In either alternative, philosophy and science teach us that to travel alone. To those about to select a travel-companion it may be that the best advice give is *Punch's* advice to those to marry.

For all, it is not easy to see what end is served by travelling companions at all. The notion is invented apparently for the purpose of providing against occasional ennui. Ennui is not an agreeable thing. A rainy evening spent at a provincial inn is a man feel at times that he is, after assigned by Providence to be a gregarious animal. But in these days of locomotion the chance of being over lonely is not a serious one. Some enthusiasts of a mental turn are occasionally heard, it is to declare that they cannot enjoy nature unless they have somebody at hand to share it with them. The argument would not be worth attending to if such enthusiasts were not the most deadly travelling companions of all. A worldly, or a talkative, or a whistling travelling companion is a plague. But worst of all is a sentimental travelling companion. Sentiment is a nice thing in good-looking young ladies, but sentiment in a travelling tourist is an unspeakable misfortune for the tourist and his colleagues. On the whole, the sound opinion seems to be that man, though a noble being, is not designed to be social when he is on a journey. Male human beings travel best alone. The man who goes back from his solitary tour may have made new friends, but at all events he can boast that he has made no new enemies.

From the London Review.

JEAN INGELOW'S POEMS.\*

*Story of Doom; and Other Poems.* By Jean Ingelow. London: Longmans.

MISS INGELOW brings a welcome gift in her latest and so far her best poems. She is a singer in the truest sense of the word. She is neither Sapphic nor epic; she does not take her readers into the whirl upon a whirlwind of passion, or bewilder them in a labyrinth of emotional

subtleties. There is clear, precise thinking, clear, precise language, and a sufficient fervour of expression. In saying this, the reader may be inclined to believe we have said all that could be said, but we have not. Miss Ingelow is not a poetess of the first order. She has neither the breadth nor the dramatic force of Mrs. Browning; but of Englishwomen who have written poetry we do not know one, with the exception of Mrs. Browning, who has written better poetry than Jean Ingelow.

Of the poems in this book, the least valuable is the "Story of Doom." We must confess we found it a failure so far as its aim was directed. It is a dangerous thing to touch the Devil even in verse. Miss Ingelow's devil is, for all his cleverness, rather a comical devil than a terrible one. Diabolical machinery is very tempting, no doubt, but it seldom works smoothly. The sulphur, trap-door, and rumbling music do not succeed in deceiving us to a requisite degree of credulity. Then there is the slight disadvantage which Mephistophilean artists all now labour under of having come after Milton. The Satan of "Paradise Lost" was far from perfect in his badness, if we may use an apparently paradoxical phrase, but he was at least a consistent and an interesting fiend, true in every respect to the design of the master-hand who conceived him. The antediluvian period is rather too much out of date for even a half-love-story, half mystery play. Miss Ingelow makes Japhet neither more nor less than a sulky dog, who growls sadly when his whim is denied him. Nor do we think the better of Japhet when he makes a virtue of necessity and marries the woman his mother selected, after bullying her and the rest of the family to the top of his bent. There is nothing heroic in his figure, bearing, or talk, as depicted in the "Story of Doom," nor do we imagine he resembled his distant original closer than the Quakerish personage in the top-coat who fits with his brothers Shem and Ham into the popular child's toy. We have a theory that poets with the best intentions may damage the Old Testament quite as much as Dr. Colenso.

Again, in order to get another unpleasantness out of the way, we must object to "Laurance." To say nothing of its resemblance to Mr. Tennyson's manner and system, the tale itself is forced and the sentiment unnatural. Laurance is rather a woman's pet ideal, than the true realistic ideal whom a poet might raise into poetic shape. No man could love in spite of the odds put

against him in "Laurance," and if a man could, our disgust for his want of self-respect and true pride would prevent our sympathy. We should mention, however, that both in the "Story of Doom" and in "Laurance," there are some passages for which we readily forgive Miss Ingelow her lack of judgment in choice of subject. What is specially admirable in Miss Ingelow is her knowing when to stop. She completes a picture and has done with it. You are not tortured with endless variations on the same theme, which merely serve as instances of intellectual dexterity. Miss Ingelow can use Turner's colours without falling into Turner's mistiness. She observes a golden reticence when once the spell is cast over you. Some versifiers, when they have tumbled on a charm, dissipate the scene which has appeared at the words by continuing a clumsy jabber of their own characteristic inspiration. Not so the true poet. He or she will no more interrupt the poetic image than a well-bred man will break in on the silence he knows to be the choice of his companion.

With reference to the shorter poems, we can recommend them as pure draughts from the Heliconian spring. If an indolent reviewer may confess to a little personal weather influence, the writer charges himself with reading those delightful verses under the shade of green trees, with the noises of the summer noon-tide, the purring of wood-pigeons, the hum of bees, and the pleasant jangling of chimes falling on the air from a distant campanile, colouring, as

it were, the thoughts in the book, and making an accompaniment to the unusing music of the pages. In such a mood may these poems be read, but they will bear a colder and less congenial atmosphere. How delicate, subtle, and perfect is this: —

"And all the world about,  
While a man will work or sing,  
Or a child pluck flowers of spring,  
Thou wilt scatter music out,  
Rouse him with thy wandering note,  
Changeful fancies set afloat,  
Almost tell with thy clear throat,  
But not quite — the wonder-rife,  
Most sweet riddle, dark and dim,  
That he searcheth all his life,  
Searcheth yet, and ne'er expoundeth;  
And so winnowing of thy wings,  
Touch and trouble his heart's strings,  
That a certain music soundeth  
In that wondrous instrument,  
With a trembling upward sent,  
That is reckoned sweet above  
By the Greatness surnamed Love."

We do not want to despoil the little work, which we would be sorely tempted to do, if we were to take from it extracts of all the poems with which we were pleased. In the season of bad and worse verses, through which we have just passed, this book came as a welcome relief, and we feel a debt of gratitude to Miss Ingelow, which we cordially wish our readers would help us to discharge by acquainting themselves with her poems as quickly as possible.

THE PRIVATE LETTERS OF ST. PAUL AND ST. JOHN. — By the Rev. Samuel Cox. (Arthur Miall.) It is refreshing to come upon a little book like this whose worth stands in inverse relation to its size. In no time of our history as a Christian nation has it been more necessary to cast out the evil spirit by the exorcising presence of the good. Nothing can be more influential in leading people away from an endless disputing about questions that had better be left to settle themselves, than an introduction such as this to one of the "palace-chambers far apart" in the souls of the first teachers of our faith, where their policy may be found as lofty as their creed. People of differ-

ent opinions, like rough boys, are given to slamming doors in each other's face; this little book is a kind of wedge to keep the door of heaven open. Every man of true heart and good judgment will read it with comfort and hope. We trust that the writer will meet with such appreciation of his labour as will encourage him to do a similar service in regard to other books of the Bible. There are many who cannot search out for themselves what they will gladly receive when presented by a man who uses the genial results of his own patient inquiry to build up the faith of his neighbour. The book is delightful for its earnestness, large-heartedness, and truth. — *Spectator*.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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\*.\* Those of our readers who have ever taken "a basin of gruel, thin, but not too thin," with dear Mr. Woodhouse in Miss Chester's "Emma," will remember his repeating "Kitty a fair but frozen maid," and his inability to recollect the following lines. It was for his sake that we copied the whole in the last number, page 322. We intended to have said so before; but, when the table of contents of that number was made out, we were spending a week at the seaside, at the upper part of Swampscott, at the good house of Mr. Caswell, on Robert's Beach. Would that we were there still superintending the new bathing-houses, and seeing how much the lawn is improved by cutting away the bushes which hid the bay! Another year we may be longer at liberty.

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## UP IN THE BARN.

BY THOMAS LACKLAND.

Old Farmer Joe steps through the doors,  
As wide to him as gates of Thebes;  
And thoughtful walks about the floors  
Whereon are piled his winter stores,  
And counts the profits of his glebes.

Ten tons of timothy up there,  
And four of clover in the bay;  
Red-top that's cut, well, middlin' fair;  
And bins of roots, oblong and square,  
To help eke out the crops of hay.

A dozen head of cattle stand  
Reflective in the leaf-strewn yard;  
And stalks are stacked on every hand,  
The latest offering of the land  
To labor long maintained and hard.

Cart-loads of pumpkins yonder lie,  
The horse is feeding in his stall,  
The oats are bundled scaffold high,  
And peas and beans are heaped hard by,  
As if there were some festival.

At length Old Farmer Joe sits down —  
A patch across each of his knees;  
He crowds his hat back on his crown,  
Then clasps his hands, so hard and brown,  
And, like a farmer, takes his ease.

"How fast the years do go!  
It seems, in fact, but yesterday,  
That in this very barn, we three —  
David, Ezekiel, and me —  
Pitched in the summer loads of hay!

David — he sails his clipper now,  
And 'Zeikie died in Mexico;  
Some one must stay and ride to plough,  
Get up the horse and milk the cow,  
And who, of course, but little Joe?

I might have been — I can't tell what;  
Who knows about it till he tries?  
I might have settled in some spot  
Where money is more easy got;  
Perhaps beneath Pacific's skies.

I might have preached like Parson Jones;  
Or got a living at the law;  
I might have gone to Congress, sure;  
I might have kept a Water Cure;  
I might have gone and been — oh, pshaw!

Far better is it as it is;  
What future waits him no man knows;  
What he has got, that sure is his;  
It makes no odds if stocks have riz,  
Or politicians come to blows.

Content is rich, and somethin' more,  
I think I've heard somebody say:  
If it rains it's apt to pour;  
And I am rich on the barn floor,  
Where all is mine that I can raise.

I've ploughed and mowed this dear old farm,  
Till not a rod but what I know;  
I've kept the old folks snug and warm,

And lived without a twinge of harm,  
I don't care how the storm might blow —

And on this same old farm I'll stay,  
And raise my cattle and my corn;  
Here shall these hairs turn wholly gray;  
These feet shall never learn to stray;  
But I will die where I was born."

And Farmer Joe pulled down his hat,  
And stood upon his feet once more;  
He would not argue after that,  
But, like a born aristocrat,  
Kept on his walk about the floor.

— Transcript

## LONG YEARS AGO.

ALL for a pretty girlish face,  
Two cheeks of rosy hue,  
Two laughing lips of vermeil tint,  
And eyes of heaven's blue.

All for a little dimpled chin,  
A round throat snowy fair,  
A darling mouth to dream upon,  
And glorious golden hair.

All for a tender cooing voice,  
And gentle fluttering sighs;  
All for the promise made to me  
By story-telling eyes.

All for that pretty girlish face,  
For a hand as white as snow,  
I dreamed a foolish dream of love,  
Long, long years ago.

— Dublin University Magazine

## REMONSTRANCE.

DAUGHTERS of Eve, your mother did not weep  
She laid the apple in your father's hand,  
And we have read, O wonder! what befell —  
The man was not deceived, nor yet could  
stand;

He chose to lose, for love of her, his throne —  
With her could die, but could not live alone.

Daughters of Eve, he did not fall so low,  
Nor fall so far, as that sweet woman fell;  
For something better, than as gods to know,  
That husband in that home left off to dwell  
For this, till love be reckoned less than lore,  
Shall man be first and best forevermore.

Daughters of Eve, it was for your dear sake  
The world's first hero died an uncrowned  
king;  
But God's great pity touched the grand mistake  
And made his married love a sacred thing:  
For yet his nobler sons, if aught be true,  
Find the lost Eden in their love to you.

— Jean Ingelow.

From Fraser's Magazine.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

No human institution has exercised such great and lasting influence upon the world as the Roman empire. The Christian Church doubtless has operated even more widely in swaying the destinies of mankind; but the Church was in its origin divine; and moreover it has been greatly affected by its relations with the empire, whether of alliance or antagonism. Alone among powers which have risen to predominance, Rome was able to make her conquests permanent, to assimilate her various subjects into something like a homogeneous whole, to impress upon the entire civilised world a uniform system of law and government. The material unity already subsisting under one emperor prepared mankind to learn the Christian lesson that in the sight of God all men are brethren. That the empire did immense mischief as well as good, that morals were deeply corrupted and intellectual activity stifled under the pressure of the *Pax Romana*, that absolute power was often wielded by the caprice of monsters of cruelty and profligacy, is most obviously true; and with the light of experience to guide us, we can see that such evils are inherent in any universal despotism. But until the Roman empire arose the experiment had never been tried, and may well have seemed promising: at any rate the lessons it has taught humanity were worth purchasing at the price, even if the evil at the time be held to have preponderated over the good.

Augustus is usually reckoned as the first emperor, because with him began the unbroken series of absolute monarchs; but history has never failed to recognise Julius Cæsar as the real founder of the empire. He not only, in fact, destroyed the power of the aristocracy, and for a few months himself wielded imperial authority; he also originated those ideas upon which the empire was based, and which his successor began to carry out. Throughout his life he consistently advocated the gradual admission of the subject nations to Roman citizenship, and during his tenure of power he introduced into the senate the first members not of Italian birth. He began that system of organising the provinces, under which Rome became the centre of all authority, and the provincials enjoyed every advantage consistent with the total extinction of political vitality. Whether the empire became what Cæsar would have made it if his life had not been cut short, is one of those questions over which historical

speculation is fond of disporting itself, without any means of obtaining an answer. All we can see is that he found Rome a city with nations for her subjects, yet with the same system of government which she had developed when hostile territory was almost visible from her walls, and that he left her the centre of a universal state. This mighty change was effected by his single genius and will; and it is no wonder that posterity, deeply influenced by the result, have taken a keen interest in his life and character. Cæsar is the only great man of antiquity whose career belongs to the controversies of modern politics.

The contemporary evidence relating to Cæsar is neither copious nor satisfactory. Party spirit not only colours a narrative, but often induces writers to suppress facts or insert them. Cicero is our best eyewitness, and he, besides having been involved in all the political contests wherein Cæsar took a part, was himself utterly weak and vacillating as a statesman. At one moment he is found in fierce opposition to Cæsar, at another on friendly terms with him; and we hardly know how to calculate the proper allowance for his bias. Moreover, the real scope and importance of political movements is rarely seen by actors in them. Some see one event, some another; and each attaches special weight to what is within his own range of vision, while all alike are too near to appreciate greatness. The best judges of the form and proportions of a gigantic mountain are not those who live under its shadow, and have daily before their eyes its southern or its western face. The traveller who makes himself acquainted with its aspect from each point of view, and then contemplates it from a distant spot, whence the relation and comparative magnitude of the parts are clearly visible, will have a far more accurate idea of its real dimensions than a native who knows every rock of a single face, and of that only.

Many modern historians have written of Cæsar, and have ransacked the materials afforded by the writings of himself and his contemporaries. Probably there is not a scrap of evidence relating to him of which several writers have not examined the purport, and carefully estimated the bearing upon other existing testimony. How widely divergent are the results which may be deduced, according to the point of view of the inquirer, may be exemplified by comparing Dr. Arnold's short life of Cæsar in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* with the elaborate biography of Napoleon III. 'Quot homines tot sententiæ.' There are no two au-

thors who entirely agree in their estimate either of Cæsar or of the circumstances by which he was surrounded. Though they represent the facts in the same way, they draw dissimilar inferences from them. The most remarkable account of Cæsar which has yet been published is that of Professor Mommsen, of whose Roman history the portion embracing the life of Cæsar has recently appeared in English. It is satisfactory to find that the views of so able and learned a man approach pretty nearly to those of an eminent English historian, Mr. Merivale, in spite of the differences between their points of view and political and religious sympathies. It leads us to hope that the stores of evidence have been thoroughly explored, and that we are not premature in attempting to construct an image of Cæsar out of the various portraits, taken under varying lights and by very different processes, which have been offered for our inspection.

The special characteristic of Cæsar's mind was the universality of his powers. He was not merely versatile, able to be every thing by turns, combining in himself superficial aptitude for many diverse functions. His talents were not impaired by any of that feebleness which often renders mere versatility valueless in the weighty affairs of life. There was a unity in his mind which kept every single faculty in due subordination, and gave it a new value independent of its separate excellence, from its perfect harmony with the rest. He was, so to speak, a living embodiment of *genus*, comprising in itself a number of species. Had Plato lived to see Cæsar, he might have thought that the *idea* of man was almost realised, intellectually at least, if not morally. His greatness was of a higher order than that of the general, the orator, the author, or even the statesman, and comprehended them all within itself. The white light of the sun, capable of being resolved into many coloured rays, but in itself perfect and untinged by any preponderance of one colour or another, is no inapt type of Cæsar's intellect. That he was not specially or pre-eminently any one thing, soldier or politician, led by choice or by the necessities of his position to acquire laboriously some proficiency in arts not his own, is shown in the whole tenor of his life. He never betrayed any predilection for either war or peace, as a means of attaining his ends. When the arts of peace would suit his purpose best, he pursued them with perfect steadiness, as if they were the only possible

means: he never showed any inclination instinctive to the born soldier, to disdain peaceful measures and appeal prematurely to the sword. When war seemed to him necessary, he took up arms with calm confidence, without any of the hesitation natural to a peaceful politician. Equally at home in the camp and in the senate, he always employed the right weapon, whether tongue, pen or sword, and showed himself an equal master of all.

Cæsar's *Commentaries* are most justly admired as models of excellence in their particular line. Perfectly clear and simple in their language, free from any egotistical vanity, betokening a perfect mastery of the subject-matter and a full appreciation of the relative importance of the various parts, they are precisely what they were intended to be — a lucid and sufficient account, for the benefit of the author's countrymen, of his course of action in Gaul. The unlimited means at the disposal of Napoleon III. for every form of investigation, especially for hunting out those traces of their presence which Roman armies seldom failed to leave upon the face of the ground, have enabled him to give a narrative more minutely detailed than Cæsar's own, and to afford the first satisfactory explanation of many points of military interest which have puzzled students of the *Commentaries*. It is equally unreasonable, however, to give Cæsar the credit of all the elucidations furnished by later inquirers, or to blame him for not having been more explicit. His purpose was not to write a text-book on the art of war, but to furnish an account of his doings to the people in whose name he was acting. Accordingly his work dispenses with many military technicalities, and goes straight to the point at which it is aimed: it is throughout the composition of a man who writes because he deems it as much part of his business to give a history of his campaigns as to fight them, and who does fighting and narrating alike thoroughly and well. Of Cæsar's other literary performances we are left to judge by hearsay evidence; and after making all due allowance for flattery to the founder of the empire, we have still a strong *consensus* of testimony in his favour. We know that he took unusual pains to obtain the highest culture of his age, which was mainly literary and philosophical, and that when dictator he evinced a genuine interest in literature. Remembering the uniformity of his success in other spheres, about which we have more trustworthy evidence, we are fully warranted in believing, what friends and enemies agreed to declare, that

tical, philosophical, and other re worthy of the author of the *ies*. His oratorical powers re his contemporaries and their ill higher and more unequivocal n Tacitus speaks of him as 'summus æmulus.' And this was at a skill in oratory was the first re-olitical eminence, and was ac-ultivated with great care by the nth of the upper classes. We proof in the rest of his career sessed in a remarkable degree t quality of an orator, subtle tive knowledge of human n-if we may infer any thing from t, it would be that as a speaker d a strong contrast to the great- among his contemporaries, that he ) for substance than for orna- his style approached more nearly and clearness of a Demosthenes rush of words and fervid imagery .

a wonderful power of employing hich he had no native and ex- mius may be traced in his mili- sments. Napoleon used to regard e greatest of all masters of the and considered his *Commentaries* reasury of military science; but m that Napoleon's general ad- r his great model to a certain ded his judgment. If success be t of a commander's ability, uly has scarcely a rival; but the of a general must be tested not his own actual performances, the enemies against whom he ed. He undoubtedly possessed ; and rarest qualities of a con- eneral — the power of creating t of a mob of recruits, and bind- mself by ties of boundless devo- rioral courage which never flinches nor is excited by success; the mpered will, unchanging in its ses, but flexible as to the means he end is to be attained. But he gifts of the real *ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν*, een possessed in full measure by William III., who hardly even won Strategic and tactical ability, often be found in men without a ar's force of character, must be sult of long experience and l-ly, such as brought well-earned derick the Great or the Arch- es, or the natural fruit of one- s. A born general, like a born rarely excels in any other line

than his own, however great he may be in that: the entire force of the mind is directed towards fostering one faculty at the expense of all the others. The military skill of Alexander the Great amounted almost to inspiration; but as a statesman and a sovereign he scarcely rose, in spite of the advantages he derived from education, above the level of a vulgar Oriental despot. Napoleon led his victorious armies into every capital on the continent of Europe, but he owed his downfall to his inability to discern what tasks were beyond the power of his arms.

Cæsar enjoyed no opportunities for serving an apprenticeship to war, nor had he an instinctive eye for military science, such as usually implies a comparatively weak appreciation of every thing else. He became a general because it was necessary to his career, and he succeeded in that as in every other sphere; but it is not wonderful that he should never have exhibited the strategical skill of Hannibal or Napoleon, nor such a power of tactical combination as won the battles of Leuctra and Leuthen. Even that eagle eye for a grand opportunity, which gave the enemy into the hands of Marlborough at Ramilies, or of Cromwell at Dunbar, is not conspicuous in any one of Cæsar's victories. Considerable strategical ability he undoubtedly manifested in more than one of his Gallic campaigns; but on the whole his conquest of Gaul is more remarkable for the general energy of his measures, for the dread of his name which he impressed on the barbarian tribes, for the determination with which he stood his ground when the flame of insurrection burst out over the whole country, rather than for the technical skill which he exhibited. Cæsar's seventh campaign in Gaul is alone amply sufficient to stamp him as a general above the ordinary standard; but even in this, the crowning achievement of his military career, there is far more striking evidence of his greatness in a higher and wider sense. The position of his forces during the contest with Ver-ingetorix was strongly analogous to that of the English during the Indian mutiny. Cæsar performed Lord Clyde's part with even greater vigour: but he further embodied in himself that spirit of resolution which animated every Englishman in India. We cannot but sympathise with the Gallic insurrection, and with the gallant Arvernian who was the soul of it; but such sympathy does not blind us to the marvellous combination of great qualities — determination, fertility of resource, rapidity of action, self-reliance —

displayed by Cæsar in suppressing it. These, however, are the characteristics of a great man rather than of a specially skilful general; and Cæsar had little occasion for exhibiting any others during the earlier stages of his conquest of Gaul. The enemies whom he encountered were mostly mere barbarians, without power of coherent political organisation, without military discipline or effective arms, impulsive, prone to sudden panics, formidable only from their numbers, from their great physical strength and desperate courage. The most civilised tribes of Gaul were precisely those which were most ready to submit to Rome, since they appreciated Roman civilisation, and hoped to acquire preponderance among their neighbours through the support of Roman influence. Over all alike Cæsar exercised a fascination of dread and admiration, which was the result more of his commanding personal character, and of a feeling that he impersonated the mysterious power of Rome, than of his purely military successes.

In the civil wars, when Cæsar found himself combating Roman generals and Roman armies, his ultimate triumph was due in a great measure to the defects of his opponents. Pompeius, a general of far longer experience and greater technical skill, outmanœuvred and defeated him at the outset of the campaign, and ought to have crushed him at Pharsalia. The means adopted by Cæsar for remedying his weakness in cavalry, which enabled him to repulse the attack of Pompeius' horse, were natural and obvious enough, and ought to have been anticipated by Pompeius. Even as it was, the advantage gained by Cæsar merely enabled him to attack the enemy's infantry under favourable conditions, and compel them after a struggle to retire in an orderly manner to their camp. Materially, Pompeius had lost very little when his legions thus gave way: but morally he had lost his prestige of invincibility, and with it his courage. Deprived of all coherence by their general's disgraceful flight, the army of Pompeius surrendered or was dispersed; and thus, through the weakness of his rival, the world was laid at the feet of Cæsar by a battle in which, so far as his own merits were concerned, he merely retrieved his defeat at Dyrrhachium. The battle of Thapsus was begun by Cæsar's army without his orders, and was little more than a massacre; for Scipio had invited attack under circumstances which insured his defeat. At Munda, Cæsar, with forces superior both in number and discipline, was successful after a long and doubtful struggle; it was a hand-

to-hand conflict with desperate men, in which Cæsar exhibited the courage of a soldier, though there was little room for the skill of a general. His other campaigns, such as that of Zela, gave even less opportunity for the display of consummate military ability. In fact, Cæsar was never matched against really formidable enemies, and would have therefore no means of judging how he would have fared, had he been opposed to such a commander as Hannibal, and such an army as the great Carthaginian led into Italy.

On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that Cæsar had not, like most great generals, received military training from his youth upwards. Like Cromwell, he scarcely looked on war till he was near forty years of age, and then not in any subordinate capacity, but with an independent command. It is true that under the Roman system of assuming that every consul was *ex officio* capable of commanding an army, every young man who aspired to greatness looked forward to the day when he should lead Roman legions to conquest; but in point of actual experience, Cæsar had scarcely any advantage over Cromwell. Indeed there is no general of ancient or modern times with whom Cæsar may be so fitly compared, in order to exhibit clearly the sources of his military greatness. Both became soldiers somewhat late in life, both created their own armies, and acquired an absolute unlimited sway over the minds of their soldiers. Both were uniformly successful by virtue of the superior excellence of the armies so formed, and won their chief victories against their own countrymen, in one instance at least against a general of veteran experience. Both engaged in war when it was necessary, and sheathed the sword as soon as the end in view was attained, to seek and to win still higher glory as rulers and statesmen. Their moral characters, their principles, their circumstances, were widely different: but in this at least Cæsar and Cromwell were akin, that they owed their military renown to the same commanding abilities and strength of character which enabled them to rise to absolute dominion over the proudest and most unconquerable of nations.

It is possible to possess great intellectual capacities, and yet to neutralise them by weakness of will and determination. Cæsar, on the contrary, possessed a force of character which gave his powers of intellect the utmost scope for proving themselves. If a task were difficult, so much the greater would be the triumph of succeeding in it.

If failure would involve destruction, so much the higher would his energies rise to meet the emergency. Two incidents in his military career have been often selected, the one for commendation as a remarkable instance of keen insight and bold execution, the other for blame as rash to the verge of madness. Yet both the siege of Alesia and the crossing into Greece in quest of Pompeius seem to have been dictated by the same spirit, by the noble courage which breathes through the famous lines of Monrose :

He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who dares not put it to the touch  
To win or lose it all.

Caesar felt that his own powers deserved a command success, and he did not fear the reatness of the stake. When Vercingetorix threw himself into the strong town of Alesia, with an army as large as Caesar's, and half Gaul in arms behind him, most generals would have retired upon the Roman province, and have waited till reinforcements enabled them to crush the insurrection. Caesar knew that failure before Alesia would be his ruin, and that prudence dictated retreat; but he had full confidence in himself and his men: he determined to run the risk, and success justified his choice. When he followed Pompeius into Epirus in the face of an overwhelming hostile fleet he made a similar venture. He might have been destroyed, but he preferred to play his own game rather than stand on the defensive. He was brought nearer to destruction than at Alesia, but he eventually conquered by those very means on which he had relied, by the excellence of his troops and his own superiority to his rival in moral courage. The fact that disaster will be total and irremediable does not make the risk of its happening intrinsically greater; but it is only the greatest minds which are not shaken by the fear, and are able to act as steadily as if life and death did not depend on their conduct.

The same perfect clearness and energy of judgment which distinguished Caesar's resolutions at these junctures of his military life are conspicuous throughout the general course of his history. He has sometimes been represented as the spoiled child of fortune; and it is perfectly true that on several occasions accident seemed to aid his designs. But he never depended upon chance; his plans were always deliberately formed, not suggested by the turn of events.

He knew his own powers, and the strength of the party on whose support he depended, as well as the character of his rivals and the nature and force of opposing factions. He was never distracted between two inconsistent courses, nor resorted to half measures. When he took the proconsulate in Gaul, he was perfectly aware that it entailed a serious risk of losing influence at Rome through his absence: but he knew that the struggle must come some day, he believed that he should be best prepared for it when he had conquered Gaul, and meanwhile he let Pompeius have his way in Rome. He never continued to distrust an enemy whom he had forgiven; he never contracted his expenditure or his operations in dismay at the extent to which he was involved, but persisted to the end in the course which he had originally chosen. When he ultimately took up arms against the senate, he did not shrink from an act of technical rebellion. He had cause of complaint against the existing government, and he represented a strong feeling that the oligarchy must in the general interest be overthrown; he knew how far he was substantially in the right, and he was not afraid to put himself, to outward appearance, totally in the wrong, by disobeying orders to which he was bound to submit, and entering on the sacred soil of Italy sword in hand.

The moral character of a successful politician must always be in harmony with the natures of the men he is to lead. His principles may be in this or that respect different from theirs, laxer on one point, more austere on another; but on the whole his moral tone must be that of his generation. Even the religious leader is an exception, only outwardly: his influence is gained by making a single principle paramount, so that all other moral considerations are for the time lost sight of. Caesar lived in an age and country in which religious enthusiasm was impossible, and he himself was perhaps further removed from an enthusiast than any other really great man has ever been. His morals were those of his age, disgracefully lax in many respects, but not more so than the morals of his neighbours. His nature was capable of taking intense interest in everything, in pleasure as in work, in trifling pursuits as in the weightiest of political schemes; but his mind was too well balanced to allow any one passion to obtain undue dominion. The amours of his youth were notorious, even in a profligate age; but they never gained such possession of his thoughts as to cause him to forget the serious purposes of his career. At the

same time he was not merely licentious; he exhibited on many occasions traits of pure and genuine family affection. Once, and once only, he was diverted from his proper work by female charms, when after many years of campaigning he encountered the most fascinating of womankind, and wasted precious months upon Cleopatra. He was prodigal of money, even to recklessness; at a very early period he jokingly declared his fortune to be 1,300 talents less than nothing! But it was not the extravagance of a selfish spendthrift, who wastes money on his own pleasures or with a weak delight in squandering. Cæsar's expenditure was on the main purposes of his life, on public games and other calls of office, on the faithful followers, whose original adhesion may have been dictated by far-seeing regard for their own interests, but whose devotion is the best proof of Cæsar's personal amiability of character. He was frank and sincere in his conduct: his worst enemies have never accused him of falsehood or treachery; and this is no slight praise in an age of conspiracy. In truth he knew human nature too well to need the aid of deceit; he disarmed suspicion by the very openness of his demeanor, and won confidence by his honesty, while at the same time he gratified the feeling in his own mind that all under-hand dealings were unworthy of his genius. Perhaps for the same reason he was absolutely fearless, not only in the heat of battle, but in the far more dangerous atmosphere of Rome, whether seething in the turbulence of protracted revolution, or outwardly tranquil under his government. He never exposed himself needlessly to the enemy; but more than one battle when half lost, was converted into a victory by the effect of his personal example. One of the last acts of his life was to dismiss his devoted Spanish guards, and trust himself entirely undefended among a turbulent people. The assassins were of such a rank that no guards could have kept them off, so that Cæsar's confidence did not really cost him his life: but the lesson has had its weight, and no despot has since been found to imitate Cæsar in this respect.

Closely akin to courage is humanity; and in regard to this virtue universal testimony places Cæsar far above the level of his contemporaries. It may seem strange to say that a man was essentially humane who glutted the fierce populace of Rome with gladiatorial shows, and who could calmly record having destroyed a million of Gauls in battle, and sold another million into slavery. But we must test Cæsar by the

standard of his age, and not by the standard which Christianity has given to ourselves. Two motives urge men to acts of cruelty — malignity and fear; and neither of these had the slightest weight with Cæsar. Alone among Roman party leaders, almost alone among ancient conquerors, he dared to be merciful, because he had no dread of his fallen enemies; and by so acting he won the hearts of all men to himself. 'L'humanité chez lui,' says M. Saint-Hilaire, \* 'est donc nature et calcul à la fois, et dans ce pardon sans limites comme sans précédents qui pourrait dire où finit la générosité, e où commence le calcul?' Those who want an illustration of the ordinary spirit of the times should note Sulla's tigerlike thirst for blood, and compare his treatment of his enemies when dictator with the clemency of Cæsar. Like our William III., Cæsar destroyed unread the correspondence which would have told him all the secrets of his enemies, and preferred to remain ignorant of their very names. The astonishment expressed at his putting Vercingetorix to death on the day of his triumph, an act sanctioned by the feelings of the Roman people and the habitual custom of Roman emperors, is a clear proof that Cæsar's humanity was notorious and exceptional. Even the slaughter of Munda, as on many occasions in Gaul, was forced upon Cæsar by the desperation of his enemies, and cannot be imputed as blame to him, unless we pronounce that both in Gaul and in the civil war he was entirely in the wrong, so that the guilt of all the blood shed in those terrible contests must be upon Cæsar's head. Of the civil war we shall have occasion to speak hereafter; but with respect to the conquest of Gaul, a few words are necessary to show what responsibility rested upon Cæsar. Our natural impulse is to regard it as wanton aggression, to side with Cato, who proposed to deliver up Cæsar to the Germans, as having been guilty of unprovoked and unjustifiable attacks on them. Assuredly our sympathy throughout goes with the champions of liberty, with the Nervii and the Veneti, with Ambiorix and Vercingetorix, rather than with the Roman invaders. Independently of Cæsar's own motives, we must however remember that to Roman eyes there was a strong special justification for the subjugation of Gaul, apart from the general idea that barbarians, as such could have no rights against a civilized nation. Not fifty years before, Rome had been in imminent danger of a second de-

\* *Julius Cæsar*: cours professé à la Sorbonne, p. 95.

struction at the hands of invaders from beyond the Alps. She had been rescued from this peril by the military genius of Marius; but Italy could never be safe while barbarous tribes were in constant agitation — migrating, conquering, expelling one another — through all the wide regions which lay beyond the mountain barrier. Thus the establishment of permanent Roman dominion, in some part at least of the country north of the Alps, was necessary to protect Italy against new invasions. Had Cæsar never conquered Gaul, the Roman empire would have been overwhelmed, centuries before its time, by the rude tribes of the north.

It does not however follow that because the conquest was from the Roman point of view justifiable, and in our eyes partially at least excusable, Cæsar was therefore right in achieving it. Many a good and patriotic act has been done from thoroughly bad motives; and it is on the morality of the motive, not of the act itself, that our estimate of the doer must depend. The enemies of Cæsar, and they are legion, affirm that he undertook the conquest of Gaul for merely selfish purposes, in order to gain wealth and military glory for himself, and the command of a veteran army for the prosecution of ulterior ends. Napoleon III. represents Cæsar as having been actuated by a pure sense of duty, as having regarded the subjugation of Gaul as an heroic remedy for the disorders of the Roman state, so that he was merely reaping the reward of disinterested patriotism when he finally found himself at the head of a force before which Pompeius fled from Italy without striking a blow. Less thorough-going partisans take an intermediate view, which is more consistent with reason, and with a due appreciation of Cæsar's many-sided character, than blindly worshipping him as the faultless Saviour of Society, or execrating him, in Montalembert's phrase, as 'le bourreau des Gaules, et le destructeur de la liberté romaine.' They maintain that Cæsar was both doing his duty and deliberately furthering his own plans by the same means. Mr. Murville shows how Roman interference in Gaul had become necessary, and Cæsar was but the exponent of the natural policy. At the same time he expresses a strong conviction that every step in Cæsar's career was deliberately taken with full prescience of the consequences. Professor Mommsen in like manner regards the conquest of Gaul as necessary to Rome and ultimately a vast benefit to the world, while he represents Cæsar as having felt that without an army

he and his party were powerless against the sword of Pompeius, a want which the command in Gaul enabled him to supply.

In truth we cannot isolate Cæsar's Gallic campaigns, considered as illustrating his character and purposes, from the remainder of his history. There never was a man whose career had such an artistic unity. He never took a step prematurely, never lost an opportunity, never was forced by any combination of circumstances to abandon his purposes. He knew how to wait as well as how to strike, and he never did either in vain. From early youth he would seem to have entertained the deliberate intention of making himself master of Rome and of the world. Was this ambition purely selfish, or was it blended with a patriotic desire to do the best for his countrymen, and a sincere belief that his rule would be the best form of government? Napoleon III. preaches the doctrine that there was no personal ambition in him whatever; that he was, as it were, divinely commissioned to regenerate Rome, and that therefore all opposition to him was monstrous. Such a theory may be propounded for the sake of inculcating modern political lessons, but it cannot be candidly maintained; and accordingly the whole of Napoleon's work, apart from the minutely detailed narrative of the Gallic campaigns, is one long apology. It is perfectly clear that Cæsar not only was intensely ambitious, but also somewhat unscrupulous in the choice of means. He was perfectly ready to resort to the recognized political agencies of the time — immoral in our eyes, but implying no moral turpitude to the corrupt oligarchy, and still more corrupt populace, with whom he had to deal — bribery, direct and indirect; violent straining of the law he was called on to administer; encouragement of tumultuous demonstrations, and even violence, in favour of his own measures or against counter-proposals. He even stooped to make use of such instruments as the profligate Clodius, and to sympathise at least with the accomplices of Catilina. Whatever allowance we feel bound to make for the difference between Cæsar's moral standard and ours, we must pronounce his actions to have been not unfrequently such as no end, however noble or patriotic, could avail to justify. But the main question still remains, upon the answer to which depends the judgment of posterity concerning Cæsar's character as a whole: what justification for his ambition, *primâ facie* selfish and unscrupulous, was afforded by the circumstances of the time, and the use which he proposed to



make of his power? On the latter point we have little but speculation to rely upon, as Cæsar's early death prevented his ever realizing his plans. On the former, a brief review of the political condition of Rome is necessary, in order that we may see how far a monarchy was inevitable.

The second Punic war was the only struggle for life and death in which Rome was ever engaged, at least after her conquest of the Samnites. The genius of the greatest general of antiquity, stimulated by fierce personal hate, reduced her to the brink of ruin; but when she finally triumphed over Hannibal, she had universal empire within her grasp. In thirty-five years from the battle of Zama the whole Hellenic world was at her feet. The power of the Seleucidæ had been crushed for ever on the field of Magnesia, and Asia Minor was virtually Roman territory. The Macedonian monarchy had been abolished, and Greece was merely waiting till it should please her Roman masters to substitute for the glorious name of Hellas the new title of Achaia, which denoted her degradation to a Roman province. Egypt had submitted to Roman dictation; Sicily had for two generations been absolutely subject to Rome; Spain had virtually passed under the Roman yoke with the fall of the Carthaginian power, for her subsequent heroic struggle for liberty was but the last effort of brave men who preferred death to slavery. Fortunately for Rome, the government had fallen, before the Punic wars began, into the hands of the senate. Patrician privileges had perished, but the aristocratic principle was as strong as ever. The plebeian families who amassed wealth and attained high office leagued themselves with the nobles; and it became, from year to year, more difficult for a man unconnected with the ruling oligarchy to obtain even a seat in the senate. Such a government, with the faults of an aristocracy, which brought many losses upon the State, had also its most splendid virtues. Its courage rose with every disaster; its energy was only stimulated by the difficulties to be overcome. The highest greatness of which aristocracy is capable was typified in the treatment of Varro after his crushing defeat at Cannæ, when the senate solemnly thanked the consul whose rashness had lost the battle, because he had not despaired of the republic. But with the victorious close of the conflict with Hannibal, government by the senate ceased to be advantageous to the State. Professor Mommsen shows fair ground for believing that the senate were not desirous

of universal empire; that they entered upon one war after another with some reluctance; that the course of events, for which they may have been originally responsible was both unforeseen and to a certain extent unwelcome. The jealousy of one another, which is the inherent weakness of all aristocratical bodies, was very strongly felt: the senate at large represented the unwillingness of each member of it that his neighbour should win fame and riches by conquering or governing distant provinces. Wealth flowed in and corrupted Rome, as it had formerly corrupted Sparta, and in a different manner Athens. When the consulship led to a province, and the administration of a province meant the chance of amassing a vast fortune it became a good speculation to extend large sums in buying the way to it. Bribery became common, and political morality died. The sudden influx of wealth and luxury began to induce social corruption, and the growth of Hellenic culture destroyed the old blind faith in the gods while it substituted nothing better.

Under these circumstances, the retention of power in the hands of an exclusive oligarchy became impossible. The vast mass of the people were discontented that all profit, as well as all power, should be in the hands of a clique. The men who rose to prominent wealth or reputation were impatient of the jealous control in which they were held. Rome had ceased to be a single city; she was now the head of a vast empire, and the organisation which had served to preside over the change was no longer competent to its new task. Revolution was inevitable; the question to be worked out was the form which that revolution should take. The changes introduced by the Gracchi, while Rome was still merely the dominant power, and not yet the actual mistress, of the Mediterranean basin, might possibly, if followed out, have created a nation out of Rome and her Italian subjects. But their legislation was immediately overthrown; the rule of the oligarchy was restored and was never again legally superseded until the final triumph of Cæsar. The democratic party found no second leader so honest as C. Gracchus, and their agitation became more and more violent. Street tumults, such as those which the oligarchy had provoked against the Gracchi, became in turn the democratic weapon. The murderous violence of Marius and Cinna, when for a moment they obtained the mastery, was more than required by the proscriptions that took place when the oligarchic faction became again dominant, and Rome for the

and an absolute master in the Sulla. Mommsen's picture of a able man may be too favourable, at least truth in the assertion ired the success of his party, not r for himself personally. He d by new legislation to establish on of the oligarchy on a firm is party produced no able leader ath; and though the government xminally in the hands of the sen- more helpless than ever. The of the people went on with in- idity, as the cultivation of the re and more entrusted to slave . crowds of freedmen swelled the rban population. The fatal ex- appealing to the sword in civil f been thoroughly learned, and the sword was the only real Rome. The democratic party, ie or two abortive attempts to upper hand, and left without a : the death of Sertorius, were for couraged and helpless. Incom- e most powerful man in Rome ius, who, though of comparative- th, had risen early to distinction own military achievements and of Sulla. Not belonging to the y birth, and estranged from the ty by his connection with Sulla, et had affinities with both sec- might easily have succeeded to power. But he was endowed ak will, strong respect for con- borities, and ignoble though un- tion. He would take upon him- sponsibility: he preferred the bs of oriental warfare, in which d great technical skill as a gen- nobler but more difficult task of the deadly evils which were prey- e State at home. He was never the burthen of the greatness him, and shrank from using his a manner which was certainly o far as he did not interfere with s or the licenses of his fellow- t was also somewhat cowardly. s the state of Rome when Cæsar ntrance into public life. The Marius, he naturally inherited the democratic party; a member d distinguished patrician family, way open to the highest state By slow degrees he rose through series of offices, winning popu- oratory, by his lavish expendi- ble purposes, and by his steady to the party which now began

to look upon him as a second and wiser Marius. When Pompeius returned to Rome from his protracted campaigns in the East, bringing with him a victorious army and infinite wealth, the aristocracy had just found a new leader in Cato, a man of strong republican principles, unyielding courage, and perfect integrity, but unable to discern the signs of the times. Stimulated by him, they repulsed Pompeius's claims to the consulate and the conduct of the war against Catilina, and widened the gulf which had before been opened between themselves and the man who at that moment wielded the whole power of the sword. Pompeius, with his natural uprightnes and dislike of violent measures, disbanded his army, and re-entered Rome a private citizen, for a second time declining to seize the throne. Shortly afterwards Cæsar returned to Rome from the province he had administered after his prætorship, with a good claim to the consulship. A coalition was effected between Cæsar, representing the democratic party, Pompeius, whose influence as a general was still great, in spite of the dismissal of his legions, and Crassus, the head of the moneyed interest, who burned for an opportunity of military distinction in the East. Against this combination the senate was almost powerless: Cæsar became consul, which entailed the command in Gaul, and the other members of the triumvirate had their will also. Professor Mommsen with great justice points out that this arrangement was in effect the establishment of the monarchical principle. The rulers might be one or three: but that any individuals should agree to dispose of the affairs of the State by their joint influence was virtually to overthrow the existing constitution. Yet it was done in a peaceable and orderly way; and it is very difficult to impute blame to heads of parties for thus effecting a coalition. At any rate the fault lay not more with Cæsar than with his rivals, rather less, in that he alone represented one of the two main parties in the State.

Years passed away; Crassus was killed in Parthia, Cæsar's career in Gaul augmented at once his reputation and his strength, while Pompeius remained inactive. The oligarchical party, freed from the presence of the head of the democracy, strengthened their position, really at the expense of Pompeius and more in semblance than in reality. They thought themselves strong enough to recall and disgrace the victorious proconsul of Gaul, and Cæsar was forced to choose between submission — which meant ruin — and open war. There was a considerable

party in Rome favourable not only to himself, but to his principles, though the majority in the senate was against him. He did not hesitate to accept the challenge of his enemies, and rebel against the government, which still subsisted in form, though its spirit had departed long before. Pompeius had no choice but to sink into insignificance, or to head the oligarchy. He took the latter course, and set the example of flight before Cæsar. At Rome, and throughout Italy, Cæsar was on the whole welcome. In spite of his absence, the government was peaceably administered by his partisans during the civil war; and when he ultimately returned in triumph, there was scarcely any feeling of opposition to his becoming virtually monarch, though the people manifested a strong dislike to his assuming the ensigns of formal royalty.

The quarrel between the two main factions into which Rome, like every other state of antiquity, had long been divided, was thus fought out, and the democracy conquered, as was inevitable. As the sole leader of the victorious party, to whose genius it owed the speed and completeness of its success, Cæsar became necessarily supreme in the State. That he had all along intended to be so — that his head was, to a slight extent at least, turned by his elevation — that he was disappointed at not receiving the crown — is probably, nay certainly true. If to attain the position of a sovereign be necessarily and under all circumstances a crime in a private citizen, Cæsar must be condemned, and with him Washington and William the Silent. But if it be any excuse that he represented a great cause, that he put an end to long protracted anarchy, and procured for his country the blessings of peace and order, Cæsar may claim the benefit of it. Liberty had been extinct at Rome ever since the fall of C. Gracchus, and had never been enjoyed by any of her subjects. If Cæsar curbed the license of the city populace, and deprived the small oligarchical faction of their freedom to oppress the provinces, his rule was an unmixed blessing to the subject nations. In Mr. Merivale's words,\* 'he foresaw that the genuine Roman race would be overwhelmed by the pressure of its alien subjects; but he conceived the magnificent idea, far beyond the ordinary comprehension of his time, of reducing the whole of this mighty mass, in its utmost confusion, to that obedience to the rule of a single chieftain which it scorned to render to an exhausted nation. He felt from the first the

proud conviction that his genius could fuse all its elements into a new universal people.' His reconstruction of the Roman government was cut short by the daggers of Brutus and his associates; and it is impossible to divine how far Augustus was honest in attributing to his uncle the original design of all the measures he himself carried out. Writers who love freedom, and who are by no means blind to the evils which resulted from the empire, even from those principles of it which Cæsar clearly held, have affirmed that if he had been spared he would have done what Cromwell tried in vain to do, and restored freedom to his countrymen. There are some grounds at least for this belief: his profession to the senate on receiving the dictatorship, that he meant to be the ruler, but not the master, of his countrymen — that he desired power in order to serve them, and not to harm any one, was not altogether meaningless. The number of substantial reforms, administrative and judicial — many of them newly devised by himself and all wise and beneficial — which were crowded into his few months of power, is a perfect marvel of statesmanship. In spite of the years of confusion which followed his murder, and the inferiority of Augustus's character and intellect, the edifice which Cæsar planned lasted through four centuries, in stability scarcely impaired. Cæsar is not responsible for the universal dominion of Rome: that was virtually achieved before he was born. He found her the mistress of the world, and he taught her how that power was to be consolidated and maintained. The experiment of a world-empire, which seemed to antiquity so hopeful, was thus tried thoroughly: it did much incidental good, and proved at last to be unsound in principle; and mankind has abandoned the idea. But we cannot blame Cæsar because the attempt failed; we ought rather to admire the political genius which worked out a conception so far above the level of all other despots, whether of the ancient or modern world.

Cæsar in truth stands alone in history. Setting aside the universality of his accomplishments and the charm of his manners, and regarding him merely as a compound of soldier and statesman, we must place him, intellectually, first among the small class of men who have risen to sovereign power upon the waves of revolution. Napoleon had a greater native genius for war, but he was backed by the enthusiasm of awakened France, and he sacrificed all the happiness of his people to his own selfish

\* *History of the Romans under the Empire*, vol. i. p. 90

ion. Cæsar found himself at the head of a nation corrupted by generations of luxury; he had to depend entirely upon his own powers to regenerate the state, and devoted his whole energies to the

Less upright than Cromwell, he was yet noble in his ideal of government, and had a far harder task set before him. England has earned a purer fame, but she is merely the leader of a people who bent on independence, and needed no instruction of society. The ideal of Charlemagne, of Peter the Great, was merely personal dominion; and the former gave the empire of the Romans to the Hellenic race, and the two latter effected great improvements in the conduct of their subjects, yet none of them were Cæsar's equals in intellectual and comprehensiveness of ideas. His faults were grave, but they were the faults of an age when social and political morality were both deeply corrupted; when marriage tie was not held sacred, nor personal honour known; when religion had decayed, and every rival was setting the example of selfish and unscrupulous ambition. His virtues were his own, and belong to the modern idea of a true gentleman to the ancient type. Viewed by the modern light of Christian morality, his character cannot indeed demand our admiration, but measured by the standard of his contemporaries it deserves high estimation. Of all men who have achieved eminence of the highest rank, there are few any whose glory is spotted by few faults, in proportion to their opportunistic temptations; and there is not one who was so manifestly born to greatness, and has left upon the history of the world so many and so permanent traces of his

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BY HUDSON, THE NAVIGATOR.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH:

R. G. M. ASHER, OF HEIDELBERG.

BY HUDSON is known to most educated men as the discoverer of Hudson's Strait, and Hudson's Bay. Very few persons, however, have obtained a more intimate knowledge of his remarkable character. Yet, besides

the importance of his voyages, his career offers a great and unique moral interest. More than any other man, Hudson has identified himself with one sole idea, in the service of which he laboured with matchless heroism. All these valiant efforts were in vain, and led him to a frightful martyrdom. And yet he owes to these same fruitless achievements a justly-earned renown, greater than that at which he aimed.

Hudson's one idea, to discover a short route to Asia by the North, was not of Hudson's creation. It owed, in various shapes, its origin to that great and all but unknown man, Sebastian Cabot, the discoverer of the mainland of America, and the founder of England's maritime power. A large amount of glorious enterprise had already, in 1607, been produced by his plans; and, by the voyages his ideas gave rise to, the names of John and Sebastian Cabot, of Cortereal, Verazzano, Gomez, Davis, Willoughby, Chancellor, Barents, Heemskerck, Linschoten, and many others of minor note, had become historical.

All these labours, however, and those of Hudson's like them, were doomed to be fruitless as regarded their main purpose, for their object is beyond the reach of man. All the short northern routes to Asia are blocked up by permanent icefields, and can therefore never become practicable for ships. Yet, in spite of their fruitlessness, these bold ventures belong to the most important events that history records. To them England owes her American discoveries and colonies, her sway of the ocean, her fisheries of cod and whale, her trans-Atlantic and northern trade; in short, that progress by which from a kingdom of very limited power she has risen to the first place among the empires of ancient and modern times. It is to the consequences of these same apparently fruitless undertakings that the United States owe their existence, the Dutch their freedom and glory, the Russians their connexion with the west of Europe. When we consider what the fate of Europe would have been without the victory of England and the Netherlands over Spain, we may almost be justified in placing the importance of the early northern voyages even above that of Columbus's magnificent discovery.

The scientific results of the northern expeditions were, however, up to Hudson's time, much less satisfactory than any one unacquainted with the scientific methods of those days would be able to imagine. Longitudes, which are at present determined by means of the chronometer, could,

in the sixteenth century, not be calculated at sea. The necessary consequence was an extreme want of accuracy in the laying down of new discoveries. Some instances of these errors appear almost beyond belief to the modern reader. Thus Sir Hugh Willoughby discovered, in 1553, a part of the coast of Nova Zembla. This discovery was afterwards placed by English geographers on the coast of Spitzbergen — a mistake about equal to that which would be committed by confounding the coast of Ireland with that of Sicily. Through errors of a similar nature, mainland appeared as islands, icefields as coasts, rivers as estuaries, and the same coast-line was sometimes drawn, from different surveys, under different names, two, three, and even four times, on the same map.

But even these scientific results extended nowhere, except in Europe, beyond the arctic circle. The polar regions of Asia and America were worse than unknown. For the unknown spaces had not been left blank on the maps. They had been filled up, partly from vague indications of the ancients, partly from the scientific dreams of modern scholars, with imaginary coast-lines which were of course very wide from the truth. Thus the celebrated Dutch geographer, Henry Hond, with whom Hudson was acquainted, boldly asserted that Asia does not extend beyond the fiftieth degree of northern latitude — a mistake by which a tract of country far greater than the whole of Europe is absolutely ignored.

These mistakes of the geographers led Hudson, as we learn from incidental notices in his journal, into the erroneous belief by which all his effort were prompted. He was led to think that the discovery of a short northern route to China was a feasible, though not easy task; and he was determined to solve the problem, or, as he himself said, "to give reason wherefore it would not be." Not less than six different routes were thus tried by him in the short space of four years, from 1607 to 1611. We must look on a map of the arctic regions to understand these various efforts and the causes of their failure.

Three large arctic islands, or groups of islands, are placed to the north-west, north, and north-east of Europe: Greenland, Spitzbergen, and Nova Zembla. We know at present a fact which Hudson first discovered: that the sea between the northern parts of these three mainlands is itself also almost like a mainland. Sometimes in immense and closely packed floes, in many places as one unbroken surface, the ice

stretches from Greenland to the north of Spitzbergen, and from Spitzbergen to the north of Nova Zembla.

When we leave the European waters, and turn to Asia and America, the prospects of the northern explorer who tries to find a navigable route to China do not become more cheerful.

The frontier between the arctic seas of Europe and Asia is marked by the group of islands called Nova Zembla, which rises, in the shape of an upright half-moon, from the coast of Russia into the Northern Ocean. The sea or bay which is situated on the Asiatic side in the inner part of the crescent, the Sea of Kora, is even in midsummer covered with mighty floes, between which the navigation is extremely hazardous, and in many places impossible, even to the hardiest and most experienced seamen. In spite of its energy and the skill and perseverance of its captains, the Russian Government has not yet been able to trace the east coast of Nova Zembla.

Yet, even if arrived beyond the Sea of Kora, the navigator has made no real progress on his way to China. He has yet before him the thousands of miles of Siberia's northern coast, no part of which is accessible to ordinary navigation. Even the Russia expeditions, by which the easiest parts of this coast have been explored, are reckoned among the boldest maritime adventures. And there exists no well authenticated record of any but Siberian vessels that have at all penetrated to the north coast of Siberia.

While the prospects in the East are thus entirely destroyed by the science of our days, those in the West are not by any means more encouraging, although they have called forth a much larger amount of exertion. The first attempt to find a route by the north of the American continent almost coincides with the discovery of that continent itself, and the last of a long series of efforts to discover a north-west passage have been made but yesterday. Yet no vessel has really penetrated from the Atlantic to the Pacific through the north-western passage.

Of all these impossibilities none appeared as impossibilities to Hudson's contemporaries; and, though beset with difficulties, a number of chances of a short northern route to China seemed to exist. Hudson himself tried not less than six of these delusive hopes. He attempted:—

1. To sail across the North Pole (1607).
2. To sail eastward by the north of Spitzbergen (1687).

3. To enter the Arctic Ocean between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla (1608).

4. To penetrate through the Nova Zembla group into the Sea of Kora (1608).

5. To find a north-western passage, in those parts where New York is at present situated (1609).

6. To reach the Pacific through the strait and bay which now bear Hudson's own name (1610-1611).

It is curious that Hudson missed the only route which may perhaps, under favourable circumstances, allow some isolated craft to force its way from one ocean to the other—namely, the route on which Sir John Franklin perished. But it can hardly be questioned that Hudson, had he lived longer, would have tried that chance also.

He began his career as a northern explorer in the service of the Company of Merchant Adventurers, which had been founded by Sebastian Cabot, in 1553, expressly for the purpose of trading with India and China by a north-eastern route. The numerous attempts made by the Company in order to realize the founder's idea proved of course fruitless. They led, however, to the establishment of a lucrative trade with Russia, and through Russia with Persia and Tartary. The dangers and difficulties of the voyage to Archangel became thus familiar to a noble school of English seamen who laid the foundation for England's oceanic navigation and commerce. Two immense services especially were rendered by Sebastian Cabot and by his company to all future navigators: the invention and development of the logbook, and the systematic observation of the variations of the needle. The journals kept by the seamen in the Company's service differ, indeed, but little from those of the present day, while all the accounts of voyages undertaken prior to 1553 are more like the random narratives of tourists than like maritime records. And of all the early journals of the Merchant Adventurers, none are equal to those of Henry Hudson. He is especially distinguished by adding to the logbook a new feature—the observation of the dip of the magnetic needle.

We have already seen that Hudson's first attempt was to reach Japan and China by passing the North Pole. This plan had been suggested in 1527 by Robert Thorne, a Seville merchant, who seems to have been under Sebastian Cabot's influence. Up to 1607 the plan had not been tested; and Hudson, too, soon discovered how impracticable it was.\*

\* We shall not trouble the reader with such geographical details as only a thorough acquaintance

Hudson left Gravesend the 1st of May, 1607, reached Shetland the 26th of the same month, and the Greenland coast the 13th of June. He tells us that he hoped to find an open sea, instead of the northern parts of Greenland which his chart indicated. But, although that chart was not correct in all its details, Hudson's first hope proved delusive. He did not any more succeed in finding a passage through the ice between Greenland and Spitzbergen; and the search after such a passage led him rapidly along that undulating north-easterly line which the arctic ice-bank between Spitzbergen and Greenland describes in summer time. He thus reached Spitzbergen the 27th of June. Here he made again, and with no more success, an attempt similar to that he had made off the Greenland shore. He tried to force his way through the Spitzbergen group eastwards, but found solid land where he desired to discover the open sea. Not less in vain were his efforts to pass eastwards or northwards by the north of the Spitzbergen group. Everywhere the way was blocked up by boundless icefields. The whole of the month of July having been spent in these fruitless endeavours, Hudson shaped his course homewards the 1st of August. On his home voyage he accidentally discovered an island under 71° N. lat., which he called Hudson's Touches, and which has since been called Jan Mayen Island by the Dutch. Hudson's name has not yet been restored to this island by English geographers, although claimed for it with unquestionable evidence more than five years ago.

This first voyage of Henry Hudson had one highly important result. It led to the establishment of the arctic fisheries both of the English and Dutch, which besides their great economical value, have mightily contributed in forming an army of skilful and dauntless seamen.

Hudson's second voyage, in 1608, which was again undertaken for the Merchant Adventurers, offers still fewer points of interest. It merely served to destroy some of the delusive hopes of a north-easterly route to China hitherto entertained by geographers.

Having ascertained by his first voyage that there was no hope of penetrating between Greenland and Spitzbergen, Hudson's new plan was to enter the Arctic Ocean between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. He left London the 22d of April, 1608. The 11th of June he was in lat. 75° 24' N., between

with arctic geography would enable him to understand; and we shall therefore devote but a few lines to Hudson's first voyage.

Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, engaged in his struggles against the flocks and fields of ice. After only a week's vain exertions, the 18th of June, this struggle had to be given up, and Hudson had to sail southwards. He now tried a course similar to those of the preceding year. Misled by his charts, he sought to go eastwards through the Nova Zembla group; but, where he had hoped to meet with an open passage, the unbroken coast-line continued with pitiless perseverance. On the 6th of July the fruitlessness of this effort had become evident, and only one apparent chance remained in those quarters, — to enter the Sea of Kora by the open passage between Russia and Nova Zembla. But it was already too late for such an attempt, and Hudson's vessel was not fitted for the already well-known dangers of the Sea of Kora; Hudson therefore returned towards home on the 6th of July. Regretting the loss of the finest part of the season, he was tempted yet to sail to the north-west, and to explore the mouth of the strait that now bears his name. This idea, however, he gave up for the present, and reached home the 26th of August.

Hudson's account of the second voyage contains the following justly celebrated passage:—

"This morning (June 15th, 1608, lat. 75° 7' N.) one of our companie looking overboard saw a mermaid, and, calling up some of the companie to see her, one more came up, and by that time shee was come close to the ship's side, looking earnestly on the men; a little after a sea came and overturned her. From the navill upward, her backe and breasts were like a woman's, as they say that saw her, her body as big as one of us, her skin very white, and long haire hanging downe behind, of colour blacke; in her going down they saw her tayle, which was like the tayle of a porpasse and speckled like a macrell. Their names that saw her were Thomas Hills and Robert Rayner."

The two failures of 1607 and 1608 seem to have discouraged the Company of Merchant Adventurers from further pursuing the scheme of the north-eastern search. Hudson, however, firmly adhered to his idea, and a very short time after his return to England he followed a call to another quarter, where better prospects were held out to him. At the close of the year 1608 we met him in Holland, already perfectly familiar with the leading personages in nautical enterprise and geographical science, such as Peter Plancius, Isaac Lemaire, Henry Hondius. He even became mixed up in a very

singular manner with the Dutch political conflicts that were then at their height. Without deviating in the least from his one and only purpose of finding a northern route to China, and most probably without understanding the motives of those he was dealing with, Hudson entered into negotiations with both of the great political parties of Holland who were bidding against each other for his services. In this bidding, still more important personage, the envoy Henry IV. of France, the celebrated Jean nin, took an active part on behalf his master.

The struggles of the two parties between whom Hudson was thus bandied about, so great an influence on the consequences of his third voyage that we cannot help entering at some length into the different subjects of this Dutch party strife — a subject of great intrinsic interest, and of some importance for the history of England's home and foreign affairs.

The war between Spain and the Netherlands had the effect of transferring all the brilliant features by which Belgium has been distinguished up to Philippe I's time — her commerce, industry, learning, and art — to the northern provinces which shook off the Spanish yoke, and especially to Holland. All the principal towns of Holland still bear the architectural stamp of their perfect renewal at the end of the sixteenth century. The seemingly miraculous growth of the Dutch republic was indeed nothing but a transplantation of the most vigorous elements from the south to the north, and the destruction of Belgium's prosperity was its necessary consequence.

This state of things was definitively settled by the truce of 1609, by which Spain recognized the independence of the northern Netherlands, while these gave up, for twelve years, the war with Spain. The treaty contained one of the most infamous stipulations ever invented by diplomatists — the closing of the River Scheldt. It fortified the iron rule of papistic persecution in Belgium, cut off all hope of the return of the Protestant emigrants, and thus doomed Belgium to that perpetual despondence from which she suffered during more than two centuries, and only recovered within our own recollections.

Such a treaty was for the native Hollanders like a double victory over Spain and over Belgium. Very different, however, were the feelings with which it was regarded by the emigrants from Belgium — a body of nearly a million, which contained the very quintessence of every thing that

had formerly made Belgium, and had now made Holland, a powerful state. These emigrants contended — perhaps with truth, perhaps with the ordinary delusion of emigrants — that by an honest continuation of the war with Spain the Spaniards must be driven from Belgium also. The Orange family, whose interests lay in the same direction, shared the same views. Another scarcely less powerful ally was the grudge of the lower trading classes, especially in the towns, against the powerful families who ruled the cities of Holland and the country itself, as deputies from the cities in the estates of Holland.

The party into which these three elements were combined centered in the Calvinistic clergy, who consisted almost exclusively of Belgians. Having sprung from a war in defence of the Protestant religion, the party was naturally ruled and kept together by its preachers. Of so much importance, indeed, was this religious standard, that the adversaries also felt obliged to raise a theological banner, on which they inscribed the name of Arminius. The well-known maxims of Church government, set forth by that celebrated Dutch divine, had originally no other purpose than to suit the interests of the oligarchs, whom they delivered from the power of the Calvinist ministers. Arminians and oligarchs were convertible terms.

These two parties, the Calvinistic and the Arminian, lasted down to the French Revolution of 1789. They are not even now quite extinct. Formed gradually during the war with Spain, the two parties had assumed their definitive shape in 1607 and 1608. It was in the midst of the turmoil of their struggle that Hudson arrived in Holland.

But what had the party strife to do with the north-eastern search?

The glorious beginning of Holland's maritime success had been mainly the work of the Belgian emigrants. Belgian merchants, settled in various towns of the northern provinces, had first started ships for oceanic commerce. The Belgian emigrants had also hit upon the singularly happy and fruitful idea of turning the science of geography into a weapon against the King of Spain. The fathers of modern map-making, Gemma, Ortelius, and Mercator, were Belgians, and, though themselves Roman Catholics, yet closely connected with the Protestants. Their followers, Hulsius, the De Brys, Bertuis, De Laet, Cluverius, Jodarus, and Henry Hondius, and especially Peter Plancius, were all of them Belgians and

Belgian emigrants. Plancius, a most ardent Calvinistic preacher, and one of the heads of the Calvinistic party, had opened at Amsterdam a school of navigation, to the influence of which all the early voyages of the Dutch can be distinctly traced back. With regard to the search for a short northern route, and to all northern search in general, Plancius held very nearly the same positions as Sir John Barrow held, and Sir Roderick Murchison holds, in our days. Plancius's most cherished pupils, William Barents and Jacob Heemskerck, had won imperishable laurels by their north-eastern voyages; and, when Barents's companions returned from their celebrated wintering at Nova Zembla, where Barents himself had perished, Plancius's house was the first place they repaired to.

But the vigilant chief of the Holland navigators, John Oldenbarnevelt, did not allow the power which the early maritime successes created to remain in the hands of his political adversaries. He established, in 1602, the great East India Company, whose government was from the beginning, and always remained, with the Arminians. This company had, to the exclusion of all other Dutch citizens, the privilege of trading to the East by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, and by the Straits of Magellan. The trade by the northern route that was yet to be discovered was, however, not included in the privilege.

When Hudson first arrived in Holland, he had been called there by the East India Company. After some negotiations with him they told him that, while the question of the truce with Spain was pending, they would not enter into any new enterprise. They gave him a retaining fee, and claimed his services for the year 1610. These transactions took place in December, 1608, or in the beginning of January, 1609.

But, in the meanwhile, the Belgians had not been idle. One of their principal merchants and shipowners, Isaac Lemaire, tried to persuade Jeannin, the envoy of Henry IV., to engage Hudson, and thus to forestall the East India Company. The voyage was to be taken on joint account, under Lemaire's name, Henry furnishing but the very moderate sum of three or four thousand crowns (*écus*). Jeannin's letter, which informs Henry IV. of this negotiation, is an extremely valuable document for the history of commerce. It is not less curious from the insight it gives into Plancius's and Lemaire's illusions concerning the extreme north. These illusions have, unfortunately, not been quite dispelled even at the present



day, and some of them still figure among the hopes and plans of Professor Petermann. May they not again bear bitter fruits!

Although the transaction between Jeanin and Hudson was to be a profound secret, it became, like most secrets, known to the persons whom it concerned; and the Amsterdam directors of the East India Company determined to send Hudson at once, in 1609, against the advice of their Zealand colleagues, who were by this time convinced that the north-eastern route to China was a mere dream.

The vessel which Hudson obtained for his voyage, the *Half Moon*, was, in size, like those the English company had supplied to him. It was a small flat-bottomed craft of the kind then generally used in the Dutch coasting trade, and manned with a crew of sixteen, partly English, partly Dutch. The Englishmen were, as far as their names are known, from among Hudson's former companions. They must, therefore, have come to Holland for the express purpose of again joining in a northern expedition. The Dutch sailors, on the contrary, accustomed to East India, were ill adapted for a polar voyage.

Hudson originally intended to undertake again a north-eastern search, most probably through the open strait south of Nova Zembla (Nassau Strait), and then go through the Kara Sea. Scarcely, however, had he arrived in the neighbourhood of Nova Zembla when a mutiny broke out among the crew, the Dutch sailors refusing to battle with the ice. Hudson then laid before them two proposals: "to undertake a search through Davis's Strait, or to go to the coast of America, to the latitude of 40°. This idea had been suggested to him by some letters and maps which his friend Captain Smith had sent to him from Virginia, and by which he informed him that there was a sea leading into the western ocean by the north of the southern English colony."\*

Captain John Smith, the founder of the English empire in North America, had married the daughter of an Indian chief. It is, therefore, probable that he had received from the Indians some vague account of the great Western lakes, which induced him to mistake these ocean-like waters for the Pacific. It would even seem as if Hudson

\* Virginia as opposed to New England. The above passage is from Van Meteren's chronicle, and can almost with certainty be traced back to Hudson himself. Van Meteren died in 1612, only two years after Hudson's return from the third voyage. Florida is a very vague term. Even in the 17th century the natives of the State of New York were sometimes called Floridans.

himself had communicated Smith's to his friends in Holland. For the geographer, Hessel Gerritsz, the first who spread Hudson's reputation, and Hudson, a friend of Peter Plancius, in 1612 that, according to the unanimous testimony of the Virginians and Florida country is to the west washed by sea, and Gerritsz identifies that sea Pacific.

Hudson's crew accepted the sea route suggested by Captain Smith, which offered no danger of cold and icefields. In May the *Half Moon* left the neighbourhood of Nova Zembla. Having entered the American waters, near the coast of Scotia, in the beginning of July, she examined the whole sea shore from Scotia down to the mouth of the Delaware. But the records by which the merits of this part of the explorations is handed down offer little interest at the present day. Hudson's own journal only a few pages have been preserved in a Dutch translation. Those notes of his companions in his voyage along the coast of the United States is described are of a strictly nautical character. They do not even allude to Hudson's one leading purpose, the search for a north-western strait; and they do not induce us to watch the continual rising and falling of his illusive hopes.

From the Delaware, Hudson sailed northwards along the coast, and on the 12th (new style) of September, he made the discovery which has immortalized his name. On that day he reached the mouth of Hudson's River.

In the river's mouth near Albany was spent. Then Hudson sailed up the river till he arrived, on the 16th, near what is now the city of Albany. Here the river becomes too shallow for large vessels, a fact having been ascertained by a boat a few miles higher up to take so Hudson began his home-voyage to Europe. Having dropped slowly down the river, he was, on the 5th of October, again on the sea.

The narratives of this earliest voyage up and down Hudson River abound with details of encounters, some friendly and some hostile, with the natives. We shall give a few of the most characteristic; Hudson himself tells:—\*

"I sailed to the shore in one canoe, with an old man who was the chief of a tribe, consisting of forty men and seven women; these I saw there in

\* Retranslated from the Dutch translation of Laet. The original is lost.

well constructed of oak bark, and circular in shape, so that it had the appearance of being well built, with an arched roof. It contained a great quantity of maize, or Indian corn, and beans of the last year's growth, and there lay near the house, for the purpose of drying, enough to load three ships, besides what was growing in the fields. On our coming into the house, two mats were spread out to sit upon, and immediately some food was served in well-made red wooden bowls; two men were also despatched at once, with bows and arrows, in quest of game, who soon after brought in a pair of pigeons which they had shot. They likewise killed a fat dog, and skinned it in great haste with shells which they had got out of the water. They supposed that I would remain with them for the night, but I returned after a short time on board the ship. The land is the finest for cultivation that I ever in my life set foot upon, and it also abounds in trees of every description. The natives are a very good people, for, when they saw that I would not remain, they supposed that I was afraid of their bows, and, taking the arrows, they broke them in pieces, and threw them into the fire."

In a very different spirit are nearly all the observations on the Indians made by Juet, one of Hudson's most constant companions, a able man, but of a very bad character, to whose influence the exposure and death of Hudson in Hudson's Bay is mainly to be attributed. Juet tells:—

"The people of the country came aboard of us making show of love, and gave us tobacco and Indian wheat, and departed for that night, but we durst not trust them. . . .

"This morning there came eight-and-twentie canoes full of men, women, and children to betray us,\* but we saw their intent, and suffered none of them to come aboard of us. At twelve of the clocke they departed. They brought with them oysters and beanes, whereof we bought some. They have great tobacco pipes of yellow copper, and pots of earth to dresse their meat in. . . .

"In the morning two great canoes came aboard full of men, the one with their bowes and arrows, and the other in show of buying knives, to betray us, but we perceived their intent. Wee took two of them to

\* The intentions of the Indians were evidently of a friendly nature. No Indian war party would have been accompanied by women and children.

have kept them, and put red coates on them, and would not suffer the others to come near us. So they went on land, and two others came aboard in a canoe; we tooke the one and let the other goe; but hee which we had taken got up, and leapt overboard. . . .

"This morning oure two savages got out of a port, and swam away. After wee were under sayle they called to us in scorne. . . .

"The people of the mountaynes came aboard us, wondering at our ship and weapons. We bought some skinnes of them for trifles. This afternoone one canoe kept hanging under our sterne with one man in it, which we could not keep from there, who got up by our rudder to the cabbins window, and stole out my pillow, and two shirts, and two bandeliers. Our master's mate shot at him, and strooke him on the brest, and killed him. Whereupon all the rest fled away, some in their canoes, and so leapt out of them into the water. We manned our boat, and got our things again. Then one of them that swamme got hold of our boat, thinking to overthrow it. But our cooke tooke a sword, and cut off one of his hands, and he was drowned."

Only once Juet does full justice to the natives:—

"There wee found very loving people and very old men: where we were well-used."

But even the following charming anecdote is spoilt by the hostile tone in which it is told:—

"And our master and his mate determined to trie some of the chiefe men of the country, whether they had any treacherie in them. So they tooke them downe into the cabbins and gave them so much wine and *agua viæ* that they were all merrie: and one of them had his wife with him, which sate so modestly as any of our countreywomen would do in a strange place. In the ende one of them was drunke, which had bene aboard of our ship all the time we had bene there: and that was strange to them; for they could not tell how to take it. The canoes and folks went all on shore: but some of them came againe, and brought stropes of beades—some had six, seven, eight, nine, ten—and gave him. So he slept all night quietly. . . .

"The people of the countrey came not aboard till noone, but when they came and saw the savages well, they were glad. So

at three of the clocke, in the afternoone, they came aboard and brought tobacco, and more beades, and gave them to our master, and made an oration, and showed him all the country round about. Then they sent one of their companie on land, who presently returned, and brought a great platte full of venison dressed by themselves; and they caused him to eate with them; then they made him reverence, and departed, all save the old man that lay aboard."

This first acquaintance with the effects of the fire-water — for them not an *aqua vitæ*, but a water of death — remained still vivid in the Indians' memory two hundred years after its occurrence, as German missionaries among them testify.

The great difference between Hudson's and Juet's appreciation of the natives is but one instance, and a very mild one, of the dissensions between the master and his crew. The whole plan of the voyage had already been altered by their mutinous behaviour, which was about to exercise a still more decisive influence on Hudson's fate. By preventing his return to Holland, it mainly contributed to lead him to the vast and dreary inland sea which bears his name — at once the site and the immense monument of his martyrdom.

For, when the *Half Moon* was again out of the mouth of the river, the whole crew unanimously refused to return to Holland. This seemed to Hudson so sinister a symptom that he could not even be induced to accept his mate's proposal, else so alluring to him, of passing the winter on Newfoundland, and starting at the very beginning of the next season for a search in Davis's Strait. Hudson tried, seemingly with perfect success, to persuade the crew to winter in Ireland. But, when they neared the British Islands, a renewed mutiny compelled him to direct his course to Dartmouth Harbour, on the coast of Devonshire. Here he arrived the 7th of December, 1600. In Dartmouth a new and most fatal disappointment awaited him. While the storms of autumn and winter retarded his intercourse with his employers in Holland, the English Government, in January, 1610, laid an embargo on the persons of Hudson and of his English companions.

Hudson's plan had been to undertake in the next season but a short search, from the middle of September, and then to return to Holland. Although this plan was frustrated, he was not to remain idle. A new company was formed in England for the express purpose of Hudson's explorations. It is curious how mighty were the efforts by which

one vessel of very moderate dimensions, with a crew of only twenty-four persons, including all the officers, was fitted out. Hudson's new employers were, besides the Company of Merchant Adventurers and the East India Company: —

Henry Charles, Earl of Northampton, Keeper of the Privy Seal; Charles, Earl of Nottingham, Admiral of England; Thomas, Earl of Suffolk, Lord Chamberlain; Henry, Earl of Southampton; Villiers, Earl of Salisbury; Theophilus, Lord Walden; Sir Thomas Smith Mansell; Sir Walter Hope; Sir Dudley Diggs; Sir James Lancerratt, Rebecca, Lady Romney; Francis Jones, Alderman; John Wolstenholme, Esq.; John Edred, Robert Sandy, William Greenwell, Nicholas Leats, Hovet Stopers, William Russell, John Mericks, Abraham Chamberlaine, Philipp Barlomathis, merchants of the city of London.

The real merit of having started the expedition belongs, however, neither to the two mighty companies, nor to the noble patrons, but to three gentlemen whose names are in the above long list not to be distinguished from the crowd of other names — to Sir Dudley Diggs, Sir Thomas Smith, and John Wolstenholme, Esq. Purchas, the historian of the expedition, mentions no other name but theirs; and Hudson gratefully inscribed those of Sir Dudley Diggs and John Wolstenholme on the passage which forms the entrance-gate from Hudson's Strait to Hudson's Bay. Sir Thomas Smith's name was afterward's given by Baffin to Smith's Sound.

Hudson's intention was from the beginning of this voyage the same which he carried out: to search for a route to the Pacific through the strait now called Hudson's Strait. This search was so far prepared by anterior north-western expeditions that much of the groping movements which mostly mark voyages of discovery was saved to Hudson. Frobisher had already, in 1576, found a strait parallel and close to Hudson's Strait. Davis, one of the greatest of northern navigators, had spent the three seasons of 1585, 1586, and 1589, in examining the shores of the strait which justly bears his name. He had even drawn these coasts for the then celebrated globe of Henry Molyneux. The existence of several western straits on the American side of Davis's Strait was therefore, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, a fact generally known among geographers. Nay, Hudson's whole plan had, during his stay in Holland, been discussed between him and Peter Plancius, by whom it was rejected. For Plancius

told Hudson that Hudson's Strait is not a way to the Pacific, but a blind alley. Of this fact Plancius had been informed by a seaman who had been at the bottom of the strait and bay. Hudson's immediate predecessor in the north-western search, George Weymouth, had, in 1602, sailed nearly one hundred leagues (three hundred miles) into Hudson's Strait. Hessel Gerritz, and Luke Fox state that Hudson followed Weymouth's footsteps — a statement which some of Hudson's own observations confirm.

It would, therefore, be a great mistake to attribute to Hudson the *discovery* of the strait, in the vulgar sense of the word discovery. His real merit consists in the exploration of the strait — a work of such magnitude that it would alone be sufficient to justify the immortality of his name.

The 17th of April, 1610, Hudson took his last leave from London. His vessel, the bark *Discovery*, sailed with him and his companions from St. Katherine's Pool near London Bridge. An ill-boding event marked his very first step. Before he had left the River Thames, the 22nd of April, he had to send back a man named Coleburne — by others Colbert or Colbrand — whom Hudson's employers had forced upon him as an assistant and official adviser. It is not surprising that this else absolutely unknown individual has revenged himself on Hudson's memory by pretending that he was the real author of the search through Hudson's Strait — an assertion that is fortunately refuted by Hudson's anterior communications with Peter Plancius.

Having passed the Orkneys and the Faroe Islands, Hudson was the 15th of May near the southern coast of Iceland. He then rounded the south-western point and sailed up along the western shore. But the unusually vehement eruptions of Mount Hecla — which, according to Hudson's opinion, indicated the approach of heavy weather — and especially the compact icefields that yet encircled the north-eastern coast of Ireland, induced our navigator to stay a fortnight in two of the western harbours, Dyre-Fiord and Breyde-Fiord. During this repose, they kept Whitsuntide, bathed in the hot springs, shot a vast store of wild fowl, ducks, and partridges, plovers, geese, mallard, teal, and curlew. One gun could kill enough to feast the whole company of twenty-three persons. The sea also supplied them with an abundance of fish.

During this stay in Iceland, Juet, Hudson's mate, began to excite the men against the master; and shortly after leaving the shore he threatened to turn the ship's head

homewards. This rebellion seemed so serious a matter to Hudson that he at first intended to sail back to Iceland in order to send Juet home by a whaler. He refrained unfortunately from executing this judicious plan, and even maintained Juet in his position.

While they were waiting in Breyde-Fiord, whole islands of ice came off the western coast, and on the 1st of June the sea was already sufficiently cleared to allow their departure. Hudson intended to sail in a direct line as possible to the mouth of his strait. But he was forced to adopt a somewhat circuitous course. For the south of Greenland was still encompassed by icefields which stretched far out into the sea. Only on the 25th day after his departure from Iceland, the 24th of June at midnight, Hudson entered his strait from the north, in latitude  $62^{\circ} 17' N$ .

A geographical account of the voyage through the strait would not only fatigue the reader; it would even be of very doubtful value. The maps and charts of Hudson's Strait are still in the highest degree unsatisfactory; and conclusions based upon their comparison with Hudson's journals would rarely make us obtain unquestionable facts. We have nevertheless the means of appreciating the greatness of Hudson's achievement and of marking its place in the history of northern discovery.

Hudson has left a map of the strait which is far superior even to Davis and Molyneux's delineation of Davis's Strait; and no other northern map or chart existing at the time can at all be compared to it. From this map, and from the journal and accounts that have been preserved, we can conclude with certainty that Hudson examined both the northern and the southern shore of the strait — an undertaking of such vast difficulty that, without the positive proofs we possess of its having been accomplished, we should hesitate to admit even its possibility.

The strait has a length of more than 600 miles, and an average width at least equal to that of the German Ocean. And so continual are the fogs and mists in those regions that a coast must be approached very closely in order to be investigated. The season of 1610 was, besides, far from favourable to the explorers. The deep bays and recesses of the southern coast were in midsummer still filled with ice which, though loose and drifting, was not the less dangerous to navigation, especially at night, and when foul weather had set in. Hudson first discovered a remedy against such dan-

gers, which has, we believe, often been imitated since. He fastened his vessel to the biggest floe he could lay hold of, and then gayly sported along with it, the floe opening a channel through the ice.

The seeds of mutiny which Juet had sown while they were staying in Iceland showed their first germs when, on the 5th of July, they were so blocked in by icefields that Hudson in his own heart gave up all hope, as he afterwards avowed. Although the crew obeyed his call on their exertions, they began to murmur very loudly, and Juet's voice was once more raised against the captain's. While Hudson even in this extremity believed that he could reach East India by Candelmas (in February, 1611), Juet spoke words of bitter mockery, which were but too true, and sounded therefore the more severely.

Some sport was here and there afforded by seals and bears on drifting floes. But even this rare chase was mostly without success; the seals and bears escaping by diving or jumping on other islands of ice before the boats could approach them. At last the western mouth of the strait was reached, the 2d of August. The 3d of August, 1610, Hudson entered Hudson's Bay.

The island to which Hudson gave the name of his patron, Sir Dudley Diggs, and the opposite cape, which he named after John Wolstenholme, Esq., form a kind of gateway between Hudson's Strait and Hudson's Bay. The islands swarm with fowl of every kind, which the natives of the region catch by an ingenious trick — placing a snare in such manner that the birds caught in it strangle themselves. A large herd of deer was also met with. Yet, to the indignation of his crew, Hudson could not be induced to tarry, but moved on southwards, now evidently confident that the way to China was plain before him. For, on leaving the strait, the coast of Hudson's Bay trends almost directly from the north to the south.

The mistake was, however, too evident to remain long hidden, especially to a man like Juet; and the more the danger of wintering in this dreary region became a certainty, the more Juet's wild mind was roused; and, at last, Hudson was obliged to depose him, the 7th of September, 1610.

After wandering about in the labyrinth of icefields, islands, creeks, and harbours to the south of Hudson's Bay, and finding every rising hope of a through passage to the Pacific almost immediately destroyed, the months of August, September, and Oc-

tober being thus spent, they were frozen by the 3d of November. A similar misfortune has befallen many arctic navigators and frequently in far more trying circumstances. The latitude of Hudson's quarters is only a few miles to the north of that of London. Barents had, in wintered in latitude 78° N., nearly miles further north, and Dr. Kane's wintering took place in latitude 80°, nearly miles nearer to the Pole. The gloom of the endless night, which added so much to the horrors both of Kane's and Barents's wintering, was here of course out of the question, as much as in London or Berlin. Hudson's provisions, though not abundant, yet far more plentiful than those of navigators who have wintered in the north, and a number of adventitious additions were made to them by shooting and fishing. Scurvy visited few of the early northern expeditions less severely than Hudson's. Only one man died of this terrible disease, though a good many were more or less afflicted by it.

Yet this trying time, which has so often brought out the most beautiful qualities of the seaman — his steady trust in God, his cheerfulness, his obedience and attachment to his superiors — made a hell of Hudson's ship. The mutinous spirit showed itself without disguise, and Hudson had to take precautions for his personal safety. He seized all charts, notes, and writing materials, in order to render it impossible for his crew to return without him. He was exceedingly careful in hoarding up his provisions, so much so that he increased instead of diminished the distrust of his men, which grew from day to day, and continually threatened to break out in revolt.

A momentary diversion was made in the state of things by the hope — vain, like Hudson's hopes — of establishing a regular intercourse with the natives. One of the natives had been to the ship, and had entered into a bartering negotiation. When Hudson followed his traces, he already perceived that he was close to the encampment. But, when he neared the fires, of which the inhabitants had seen the smoke, the inhabitants were always gone. Much faster than he, he fled before him. Not even here his illness left him. From the knife which he had taken that one man wear, and which appeared him like those of the Mexicans, he concluded that he was near the Pacific Ocean.

He was to empty the cup to the dregs before the terrible end of the winter took place. The mutiny by which he

his life broke out three days after the vessel had at last been enabled to get away. His departure from his winter-quarters took place the 18th of June. On the 21st of June, 1611, Hudson, with his son John, who had always been his companion, and seven sick men afflicted with scurvy, were exposed in a boat. Their former companions then fled from them at full sail, as if from an enemy.

During the home voyage the principal ringleaders died — Juet from want, in sight of the Irish coast; the others long before, in a fight with the Esquimaux. The remainder reached home towards the middle of September. They were, at their arrival, imprisoned, but they must soon have been released — for Robert Bylas, who had acted as master in the home voyage, acquired a conspicuous place among northern navigators.

The consequences of Hudson's extraordinary career, the energy of which has seldom been approached and never exceeded, are very remarkable. When he suffered the most cruel kind of martyrdom, a lingering starvation, in the presence of his son and of his faithful companions, who were suffering and dying with him, he must have considered all his dauntless efforts as absolutely fruitless. Yet how much have they produced! The Bay and Strait have

opened up the vast territories which, after having for centuries yielded an inexhaustible supply of furs, are now destined to hold a distinguished place among England's colonial possessions. The first voyage has yielded to England and Holland a fishing trade the proceeds of which amount to millions of money, and which has vastly contributed to develop the energy of English and Dutch seamen. More important still are the consequences of the third voyage. Hudson's own employers, the East India Company of Holland, did not follow up his discoveries, because all West-Indian trade was specially advocated by the Calvinists, as an infringement of the right which the King of Spain pretended to have to the whole of America. Therefore, although some trading to Hudson's River had taken place by a number of adventurers from 1611 to 1620, a regular intercourse began only in 1621, when the West India Company had been established — a specially Calvinistic concern, whose principal aim was to injure the King of Spain. Under the auspices of that powerful company, the fort which had been built in 1614 on the River Hudson gradually developed into a town of importance, the trade of which was already considerable, when, in 1664, it was conquered by an English fleet, and named New York.

THE TRAGEDIES OF SOPHOCLÉS. A NEW TRANSLATION, WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAY. By E. H. Plumptre, M.A. Second Edition, revised. (Strahan.) — Mr. Plumptre's translation of Sophocles deserved the honours of a second edition. But though this new edition has been fully revised, we think there are still some passages where the spirit of the original is not preserved, or its force imperfectly rendered. A translation must necessarily be tested by comparison with the finest and most enduring parts of the work which it attempts to reproduce. Mere fidelity is not enough to satisfy us in those cases. The slightest departure from the well-known words is sure to be resented. Mr. Plumptre labours under the further disadvantage of having to strive with the Greek choruses, and either to make them purely English by the help of rhyme, or to give them a rather forced and barren air by breaking them

up into unrhymed lyrics. We do not exaggerate this difficulty when we say that unrhymed lyrics have been seldom tried in England, and still more rarely have they succeeded. The portentous failure of Southey in *Thalaba* seems to have warned others, who were more skilful lyricists, against following in his footsteps. Yet new metres never succeed till they are taken up and naturalized by great artists. All the attempts up to a certain point are rude and ungainly. Then comes the true poet, and, with a touch, the trick is taught to everybody. Mr. Plumptre shows that the introduction of unrhymed lyrics is still uncertain, by appending specimens of the same choruses in rhymed translations. He is certainly more faithful when this additional responsibility is not imposed upon him, and rhymes do not make the choruses much more pleasing. — *Spectator*.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THEY VISIT THE CHAPEL OF PENRUTHYN AGAIN.

VERY grave was Cleve Verney as the vehicle disappeared. His uncle's conversation had been very dismal. "Ethel, indeed! What an old bore he is to be sure! Well, no matter; we shall see who'll win the game. He is so obstinate and selfish." There was, indeed, an enemy in front — an up-hill battle before him. He prayed heaven, at all events, that the vindictive old gentleman might not discover the refuge of Sir Booth Fanshawe. Were he to do so, what a situation for Cleve! He would talk the matter over with his uncle's attorneys, who knew him, with whom he had often been deputed to confer on other things; who, knowing that he stood near the throne, would listen to him, and they would not be over-zealous in hunting the old Baronet down. With those shrewd suspicious fellows, Cleve would put it all on election grounds. Sir Booth was in a kind of way popular. There would be a strong feeling against any extreme or vindictive courses being taken by his uncle, and this would endanger, or at all events embarrass Cleve very seriously.

Away shadows of the future — smoke and vapours of the pit! Let us have the sun and air of heaven while we may. What a charming day! how light and pleasant the breeze! The sails rattle, quiver and fill, and stooping to the breeze, away goes the *Wave* — and, with a great sigh, away go Cleve's troubles, for the present; and his eye travels along the sea-board, from Cardyllian on to Malory, and so to the dimmer outline of Penruthyn Priory.

As usual, they ran for Pendillion — the wind favouring — and at two o'clock Cleve stood on the sea-rocked stones of the rude pier of Penruthyn, and ordered his men to bring the yacht, seaward, round the point of Cardrwydd, and there to await him. There was some generalship in this. His interview of the morning had whetted his instincts of caution. Round Cardrwydd the men could not see, and beside he wanted no one — especially not that young lady, whom the sight might move to he knew not what capricious resolve, to see the *Wave* in the waters of Penruthyn.

Away went the yacht, and Cleve stole up to the ancient Priory, from the little hillock beyond which is a view of the sea half way to Malory.

Three o'clock came, and no sail in sight. "They're not coming. I shan't see her.

They must have seen our sail. Hang it, I knew we tacked too soon. And she's such an odd girl, I think, if she fancied I were here she'd rather stay at home, or go anywhere else. Three o'clock! He held his watch to his ear for a moment. "By Jove! I thought it had stopped. That hour seems so long. I won't give it up yet, though. That" — he was going to call him *brute*, but even under the irritation of the hypothesis he could not — "that oddity, Sir Booth, may have upset their plans or delayed them."

So, with another long look over the lonely sea toward Malory, he descended from his post of observation, and sauntered rather despondingly, by the old Priory, and down the steep and pretty old road, that sinuously leads to the shore and the ruinous little quay, for which boats of tourists still make. He listened and lingered on the way. His mind misgave him. He would have deferred the moment when his last hope was to go out, and the chance of the meeting, which had been his last thought at night, and his first in the morning, should lose itself in the coming shades of night. Yes, he would allow them a little time — it could not be much — and if a sail were not in sight by the time he reached the strand he would give all up, and set out upon his dejected walk to Cardrwydd.

He halted and lingered for a while in that embowered part of the little by-road which opens on the shore, half afraid to terminate a suspense in which was still a hope. With an effort, then, he walked on, over the little ridge of sand and stones, and, lo! there was the boat with furled sails by the broken pier, and within scarce fifty steps the Malory ladies were approaching.

He raised his hat — he advanced quickly — not knowing quite how he felt, and hardly recollecting the minute after it was spoken, what he had said. He only saw that the young lady seemed surprised and grave. He thought she was even vexed.

"I'm so glad we've met you here, Mr. Verney," said artful Miss Sheckleton. "I was just thinking, compared with our last visit, how little profit we should derive from our present. I'm such a dunce in ancient art and architecture, and in all the subjects, in fact, that help one to understand such a building as this, that I despaired of enjoying our excursion at all as I did our last; but, perhaps you are leaving, and once more is too much to impose such a task as you undertook on our former visit."

"Going away! You could not really think such a thing possible, while I had a

chance of your permitting me to do the honours of our poor Priory."

He glanced at Miss Fanshawe, who was at the other side of the chatty old lady, as they walked up the dim monastic road; but the Guido was looking over the low wall into the Warren, and his glance passed by unheeded.

"I'm so fond of this old place," said Cleve, to fill in a pause. "I should be ashamed to say—you'd think me a fool almost—how often I take a run over here in my boat, and wander about its grounds and walls, quite alone. If there's a transmigration of souls, I dare say mine once inhabited a friar of Penruthyn—I feel, especially since I last came to Ware, such an affection for the old place."

"It's a very nice taste, Mr. Verney. You have no reason to be ashamed of it," said the old lady decisively. "Young men, now-a-days, are so given up to horses and field-games, and so little addicted to anything refined, that I'm quite glad when I discover any nice taste or accomplishment among them. You must have read a great deal, Mr. Verney, to be able to tell us all the curious things you did about this old place and others."

"Perhaps I'm only making a great effort—a show of learning on an extraordinary occasion. You must see how my stock lasts to-day. You are looking into that old park, Miss Fanshawe," said Cleve, slyly crossing to her side. "We call it the Warren; but it was once the Priory Park. There is a very curious old grant from the Prior of Penruthyn, which my uncle has at Ware, of a right to pasture a certain number of cows in the park, on condition of aiding the Verderour in keeping up the green underwood. There is a good deal of holly still there, and some relics of the old timber, but not much. There is not shelter for deer now. But you never saw anything like the quantity of rabbits; and there are really, here and there, some very picturesque fragments of old forest—capital studies of huge oak trees in the last stage of venerable decay and decrepitude, and very well worthy of a place in your sketch-book."

"I dare say; I should only fear my book is hardly worthy of them," said Miss Fanshawe.

"I forgot to show you this when you were here before." He stopped short, brushing aside the weeds with his walking-cane. "Here are the bases of the piers of the old park gate.

The little party stopped, and looked as people do on such old-world relics. But

there was more than the conventional interest; or rather something quite different; something at once sullen and pensive in the beautiful face of the girl. She stood a little apart, looking down on that old masonry. "What is she thinking of?" he speculated; "is she sad, or is she offended? is it pride, or melancholy, or anger? or is it only the poetry of these dreamy old places that inspires her reverie? I don't think she has listened to one word I said about it. She seemed as much a stranger as the first day I met her here;" and his heart swelled with a bitter yearning, as he glanced at her without seeming to do so. And just then, with the same sad face, she stooped and plucked two pretty wild flowers that grew by the stones, under the old wall. It seemed to him like the action of a person walking in a dream—half unconscious of what she was doing, quite unconscious of every one near her.

"What shall we do?" said Cleve, so soon as they had reached the enclosure of the buildings. "Shall we begin at the refectory and library, or return to the chapel, which we had not quite looked over when you were obliged to go, on your last visit?"

This question his eyes directed to Miss Fanshawe; but as she did not so receive it, Miss Sheekleton took on herself to answer for the party. So into the chapel they went—into shadow and seclusion. Once more among the short rude columns, the epitaphs, and round arches, in dim light, and he shut the heavy door with a clap that boomed through its lonely aisles, and rejoiced in his soul at having secured if it were only ten minutes' quiet and seclusion again with the ladies of Malory. It seemed like a dream.

"I quite forgot, Miss Fanshawe," said he, artfully compelling her attention, "to show you a really curious, and even mysterious tablet, which is very old, and about which are ever so many stories and conjectures."

He conveyed them to a recess between two windows, where in the shade is a very odd mural tablet.

"It is elaborately carved, and is dated, you see, 1411. If you look near you will see that the original epitaph has been chipped off near the middle, and the word 'Eheu,' which is Latin for 'alas!' cut deeply into the stone."

"What a hideous skull!" exclaimed the young lady, looking at the strange carving of that emblem, which projected at the summit of the tablet.

"Yes, what a diabolical expressoin! Is'nt it?" said Cleve.



"Are not those *tears*?" continued Miss Fanshawe, curiously.

"No, look more nearly and you will see. They are worms — great worms — crawling from the eyes, and knotting themselves, as you see," answered Cleve.

"Yes," said the lady, with a slight shudder, "and what a wicked grin the artist has given to the mouth. It is wonderfully powerful! what rage and misery! It is an awful image! Is that a tongue?"

"A tongue of fire. It represents a flame issuing from between the teeth; and on the scroll beneath, which looks, you see, like parchment shrivelled by fire, are the words in Latin, "Where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched;" and here is the epitaph — 'Hic sunt ruinae, forma letifera, cor mortuum, lingua daemolis, digitus proditor, nunc gehennae favilla, Plorate. Plaudite.' It is Latin, and the meaning is, 'Here are ruins, fatal beauty, a dead heart, the slimy tongue of the demon, a traitor finger, now ashes of Gehenna. Lament. Applaud.' Some people say it is the tomb of the wicked Lady Mandeville, from whom we have the honour of being descended, who with her traitor finger indicated the place where her husband was concealed; and afterwards was herself put to death, they say, though I never knew any evidence of it, by her own son. All this happened in the Castle of Cardyllian, which accounts for her being buried in the comparative seclusion of the Priory, and yet so near Cardyllian. But antiquarians say the real date of that lady's misdoings was nearly a century later; and so the matter rests an enigma, probably to the day of doom."

"It is a very good horror. What a pity we shall never know those sentences that have been cut away," said Miss Fanshawe.

"That skull is worth sketching; won't you try it?" said Cleve.

"No, not for the world. I shall find it only too hard to forget it, and I don't mean to look at it again. Some countenances seize one with a tenacity and vividness quite terrible."

"Very true," said Cleve, turning away with her. "We are not rich in wonders here, but the old church chest is worth seeing, it is curiously carved."

He led them towards a niche in which it is placed near the communion rails. But said Miss Sheckleton —

"I'm a little tired, Margaret; you will look at it, dear; and Mr. Verney will excuse me. We have been hoeing all the morning, and I shall rest here for a few minutes." And she sat down on the bench.

Miss Margaret Fanshawe looked at her a little vexed, Cleve thought; and the young lady said —

"Hadn't you better come? It's only a step, and Mr. Verney says it is really curious."

"I'm a positive old woman," said Cousin Anne, "as you know, and really a little tired; and you take such an interest in old carving in wood — a thing I don't at all understand, Mr. Verney; she has a book full of really beautiful drawings, some taken at Brussels, and some at Antwerp. Go dear, and see it, and I shall be rested by the time you come back."

So spoke good-natured Miss Sheckleton, depriving Margaret of every evasion; and she accordingly followed Cleve Verney as serenely as she might have followed the verger.

"Here it is," said Cleve, pausing before the recess in which this antique kist is placed. He glanced towards Miss Sheckleton. She was a good way off — out of hearing if people spoke low; and besides, busy making a pencilled note in a little book which she had brought to light. Thoughtful old soul!

"And about the way in which faces rivet the imagination and haunt the memory, I've never experienced it but once," said Cleve in a very low tone.

"Oh! it has happened to me often, very often. From pictures, I think, always; evil expressions of countenance that are ambiguous and hard to explain, always something demoniacal, I think," said the young lady.

"There is nothing of the demon — never was, never could be — in the phantom that haunts me," said Cleve. "It is, on the contrary — I don't say angelic. Angels are very good, but not interesting. It is like an image called up by an enchanter — a wild, wonderful spirit of beauty and mystery. In darkness or light I always see it. You like to escape from yours. I would not lose mine for worlds; it is my good genius, my inspiration; and whenever that image melts into air, and I see it no more, the last good principle of my life will have perished."

The young lady laughed in a silvery little cadence that had a sadness in it, and said —

"Your superstitions are much prettier than mine. My good Cousin Anne, there talks of blue devils, and my familiars are, I think, of that vulgar troop; while yours are all *couleur de rose*, and so elegantly got up and so perfectly presentable and well bred that I really think I should grow quite tired of the best of them in a five minutes' *tête-à-tête*.

"I must have described my apparition badly," said Cleve. "That which is only beyond all mortal parallel can be defied only by its effects upon your fancy emotions, and in proportion as these are more, I believe they are incommunicable."

"You are growing quite too metaphysical for me," said Miss Margaret Fanshawe. "I respect metaphysics; but I never could understand them."

"It is quite true," laughed Cleve. "I was

I hate metaphysics myself; and they are nothing to do with this, they are so dry and detestable. But, now, as a physician as an exorcist — tell me, I entreat, in this sad case, haunted by a beautiful phantom of despair, which I have mistaken for a good angel, how am I to redeem myself from this fatal spell."

A brilliant colour tinged the young lady's cheeks, and her great eyes glanced on him a moment, he thought, with a haughty and even angry brilliancy.

"I don't profess the arts you mention; I doubt the reality of your spectre. I think it is an illusion, depending on an undue excitement in the organ of self-esteem, quite to be dispelled by restoring the healthy action of those other organs — of common sense. Seriously, I'm not competent to advise gentlemen, young or old, in their faculties, real or fancied; but I certainly could say to any one who had set before him an object of ambition, the attainment of which he thought would be injurious to him, to manly, have done with it, let it go, and let it to the winds. Besides, you know that half the objects which young men set before them, the ambitions which they cherish, are the merest castles in the air, and that all but themselves can see the ridicule of their aspirations."

"You must not go, Miss Fanshawe; you have not seen the carving you came here to look at. Here is the old church chest; — but suppose the patient — let us call him — knows that the object of his ambition is on all accounts the best and nearest he could possibly have set before him. What then?"

"What then!" echoed Miss Fanshawe. "How can any one possibly tell — but the patient, as you call him, himself — what he could do. Your patient does not interest me; he wearies me. Let us look at this carving."

"Do you think he should despair because there is no present answer to his prayers, and his idol vouchsafes no sign or omen?" asked Cleve.

"I don't think," she replied with a cold

impatience, "the kind of person you describe is capable of despairing in such a case. I think he would place too high a value upon his merits to question the certainty of their success — don't you? said the young lady,

"Well, no: I don't think so. He is not an unreal person; I know him, and I know that his good opinion of himself is humbled, and that he adores with an entire abandonment of self the being whom he literally worships."

"Very adoring, perhaps, but rather — that's a great dog like a wolf-hound in that panel, and it has got its fangs in that pretty stag's throat," said Miss Fanshawe, breaking into a criticism upon the carving.

"Yes — but you were saying 'Very adoring, but rather' — what?" urged Cleve.

"Rather silly, don't you think? What business have people adoring others of whom they know nothing — who may not even like them — who may possibly dislike them extremely? I am tired of your good genius — I hope I'm not very rude — and of your friend's folly — tired as you must be; and I think we should both give him very much the same advice. I should say to him, pray don't sacrifice yourself; you are much too precious; consider your own value, and above all remember that even should you make up your mind to the humiliation of the altar and the knife, the ceremonial may prove a fruitless mortification, and the opportunity of accomplishing your sacrifice be denied you by your divinity. And I think that's a rather well-rounded period: don't you?"

By this time Miss Margaret Fanshawe had reached her cousin, who stood up smiling.

"I'm ashamed to say I have been actually amusing myself here with my accounts. We have seen, I think, nearly every thing now in this building. I should so like to visit the ruins at the other side of the court-yard."

"I shall be only too happy to be your guide, if you permit me," said Cleve.

And accordingly they left the church, and Cleve shut the door with a strange feeling both of irritation and anxiety.

"Does she dislike me? Or is she engaged? What can her odd speeches mean, if not one or other of these things? She warns me off, and seems positively angry at my approach. She took care that I should quite understand her ironies, and there was no mistaking the reality of her unaccountable resentment."

So it was with a weight at his heart, the like of which he had never experienced before, that Cleve undertook, and I fear in a

rather spiritless way performed, his duty as Cicerone, over the other parts of the building.

Her manner seemed to him changed, chilled, and haughty. Had there come a secret and sudden antipathy, the consequence of a too hasty revelation of feelings which he ought in prudence to have kept to himself for some time longer? And again came with a dreadful pang the thought that her heart was already won—the heart so cold and impenetrable to him—the passionate and docile worshipper of another man—some beast—some fool. But the first love—the only love worth having; and yet, of all loves the most ignorant—the insanest.

Bitter as gall was the outrage to his pride. He would have liked to appear quite indifferent, but he could not. He knew the girl would penetrate his fincasse. She practised none herself; he could see and feel a change that galled him—very slight but intolerable. Would it not be a further humiliation to be less frank than she, and to practise an affectation which she despised?

Miss Sheckleton eyed the young people stealthily and curiously now and then, he thought. She suspected perhaps more than there really was, and she was particularly kind and grave at parting, and, he thought, observed him with a sort of romantic compassion which is so pretty in old ladies.

He did touch Miss Fanshawe's hand at parting, and she smiled a cold and transient smile as she gathered her cloaks about her, and looked over the sea, toward the setting sun. In that clear, mellow glory, how wonderfully beautiful she looked! He was angry with himself for the sort of adoration which glowed at his heart. What would he not have given to be indifferent, and to make her feel that he was so!

He smiled and waved his farewell to Miss Sheckleton. Miss Fanshawe was now looking toward Malory. The boat was gliding swiftly into distance, and disappeared with the sunset glittering on its sides, round the little headland, and Cleve was left alone.

His eyes dropped to the shingle, and broken shells, and seaweed, that shone beneath his feet, in that level stream of amber light. He thought of going away, thought what a fool he had been, thought of futurity and fate, with a sigh, and renounced the girl, washed out the portrait before which he had worshipped for so long, with the hand of defiance—the water of Lethe. Vain, vain; in sympathetic dyes, the shadow stained upon the brain, still fills his retina, glides before him in light and shadow, and will not be divorced.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## CLEVE AGAIN BEFORE HIS IDOL.

CLEVE could not rest—he could not return to Ware. He would hear his fate defined by her who had grown so indispensably dear by being unattainable! Intolerant of impediment or delay, this impetuous spirit would end all, and know all that very night.

The night had come—one that might have come in June. The moon was up—the air so sweetly soft—the blue of heaven so deep and liquid.

His yacht lay on the deep quiet shadow under the pier of Cardyllian. He walked over the moon-lighted green, which was now quite deserted. The early town had already had its tea and "pikelets." Alone—lovers ever are alone—he walked along the shore, and heard the gentle sea ripple and sigh along the stones. He ascended the steep path that mounts the beaten heights, overlooking Cardyllian on one side, and Malory on the other.

Before him lay the landscape on which he had gazed as the sun went down that evening, when the reflected light from the gold and crimson sky fell softly round. And now, how changed everything! The moon's broad disk over the headland was silvering the objects dimly. The ivied castle at the left looked black against the sky. The ruins how empty now! How beautiful everything, and he how prodigious a fool! No matter. We have time enough to be wise; Away, to-morrow, or, at latest, next day; and in due course would arrive the season—that tiresome House of Commons—and the routine of pleasure, grown on a sudden so insupportably dull.

So he had his walk in the moonlight toward Malory—the softest moonlight ever fell from heaven—the air so still and sweet: it seemed an enchanted land. Down the hill toward Malory he sauntered, looking sometimes moonward, sometimes on the dark woods, and feeling as five weeks since he could not have believed himself capable of feeling, and so he arrived at the very gate of Malory.

Here stood two ladies, talking low their desultory comments on the beautiful scene, as they looked across the water toward the headland of Pendillion. And these two ladies were the same from whom he had parted so few hours since. It was still very early everywhere except at Cardyllian, and these precincts of Malory, so entirely de-

started at these hours that there seemed as little chance of interruption at the gate, as they had stood in the drawing-room windows.

Cleve was under too intense and impetuous an excitement to hesitate. He approached the iron gate where, as at a convent grille, the old and the young recluse stood. The moonlight was of that intense and brilliant kind which defines objects nearly as daylight. The ladies looked both surprised; even Miss Anne Sheekleton looked grave.

"How very fortunate!" said Cleve, raising his hat, and drawing near. Just then he did not care whether Sir Booth should have chance to see him there or not, and it was not the turn of his mind to think, in the next place, of consequences to other people.

Happily, perhaps, for the quiet of Malory, one of Sir Booth's caprices had dispensed that night with his boat, and he was at that moment stretched in his long silk dressing-gown and slippers, on the sofa, in what he called his study. After the first instinctive alarm, therefore, Miss Anne Sheekleton had soon recovered her accustomed serenity and cheer of mind, and even interrupted him before he had well got to the end of his salutation to exclaim —

"Did you ever, anywhere, see such moonlight? It almost dazzles me."

"Quite splendid; and Malory looks so picturesque in this light." He was leaning on the pretty old gate, at which stood both ladies, sufficiently far apart to enable him, in a low tone, to say to the younger, without being overheard — "So interesting in very light, now! I wonder your men don't suspect me of being a poacher, or something else very bad, I find myself rowling about here so often, at this hour, and even later."

"I admire that great headland — Pendilou, isn't it? — so very much; by this light one might fancy it white with snow," said Miss Sheekleton.

"I wish you could see Cardrwydd Island now; the gray cliffs in this light are so white and transparent, you can hardly imagine so strange and beautiful an effect," said Cleve.

"I dare say," said Miss Sheekleton.

"You have only to walk about twenty paces across that little road towards the sea, and you have it full in view. Do let me persuade you," said Cleve.

"Well, I don't mind," said Miss Sheekleton. "Come, Margaret, dear," and these latter words she repeated in private exhor-

tation, and then aloud she added — "We have grown so much into the habit of shutting ourselves up in our convent grounds, that we feel like a pair of runaway nuns whenever we pass the walls; however, I *must* see the island."

The twenty steps toward the sea came to be a hundred or more, and at last brought them close under the rude rocks that form the little pier; in that place, the party stopped, and saw the island, rising in the distant sheen, white and filmy; a phantom island, with now and then a gleam of silvery spray, from the swell which was unfelt within the estuary, shooting suddenly across its points of shadow.

"Oh! how beautiful!" exclaimed Miss Fanshawe, and Cleve felt strangely elated in her applause. They were all silent, and Miss Sheekleton, still gazing on the distant cliffs, walked on a little, and a little more, and paused.

"How beautiful!" echoed Cleve, in tones as low, but very different. "Yes, how beautiful — how fatally beautiful; how beloved, and yet how cold. Cold, mysterious, wild as the sea; beautiful, adored and *cruel*. How *could* you speak as you did to-day? What have I done, or said, or thought, if you could read my thoughts? I tell you, ever since I saw you in Cardyllian church I've thought only of you; you haunt my steps; you inspire my hopes; I adore you, Margaret."

She was looking on him with parted lips, and something like fear in her large eyes, and how beautiful her features were in the brilliant moonlight.

"Yes, I *adore* you; I don't know what fate or fiend rules these things; but to-day it seemed to me that you hated me, and yet I adore you; *do* you hate me?"

"How wildly you talk; you can't love me; you don't know me," said this odd girl.

"I don't know you, and yet I love you; you don't know *me*, and yet I think you *hate* me. You talk of love as if it were a creation of reason and calculation. You don't know it, or you could not speak so; antipathies perhaps you do experience; is there no caprice in *them*; I love you in *defiance* of calculation, and of reason, and of hope itself. I can no more help loving you than the light and air without which I should die. You're not going; you're not *so* cruel; it may be the last time you shall ever hear me speak. You won't believe me; no, not a word I say, although it's all as true as that this light shines from heaven. You'd

believe one of your boatmen relating any nonsense he pleases about people and places here. You'll believe worse fellows, I dare say, speaking of higher and dearer things, *perhaps* — I can't tell; but *me*, on *this* upon which I tell you, *all* depends for me, you won't believe. I never loved any mortal before. I did not know what it was, and now here I stand, telling you my bitter story, telling it to the sea, and the rocks, and the air, with as good a chance of a hearing. I read it in your manner and your words to-day. I felt it intuitively; you don't care for me; you can't like me; I see it in your looks. And now, will you tell me — for God's sake, Margaret, do tell me — is there not some one — some one you *do* like? I know there is."

"That's *quite* untrue — I mean there is *nothing* of the kind," said this young lady, looking very pale, with great flashing eyes, "and one word more of this kind to-night you are not to say to me. Cousin Anne," she called, "come, I'm going back."

"We are so much obliged to you, Mr. Verney," said Miss Sheckleton, returning; we should never have thought of coming down here, to look for this charming view; come, Margaret, darling, your papa may want me."

An inquisitive glance she darted furtively at the young people, and I dare say she thought that she saw something unusual in their countenances.

As *they* did not speak, Miss Sheckleton chatted on unheeded, till, on a sudden, Cleve interposed with —

"There's an old person — an old lady, I may call her — named Rebecca Mervyn, who lives in the steward's house, adjoining Malory, for whom I have a very old friendship; she was so kind to me, poor thing, when I was a boy. My grandmother has a very high opinion of her; and *she* was never very easily pleased. I suppose you have seen Mrs. Mervyn; you'd not easily forget her, if you have. They tell me in the town that she is quite well; the same odd creature she always was, and living still in the steward's house."

"I know — to be sure — I've seen her very often — that is, half-a-dozen times or more — and she *is* a very odd old woman, like that benevolent enchantress in the 'Magic Ring' — don't you remember? who lived in the castle with white lilies growing all round the battlements," answered Miss Sheckleton.

"I know," said Cleve, who had never read it.

"And if you want to see her, *here* she is,

oddly enough," whispered Miss Sheckleton, as the old woman with whom Sedley had conferred on the sea-beach came round the corner of the boundary wall near the gateway by which they were now standing, in her grey cloak, with dejected steps, and looking, after her wont, seaward toward Pendillion.

"No," said Cleve, getting up a smile as he drew a little back into the shadow; "I'll not speak to her now; I should have so many questions to answer, I should not get away from her for an hour."

Almost as he spoke the old woman passed them, and entered the gate; as she did so, looking hard on the little party, and hesitating for a moment, as if she would have stopped outright. But she went on without any further sign.

"I breathe again," said Cleve; "I was so afraid she would know me again, and insist on a talk."

"Well, perhaps it is better she did not; it might not do, you know, if she mentioned your name, for *reasons*," whispered Miss Sheckleton, who was on a sudden much more intimate with Cleve, much more friendly, much more kind, and somehow pitying.

So he bade good-night. Miss Sheckleton gave him a little friendly pressure as they shook hands at parting. Miss Fanshawe neither gave nor refused her hand. He took it; he held it for a moment — that slender hand, all the world to him, clasped in his own, yet never to be his, lodged like a stranger's for a moment there — then to go, for ever. The hand was carelessly drawn away; he let it go, and never a word spoke he.

The ladies entered the deep shadow of the trees. He listened to the light steps fainting into silent distance, till he could hear them no more.

Suspense — still suspense.

Those words spoken in her clear undertone — terrible words, that seemed at the moment to thunder in his ears, "loud as a trumpet with a silver sound" — were they, after all, words of despair, or words of hope?

"*One word more of this kind, to-night, you are not to say to me.*"

How was he to translate the word "to-night" in this awful text? It seemed, as she spoke it, introduced simply to add peremptoriness to her forbiddance. But was that its fair meaning? Did it not imply that the prohibition was limited only to that night? Might it not mean that he was free to speak more — possibly to hear more — at a future time?

iddle? Well! he would read it in any most favourable to his hopes; and will blame him? He would have no s — no ambiguities — nothing but y defined certainty. th an insolent spirit, instinct with an ience and impetuousity utterly intoler- the least delay or obstruction, the in- could not be long.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## VE VERNEY TAKES A BOLD STEP.

WEN we seek danger he is sometimes — eath — hard to find. Cleve would not disliked an encounter with Sir Booth awe; who could tell what might come h a meeting? It was palpably so the interest of that ruined gentleman mote his wishes, that, if he would only and his temper and listen to reason, d little doubt of enlisting him zealous- his favour. It was his own uncle who s appeared to him the really formidable.

efore, next night, Cleve fearlessly d down to Malory. It was seven k, and dark. It was a still, soft night. moon not up yet, and all within the ark as Erebus — silent, also, except e fall of a dry leaf now and then, ig sadly through the boughs. the gate for a moment he hesitated, hen with a sudden decision, pushed it entered, and the darkness received A little confused were his thoughts feelings as he strode through that ess and silence toward the old house. rk it was, that to direct his steps, he o look up for a streak of sky between arly meeting branches of the trees. s trespass was not a premeditated out-

It was a sudden inspiration of de- He had thought of writing to Sir . But to what mischief might not erce and impracticable old man apply ert act? Suppose he were to send ter on to the Hon. Kiffyn Fulke Ver-

In that case Mr. Cleve Verney moralize with an income of precisely andred a year, for the rest of his days, the transitory nature of all human em. At the next election he would compulsory farewell to the House. ved too much money to remain pleas- in England, his incensed uncle would its certain to marry, and with Cleve zy — ex-m.p., and quondam man of se, and presumptive Earl of Verney *clamatum foret.*

He had therefore come to the gate of Malory in the hope of some such happy chance as beset the night before. And now disappointed, he broke through all considerations, and was walking, in a sort of desperation, right into the lion's mouth.

He slackened his pace, however, and be- thought him. Of course, he could not ask at this hour to see Miss Anne Sheekleton. Should he go and pay a visit to old Rebecca Mervyn? Hour and circumstances considered, would not that, also, be a liberty and an outrage? What would they think of it? What would *he* say of it in another fellow's case? Was he then going at this hour to pay his respects to Sir Booth Fanshawe, whom he had last seen and heard in the thunder and dust of the hustings, hurling language and grammar that were awful, at his head.

Cleve Verney was glad that he had pulled up before he stood upon the door steps; and he felt like an awakened somnambulist.

"I *can't* do this. It's *impossible*. What a brute I am growing," thought Cleve, awaking to realities. "There's nothing for it, I believe, but patience. If I were now to press for an answer, she would say 'No;' and, were I to ask admission at the house at this hour, what would she — what would Miss Sheekleton, even, think of me? If I had nerve to go away and forget her, I should be happier — quite happy and quite good-for-nothing, and perfectly at my uncle's disposal. As it is, I'm *miserable* — a miserable *fool*. Everything against it — even the girl, I believe; and I here — partly in a vision of paradise, partly in the torments of the damned, wasting my life in the dream of an opium-eater, and without power to break from it, and see the world as it is."

He was leaning with folded arms, like the melancholy Jaques, against the trunk of a forest tree, as this sad soliloquy glided through his mind, and he heard a measured step approaching slowly from the house.

"This is Sir Booth coming," thought he, with a strange, sardonic gladness. "We shall see what will come of it. Let us hear the old gentleman, by all means."

The step was still distant.

It would have been easy for him to retrace his steps and to avoid the encounter. But it seemed to him that to stir would have been like moving a mountain, and a sort of cold defiance kept him there, and an unspeakable interest in the story which he was enacting, and a longing to turn over the leaf, and read the next decisive page. So he waited.

His conjecture was right, but the anticipated dialogue did not occur. The tall figure of Sir Booth appeared; some wrappers thrown across his arm. He stalked on and passed by Cleve, without observing, or rather, seeing him; for his eye had not grown like Cleve's, accustomed to the darkness.

Cleve stood where he was till the step was lost in silence, and waited for some time longer, and heard Sir Booth's voice, as he supposed, hailing the boatmen from that solitary shore, and theirs replying, and he thought of the ghostly boat and boatmen that used to scare him in the "Tale of Wonder" beloved in his boyhood. For anything that remains to him in life, for any retrospect but one of remorse, he might as well be one of those phantom boatmen on the haunted lake. By this time he is gliding, in the silence of his secret thoughts, upon the dark sea outside Malory.

"Well!" thought Cleve, with a sudden inspiration, "he will not return for two hours at least. I will go on — no great harm in merely passing the house — and we shall see whether anything turns up.

On went Cleve. The approach to the old house is not a very long one. On a sudden, through the boughs, the sight of lighted windows met his eyes, and through the open sash of one of them, he heard faintly the pleasant sound of female prattle.

He drew nearer. He stood upon the esplanade before the steps, under the well-known gray front of the old house. A shadow crossed the window, and he heard Miss Anne Sheekleton's merry voice speaking volubly, and then a little silence, of which he availed himself to walk with as distinct a tread as he could manage, at a little distance, in front of the windows, in the hope of exciting the attention of the inmates. He succeeded; for almost at the instant two shadowy ladies, the lights being within the room, and hardly any from without, appeared at the open window; Miss Sheekleton was in front, and Miss Fanshawe with her hand leaning upon her old cousin's shoulder, looked out also.

Cleve stopped instantly, and approached, raising his hat. This young gentleman was also a mere dark outline, and much less distinct than those he recognised against the cheery light of the drawing-room candles. But I don't think there was a moment's doubt about his identity.

"Here I am, actually detected, trying to glide by unperceived," said Cleve, lying, as Mr. Fag says in the play, and coming up quickly to the open window. "You must

think me quite mad, or the most impudent person alive; but what am I to do? I can't leave Ware, without paying old Rebecca — Mrs. Mervyn, you know — a visit. Lady Verney blows me up so awfully about it, and has put it on me as a duty. She thinks there's no one like old Rebecca; and really poor old Mervyn was always very kind to me when I was a boy. She lives, you, know, in the steward's house. I can't come up here in daylight. I'm in such a dilemma. I must wait till Sir Booth has gone out in his boat, don't you see? and so I did; and if I had just got round the corner there, without your observing me, I should have been all right. I'm really quite ashamed. I must look so like a trespasser — a poacher — everything that is suspicious; but the case, you see, is really so difficult. I've told you everything, and I do hope you quite acquit me."

"Oh, yes," said Miss Sheekleton. "We must, you know. It's like a piece of a Spanish comedy; but what's to be done? You must have been very near meeting. Booth has only just gone down to the boat."

"We did meet — that is, he actually passed me by, but without seeing me. I heard him coming, and just stood, taking my chance; it was very dark you know."

"Well, I forgive you," said Miss Sheekleton. "I must, you know; but the dogs won't. You hear them in the yard. What good dear creatures they are; and when they hear us talking to you, they'll grow quite quiet, and understand that all is well, they are so intelligent. And there's the boat; look, Margaret, through *that* opening, you can just see it. When the moon gets up, it looks so pretty. I suppose it's my bad taste, but those clumsy fishing boats seem to me so much more picturesque than your natty yachts, though, of course, they are very nice in their way. Do you hear how furious you have made our great dog, poor old Neptune! He looks upon us, Margaret and I, as in his special charge; but it does not do, making such an uproar."

I fancy she was thinking of Sir Booth, for she glanced toward the boat; and perhaps the kind old lady was thinking of somebody else, also.

"I'll just run to the back window, and quiet him. I shan't be away a moment, Margaret, dear."

And away went Miss Sheekleton, shutting the door. Miss Fanshawe had not said a word, but remained at the window looking out. You might have thought his being there, or not, a matter of entire indifference

to her. She had not said a word. She looked toward the point at which the rising splendour of the moon was already visible over the distant hills.

"Did you miss anything — I'm sure you did — yesterday? I found a pin at the jetty of Penruthyn. It is so pretty, I've been ever so much tempted to keep it; so very pretty, that somehow, I think it could not have belonged to any one but to you."

And he took the trinket from his waistcoat pocket.

"Oh! I'm so glad," said she; "I thought I had seen it this morning, and could not think what had become of it. I never missed it till this evening."

He touched the fingers she extended to receive it. He took them in his hand, and held them with a gentle force.

"For one moment allow me to hold your hand; don't take it from me yet. I implore, only while I say a few words, which you may make, almost by a look, a farewell — my eternal farewell. Margaret, I love you as no other man ever will love you. You think all this but the madness that young men talk. I know nothing of them. What I say is desperately true, no madness, but sad and irreparable reality. I never knew love but for you — and for you it is such idolatry as I think the world never imagined. You are never for one moment from my thoughts. Every good hope or thought I have, I owe to you. You are the good principle of my life, and if I lose you, I am lost myself."

This strange girl was not a conventional young lady. I don't pronounce whether she was better or worse for that. She did not drop her eyes, nor yet withdraw her hand. She left that priceless pledge in his, it seemed, unconsciously, and with eyes of melancholy and earnest inquiry, looked on the handsome young man that was pleading with her.

"It is strange," she said in a dreamy tone, as if talking with herself. "I said it was strange, for he does not, and cannot know me."

"Yes," he answered, "I do know you — intuitively I know you. We have all faith in the beautiful. We cannot separate the beautiful and the good; they come both direct from God, they resemble him; and I know your power — you can make of me what you will. Oh, Margaret, will you shut me out for ever from the only chance of good I shall ever know? Can you ever, ever like me?"

There was a little silence, and she said, very low, "If I were to like you, would you

love me better than any thing else in all the world?"

"Than all the world — than all the world," he reiterated, and she felt the hand of this young man of fashion, of ambition, who had years ago learned to sneer at all romance, quiver as it held her own.

"But first, if I were to allow any one to like me, I would say to him you must know what you undertake. You must love me with your entire heart; heart and soul, you must give yourself altogether up to me. I must be everything to you — your present, your future, your happiness, your hope; for I will not bear to share your heart with any thing on earth! and these are hard terms, but the only ones."

"I need make no vow, darling — darling. My life is what you describe, and I cannot help it; I adore you. Oh! Margaret, can you like me?"

Then Margaret Fanshawe answered, and in a tone the most sad, I think, that ever spoke; and to him, the sweetest and most solemn; like distant music in the night, funereal and plaintive, the cadences fell upon his entranced ear.

"If I were to say I could like you enough to wait, and try if I could like you more, it always seemed to me so awful a thing — try if I could like you more — would not the terms seem to you too hard?"

"Oh! Margaret, darling, say you can like me now. You know how I adore you," he implored.

"Here, then, is the truth. I do not like you well enough to say all that; no, I do not, but I like you too well to say *no*. I don't know how it *may* be, but if you choose to wait, and give me a very little time to resolve, I shall see clearly, and all uncertainty come to an end, somehow, and God guide us all to good! That is the whole truth, Mr. Verney; and pray say no more at present. You shall not wait long for my answer."

"I agree, darling. I accept your terms. You don't know what delay is to me; but any thing rather than despair."

She drew her hand to herself. He released it. It was past all foolish by-play with him, and the weight of a strange fear lay upon his heart.

This little scene took longer in speaking and acting than it does in reading in this poor note of mine. When they looked up, the moon was silvering the tops of the trees, and the distant edges of the Welsh mountains, and glimmering and flashing to and fro, like strings of diamonds, on the water.



And now Miss Anne Sheckleton entered, having talked old Neptune into good humour.

"Is there a chance of your visiting Penruthyn again?" asked Cleve, as if nothing unusual had passed. "You have not seen the old park. Pray, come to-morrow."

Miss Sheckleton looked at the young lady, but she made no sign.

"Shall we? I see nothing against it," said she.

"Oh! do. I entreat," he persisted.

"Well, if it should be fine, and if nothing prevents, I think, I may say, we will, about three o'clock to-morrow."

Margaret did not speak; but was there not something sad and even gentle in her parting? The old enigma was still troubling his brain and heart, as he walked down the dark avenue once more. How would it all end? How would she at last pronounce?

The walk, next day, was taken in the Warren, as he had proposed. I believe it was a charming excursion; as happy, too, as under the bitter conditions of suspense, it could be; but nothing worthy of record was spoken, and matters, I dare say remained, ostensibly at least, precisely as they were.

#### CHAPTER XX.

##### HIS FATE.

CLEVE VERNEY, as we know, was a young gentleman in whose character were oddly mingled impetuosity and caution. A certain diplomatic reserve and slyness had often stood him in stead in the small strategy of life, and here, how skilfully had he not managed his visits to Penruthyn, and hid from the peering eyes of Cardyllian his walks and loiterings about the enchanted woods of Malory.

Visiting good Mrs. Jones's shop next day, to ask her how she did, and gossip a little across the counter, that lady peering over her spectacles, received him with a particularly sly smile, which, being prone to alarms just then, he noted and did not like.

Confidential and voluble as usual, was this lady, bringing her black lace cap and purple ribbons close to the brim of Mr. Verney's hat, as she leaned over the counter, and murmured her emphatic intelligence and surmises deliberately in his ear. She came at last to say —

"You must be very solitary, we all think, over there, at Ware, sir; and though

you have your yacht to sail across in, and your dog-cart to trot along, and doesn't much mind, still it is not convenient, you know, for one that likes *this* side so much better than the other. We think, and *wonders*, we all do, you wouldn't stay awhile at the Verney Arms, over the way, and remain among us, you know, and be near every thing you might like; the other side, you know, is very dull; we can't deny *that*, though it's quite true that Ware is a very fine place — a really beautiful place — but it is lonely, we must allow; *mustn't* we?"

"Awfully lonely," acquiesced Cleve, "but I don't quite see why I should live at the Verney Arms, notwithstanding."

"Well, they do say — you *mustn't* be angry with them, you know — but they do, that you like a walk to Malory," and this was accompanied with a wonderfully cunning look, and a curious play of the crow's-feet and wrinkles of her fat face, and a sly, gentle laugh. But I don't mind."

"Don't mind *what*?" asked Cleve a little sharply.

"Well, I don't mind what they say, but they *do* say you have made acquaintance with the Malory family — no harm in that, you know."

"No harm in the world, only a lie," said Cleve, with a laugh that was not quite enjoying. "I wish they would manage that introduction for me; I should like it extremely. I think the young lady rather pretty — don't you? and I should not object to pay my respects, if you think it would not be odd. My Cardyllian friends know so much better than I what is the right thing to do. That fact is, I don't know one of our own tenants there, except for taking off my hat twice to the only *same* one of the party, that old Miss Anne — Anne — *something* — you told me" —

"Sheckleton that will be," supplemented Mrs. Jones.

"Sheckleton. Very well; and my real difficulty is this — and upon my honour, I don't know how to manage it. My grandmother, Lady Verney, puts me under orders — and you know she does not like to be disobeyed — to go and see poor old Rebecca, Mrs. Mervyn, you know, at the steward's house, at Malory; and I am looking for a moment when these people are out of the way, just to run in for five minutes, and ask her how she does. And my friend, Wynne Williams, won't let me tell Lady Verney how odd these people are, he's so afraid of her hearing the rumour of their being mad. But the fact is, whenever I go up there and peep in through the trees, I see some of

sem about the front of the house, and I n't go up to the door, of course, without inoying them, for they wish to be quite ut up; and the end of it is, I say, that, song them, I shall get blown up by Lady rney, and shan't know what to answer by Jove! But you may tell my friends

Cardyllian, I am so much obliged to em for giving me credit for more clever- ss than they have had in effecting an in- oduction; and talking of me about that retty girl, Miss — oh! — wha's her name? — at Malory. I only hope she's not mad; or if she is I must be also."

Mrs. Jones listened, and looked at him ore gravely, for his story hung pretty well egether, and something of its cunning died ut of the expression of her broad face. ut Cleve walked away a little disconcert- l, and by no means in a pleasant temper ith his good neighbours of Cardyllian; d made that day a long visit at Hazelden, king care to make his approaches as os- ataneously as he could. And he was seen an hour in the evening, walking on the een with the young ladies of that house, ss Charity flanking the little line of rch on one side, and he the other, pretty ss Agnes, of the golden locks, the pretty ples, and brilliant tints, walking between, d listening, I'm afraid, more to the un- ilosophic prattle of young Mr. Verney an to the sage conversation, and even ad- mitions and reminders of her kind but exceptionable sister.

From the news-room windows, from the eat bow-window of the billiard-room, this omenade was visible. It was a judicious onstration, and gave a new twist to njecture; and listless gentlemen who ronicled and discussed such matters ob- rved upon it, each according to his modi- um of eloquence and wisdom.

Old Vane Etherage, whose temperament, ough squally, was placable, was won by e frank courtesy, and adroit flatteries of e artless young fellow who had canvassed roughs and counties, and was master of a ychology of which honest old Etherage ew nothing.

That night, notwithstanding, Cleve was t the gate of Malory, and the two ladies ere there.

"We have been looking at the boat ten imutes, just, since it left. Sir Booth is out e usual, and now see how far away; you an scarcely see the sail, and yet so little ree."

"The breeze is rather from the shore, nd you are sheltered here, all this old ood, you know. But you can hear it a

little in the tops of the trees," Cleve an- swered, caring very little what way the breeze might blow, and yet glad to know that Sir Booth was on his cruise, and quite out of the way for more than an hour to come.

"We intended venturing out as far as the pier, there to enjoy once more that beautiful moonlight view; but Sir Booth went out to-night by the little door down there, and this has been left with its pad- lock on. So we must only treat this little recess as the convent parlour, with the grat- ing here, at which we parley with our friends. Do you hear that foolish old dog again? I really believe he has got out of the yard," suddenly exclaimed good-natured Miss Anne, who made the irregularities of old Neptune an excuse for trifling absences, very precious to Cleve Verney.

So now, she walked some ten or twenty steps toward the house, and stood there looking up the avenue, and prattling inces- santly, though Cleve could not hear a word she said, except now and then the name of "Neptune," when she ineffectually accosted that remote offender.

"You have not said a word, Miss Fan- shawe, you are not offended with me, I hope," he murmured.

"Oh, no."

"You have not shaken hands," he con- tinued, and he put his hand between the bars, "won't you?"

So she placed hers in his.

"And now, can you tell me nothing?"

"I've been thinking that I may as well speak now," she said, in very low tones. "There must be uncertainty, I believe, in all things, and faith in those who love us, and trust that all may end in good; and so, *blindly* — *almost* blindly — I say, yes, if you will promise me — oh! *promise*, that you will always love me, as you do now, and never change. If you love me, I shall love you, *always*; and if you change, I shall *die*. Oh! won't you promise?"

Poor fluttering heart! The bird that prunes its wing for the untried flight over the sea, in which to tire is to die, lonely, in the cold waste, may feel within its little breast the instinct of that irrevocable ven- ture, the irresistible impulse, the far-off hope, the present fear and danger, as she did.

Promises! What are they? Who can answer for the follies of the heart, and the mutations of time? We know that we are; we know what we may be. Idlest of all idle words are these promises for the affections, for the raptures and illusions, utterly mor-

tal, whose duration God has placed quite beyond our control. Kill them, indeed, we may, but add one hour to their uncertain lives, never.

Poor trembling heart! "Promise never to change. Oh! won't you promise?" Promises spoken to the air, written in dust — yet a word, a look, like a blessing or a hope — ever so illusive, before the wing is spread, and the long and untried journey begins!

What Cleve Verney swore, and all the music he poured into those little listening ears in that enchanting hour, I know not.

Miss Anne Sheekleton came back. Through the convent bars Cleve took her hand, in a kind of agitation, a kind of tumult, with rapture in his handsome face, and just said, "She has told me she will," and Miss Sheekleton said nothing, but put her arms round Margaret's neck, and kissed her many times, and holding her hand, looked up smiling, and took Cleve's also, and in the old spinster's eyes were glittering those diamond tears, so pure and unselfish that, when we see them, we think of those that angels are said to weep over the sorrows and the vanities of human life.

Swiftly flew the hour, and not till the sail was nearing the shore, and the voices of the boatmen were audible across the water, did the good old lady insist on a final farewell, and Cleve glided away, under the shadow of the trees that overhang the road, and disappeared round the distant angle of the wall of Malory.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## CAPTAIN SHRAPNELL.

THE next afternoon Miss Charity Etherage and her sister Agnes were joined in their accustomed walk upon the green of Cardyllian by Captain Shrapnell, a jaunty half-pay officer of five and fifty, who represented to his own satisfaction the resident youth and fashion of that quiet watering-place.

"I give you my honour, Miss Etherage," said he, placing himself beside Miss Agnes. "I mistook you yesterday for Lady Fanny Mersey. Charming person she is, and, I need not say, perfectly lovely." A little arch bow gave its proper point to the compliment. She has gone, however, I understand, left Lluinan yesterday. Is that young Verney's boat? No, oh! no — nothing like so sharp. He's a very nice fellow, young Verney."

This was put rather interrogatively, and Miss Agnes, thinking that she had blushed a little, blushed more, to her inexpressible chagrin, for she knew that Captain Shrapnell was watching her with the interest of a gossip.

"Nice? I dare say. But I really know him so very slightly," said Miss Agnes.

"Come, come; that won't do," said the captain very archly. "You forget that I was sitting in our club window yesterday evening when a certain party were walking up and down. Ha, ha, you do. We're tolerably clear-sighted up there, and old Rogers keeps our windows rubbed; and the glass is quite brilliantly transparent, ha, ha, ha! hey?"

"I think your windows are made of multiplying glasses, and magnifying glasses, and every kind of glass that distorts and discolours," said Miss Agnes, a little pettishly. "I don't know how else it is that you all see such wonderful sights as you do through them."

"Well they do, certainly. Some of our friends do colour a little," said the captain with a waggish yet friendly grin, up at that great bow window. "But, in this case you'll allow there was no great opportunity for colour, the tints of nature are so beautiful," and Shrapnell fired off this little saying, with his bow and smile of fascination. "Nor, by Jove, for the multiplying glasses either, for more than three in that position would have quite spoiled it; now would it, hey? ha, ha, ha! The two principal and a gooseberry, eh? Ha, ha, ha!"

"What is a gooseberry?" inquired Miss Charity preemptorily.

"A delightful object in the garden, Miss Etherage, a delightful object everywhere. The delight of the young especially, hey, Miss Agnes? ha, ha! hey? and one of the sweetest products of nature. Eh, Miss Agnes, ha, ha, ha! Miss Etherage, I give you my honour every word I say is true."

"I do declare, Captain Shrapnell, it seems to me you have gone perfectly mad!" said Miss Charity, who was out-spoken and emphatic.

"Always a mad fellow, Miss Etherage, ha, ha, ha! Very true; that's my character, hey? ha, ha, ha, egad! So the ladies tell me," said the gay young captain. "Wish I'd a guinea for every time they've called me mad among them. I give you my honour I'd be a rich fellow this moment."

"Now, Captain Shrapnell," said Miss Charity, with a frank stare with her honest goggle eyes, "you are talking the greatest nonsense I ever heard in my life."

"Miss Agnes, here, does not think so,

hey?" giggled the captain. "Now, come, Miss Agnes, what do you think of young Verney, hey? There's a question."

How Miss Agnes hated the gibling, giggling wretch, and detested the Club of whose prattle and gossip he was the inexhaustible spokesman; and would at that moment have hailed the appearance of a ship-of-war with her broadside directed upon the bow window of that haunt, with just, of course, such notice to her worthy father, whose gray head was visible in it, as was accorded to the righteous Lot—under orders, with shot, shell, rockets, and marlin-spikes, to blow the entire concern into impalpable dust.

It must be allowed that Miss Agnes was unjust; that it would not have been fair to visit upon the harmless, and, on the whole, good-natured persons who congregated in that lively receptacle, and read the *Times* through their spectacles there, the waggeries and exaggerations of the agreeable captain, and to have reached that incorrigible offender, and demolished his stronghold at so great a waste of human life.

"Come, now; I won't let you off, Miss Aggie. I say, there's a question. What do you say? Come, now, you really must tell me."

"What do you think of young Verney?"

"If you wish to know what I think," intimated Miss Charity, "I think he's the very nicest man I ever spoke to. He's so nice about religion. Wasn't he, Aggie?"

Here the captain exploded.

"Religion! egad—do you really mean to tell me—ha, ha, ha! Upon my soul, that's the richest thing!—now, really!"

"My goodness! How frightfully wicked you are," exclaimed Miss Charity.

"True bill, egad; upon my soul, I'm afraid—ha, ha, ha!"

"Now, Captain Shrapnell, you shall not walk with us, if you swear," said Miss Charity.

"Swear! I didn't swear, did I? Very sorry if I did, upon my—I give you my word," said the captain politely.

"Yes, you did; and it's extremely wicked," said Miss Charity.

"Well, I won't; I swear to you, I won't," vowed the captain a little inconsistently;

"but now about Master Cleve Verney, Miss Agnes. I said I would not let you off, and I won't. I give you my honour, you shall say what you think of him, or, by Jove—I conclude you can't trust yourself on the subject, ha, ha, ha! Hey?"

"You are mad, Captain Shrapnell," intimated Miss Charity, with weight.

"I can't say, really, I've formed any par-

ticular opinion. I think he is rather agreeable," answered Miss Agnes, under this pressure.

"Well, so do I," acquiesced the captain. "Master Cleve can certainly be agreeable where he chooses, and you think him devilish good-looking—don't you?"

"I really can't say—he has very good features—but"—

"But what? Why every one allows that Verney's as good-looking a fellow as you'll meet with anywhere," persisted the captain.

"I think him perfectly beautiful!" said Miss Charity, who never liked people by halves.

"Well—yes—he may be handsome," said Miss Agnes; "I'm no very great critic; but I can't conceive any girl falling in love with him."

"Oh! as to that—but—why?" said Captain Shrapnell.

"His face, I think, is so selfish—somehow," she said.

"Is it now, really?—how?" asked the captain.

"I'm amazed at you!" exclaimed Miss Charity.

"Well, there's a selfish hook—no, not a hook, a curve—of his nose, and a cruel crook of his shoulder," said Miss Agnes, in search of faults.

"You're determined to hit him by hook or by crook, ha, ha, ha—I say," pursued the captain.

"A hook!" exclaimed Miss Charity almost angrily; "there's no hook!—I wonder at you—I really think sometimes, Agnes, you are the greatest fool I ever met in the whole course of my life!"

"Well, I can't help thinking what I think," said Agnes.

"But you don't think that—you know you don't—you can't think it," decided her elder sister.

"No more she does," urged the captain, with his teasing giggle; "she doesn't think it; you always know when a girl abuses a man, she likes him—she does—by Jove—and I venture to say she thinks Master Cleve one of the very handsomest and most fascinating fellows she ever beheld," said the agreeable captain.

"I really think what I said," replied Agnes, and her pretty face showed a brilliant colour, and her eyes had a handsome fire in them, for she was vexed; "though it is natural to think in a place like this, where all the men are more or less old and ugly, that any young man, even tolerably good-looking, should be thought a wonder."

"Ha, ha, ha! very good," said the captain, plucking out his whisker a little, and twiddling his moustache, and glancing down at his easy waistcoat, and perhaps ever so little put out; but he also saw over his shoulder Cleve crossing the Green towards them from the Jetty, and not perhaps being quite on terms to call him "Master Cleve" to his face, he mentioned a promise to meet young Owen of Henlwyd in the billiard-room for a great game of pyramid, and so took off his hat gracefully to the ladies, and, smirking, and nodding, and switching his cane, swaggered swiftly away toward the point of rendezvous.

So Cleve arrived, and joined the young ladies, and walked beside Agnes, chatting upon all sorts of subjects, and bearing some occasional reproofs and protests from Miss Charity with great submission and gayety, and when Miss Charity caught a glimpse of "the Admiral's" bath-chair, with that used-up officer in it, *en route*, for the Hazelden-road, and already near the bridge, she plucked her watch from her belt, with a slight pallor in her cheek, and "declared" she had not an idea how late it was. Cleve Verney accompanied the ladies all the way to Hazelden, and even went in, when bidden, and drank a cup of tea, at their early meal, and obeyed also a summons to visit the "Admiral" in his study.

"Very glad to see you, sir — very happy, Mr. Verney," said Mr. Vane Etherage, with his fez upon his head, and lowering his pipe with the gravity of a Turk. "I wish you would come and dine at three o'clock — the true hour for dinner, sir — I've tried every hour, in my time, from twelve to half-past eight — at three o'clock, sir, some day — any day — to-morrow. The Welsh mutton is the best on earth, and the Hazelden mutton is the best in Wales!" The "Admiral" always looked in the face of the person whom he harangued, with an expression of cool astonishment, which somehow aided the pomp of his delivery. "An unfortunate difference, Mr. Verney — a dispute, sir — has arisen between me and your uncle; but that, Mr. Verney, need not extend to his nephew; no, sir, it need *not*; no need it should. Shall we say to-morrow, Mr. Verney?"

I forget what excuse Mr. Verney made; it was sufficient, however, and he was quite unable to name an immediate day, but lived in hope. So having won golden opinions, he took his leave. And the good people of Cardyllian, who make matches easily, began to give Mr. Cleve Verney to pretty Miss Agnes Etherage.

While this marrying and giving in marriage was going on over many tea-tables, that evening, in Cardyllian, Mr. Cleve Verney, the hero of this new romance, had got ashore a little below Malory, and at night walked down the old road by Llanderris church, and so round the path that skirts the woods of Malory, and down upon the shore that winds before the front of the old house.

As he came full in sight of the shore, on a sudden, within little more than a hundred paces away, he saw, standing solitary upon the shingle, a tall man, with a tweed rug across his arm, awaiting a boat which was slowly approaching in the distance.

In this tall figure he had no difficulty recognizing Sir Booth Fanshawe, whom he had confronted in other, and very different scenes, and who had passed so near him the avenue at Malory.

With one of those sudden and irresistible impulses, which, as they fail or succeed, are classed as freaks of madness, or inspirations of genius, he resolved to walk up to Sir Booth, and speak to him upon the subject then so near to his heart.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### SIR BOOTH SPEAKS.

THE idea, perhaps, that sustained Cleve Verney in this move, was the sudden recurrence of his belief that Sir Booth would so clearly see the advantages of such a connexion as to forget his resentments.

Sir Booth was looking sea-ward, smoking a cigar, and watching the approach of the boat, which was still distant. As Cleve drew near, he saw Sir Booth eye him, he fancied, uneasily; and throwing back his head a little, and withdrawing his cheroot, ever so little from his lips, the baronet demanded grimly —

"Wish to speak to me, sir?"

"Only a word, if you allow me," answered Cleve, approaching.

On ascertaining that he had to deal with a gentleman, Sir Booth was confident once more.

"Well, sir, I hear you," said he.

"You don't recognize me, Sir Booth; and I fear when I introduce myself, you will hardly connect my name with anything pleasant or friendly. I only ask a patient hearing, and I am sure your own sense of fairness will excuse me personally."

"Before you say more, sir, I should like to know for whom you take me, and why;

I don't recollect you — I think — I can't see very well — no one does, in this sort of light; but I rather think I never saw your face before, sir — nor you mine, I dare say — your guesses as to who I am may be anything you please — and quite mistaken — and this is not a usual time, you know, for talking with strangers about business — and, in fact, I've come here for quiet and my health, and I can't undertake to discuss other people's affairs — I find my own as much as my health and leisure will allow me to attend to."

"Sir Booth Fanshawe, you must excuse me for saying I know you perfectly. I am also well aware that you seek a little repose and privacy here, and you may rely implicitly upon my mentioning your name to no one; in fact, I have been for some weeks aware of your residing at Malory, and never have mentioned it to any one."

"Ha! you're very kind, indeed — taking great care of me, sir; you are very obliging," said Sir Booth sarcastically, "I'm sure; ha, ha! I ought to be very grateful. And to whom, may I ask, do I owe all this attention to my — my interests and comforts?"

"I am connected, Sir Booth, with a house that has unfortunately been a good deal opposed, in politics, to yours. There are reasons which make this particularly painful to me, although I have been by the direction of others, whom I had no choice but to obey, more in evidence in these miserable contests than I could wish; I've really been little more than a passive instrument in the hands of others, absolutely without power, or even influence of my own in the matter. You don't recognize me, but you have seen me elsewhere. My name is Cleve Verney."

Sir Booth had not expected this name, as his countenance showed. With a kind of jerk, he removed his cigar from his lips, sending a shower of red sparks away on the breeze, and gazing on the young man with eyes like balls of stone, ready to leap from their sockets. I dare say he was very near exploding in that sort of language which, on occasion, he did not spare. But he controlled himself, and said merely, clearing his voice first —

"That will do, sir, the name's enough; I can't be supposed to wish to converse with any one of that name, sir — no more I do."

"What I have to say, Sir Booth, affects you, it interests you very nearly," answered Cleve.

"But, sir, I'm going out in that boat — I wish to smoke my cigar — I've come down

here to live to myself, and to be alone when I choose it," said Sir Booth with suppressed exasperation.

"One word, I beg — you'll not regret it, Sir Booth," pleaded Cleve.

"Well, sir — come — I will hear it; but I tell you beforehand, I have pretty strong views as to how I have been used, and it is not likely to lead to much," said Sir Booth, with one of those sudden changes of purpose to which fiery men are liable.

So, as briefly and as persuasively as he could, Cleve Verney disclosed his own feelings, giving to the date of his attachment, skilfully, a retrospective character, and guarding the ladies of Malory from the unreasonable temper of this violent old man; and, in fact, from Cleve's statement you would have gathered that he was not even conscious that the ladies were now residing at Malory. He closed his little confession with a formal proposal.

Was there something — ever so little — in the tone of this latter part of his brief speech, that reflected something of the confidence to which I have alluded, and stung the angry pride of this ruined man? He kept smoking his cigar a little faster, and looking steadily at the distant boat that was slowly approaching against the tide.

When Cleve concluded, the old man lowered his cigar and laughed shortly and scornfully.

"You do us a great deal of honour, Mr. Verney — too much honour, by," — scoffed the baronet. "Be so good at all events as to answer me this one question frankly — yes or no. Is your uncle, Kiffyn Verney, aware of your speaking to me on this subject?"

"No, Sir Booth, he is not," said Cleve; "he knows nothing of it. I ought, perhaps, to have mentioned that at first."

"So you ought," said Sir Booth brusquely.

"And I beg that you won't mention the subject to him."

"You may be very sure I shan't sir," said the baronet fiercely. "Why, d—n it, sir, what do you mean? Do you know what you're saying? You come here, and you make a proposal for my daughter, and you think I should be so charmed that rather than risk your alliance I should practice any meanness you think fit. D—n you, sir, how dare you suppose I could fancy your aspiring to my daughter a thing to hide like a mesalliance?"

"Nothing of the kind, Sir Booth."

"Everything of the kind, sir. Do you know who you are, sir? You have not a

farthing on earth, sir, but what you get from your uncle."

"I beg your pardon — allow me, Sir Booth — I've six hundred a year of my own. I know it's very little; but I've been thought to have some energies; I know I have some friends. I have still my seat in the House, and this Parliament may last two or three years. It is quite possible that I may quarrel with my uncle; I can't help it; I'm quite willing to take my chance of that; and I entreat, Sir Booth, that you won't make this a matter of personal feeling, and attribute to me the least sympathy with the miserable doings of my uncle."

Sir Booth listened to him, looking over the sea as before, as if simply observing the approach of the boat, but he spoke this time in a mitigated tone. "You're no young man," said he, "if you don't owe money. I never knew one with a rich old fellow at his back who didn't."

He paused, and Cleve looked down.

"In fact, you don't know how much you owe. If you were called on to book up, d'ye see, there might remain very little to show for your six hundred a year. You're just your uncle's nephew, sir, and nothing more. When you quarrel with him you're a ruined man."

"I don't see *that*" — began Cleve.

"But I do. If he quarrels with you, he'll never rest till he ruins you. That's his character. It might be very different if you had a *gentleman* to deal with; but you must look the thing in the face. You may never succeed to the title. We old fellows have our palsies and apoplexies; and you, young fellows, your fevers and inflammations. Here you are quite well, and a fever comes, and turns you off like a gaslight the day after; and beside, if you quarrel he'll marry, and where are you *then*? And I tell you frankly if Mr. Kiffyn Verney has objections to me, I've stronger to him. There's no brother of mine disgraced. Why his elder brother — it's contamination to a gentleman to name him."

"He's dead, sir; Arthur Verney is dead," said Cleve, who was more patient under Sir Booth's bitter language than under any other circumstances he would have been.

"Oh? Well, that does not very much matter," said Sir Booth. "But this is the upshot: I'll have nothing underhand — all above board, sir — and if Mr. Kiffyn Verney writes a proper apology — by — he owes me one — and puts a stop to the fiendish persecutions he has been directing against me, and himself submits the proposal you have

— yes — done me the honour to make, and undertakes to make suitable settlements, I shan't stand in the way; I shan't object to your speaking to my daughter, though I can't the least tell how she'll take it; and I tell you from myself I don't like it — I *don't* by —, I *don't* like it. He's a bad fellow — a nasty dog, sir, as any in England — but *that's* what I say, sir, and I shan't alter; and you'll please never to mention the subject to me again except on these conditions: except from him I decline to *hear* of it — not a word — and — and, sir, you'll please never to regard my name as a secret; it has been hitherto; my liberty depends on it. Your uncle can't possibly know I'm here?" he added sharply.

"When last I saw him — a very short time since — he thought you were in France. You, of course, rely upon my honour, Sir Booth, that no one living shall hear from me one syllable affecting your safety."

"Very good, sir. I never supposed you would; but I mean *every* one — these boatmen, and the people here. No one is to know who I am; and — and what I've said is my *ultimatum*, sir. And I'll have no correspondence, sir — no attempt to visit *any* where. You understand. By — if you do, I'll let your uncle, Mr. Kiffyn Verney, know the moment I learn it. Be so good as to *leave* me."

"Good night, sir," said Cleve.

Sir Booth nodded slightly.

The tall old man went stalking and stumbling over the shingle, toward the water's edge, still watching the boat, his cigar making a red star in the dusk by which Christmas Owen might have steered; and the boatmen that night heard their mysterious steersman from Malory, as he sat with his hand on the tiller, talking more than usual to himself, now and then dining unknown persons, and backing his desultory babble to the waves, with oaths that startled those sober-tongued dissenters.

Cleve walked slowly up that wide belt of rounded gray stones, that have rattled and rolled, perhaps, for centuries there, in every returning and retreating tide, and turned at last and looked toward the tall, stately figure of the old man now taking his place in the boat. Standing in the shadow, he watched it receding as the moonlight came out over the landscape. His thoughts began to clear, and he was able to estimate, according to his own gauges and rashness, the value and effect of his interview with the angry and embittered old man.

He wondered at the patience with which

he had borne this old man's impertinence — unparalleled impertinence; yet even now he could not resent it. He was the father of that beautiful Margaret. The interview was a mistake — a very mortifying ordeal it had proved — and its result was to block his path with new difficulties.

Not to approach except through the mediation of his Uncle Kiffyn! He should like to see how his uncle would receive a proposal to mediate in this matter. Not

to visit — not to write — neither to see nor to hear of her! Submission to such conditions was not to be dreamed of. He trampled on them, and defied all consequences.

Cleve stood on the gray shingle looking after the boat, now running swiftly with the tide. A patch of seaweed like an outstretched hand lay at his feet, and in the fitful breeze lifted a warning finger, again, and again, and again.

## TWILIGHT CALM.

BY MISS ROSSETTI.

Oh, pleasant eventide!

Clouds on the western side  
How gray and grayer hiding the warm sun:  
The bees and birds, their happy labors done,  
Seek their close nests and bide.

Screened in the leafy wood

The stock-doves sit and brood:  
The very squirrel leaps from bough to bough  
But lazily; pauses; and settles now  
Where once he stored his food.

One by one the flowers close,

Lily and dewy rose  
Shutting their tender petals from the moon:  
The grasshoppers are still; but not so soon  
Are still the noisy crows.

The dormouse squats and eats

Choice little dainty bits,  
Beneath the spreading roots of a broad lim;  
Nibbling his fill he stops from time to time  
And listens where he sits.

From far the lowings come

Of cattle driven home:  
From farther still the wind brings fitfully  
The vast continual murmur of the sea,  
Now loud, now almost dumb.

The gnats whirl in the air,

The evening gnats; and there  
The owl opens broad his eyes and wings to sail  
For prey; the bat wakes; and the shell-less  
snail  
Comes forth, clammy and bare.

Hark! that's the nightingale,

Telling the selfsame tale [young:  
Her song told when this ancient earth was  
So echoes answered when her song was sung  
In the first wooded vale.

We call it love and pain

The passion of her strain;  
And yet we little understand or know:  
Why should it not be rather joy that so  
Throbs in each throbbing vein?

In separate herds the deer

Lie; here the bucks, and here  
The does, and by its mother sleeps the fawn.  
Through all the hours of night until the dawn  
They sleep, forgetting fear.

The hare sleeps where it lies,

With wary half-closed eyes;  
The cock has ceased to crow, the hen to cluck;  
Only the fox is out, some heedless duck  
Or chicken to surprise.

Remote, each single star

Comes out, till there they are  
All shining brightly: how the dews fall damp!  
While close at hand the glow-worm lights her  
lamp  
Or twinkles from afar.

But evening now is done

As much as if the sun,  
Day-giving, had arisen in the east: [ceased,  
For night has come; and the great calm has  
The quiet sands have run.



From the Saturday Review.

LORD COWLEY.

LORD COWLEY, who is about, after many years, to vacate the Embassy at Paris, has been familiar with the diplomatic service from his infancy. His father, sharing the ability and fortune of his prosperous family, was employed half a century ago in important missions under CASTLEREAGH and CANNING, and ended his official career as Ambassador to France. The qualities of a diplomatist are but little known to the world at large, although now and then the demeanour of an Ambassador placed in an exceptional position attracts general attention. Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, even before his name was rendered popular by Mr. KINGLAKE, had often been the object of satire which generally implied respect, and he was regarded with pride and confidence by the English community in the East. The exercise of a kind of reforming protectorate over Turkey pleased the general imagination, especially as it was known that the stern censor of the Porte was always ready, in defence of his client, to face the utmost wrath of Russia. No other foreign representative of England has, in the present generation, attained the same general recognition of his merits. An Ambassador at St. Petersburg, at Vienna, or at Paris cannot affect the character of a Viceroy, or of a resident in a native Indian principality. It is his business to acquire influence at the Court where he resides, to collect useful information for his own Government, and generally to promote a policy which originates at home. As Lord COWLEY has during a long period enjoyed the confidence of many successive Ministries, it may be assumed that he has discharged his duties with advantage to his country. Temper, prudence, and accuracy are not brilliant or startling qualities, though they are among the most useful gifts of a man of business, and more especially of a diplomatist. Perfect tact is more especially required where, as in France at the present day, Ambassadors have to deal directly with the Sovereign, instead of transacting the most important business with a Cabinet. To be respectful and conciliatory, and at the same time firm, is a proof of vigour and pliability of character; and there is reason to believe that Lord COWLEY was a *persona grata* at the Tuileries, although he has never been accused of undue subserviency to the EMPEROR. The facility of communication between France and England partially re-

lieves an Ambassador at Paris from the temptation of becoming a partisan of a foreign Government. When the despatches relating to some important crisis are made public, it is amusing and instructive to observe the tendency of diplomatists to identify themselves with the Governments to which they have been accredited. During the Italian wars of 1848 and 1859, the information furnished to the English Government was tinged by opposite prejudices as it proceeded from Vienna or from Turin. The late Lord NORMANBY learned, during his official residence at Florence, to be the enthusiastic advocate of the petty Italian princes; and Sir JAMES HUDSON, representing more accurately the feeling of his countrymen, was almost considered an Italian patriot. No published correspondence has yet shown that Lord COWLEY had become a Frenchman in his political opinions, although his formal despatches on the eve of the Italian war may seem to indicate credulity. The English practice of printing diplomatic blue-books for the information of Parliament has naturally led to the transaction of much important business by means of private and confidential letters. An Ambassador writing with a view to future publicity may sometimes repeat in his formal despatches, without note or comment, the pacific assurances which he has received, and at the same time may intimate to his Government his own conviction that war is imminent, and that armaments are not the less real because they are officially disavowed.

Having been successively the organ of Lord PALMERSTON, of Lord CLAERENDON, of Lord RUSSELL, and of Lord STANLEY, Lord COWLEY has probably learnt the truth of Lord ABERDEEN'S assertion that the foreign policy of England is substantially the same under all Governments. The list of Foreign Secretaries might perhaps be abridged, inasmuch as Lord PALMERSTON, when he was in office, always controlled the foreign policy of England; yet the nominal head of the department necessarily writes and signs the despatches which express the intentions of the Cabinet or of the First Minister. It was Lord COWLEY'S fortune to transmit to the French Government Lord RUSSELL'S successive refusals to participate in the proposed Congress, and to support the efforts of France in the cause of Poland. It is the business of an ambassador to be unconscious of offence, even when it is his duty to make the most disagreeable communications; yet it may perhaps have been a satisfaction to Lord Cow-

LEY when the death of Lord PALMERSTON relieved Lord RUSSELL of the duty of writing despatches. Within the same period were included the decision of the English Government to take no share in the Mexican war, and the frequent interchange of proposals and advice on the American question. While the people of the United States were raving against the treacherous hostility of the English Government, Lord COWLEY was incessantly conveying to the French Government arguments and resolutions in favour of the most scrupulous neutrality. The position of Lord LYONS at Washington was only one degree more unenviable than that which imposed on Lord COWLEY the duty of thwarting day by day the dearest wishes of the Emperor NAPOLEON, but the regard for personal courtesy which prevails universally in Europe tends greatly to diminish the harshness of diplomatic collisions. It was well known that the English Ambassador was controlled, not only by his Government, but by the public opinion of his countrymen; and a wise Sovereign prefers an independent representative of national feeling to a sycophant who may mislead him into dangerous enterprises by courtly deference. During Lord COWLEY'S career at Paris, he was more often an opponent than a supporter either of the principle or of the details of French policy, but he seems to have commanded the esteem and goodwill of the EMPEROR, perhaps because he had never attempted to deceive him. It was one of the many foibles of NICHOLAS I. of Russia to exhibit ill humour to foreign Ministers whenever they thwarted his wishes, or offered unwelcome remonstrances. The present ruler of France is wiser, and has more control over his temper.

One of the most important affairs with which Lord COWLEY was officially connected was entirely conducted by a non-professional negotiator. The Ambassador merely afforded facilities to Mr. COBDEN'S conduct of the Commercial Treaty; and invidious comparisons were not unnaturally drawn between the active promoter of free trade and the ostensible representative of the English Crown. The business of a diplomatist has, in truth, little connection with the special arrangements of a tariff. An Ambassador, like an advocate, must be ready to support the interests of his country on all occasions, but he is not expected to possess the minute knowledge of a practised economist. When Mr. PITT negotiated his

commercial treaty with France in 1786, he employed Mr. EDEN, who was the best economist of his time, as Minister Plenipotentiary, although the Duke of DORSET retained the rank of Ambassador. As the Treaty of 1860 was framed in accordance with the wishes of the EMPEROR, there was, properly speaking, no need of negotiation. The knowledge possessed by Mr. COBDEN, and the confidence which he commanded among traders and manufacturers, eminently qualified him for the useful function of teaching the French nation the English lesson of free trade. His favourite belief that commerce was an effectual cure for political aggression received an instructive comment in the annexation of Nice and Savoy, while he was still adjusting the details of the treaty. It is said that greater adroitness in negotiation might have procured for Switzerland a portion of the province which now forms a part of the French Empire; but in so important a matter the Ambassador was probably relieved from responsibility by the distinct orders of his Government. The coolness which followed the seizure of the Italian provinces yielded gradually, like previous causes of disagreement, to the sense of common interest which has now for thirty years found expression in the alliance of England with France. Neither Poland nor Denmark, neither the crime of ORSINI nor the failure of the joint expedition to Mexico, have permanently disturbed the conviction that the two great nations of the West have a common concern in the defence of civilization in distant regions. The necessity of keeping watch on the ambitious designs of France nearer home has been happily diminished by the establishment, in the centre of Europe, of an independent power of the first order. Lord COWLEY'S successor will probably have to deal with a policy of peace on the Continent, and he will not be embarrassed by the dying tradition of French hostility to England. Lord COWLEY has been the witness, and perhaps in some degree the promoter, of a change of opinion or sentiment which is mainly due to the rise of a new and less prejudiced generation. Those who remember the popular language of twenty years ago can best appreciate the improvement in the spirit of the French nation. After so complete a revolution of feeling, enthusiasts may hope that at some distant period even American politicians may learn to treat England with ordinary good sense and civility.

From the Saturday Review.

A STORY OF DOOM.\*

MISS INGELOW'S poems have achieved a merited and rather remarkable popularity within a very few years. The fly-leaf of the *Story of Doom* reminds us that her earlier volume has reached its thirteenth edition in ordinary type, and is moreover purchasable in a guinea or two-guinea form, with ninety-seven illustrations by various popular artists. We are unreservedly glad of the fairly-earned success of a poetess whose capacities for eminence we long ago recognized. At the same time we could wish that a rather longer interval had been allowed to elapse before the publication of the set of poems now before us, the longest and most important of which is the *Story of Doom*. It is to be regretted when even well-deserved appreciation by the public induces an author to follow too strictly the maxim *Nulla dies sine linea*, and specially so in the case of writers in verse. We hope Miss Ingelow has time enough before her to insure her giving us the benefit of the whole originality of her mind in the most well-considered, and therefore the most enduring, form. We can hardly admit that she has altogether realized this ideal in the present volume; and we cannot escape the consciousness that a story which calls itself "of Doom, and which in fact is the tragic or epic story of Noah's Deluge, ought to be handled with a more powerful grasp, if it is to be handled in poetry at all.

We by no means intend to say that Miss Ingelow's picture of the state of the world before the Flood is not a very good one as far as it goes; but it does not go very deep, though perhaps it was hardly to be expected that it should have gone any deeper. There is an old story of a sermon once preached by a Welsh parson, which dilated on the various temptations that Noah had to bear at the hands of his neighbours while he was working on the Ark, somewhat after this fashion. The wicked heathens of the Welsh preacher came to Noah and said, "Noah, here is capital good ale at the Red Lion, won't you come and have some?" but Noah went on hammering at his Ark, clump — clump — clump. And the wicked heathens came again to Noah and said, "Noah, the hounds are running capital on the hill behind the house, won't you come and see them?" but Noah went on hammering at his Ark, clump — clump — clump.

\* *A Story of Doom and other Poems*. By Jean Ingelow. London: Longmans & Co. 1867.

And when the Flood came, where was Noah? Safe in the Ark, which he had built, clump — clump — clump. And where were the wicked heathens? Howling and screeching in the waters!" In Miss Ingelow's poem, as in the Welshman's sermon, we are more or less obliged to take upon trust the exemplary wickedness of the heathen of Noah's day, except in points analogous to a love of the hounds or of capital good ale. There is some subtlety in Miss Ingelow's imagination of the old serpent as an extremely pious and formal character, much given to persuading the heathen giants to gorgeous acts of ritual and sacrifice. Japhet's love-affair and betrothal to one of the slave-girls of his mother's household are very prettily and gracefully told (if only Japhet had not been Japhet, but some other personage of fiction), and Japhet is of course altogether a comfort to his father, which Shem and Ham, equally of course, are not. There is great picturesqueness of description scattered through the poem, and there is considerably greater individuality of character among the personages of Noah's household than is wont to be found among the painted wooden images which represent them to our youthful imaginations in the Noah's arks of nursery life. But the fact remains that the *Story of Doom* is neither biblical nor grand. We do not say that such a story need justify itself by being biblical, but we do say that it does not justify itself unless it is grand. The Flood is not a subject upon which good taste can be satisfied with a merely pretty idyl.

Miss Ingelow's power of turning legitimate subjects into graceful idyls was well shown in her earlier volume, and the new volume is not devoid of the same kind of excellence. "Laurance" is a good simple idyl of true and false love; "Gladys and her Island" a reasonably successful allegorical one. Gladys is the normal figure of a humble pupil-teacher in a school at some imaginary watering-place, far cleverer than the commonplace young ladies whom she teaches. One day, when the young ladies of the establishment are treated to a picnic, Gladys is thoughtfully sent by her amiable employers on a solitary walk, lest she should become enamoured of pleasures above her proper station. When she has strolled some way beyond the ordinary limit of the decorous young ladies' walk along the shore, Gladys suddenly sees a wonderful island gleaming on the sea-line. A mysterious woman with a baby comes by, who develops the faculty of answering Gladys's unuttered thoughts, and along with her comes a bois-

terous girl or "freakish maid." Under the charge of these two experienced mariners, Gladys sails off in a convenient ferry-boat to the island. She sees there a number of quaint and pretty things which Miss Ingelow's readers may see with her, and returns home at nightfall in time to see the carriages of the picnic party drive up, and to fall into her ordinary duties without being found out as the Robinson Crusoe of a fairy isle. A note tells us that the woman is "Imagination, brooding over what she brought forth. The two purple peaks of the island represent the domains of Poetry and of History. The girl" (the freakish thing) "is Fancy." The island scenes are drawn with very remarkable grace and clearness of language. But we feel bound to give Miss Ingelow a friendly caution not to deliver herself over too unreservedly to the vagaries of the freakish thing, or she may end by mistaking her for the brooding mother. Again, we do not think that Miss Ingelow improves her fable by a desultory moral which winds up after this fashion:—

— and with a word to the nobler sex  
As thus— we pray you carry not your guns  
On the half-cock.

Why not? If the fairer sex takes vigorously to shooting, we are inclined to pray fervently that their guns may be carried on the half-cock, at any rate as long as they are not walking up to a point. Otherwise the newspapers will be full of tragic accidents till the host of fair shooters have learnt their lesson better than Miss Ingelow. If technical terms must be used in verse, they should be used accurately.

The poetical metaphor of "word-painting" has followed many metaphors into the regions of the tritest prose; and it may very well stay there. Miss Ingelow brings it back into lyrical verse under the form of "my paintings labial"—perhaps the very vilest phrase it has ever been our lot to meet in an assortment of genuine poetry. The certainty that Miss Ingelow can mould the clearest and simplest language as she pleases enhances our regret that she should fall, even in a few instances, into slipshod affectation. Here is an example of what she can do in the way of graceful lyric, when she tries; though even here a phrase or two is not fairly above criticism:—

The racing river leapt, and sang  
Full blithely in the perfect weather,  
All round the mountain echoes rang,  
For blue and green were glad together.

This rained out light from every part,  
And that with songs of joy was thrilling:  
But in the hollow of my heart  
There ached a place that wanted filling.

Before the road and river meet,  
And stepping-stones are wet and glisten,  
I heard a sound of laughter sweet,  
And paused to like it, and to listen.

I heard the chanting waters flow,  
The cushat's note, the bee's low humming;  
Then turned the hedge, and did not know—  
How could I?—that my time was coming.

A girl upon the highest stone,  
Half doubtful of the deed, was standing,  
So far the shallow flood had flown  
Beyond the accustomed leap of landing.

She knew not any need of me,  
Yet me she waited all unweeting:  
We thought not I had crossed the sea,  
And half the sphere to give her meeting.

I waded out, her eyes I met,  
I wished the moments had been hours:  
I took her in my arms, and set  
Her dainty feet among the flowers.

Her fellow-maids in copse and lane,  
Ah! still, methinks, I hear them calling:  
The wind's soft whisper in the plain,  
The cushat's coo, the water's falling.

But now it is a year ago,  
But now possession crowns endeavour:  
I took her in my heart, to grow  
And fill the hollow place for ever.

The best and most complete poem in the volume is the last—a ballad on the building of the first Eddystone Lighthouse by Winstanley, a mercer of London, who perished with his own edifice in a violent storm in the winter of 1703. We must leave Miss Ingelow to settle with historical authorities whether Winstanley built the tower on his own account, or for the Trinity House. Apart from this question of literal truth, the ballad is well-conceived and thoroughly well worked out; not the less so because Miss Ingelow wrote it (as her note tells us) with a fixed purpose of attaining such simplicity and plainness of narrative as might captivate the minds and memories of an ordinary set of schoolchildren. It is too long for quoting entire, but a few stanzas will indicate the spirit which runs through the whole. Two of Winstanley's home-bound ships have been lost on the rock, when he resolves to devote his life to conquering the public danger. On reach-

ing Plymouth, he is of course dissuaded by the local wiseacres from wasting his labour and money on an impossibility. The Mayor of Plymouth advises him, with plausible reasons, to leave it alone for an easier and more useful task:—

O beacons sighted in the dark,  
They are right welcome things,  
And pitchpots flaming on the shore  
Show fair as angel wings.

Hast gold in hand? then light the land,  
It 'longs to thee and me;  
But let alone the deadly rock  
In God Almighty's sea.

However, Winstanley perseveres, and in spite of all adverse prophecy the tower is completed and the lantern lighted:—

Winstanley set his foot ashore:  
Said he, "My work is done:  
I hold it strong to last as long  
As aught beneath the sun.

"But if it fail as fail it may,  
Borne down with ruin and rout,  
Another than I shall rear it high,  
And brace the girders stout.

"A better than I shall rear it high,  
For now the way is plain;  
And tho' I were dead," Winstanley said,  
"The light would shine again.

"Yet were I fain still to remain,  
Watch in my tower to keep,  
And tend my light in the stormiest night  
That ever did move the deep;

"And if it stood, why then 'twere good,  
Amid their tremulous stirs,  
To count each stroke when the mad waves  
broke,  
For cheers of mariners.

"But if it fell, then this were well,  
That I should with it fall;  
Since, for my part, I have built my heart  
In the courses of its wall."

If such was Winstanley's wish, he had it. And if it occurred to him further to wish that his story might sometime be told in good clear honest English verse, he need hardly have wished for a better chronicler than Miss Ingelow.

From the Saturday Review.

#### MISTAKES IN CHARACTER.

THERE can be no doubt that a great many of the actions which we take to be infallible signs of the character of the person who does them are, in fact, not infallible at all. This is only another way of putting a truth which few people would care to deny, that few characters are entirely consistent and complete in all their parts. Wise people have weak places, and foolish people have often acuteness enough to feign one or two of the superficial airs and attributes of wisdom. De Retz instantly marked Chigi as having a small mind, from the moment that he told him that he had written with the same pen for three years, and that it was a capital pen still. This proved a sagacious judgment. When Chigi became Pope, it was truly said of him that he was *maximus in minimis* and *minimus in maximis*, just the kind of person who would have a conceit about his pen. Still the mere fact on which De Retz founded a judgment which circumstances afterwards justified was not in itself a perfectly adequate basis for such a judgment. A man might amuse himself by taking excessive care of his pen, and might find sincere satisfaction in the thought that the pen had lasted for three years, and still was a good pen, without necessarily being a trifier and an ass. We continually find that men of subtle and vigorous intellects, constantly exercised in important affairs, delight in being able to think or talk about small things, and have an interest in what to prigs and pedants appear disgustingly frivolous concerns. It is not always very pleasant to meet a great man in one of these leisure moments. We expect some outward and visible sign of his greatness, that he will talk well, and say fine things, and disclose to us all that lies next his heart. We forget that he has been thinking or writing fine things all day, and that he has had quite enough of what lies next his heart to be only too happy to forget it for a while. The poet is only too glad to escape from the ideas which have mastered him for hours and days and weeks. The philosopher who has been the slave of his books and his trains of thought is charmed to mix with people who don't read, and don't know exactly what a train of thought means. The statesman who has been busied in affairs and despatches and squabbles among his colleagues, and so forth, thinks himself in Paradise when he can expatiate upon horses or crops or the opera. Per-

sons who do not know what it is to have an urgent and serious interest in their minds are extremely vexed and disappointed when they find a prominent man unwilling to exhaust himself by "tumbling" for their pleasure and behoof. They are very often ready to vow that his prominence is altogether unmerited, and that, in spite of every thing to the contrary, he is at bottom a thoroughly poor creature. It is certainly true that a man may attain prominence by virtue of charlatanism, and therefore these exacting persons may now and then be right in their disparagement of people with a reputation. But it is a violent mistake to assume that a man is beneath his reputation just because he declines to show off or talk up to it, whenever anybody chooses to try to wind him up, as though he were some cunningly-constructed machine. Talleyrand was as judicious as usual when he replied to the impertinent visitor who wanted to involve him in a conversation upon affairs of State, "Pardon me, sir; I never talk about what I understand." Wise men often follow his example. It is to be deplored that it does not become more general. Society would be ever so much more enjoyable if people would not insist upon airing their specialities; and, as a rule, a man with sincere respect for his own speciality, and honest knowledge of it, is the last person in the world to thrust it upon those who are not competent to understand or to measure it. He is much more willing to discourse upon his pen, like Cardinal Chigi, or his ink-pot, or the kind of paper which he uses, than upon the ideas which these are the humble instruments of fixing and conveying to the public. Anybody can understand and appreciate the qualities of a pen which has proved a good and serviceable pen for three whole years. Provided the owner of such an implement does not carry his demand for our enthusiasm on the subject too far, he could not choose a better kind of subject for light conversation after a day's work. It is rank ingratitude to mark such a man out as having a small mind.

By very solemn people it is thought an extremely unworthy thing to have favourite animals. A man or a woman who cares for a dog or a cat, and who does not disguise the attachment, passes in certain sorts of circles for a wofully light-minded person. How can anybody, they ask, who sees the overwhelming seriousness of life endure to devote a single grave thought to a mere brute, or to find an atom of pleasure in the creature? But here again it is possible

that a very humane and sympathizing person may have pets, just for the same reason which makes a studious person more ready to chat about his pen than its products. One requires reliefs and contrasts. If a lady has spent the afternoon in visiting paupers and squalid wretches, she needs to have another sort of picture in the evening; and if the contemplation of a dog curled up on the hearthrug supplies this solace, why should she be thought the worse of on that account? Yet people are so hasty in thinking ill of a neighbour's character, that the sight of the comfortable dog fills them with righteous indignation and contempt. They declare that the brute's owner is heartless and selfish, and indifferent to the grave facts of life, as though the existence of misery were the strongest possible reason for our absolute refusal to be happy. One may be very fond of a brute without being either indolent or indifferent, or anything else that is bad. Erskine was not idle, and he was not incapable of the warmest interest in public things, simply because he had a vessel full of pet leeches, on which every evening after dinner he was wont to lavish his endearments and caresses. And, after all, a sage dog or decorous cat is a much more creditable and profitable companion than many kinds of human beings — than a peevish, narrow-souled woman, for example. A man is much more to be envied and respected for possessing the one than the other. There is a false notion current that a highly social temperament is also a highly benevolent temperament, and that if a man likes the society of human beings he is sure to be solicitous for their interests. Nothing could be more mistaken. It is constantly the case that a man who rather shuns the haunts of his kind, and has a leech or a tortoise or a dog for his most habitual companion, cares a great deal more for public well-being, and would do a great deal more in the way of personal sacrifice to promote it, than the airy popular being who is never happy except when he is in the company of a troop of other people.

A frequent source of misjudgment of character is an intolerance of paradox. We declare a man to be a fool if he says things which sound absurd or perverse, without taking the trouble to think whether he means himself to be taken to the very letter of what he says. In England, where we are a sober and rather stolid race in many things, this injustice is too prevalent. And it does us a good deal of harm. In a certain quantity paradox is an invaluable element in

intellectual life. It places a truth or a falsehood before the mind in a dress which vividly attracts our attention. If a man believes his own paradoxes, he may be either a person of extraordinary genius and insight, or a shallow fool. Probably he is the latter, because, without reason shown to the contrary, we are justified in assuming of anybody that he or she belongs to the majority. As a rule, however, he who has the wit to propound a paradox has also wit enough to keep him from believing that it contains all that need be said on the matter to which it relates. Those who are habitually paradoxical are bores, because immoderate addiction to this mode of stating things is almost always affectation, and not the expression of a genuine, if temporary, mode of looking at things. The main object in the world is to keep people's minds alive and awake, and to effect this nothing is more potent than to offer them a statement which frets their common sense. Thus to irritate and stir up common sense is the characteristic of a paradox. It stimulates people at first to vehement antagonism, but unless they are over a hundred, and past all possibility of movement, it prevents them from falling contentedly and confidently back into their old attitude. It is an obvious error, therefore, to discourage this peculiar turn of mind by identifying it with mere brainless perversity and wrong-headedness. The man whom you deem perverse and crotchety very likely thinks much as you think, only his thoughts present themselves to him in a more quaint form, with a variety of side lights upon them, which in your own mind either nature or training has blocked up. It does not follow that because a man is thus able to change his point of view, and to shed light upon his subject from many angles, therefore he sees everything crooked and distorted. Just the reverse, in fact. The more points of view he can command the better, and the more useful he is to persons whose vision is narrower than his own happens to be.

One of the most grievous confusions of thought in our estimates of character is to mistake exactness for hardness. Anybody who insists on precision, punctuality, order, and upon the rigid recognition of facts, is inevitably set down by nine out of ten acquaintances as of a cold, hard, selfish nature. Unless a man is a little weak and a little blind, men will not have it that his character has a single pliant or tender fibre in it.

It is so profoundly distasteful to the weak people — that is, to most people — to be brought into contact with a strong person who knows what he is aiming at, and keeps a cool eye upon the means by which he is to reach it, that no experience to the contrary will convince them that a man may be firm, resolute, punctual, indefatigably industrious, a shade exacting, and yet overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and always ready to bestow generously with his left hand all that he has sedulously reaped by the toil of his right. It is not certain that the base emotion of envy does not enter largely into this confusion of a collection of most useful virtues with a very odious vice. If you find that a man is making an irresistible way by his steadfastness, it is some comfort to a meager nature to believe, or pretend to believe, that this steadfastness is the product of a horrid congelation of all the finer and wider sympathies. Of course, where envy comes in, the confusion between a singleness of purpose and hardness of heart is something much more malignant than a mere blunder of observation. But, apart from this vile intruder, men are too willing to believe that a cool head usually implies a cold heart. It is a superstition. There is no *à priori* reason why we could expect the one to accompany the other, and all observation goes to show that the one does not as a matter of fact always accompany the other. Still the prejudice remains. These purposeless are apt to quake in the face of the man who has a purpose, who knows clearly what it is, and steadily does his best to carry it out to the end. This quaking makes them willing to think that there must be something sinister in the person who is the occasion of it. If such a conviction does any thing to console them for their alarms, perhaps the cool-headed ones will not grudge it them. Still, all false measurements of this sort are worth avoiding. It is not of very much importance to a stoic whether people judge him rightly or wrongly. But, as we live in a world with others, it is of importance to a man not to carry his stoicism too far. If he does, he is pretty sure to end by enjoying the mistakes which his neighbours make about him, and encouraging them. And this is a form of affectation which is sure to engender a very hurtful amount of self-consciousness — the mental condition which is about the most hurtful to good work that is possible to the human mind.

From the Spectator.

WHEATON'S INTERNATIONAL LAW. \*

So many important questions of international law have arisen in England within the last few years, that we turn with considerable interest to a new edition of what was usually considered the standard work on the subject. Mr. Wheaton's book has been recognized as an authority for nearly thirty years; and in spite of its defects, and the rivalry of later writers, it still is fairly entitled to the first place. The author, as an American and a diplomatist, had singular advantages for performing his task. As an American he stood aloof from all sympathy with the old European controversies, and he rather represented the views and principles of a young commercial nation, starting on its career with no fetters of tradition. As a diplomatist he had great practical knowledge of the working of treaties and the conduct of negotiation, and he learned fully to appreciate the fundamental axiom of all international law, that it has no positive sanction independent of treaty. His two chief defects flow from the same causes. He is very naturally prone to attach peculiar importance to all questions specially affecting his own country, an error which might unquestionably be avoided, but which is probably more injurious than if it had been made by a citizen of any other country. He is also somewhat meagre in his treatment of the international aspect of private rights, a subject of which a trained lawyer would be sure apt to feel the importance. His grasp of the general principles of jurisprudence is firm, and his treatment of them generally clear and sound; nor has any better method of dividing and discussing the subject ever been adopted. Mr. Wheaton, however, has now been dead for eighteen years, and the changes in international law which have taken place during the interval render it a matter of great importance how his original text is edited and supplemented. In this respect the new edition has a marked advantage over the others which have been issued since the author's death. The former ones were edited and augmented with a considerable mass of notes by Mr. W. B. Lawrence, who neither by his calling nor by his own abilities was well fitted to supplement Wheaton's defects, and to make the additions required by the course of history. He also was a diplomatist, prolix in his style, and with a tendency far stronger

than Mr. Wheaton's to dwell specially on matters of American interest. He added nothing on that branch of the subject which Wheaton had, as we have already mentioned, treated imperfectly, and he loaded the book with many voluminous notes on points of very slight importance. The present editor, Mr. R. H. Dana, has discarded the whole of his predecessor's additions to the original text, but has added many notes of his own. Some of these are substituted for Mr. Lawrence's, and are usually a great improvement on them; but many of course are on entirely new topics, mainly such as have come into notice since Mr. Lawrence wrote, though a few supply defects in Wheaton's text which Mr. Lawrence did not attempt to remedy. There is also a new and improved index, and a separate table of the principal subjects discussed in the editor's notes. That the present edition is considerably superior to the previous ones will be admitted by every one who will take the trouble to compare them together; but the superiority is in point of execution, not in comprehension of the true principles on which a treatise of international law ought to be written. The additional notes of both editors contain long disquisitions on almost every international dispute which has arisen during the last twenty years, certainly on every point affecting American interests. The arguments are given at considerable length, and too often the writer indulges in a little argument on his own account. It is possible that the United States may have been right in every instance, and it is perfectly natural that an American should defend the view taken by his own country; but the right place to do this is in an avowedly controversial work, not in one professing to lay down judicially the principles of international law. English writers may have offended in a similar manner; Wheaton himself is not innocent, as witness his totally irrelevant tirade about the burning of Washington; but Wheaton's editors exaggerate the fault of their master, and all we can say in Mr. Dana's favour is that his notes are better written, more systematic, and more complete, than Mr. Lawrence's.

It is the established practice, with new editions of law books that have attained a reputation, to leave the author's text unaltered, or at least to mark clearly which are his original words, and which the additions of the subsequent editor. Whether this method be in itself a good one or not, it may easily be carried too far. To leave unaltered in the text such statements as that

\* *Wheaton's International Law*. Eighth Edition. By R. H. Dana, LL.D. 1868.



Denmark is a member of the Germanic Confederation in virtue of Holstein, with a correction inserted, if at all, in a note printed in very small type, is paying most unreasonable deference to the author. For no possible reason can it be desirable, if a book is to be edited and corrected at all, that statements of facts which have become false should be left as the author made them. The first requisite of any text-book is that the reader should be able to trust it; and though respect for Mr Wheaton may reasonably prompt editors to preserve his dicta, especially on a subject where the opinions of competent writers are quoted as if they were judicial decisions, and to cast all opinions of their own into notes, yet this slavish adherence to form is positively mischievous where the facts have altered since Wheaton wrote. Mr. Dana, when he thinks Wheaton wrong in his opinion, does not scruple to say so, as, for instance, in a note on a slave-trade case at p. 208; he need not surely hesitate to amend the text in places where beyond all possible question Wheaton is wrong, by the change of circumstances, not by his own fault. Great as is the improvement of the present edition over previous ones, we cannot help thinking that much yet remains to be done. It is doubtless a hard task to arrange perfectly, and assimilate with the old matter, the additions which the editor feels bound to make, and especially hard when he determines to put all the new matter into notes; but the difficulty is not insuperable, and Mr. Dana might have done more to overcome it. Let us hope that by the time another edition is required he will have modified his views as to the proper duties of an editor, that he will then import into the text all necessary corrections and additions, greatly curtail the discussions on questions of present interest but of no great importance in principle, and relegate to an appendix, or banish altogether, the matter which concerns only his own country. By so doing he will not diminish Mr. Wheaton's reputation, and he will certainly add greatly to his own credit, as being something more than a mere editor.

International law is necessarily a most intricate and difficult subject to discuss. In the strict sense of the term there can be no such thing, for a law implies a sanction, a superior authority to exact obedience, which obviously does not exist as between independent communities. Practically, however, the title is used to comprise a variety of subjects which have little connection in principle, but are conveniently treated to-

gether as being different sides of the relations which arise between different nations and their several citizens. There are, in the first place, the positive obligations of any one nation towards any other, arising out of treaties. Nations, like individuals have in general a respect for their plighted faith, and therefore observe treaties; but if they choose to violate them, there is, of course, no means of preventing them. They may be acting immorally, and they expose themselves to the peril of war, but they no more infringe a law than a private person who refuses to pay a debt of honour. In the next place, every State has laws or usages relating to the dealings of its subject with foreigners. Some of these are founded on mutual agreement in the form of treaties, some on general principles of equity or convenience which are likely to be valid everywhere, and so there arises something like a *consensus* of nations on these subjects. In none of these cases, however, is there any relation between nations as such, independently of commercial or extradition treaties, and the like; nor is there any sort of obligation on them to conform to a common standard. It is quite possible, for instance, that two persons of different nations may be legally married according to the laws of the one country, and unmarried according to the other, nor can it be otherwise so long as nations continue to differ in religion and social organization. Neither treaties nor the private relations of citizens of different countries, however, are subject of what is most generally understood by international law, which is the theory of the obligations, moral or conventional, by which every civilized nation is supposed to be bound in its relation towards every other. These are, of course, not strictly obligations at all; they are merely rules, some of them morally right, some of them indifferent which have been found to conduce to the general advantage, and though jurists may attempt to found them on abstract reasoning, or on some form of legal fiction, they have in truth no other foundation than usage. That usage has grown up, in great measure, through the recognition by the nations of Europe of the brotherhood of all men in Christianity, and it has gradually been formularized by great jurists, and improved as one nation or another made an innovation in the direction of humanity or unselfishness, but it has no binding force beyond the sense of right or the perception of utility which pervades the various communities. It is said, for instance, to be contrary to international law, now, to pu-

to death prisoners of war, or sell them as slaves; but formerly this was not the case, and the change has been brought about not by any specific agreement, but by the tacit use of nations. Morality may dictate treating prisoners after the humaner modern fashion, and no civilized nation would now dream of acting otherwise; but we owe the improvement not to any force of international law, but to the spirit of Christianity. So again justice prescribes that nations at peace with both of two belligerents should do equal justice between them, should be, in fact as well as in name, neutral; and the general consent has allowed belligerents certain privileges as against neutrals, as it were in consideration for the unfortunate condition in which they are placed. Yet though a belligerent has just cause of complaint if neutrality is not really preserved, the neutral is in no way positively bound to fulfil its moral duty, except by regard for justice and by fear of the consequences.

In general, however, the most important international disputes arise through a belligerent and a neutral taking different views of the justice of any particular case. Both sides recognize as valid certain broad principles founded on justice, and sanctioned by usage; the difficulty is to determine whether, in a given instance, those principles have been obeyed. And since the two nations are in the position of parties to a civil suit, each defending his own interests and trying to show the law to be on his side, and there is no tribunal to decide between them, disputes are very apt to be terminated by policy. The claimant gives way, or some compromise is effected for the sake of peace, leaving the merits of the case undetermined. A perusal of the memorable correspondence between Mr. Adams, the American Minister, and the English Government, with reference to the *Alabama* and other vessels, which is very well summarized by Mr. Dana at p. 579, will show how little in international disputes turns on principles of law, and how much on the application of them to a particular set of facts. The United States complain that England violated her neutrality by allowing ships to leave her ports for the service of the Confederates. The English Government reply that it did its best to prevent it. The American representative says that the English Government ought to have done more, or make compensation for the failure. Thus the dispute turns really on facts, and though minor questions of law have been imported into it, though some English partizans have denied that selling ships of war to belliger-

ents is a breach of neutrality at all, yet the real point at issue is whether or not, admitting that harm was done to the United States by English subjects, England as a nation is responsible under the circumstances. The proposal to refer the dispute to arbitration was rejected on other grounds; but there is a real difficulty in so doing which ought not to escape attention. When private litigants agree to abide by the judgment of an umpire, both parties are bound by the law of the land, and the umpire applies the facts to them. In international disputes, where there is no positive law, it is necessary to agree beforehand on the legal principles applicable, which would be extremely difficult, since disputed cases are always near the border line, or else to make the arbiter judge of law as well as facts. The latter course is one which a great nation would be very unwilling to adopt; but it may be remarked incidentally that if ever there was a case in which it would be desirable to do so, it is in the *Alabama* dispute. It would be to England's ultimate advantage if every claim of the United States were allowed, and such concession made the basis of future usage.

Losing her cause in one instance, she would gain a precedent which might be of infinite value in the event of war; and independently of mere interest, it would be setting a noble example to the world if the proudest and most tenacious of nations were to risk a blow to her dignity for the sake of international justice. Above all, it is idle to argue, in an international dispute, that a Government is bound by its own statutes. As between the executive and the legislature, this is undoubtedly true; but foreign nations have no concern with our domestic laws, they deal with the entire nation, which is absolute over laws, as well as over the executive government. Mr. Dana states the American theory, which is also essentially the true theory, in the following words:—"Our obligation arises from the law of nations, and not from our own statutes, and is measured by the law of nations. Our statutes are only means for enabling us to perform our international duty, and not the affirmative limits of that duty. We are as much responsible for insufficient machinery, when there is knowledge and opportunity for remedying it, as for any other form of neglect. Indeed, a nation may be said to be more responsible for a neglect or refusal which is an imperial, continuous act, and general in its operation, than for neglect in a special case, which may be the fault of subordinates." Substitute "the principles of justice" for "the law of

nations," which is a misleading phrase borrowed from the Roman jurists, and we have here a compendium of all international duty. The misfortune is that the nation against which another brings a complaint is itself the judge as to whether it has or has not performed its duty.

From the Saturday Review.

HALLECK'S TRANSLATION OF JOMINI'S NAPOLEON.\*

THE name of General Halleck is well known to us in connexion with the American civil war, but this officer's literary performances are probably less appreciated in England than they deserve to be. If the industry of General Halleck in a military office was as great as that which he had displayed as a translator and compiler, he may be supposed to have largely contributed to the organization of those mighty Northern armaments by which the resistance of the South was finally overcome. It is true that he shows much more of diligent study than of genius, and it is possible that, as a general, he might, after all his reading and reflection, have compared disadvantageously with other generals who had read very few books and had never written one. But if there was any value in Sir Charles Napier's advice to a young officer, that "by reading he would be distinguished," it must be allowed that Mr. Halleck followed diligently the road towards distinction. We have before us at this moment a treatise on *International Law* by H. W. Halleck, A.M., dated San Francisco, 1861. The preface states that during the war between the United States and Mexico, the author, who was a staff officer, was often required to give opinions on questions of international law growing out of the operations of the war. As books of reference were not always accessible, he commenced a series of notes and extracts, which ultimately grew into the work which he published in the hope that "it might be found useful to officers of the army and navy, and possibly also to the pro-

\* *Life of Napoleon*. By Baron Jomini, General-in-Chief and Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor of Russia. Translated from the French, with notes, by H. W. Halleck, L.L.D., Major-General United States Army; Author of "Elements of Military Art and Science," "International Law and the Laws of War," &c. &c. 4 vols. With an Atlas. New York: D. Van Nostrand. London: Trubner & Co. 1864.

fessional lawyer." This hope has, we think, been realized; for, upon all legal questions which military and naval commanders are likely to be called upon to consider, the book contains a full collection of authorities selected and arranged with a skill which proves that Mr. Halleck would have made his fortune as a lawyer if he had not preferred the army. It is remarkable how many distinguished American soldiers have belonged to the legal profession either before or after their military services. If they have placed before themselves Cicero as their model, they may rest assured that they have surpassed him as soldiers, and perhaps equalled him as lawyers; while, as regards oratory, it may be enough to say that Cicero was never called upon to "stump" a district. It must not be supposed, however, that all American officers are industrious. There was, for example, "fighting Joe Hooker," who was as well known in San Francisco as Mr. Halleck. He spent a good deal of time in that city, waiting until fortune should supply him with the means of travelling to Washington to offer his services as Commander-in-chief of the United States army. It is unnecessary to inquire what Mr. Hooker did during this period, but it will be easily believed that he did not employ his leisure in perusing treatises on international law, or in studying Napoleon's campaigns. But the indefatigable Mr. Halleck, having published a legal work in 1861, was ready with a translation of Jomini's *Life of Napoleon*, in four large volumes, with notes and atlas in 1864. The principal part of the work, however, was executed as long ago as 1846, during a seven months' voyage round Cape Horn to California. It appears from the title-page that the author had advanced from the degree of A.M. to that of L.L.D. which he certainly had earned; and while claiming to have produced several works besides that which we have mentioned, he also assumes the title, by which he is best known to English readers, of a major-general in the United States army.

Among many persons who have become acquainted at second-hand with Jomini's famous work, there are probably very few who know that it is a narrative of Napoleon's exploits delivered by Napoleon's shade in the Elysian fields, for the information of the shades of Alexander, Cæsar, Frederick, and other great commanders, to whom some rumour of those exploits had come, and who awaited eagerly his arrival to explain the causes of his wonderful victories and no less wonderful defeats and downfall.

plan which it has pleased the accomplished military historian to adopt for his work is slightly ludicrous, but there is nothing throughout the greater part of the work, except the use of the pronoun "I," to remind us that Napoleon is speaking to the shades of departed heroes in the Elysian fields. It is possible, indeed, that that which appears to us ludicrous may be thought by Frenchmen sublime; and we are by no means sure that a military history of France since 1821, in the form of a narrative addressed by the shade of a French officer killed in the Italian war to the shade of Napoleon in the Elysian fields, would not be highly popular in France, although objectionable in the view of orthodox Catholicism. The narrative would, of course, recount the removal of Napoleon's remains from exile in St. Helena to rest in the bosom of the country which he loved, and it would tell how, in the Crimea and on the plains of Italy, the military glories of France had been revived by the heir of Napoleon's name. Perhaps, too, it might hint at some further revival of those glories as waiting to be accomplished by breech-loaders upon the familiar battle-grounds of the Rhine and elsewhere.

But to return from the Elysian fields to general Halleck's translation of Jomini's story, it is to be remarked that the great value of that history lies in this — that it may be considered as the work of a Frenchman who had divested himself of a Frenchman's prejudices. Jomini was by birth a Swiss. He served with great distinction in the French army, and became chief of the staff to Marshal Ney. The jealousy of his superior is stated to have been the cause of his quitting the service of France, in 1812, for that of Russia. He received from the Emperors Alexander and Nicholas important employments and high honours. Of his three daughters, one is married in Russia and two in France; and, being thus equally connected with two great rivals in European war, he is likely to do justice to the exploits of both. He had seen as much of most men of his time of battles; he had his equals in strategy; as a reader and writer he was indefatigable; he had access to the best sources of information, and he occupied a position of impartiality. With these advantages Jomini was able to produce a work which deserved to occupy the leisure of his industrious American translator. It derives perhaps some additional interest from its form.

When we come to such an act as the slaughter of Turkish prisoners at Jaffa, our

curiosity is awakened to hear how Napoleon, speaking to his audience in the Elysian fields, will justify it. The late Sir Archibald Alison, who applied some of his strongest language to this act, would perhaps have considered that it was assuming the very point in dispute to suppose that Napoleon had entered the Elysian fields. The campaign in Egypt and Syria is introduced by an explanation of the reasons for Napoleon's expedition to those countries. "I was obliged," says Jomini, speaking in his name, "to make common cause with the Directory, or to join in the conspiracy against it. I was unwilling to do either. The only reasonable course for me to pursue was to absent myself, and to do so with *éclat*." During the troubles of the Revolution the French interests in India had been neglected, and it was proposed to revive them by an expedition of which Egypt would be the base. "I was convinced that this was the shortest way to reach the heart of England." The expedition to Egypt had three objects — to establish on the Nile a French colony; to open new outlets to French manufactures; and to furnish a base of operations for moving an army across Syria and Persia to the Indus. An army of 50,000 men, well supplied with camels and dromedaries, would reach its destination in four months. The Directory, delighted at the prospect of getting rid of Napoleon, favoured his bold scheme, and granted all his requests.

By singular good fortune Napoleon, with his fleet and army, evaded Nelson, and landed at Alexandria. He advanced to Cairo, defeated the Mamelukes, and in a month had conquered Lower Egypt. But his fleet was destroyed by Nelson in Aboukir Bay. This catastrophe, however, did not extinguish all hopes of success. The French might maintain themselves in the country if they could attach the inhabitants to their cause. Napoleon did not despair of conciliating the ministers of religion. "The French army, since the Revolution, was indifferent to all forms of worship. Even in Italy they never went to church. I took advantage of this circumstance to persuade the Mussulmans that my soldiers were disposed to embrace Mohammedanism." But when the Porte was encouraged by Nelson's victory to declare war, Napoleon's conversations on the Koran and attendance in mosques availed little to mitigate the aroused fanaticism of the people. The Turks were assembling an army with which they proposed to march along the coast of Syria into Egypt. Napoleon

determined to anticipate them by capturing the fortresses on their road. El-Arish capitulated. Jaffa was taken by assault: —

We captured on this occasion two thousand prisoners, who very much embarrassed us. The weakness of my army did not allow me to detach an escort to guard them. On the other hand, they could not be released on parole, for they did not consider it binding. Moreover a part of them had already been discharged at El-Arish, on their promise not again to serve against us, and were now taken in arms. Knowing of no other course to pursue, I caused them to be shot.

We may remark, in proof of General Halleck's industry, that he appears to have read Sir Archibald Alison's history of the events described by Jomini; and, more than that, he enters into controversy with the laborious champion of Toryism in notes which require for their perusal something like his own devotion to hard work. The question which he here debates with Alison is necessarily touched upon in that part of his work on *International Law* which treats of what may be done to enemies in war. It is little to the purpose to compare certain acts of Warren Hastings with this of Napoleon at Jaffa; but it might have been urged with some effect that the Turks carried on war as savages, and that if war with savages is conducted on humane and Christian principles it will be interminable. We sometimes hear "a vigorous policy" recommended in conflicts between settlers and native races; and if this expression means, as it probably does, that the settlers should shoot the natives whenever they get a chance, it is evident that those who use it should be moderate in their condemnation of Napoleon's slaughter of prisoners at Jaffa. It may, however, be observed that, if he had dismissed those whom he could neither feed nor guard, the prospects of his campaign would not have been greatly affected by his clemency. The fortress of St. Jean d'Acre, assisted in its defence by an English squadron under Sir Sidney Smith, resisted all his efforts, and he was obliged to raise the siege and return to Egypt. "The failure of this expedition made it more than ever necessary to influence the people through the ministers of religion. But they responded by inviting Napoleon to turn Mussulman with his whole army: —

I opposed to this the necessity of circumcision and abstinence from wine. But they said that an accommodation could be made with

Heaven; that a man might drink wine and still be a good Mussulman, provided that he doubled his good works.

But news reached Napoleon of reverses of the armies of Italy and the Rhine, and of disorganization of the Government at home. "Everything now proved that the French were tired of the Revolution, and that it was time to bring it to a close." The victory of Aboukir over the Turks had restored whatever Napoleon's military character had lost by the repulse at Acre. He had now no motive for prolonging his stay in Egypt, and accordingly he set sail for France, having been absent about fifteen months. He was as lucky in evading British cruisers on the homeward as on the outward voyage.

It is necessary to remember that, although the first person is used throughout this work, it is not Napoleon that really speaks, but Jomini. Upon some questions, however, the opinion of an experienced staff-officer is equally valuable with that of a general. The invasion of England is considered by the author to be possible, although difficult. "The descent once made, the capture of London was almost certain." Ten hours only would be required for landing 150,000 disciplined and victorious soldiers upon a coast destitute of fortifications and undefended by a regular army. It was under the protection of a fleet collected in the Antilles, and coming from thence with all sail to Boulogne, that this passage was to be effected. Fifty vessels sailing from Toulon, Brest, Rochefort, L'Orient, Cadix, and would unite at Martinique. Their departure would make England tremble for the two Indies, and while the British fleets were in search of them at the Cape of Good Hope and in the sea of the Antilles, these vessels would unite before Boulogne and secure the landing upon the English coast. So far we have an intelligible statement of the plan which Napoleon is known to have entertained, and of which he attempted the partial execution by ordering Villeneuve's fleet to the West Indies. But the author goes on to consider what English patriotism could have done for the defence of English soil. "This patriotism would have been an obstacle under any circumstances, but, preceded by a declaration of democratic principles, we should have found partisans enough in England to paralyse the rest of the nation." It is no reproach to Jomini that he did not understand England; and he adds, very fairly, that experience alone could decide this question of the utility of propagandism

in causing disunion among her people. "It has never been tried." We think, however, that the English statesmen of the year 1804, while entertaining profound respect for the vast military and naval resources of Napoleon, and for the skill and perseverance with which he directed them against their country, would have treated with just contempt the notion that English patriotism was likely to be affected by a declaration of democratic principles. Napoleon's grandiloquent proclamations had, under favourable circumstances, wonderful success, but they would have been lamentably unappreciated in England. After further discussion of possibilities it was concluded that at all events a menace would cost nothing, and, as Napoleon had no other employment for his troops, he might as well arrange them on the coast as anywhere else. About this time he was meditating the establishment of the French Empire, and it is curious to observe that General Halleck, like many other Americans, has a lurking sympathy for Imperialism. In a note upon the passage which describes the sort of strong government which France was supposed to require, it is said that the opinions here given are rather those of European than of American statesmen. "They are stated with great fairness and candour, and are well worthy of consideration." The strong Government which Napoleon proposed to establish was to be hereditary, and vested in a single individual. The head of the nation was to be assisted by consulting assemblies, "which should have all the power requisite for a good council, but not sufficient to enable them to arrest the car of State for the sake of Utopian theories or personal ambition." We must confess that Napoleon's proposal is here described with sufficient "fairness and candour," and perhaps General Halleck has considered it in connexion with an opinion elsewhere attributed to Napoleon, that if the United States had had "a strong Government" they would long before 1821 have become supreme throughout North America. To the fundamental basis of a council which should give advice which need not be taken were to be added, among other things, "a well-matured system of election," "equality of all citizens," and "a good penal code for the press, and a tribunal of censure composed of just and worthy men, not subject to removal from office." Such a system would have been calculated to promote the security and grandeur of the nation, and the public tranquillity, and to put the public administration beyond the reach of demagogues and declaimers,

who think to guide the state by unmeaning phrases. This is a tolerably just description of Imperialism as it now exists in France. It may be inferred from General Halleck's note that he thinks this sort of thing very well for France, or for Europe generally, but unsuitable for America. We must protest, however, that the principle of liberty belongs equally to both hemispheres. A public administration beyond the reach of demagogues and declaimers means, we suppose, despotism. No doubt Napoleon contemplated that his despotism should be wise and just, as despots always do. The penal code for the press was to be good. The censors were to be just and worthy. The elections were to be well-matured, or as we should say, concocted. The consulting assemblies were not to be allowed to arrest the car of State, or, in other words, grievances were not to have precedence of supply; but then there would never be any real grievances, and supplies would always be expended judiciously and economically. However France wished for greatness, and her Government could not be successful unless it were strong. Accordingly the Empire was established. Then came the organization of the Grand Army. The military characters of its chiefs are sketched, and the inference is drawn that, with the exception of Massena, Soult, and perhaps Davoust, there was no one capable of commanding a separate army. "I thought however, that these three were more than necessary at that period, when I myself could direct the grand operations, and had more need of valiant lieutenants than of able colleagues." For some time after the rupture of the Peace of Amiens England alone confronted France, and the strength which France derived from the Imperial system was to have been employed in subjugating England. But Villeneuve and the other French Admirals did not succeed in contriving the opportunity for which the Grand Army waited in its seaside camps. Diversions were attempted hither and thither, but the British Channel fleet never quitted its station off Brest except to put into Plymouth. Meanwhile Pitt had organised a new coalition, and the Grand Army exchanged its weary encampment opposite England for the exciting marches and splendid triumphs which carried it to the capital of Austria. Napoleon is made to say of Austerlitz: —

Of all the pitched battles which I have gained I pride myself most on this, both on account of the enemy over which I triumphed, and on

account of the perfect success of all my combinations. This success was as perfect as if I had commanded the two armies, and the manœuvres had been previously agreed upon.

During the march on Vienna, which preceded Austerlitz, came news of the battle of Trafalgar, and all Napoleon's astonishing success against Austria and Russia was necessary to console him for this disaster:—

This battle, which perhaps decided the empire of the world, if that empire depended on England or France, cost the victors only 1,600 men killed and wounded; a remarkable example of the difference of war on sea and land.

After this defeat the French fleets were no longer able to show themselves at sea, but Napoleon was incessantly revolving plans for creating new navies at Antwerp, Copenhagen, in Italy and even in Greece. Whatever naval genius had existed either in the North or South of Europe was to be revived, and directed against England. "The remainder of my reign was spent in making preparations for a new contest with the English leopard." Jomini wrote calmly, and for the most part fairly, and his testimony is conclusive that from this time England had no choice but war or submission to Napoleon's will.

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From the Athenæum.

*Life and Letters of John Winthrop, from his Embarkation for New England in 1630, with the Charter and Company of the Massachusetts Bay, to his Death in 1649.* By Robert C. Winthrop. (Boston, U. S., Ticknor & Fields; London, Trübner & Co.)

RICH though she is in memories that illustrate the social life and highest thought of our people in old times, East Anglia has no finer nor more pathetic story than that which recounts John Winthrop's voluntary departure from scenes endeared to him by the sweetest associations, and from a land in which he possessed affluence, station, the respect of men, everything that was necessary for his happiness — with the single exception of liberty to worship God and instruct others in godliness after the dictates of his conscience; and we have much pleasure in recording that this rare story has met with a worthy narrator.

It was in the spring of 1629–30 that John Winthrop went on board the *Arbella*, and, accompanied by three other vessels, the *Talbot*, the *Ambrose*, and the *Jewel*, sailed for Massachusetts, where some three hundred persons were bravely endeavouring to effect a permanent settlement, in the face of adverse seasons and disease. Other ships laden with emigrants followed in the wake of the *Arbella*, so that the entire number of Winthrop's associates — including the seven or eight hundred members of his immediate expedition, the two or three hundred persons who arrived in America almost simultaneously with the *Suffolk* squire, though they did not make the passage in the Massachusetts Company's ships, and the second thousand of devout adventurers who followed at a brief interval — may be computed at some two thousand souls. Considering the comparative fewness of the population of the mother-country in the seventeenth century, this was a grand secession; and when it is also borne in mind that the host was principally drawn from one district, there is no occasion for wonder that the exodus was not soon forgotten by the people of the eastern counties. For the most part the emigrants were yeomen, mechanics, and farm-labourers, with their women and children; but together with these people of inferior quality, there went some few persons of ancient lineage and blue blood. Himself a man of gentle descent, John Winthrop was by no means the best-born of the emigrants. As fellow passengers in the *Arbella* he had Isaac Johnson, the largest subscriber to the Massachusetts Company, his wife, Lady *Arbella* Johnson, daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, Sir Richard Saltonshall with three sons and two daughters, William Coddington (afterwards Governor of Rhode Island), Thomas Dudley and his family, and George Phillips the minister.

Scarcely had the *Talbot* reached the Bay when one of its passengers, Henry Winthrop, the Governor's second son, was accidentally drowned; and before the newly-landed adventurers could set to work, fever, contracted on board ship from bad provisions and unwholesome arrangements, made sad havoc with the women and less stalwart men. "Thou shalt understand by this," Winthrop wrote to his wife, who still remained in England with most of her husband's children, "how it is since I wrote last (for this [is] the third or fourth letter I have written to thee since I came hither), that thou mayest see the goodness of the Lord towards me, that, when so many have died,

and many yet languish, myself and my children are yet living and in health. Yet I have lost twelve of my family, viz. Waters and his wife, and two of his children; Mr. Gager and his man; Smith of Buxall and his wife and two children; the wife of Taylor of Haverill, and their child; my son H. makes twelve. And, besides many other of less note, as Jeff Ruggle of Sudbury, and divers others of that town (about twenty), the Lord hath stripped us of some principal persons, Mr. Johnson and his lady, Mr. Rositer, Mrs. Phillips, and others unknown to thee." Thus perished from the earth the fair Lady Arbella, of whom Cotton Mather quaintly observes, "she took New England in her way to Heaven," and her husband, whose executor was no less a person than John Hampden, and of whom the author of the 'Magnalia Christi Americana,' alluding to Lady Arbella's death, observes in Sir Henry Wotton's verse,—

He try'd

To live without her, lik'd it not, and dy'd.

Whilst John Winthrop with much prayer and incessant toil, continued to struggle with plague, famine, and the continuous discontents of his people, his wife had a troublous time in the old country, — giving birth to a child, closing the eyes of Forth Winthrop, the Governor's third son, who died just as he had completed his education at Cambridge and was about to enter the ministry of Christ, and making preparations for her own voyage to New England, on which passage, in the autumn of 1631, she lost her babe, and encountered every discomfort and peril that her husband had endured in the Arbella. The most interesting portions of the present volume are the letters that passed between the husband and wife, and between her and her husband's children, during this period of separation; and as genuine illustrations of the simplicity, devoutness, and exquisite gentleness of the Puritan character, they are no less valuable than interesting. If England still contains a man who cherishes any lingering respect for the authorities from which several generations of our ancestors derived the erroneous impression that grotesque austerity and repulsive harshness of tone and style were the most distinctive characteristics of Puritanism, we advise him to amend his views by the perusal of these beautiful letters. The later portions of the volume enable us to appreciate the modesty and patience as well as the courage and zeal with which Winthrop laboured for the infant society; and the picture is none the less plea-

sant because the grander and brighter qualities of his nature are relieved by traits that in a man of the present century would indicate intellectual narrowness and want of liberality.

After an interval of contention and comparative mismanagement, during which time the colony had three governors in as many years, John Winthrop was reinstated in the governor's chair, to the intense satisfaction of a large majority of the people. The agitation which resulted in this reinstatement is remarkable, as it gave occasion for what is believed to be the first genuine *stump* speech ever made in New England. "Mr. Wilson," it is recorded, in Hutchinson's, *History of Massachusetts*, "the minister in his zeal, gat up on the bough of a tree (it was hot weather, and the election, like that of Parliament men for the counties in England, was carried on in the field.) and there made a speech, advising the people to look to their charter, and to consider the present work of the day, which was designed for the choosing of the governor, deputy-governor, and the rest of the assistants for the government of the commonwealth. His speech was well received by the people, who presently called out 'election, election,' which turned the scale." Hence it appears that the stump-oratory of America was at an early date encouraged by the clergy, if it did not actually originate amongst "the cloth."

One of his first acts for the reformation of social manners is thus recorded in Winthrop's Journal, at a date (October 25, 1630) when he had spent just four months in his adopted country: — "The Governour, upon consideration of the inconveniences which had grown in England by drinking one to another, restrained it at his own table, and wished others to do the like, so as it grew, by little and little, to disuse." Nine years later, however, the General Court found it advisable to pass a special act prohibiting the dangerous usage. With respect to Winthrop's personal suppression of toast-drinking in his own house, the author, with less than his usual accuracy, observes — "Winthrop in this reform was nearly half-a-century before Sir Matthew Hale, who left a solemn injunction to his grandchildren against the drinking and pledging of healths." The biographer forgets that Hale had practised from an early period of life the self-denying ordinance which he enjoined in old age upon his descendants. Winthrop and the Chief Justice began to abstain from the objectionable usage at much about the same time; and in so doing it is



most likely that they merely adopted a prudential rule which many other persons recommended and acted upon.

The narrowness of Puritanism is comically illustrated by the following stories about mice, taken from John Winthrop's Journal:—

“December 15. About this time there fell out a thing worthy of observation. Mr. Winthrop the younger, one of the magistrates, having many books in a chamber where there was corn of divers sorts, had among them one wherein the Greek Testament, the psalms and the common prayer were bound together. He found the common prayer eaten with mice, every leaf of it, and not any of the two other touched, nor any other of his books, though there were above a thousand. \* \* A godly woman of the church of Boston, dwelling sometimes in London, brought with her a parcel of very fine linen of great value, which she set her heart too much upon, and had been at charge to have it all newly washed, and curiously folded and pressed, and so left it in press in her parlour over-night. She had a negro maid went into the room very late, and let fall some snuff of the candle upon the linen, so as by morning all the linen was burned to tinder, and the boards underneath, and some stools and a part of the wainscoat burned, and never perceived by any in the house, though some lodged in the chamber overhead, and no ceiling between. But it pleased God that the loss of this linen did her much good, both in taking off her heart from worldly comforts, and in preparing her for a far greater affliction by the untimely death of her husband, who was slain not long after at Isle of Providence.”

One of the brightest and most delightful of the many characteristic anecdotes here told about the Founder of Boston is taken from Cotton Mather's 'Magnalia,' where it is recorded of Winthrop.

“’Twas his custom also to send some of his family upon errands, unto the houses of the poor about their meal time, on purpose to spy whether they wanted; & if it were found that they wanted, he would make that the opportunity of sending supplies unto them. And there was one passage of his charity that was perhaps a little unusual: in an hard & long winter, when wood was very scarce at Boston, a man gave him a private information, that a needy person in the neighbourhood stole wood sometimes from his pile; whereupon the governour in a seeming anger did reply, 'Does he so? I'll take a course with him; go, call that man to me, I'll warrant you I'll cure him of stealing.' When the man came, the governour, considering that if he had stolen it was more out of necessity than disposition, said unto him, 'Friend, it is a severe winter, & I doubt you are but meanly provided for wood; wherefore I

would have you supply yourself at my wood pile till this cold season be over.' And he then merrily asked his friends, 'Whether he had not effectually cured this man of stealing his wood?'"

Such a man may found states and save communites, but to amass a large private fortune is beyond his power. One is not surprised to learn that, after a long tenure of the highest offices of his colony, John Winthrop left "but a single hundred pounds out of his whole estate to be the subject of of an inventory at his death."

#### THE SULTAN IN EUROPE.

(H' Ελληνίς — Athens, June 13.)

How absurd Europeans are! They quite forget that many of those who are now at the head of affairs in Turkey have not only visited Paris, Vienna, London, and Berlin, but remained there for years as ambassadors or as agents. . . .

The Sultan on visiting Paris, and noticing what there is to be seen there, will think his own empire better than France, and himself greater than the Emperor. The palace of the Tuileries, both as regards its exterior splendour and interior decorations cannot be compared to the palaces of Constantinople. The garden of the Tuileries is microscopic compared to the gardens of the Sultan; and then with respect to natural beauty, what is Paris after the magical site of the Bosphorous! The Sultan will see the Emperor in the Tuileries surrounded by marshals, generals, aides-de-camps, attendants, &c., showing him every mark of respect, but not saluting him as a god as people do in the palaces of Constantinople. The Sultan will see women in the official entertainments and in the streets, and comparing these with the beauties of his harem will smile contemptuously. On going to the Exhibition he will be perplexed at the madness of the Franks in making so much noise about selling goods! When he enters the theatres of Paris, and compares them with the theatre in his own palace, on which he has spent so many thousands, and which is really a perfect jewel, what will be his idea of the grandeur of France? If he is taken to museums, picture galleries, &c., and he is told that some pictures cost two or three thousand francs, he will think that the Franks are fit only for a madhouse.

An Ottoman, one of the greatest men in Constantinople, having ascended the Acropolis, and being shown the columns of the Parthenon, exclaimed:—"Are those what you admire so much?" pointing to the columns. "Come to Constantinople and see our mosques with their columns, not old and broken like these, but new and covered with gold." This is what the Sultan will say on seeing the Museum of the Louvre and the Museum in London. If by chance he is persuaded to visit the courts of law, and sees the judge and counsellors with their gowns and wigs, he will certainly say to those who are with him that the Franks have brought him to see their kangaroos.

The things which will really make an impression on the Sultan are the following:—

1. A great military review, if one be given.
2. The Chassepot rifles, if he is shown the make and working of them.
3. The ballet, the sight of which will certainly please him. . . .

With these exceptions, we may be sure that the Sultan, after his return to Constantinople, will despise the Europeans and their civilization even more than before his visit to Paris and London.

From the Spectator.

BISHOP PERCY'S FOLIO MANUSCRIPT.\*

THE new edition of the older part of Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* will take all but a few students by surprise. It would ill become us to be ungrateful to a scholar of the eighteenth century, who did priceless work in collecting the fragments of early ballad literature, and preparing them for the public in such fashion as the public could understand. But like the worthy churchwardens of the last century, who covered up under layers of whitewash paintings and tracings that would otherwise have perished, Bishop Percy did almost as much to conceal as to preserve. Having become the possessor of "an ancient folio manuscript," containing "compositions of all times and dates, from the ages prior to Chaucer to the conclusion of the reign of Charles I.," he "was long in doubt whether, in the present state of im-

\* *Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript*. Edited by John W. Hales and F. J. Furnivall. London: Trübner and Co.

proved literature, they could be deemed worthy the attention of the public." There is something very wonderful in the mental attitude of a man who was able to admire our early poetry, but thought it far inferior to the polished productions of Shenstone and Akenside. Unhappily, Bishop Percy acted upon this opinion. He omitted all that was rough and fragmentary, and much apparently that had no fault except length, from his compilation. If the beauty of an unfinished piece attracted him, he expanded it, as in the case of "The Child of Elle," into a finished poem. If the beauty of an early ballad seemed inappropriate, he rewrote it after the improved fashion of his times, killing Sir Cawline, for instance, instead of giving him a wife and fifteen sons. With the text itself he dealt as Tyrwhitt did with Chaucer's, constructing a Wardour-Street English that had no counterpart in any single century of our history, and bore no truer resemblance to our primitive language than the "Jeames' Letters" bear to nineteenth-century conversation. With all these drawbacks, the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* achieved a success that surprised the editor himself. Johnson sneered at them, but the book gradually became a classic, and as the second editor boasted, was "admitted into the most elegant libraries."

Mr. Furnivall and Mr. Hales have at last removed the reproach which for many years has rested upon us, that we are the only great nation without a critical text of its early ballads. Mr. Furnivall has purchased the right of transcribing the original folio manuscript, which was in possession of the Bishop's descendants, and we now for the first time know what Percy's politer taste thought unworthy of publication. A few instances of his alterations and suppressions will probably leave no doubt that a new edition was required. In "The Child of Elle" the old poem says,

"He leand o'er his saddle-bow,  
To kiss this lady good;  
The tears that went them two between  
Were blent water and blood."

Bishop Percy renders it:—

"And thrice he clasped her to his breste,  
And kissed her tenderlie;  
The teares that fell from her fair eyes  
Ranne like the fountaine free."

In the ballad of Glasgerion, the lady deceived by her lover's page kills herself, and says:—

" There shall never no churle's blood  
Spring within my bodye."

Bishop Percy, in sheer wantonness, expands this into : —

" There shall never no churle's blood  
Within my bodye spring ;  
No churle's blood shall ever defile  
The daughter of a King."

Here the last two lines are not only superfluous and weak, but contradict the whole drift of the story.

In " Old Robin of Portingale," the husband, aware that his wife intends to murder him, goes to bed armed, and awaits the coming of the assassins : —

" And he layd a bright browne sword by his  
side,  
And another at his feet,  
And full well knew old Robin then  
Whether he should wake or sleep."

But the Bishop, not liking to expose his hero to the doubtful chances of an ambuscade, changes the two last spirited lines into : —

" And twentye good knightes he placed at  
hand,  
To watch him in his sleepe."

After slaying the assassins and cutting off the breast and ears of his guilty wife, old Robin is horror-stricken at his own work : —

" Mickle is the man's blood I have spent  
To do thee and me some good,  
Says, ' Ever alack ! my fayre lady,  
I think that I was woodde' [mad]."

The lines are not particularly good, and the second is decidedly obscure, but they serve to introduce Robin's resolve : —

" He shope the cross in his right shoulder,  
Of the white flesh and the red,  
And he sent him into the Holy land,  
Whereas Christ was quick and dead."

Percy omits the first stanza altogether, and changes " flesh " in the second into " cloth." The omission was perfectly wanton, and the change unwarrantable. The whole reminds us of the commentary on *Virgil* by Martinus Scriblerus, who transforms the three stags (*cervos*) which Æneas killed and eat near Carthage into three crows (*corvos*), because stags are not found in Africa.

Probably enough has been said to show

that Percy tampered with the text in a way that destroys all reliance on him as an editor. His omissions are even more wonderful than his changes. The story of Eger and Grine, now printed for the first time, is among the most charming romances of the Middle Ages, and told by one who was no despicable poet. Eger and Grine are sworn brethren in arms. One day Eger returns wounded and beaten from an encounter with a savage knight, who cuts a finger off all whom he overthrows ; Winglayne, the lady whom he loves, turns away from him with contempt, dryly remarking, —

" He gave a finger to let him gange,  
The next time he will offer up his whole  
hand."

Grine determines to achieve the adventure. Armed with a sword of proof, which the two comrades have obtained by the deposit of all their title-deeds, he ventures into Sir Gray-Steel's domains, and rides about in quest of the false knight. A furious combat ensues, the very steeds fighting together by the side of their masters, and Grine slays the oppressor. He transfers the honour to Eger, and Winglayne's old love returns ; but the knight is at first resentful : —

" He turned his back and rode her free,  
And said parting is a privy pain ;  
But old friends cannot be called again.  
For the great kindness I have found at thee  
Forgotten shalt thou never be."

Naturally the quarrel is soon made up, and they are married, while the faithful Grine is rewarded with the hand of the Lady Losepain, the widow of one of Gray-Steel's victims, and who had tended him and Eger after their encounters. Their first meeting is prettily told : —

" Gryme looke upon that lady faire,  
Soe fair a creature saw I never ere ;  
For shee was clad in scarlet red,  
And all of fresh gold shone her head.  
Her rud was red as rose in rain ;  
A fairer creature was never seen.  
As many men in a matter full nice,  
But all men in loving shall never be wise,  
His mind on her was so set  
That all other matters he quite forget."

" Wise " here is of course the French " sage," temperate, rather than with any notion of good judgment implied.

The present edition of Bishop Percy's folio manuscript is something more than a

mere text. Mr. Hales has given some excellent introductory notices explaining the subject of the poems, tracing them in many cases to their original sources, and showing how far the popular legend has amplified or distorted real facts. Mr. Furnivall appends some short philological notes in explanation of the different words that occur here and there. Altogether, the golden mean seems to have been very happily attained, and the notes and illustrations are neither too scanty nor too copious. We regret to see that the subscriptions to the book are not yet sufficient to indemnify Mr. Furnivall for his enterprise. Bishop Percy's representatives have driven a hard bargain with him in demanding 150*l.* for the permission to copy an old manuscript, which they could only have published themselves at heavy cost. They have, however, the undeniable right of every owner of property to set his own price on it, and it may appear far-fetched to say that property has its duties as well as its rights, and that men owe it to an honourable name to treat the literary reputation of an ancestor as something more than a question of pounds, shillings, and pence. All the more, however, is the public bound to support an enterprise like the present, that has been undertaken at some money risk from the pure love of learning, and is being carried out with eminent skill and success. This new edition of a classical English book is published at a moderate cost, while the paper and type are worthy of a drawing-room table. The text, though accurate, is so easy that a schoolboy may understand it. It will be at once unfortunate and undeserved, if Mr. Furnivall is eventually a loser by his public spirit.

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From the Examiner.

*Modern Culture; its True Aims and Requirements. A Series of Addresses and Arguments on the Claims of Scientific Education.* By Professors Tyndall, Daubeny, Henfrey, Huxley, Paget, Whewell, Faraday, Draper, Masson, de Morgan, Owen; Drs. Hodgson, Carpenter, Hooker, Acland, Forbes, Grove, Herbert, Spencer, Sir John Herschel, Sir Charles Lyell, Dr. Sequin, etc. Edited by Edward L. Youmans, M.D. Macmillan.

HALF the contents of this volume, being six Lectures delivered before the Royal In-

stitution by Professor Tyndall and Doctors Daubeny, Paget, Faraday, Whewell, and Hodgson, were published several years ago. The edition having been long since exhausted, Dr. Youmans has done good work in reissuing its parts, with the addition of other lectures by himself and by Professors Henfrey, Huxley, and Masson; of a long extract from Mr. Herbert Spencer's 'Essays'; and of an appendix containing shorter extracts from more than a dozen other writers of repute. It is the design of the publication to show, from the testimony and on the arguments of some of the men most competent to speak with authority, "the importance of giving a larger space to scientific studies in our educational courses." To this end are brought together, among others, lucid and eloquent discourses by Professor Tyndall, on 'The Study of Physics'; by Dr. Daubeny, on 'The Study of Chemistry'; by Professor Henfrey, on 'The Study of Botany'; by Professor Huxley, on 'The Study of Zoology'; by Dr. Paget, on 'The Study of Physiology'; by Dr. Faraday, on 'The Education of the Judgment'; and by Dr. Hodgson, on 'The Study of Economic Science.'

Each and all of these are so full of interest, and, in their separate ways, so instructive, that we are in no mood to quarrel with Dr. Youmans for shaping the volume as we have it, but we believe that he would have produced a more novel and a more useful book had he constructed it all out of his own lecture, modestly placed last in the series, on 'The Scientific Study of Human Nature.' There is little lack nowadays, among intelligent people, of belief in the importance of physical, and even metaphysical studies, as parts of home and school and college education. But there does seem, even among these same intelligent people, to be very much misapprehension of what Dr. Youmans calls "the science of human nature," and very culpable neglect in the application of its principles to the training of youth and the employment of grown persons. By all means let us add instruction in the various parts of physical knowledge to the old-fashioned routine of teaching in languages and mathematics; but, while we do that, let us see how the conclusions of modern science can help us to arrive at better ways of mental education and bodily development. We cannot be too jealous in filling the vessel of the mind with the best stuff at our command; but it is yet more important that we should be zealous in making that vessel as large and strong, and in every way as capable as we can.

Dr. Youmans's lecture deserves careful attention for the way in which it urges the importance of a really scientific system of education. "The imminent question," he says, "is, How may the child and youth be developed healthfully and vigorously, bodily, mentally, and morally; and science alone can answer it by a statement of the laws upon which that development depends."

We talk glibly about mental culture, and import into our discourse about the education of children, a number of phrases borrowed from the gardener's vocabulary; but really our rules and methods for the cultivation of men and women are far less complete and accurate than our rules and methods for the training of trees and vegetables. The gardener accustoms himself to separate different sorts of seeds and to put each in suitable soils; for some he provides plenty of moisture, for others he tries to ensure plenty of sunlight; some he trims and prunes, others he grafts upon other plants. In this way he develops a thousand different varieties of beautiful flowers out of the simple weeds in the fields and hedges, grows all sorts of luscious fruits, and multiplies over and over again the richness and value of the vegetable world. Each shrub and tree is trained to exhibit, in as perfect a state as possible, its special virtues, and those virtues are adapted in a wonderful way to the uses and pleasures of man. But the parent and the schoolmaster rarely use any such discernment. They look upon all children as alike, save where they bridge up the natural differences of sex with artificial barriers; they subject them to the same discipline, and expect them to grow up very much alike. In recent years we have gained a little wisdom as regards physical education. We do now and then put our children to such bodily exercise as will bring out their special elements of strength, or tend to remove any physical defects that they may have; and we are even learning to regulate their food and other necessities of healthy growth according to our experience of the sort of food, rest, and the like, most healthful to them. But as for any reasonable principles of mental culture we are nearly as ignorant as we ever were. Each parent and guardian has his own plan of education,—that is, his own ideal man or woman whom he wishes his child as nearly as possible to approach, and he tries to bring up his children with that sole end. It is as if a gardener took all the seeds he could lay hands on, and attempted to train them all into roses, or into apples, into cabbages, or into

oak-trees; or as if, without understanding that different trees and shrubs need different soil, climate, and the like, he forced upon them all exactly the same sort of treatment. Surely the consequence of this is a world nearly full of stunted minds.

Here and there strong intellects find congenial training, and grow up to reflect honour upon the methods of their education; much oftener the strong intellects break loose from the bondage of their teachers and grow up in spite of them. But what of the weak intellects—the minds that cannot grow as we want them to grow, and therefore either cease growing altogether or grow in crooked and unhealthy ways?

"That there is a large amount of mental perversion and absolute stupidity," says Dr. Youmans, "as well as of bodily disease, produced in school, by measures which operate to the prejudice of the growing brain, is not to be doubted; that dulness, indocility, and viciousness, are frequently aggravated by teachers incapable of discriminating between their mental and bodily causes, is also undeniable." And these are only the flagrant instances of mischief arising from our bad ways of teaching, the instances which, like deaths from typhus, cholera, or diphtheria, give evidence of a general pollution of atmosphere and derangement of the conditions of healthy life from which everybody suffers more or less. The men yet live who led the way to a consideration of sanitary questions, and who began the advocacy of sanitary reforms; the men have hardly yet appeared who will reduce to a system the laws of mental health, and show what are the real objects and methods of a sound education. "When we say that education is an affair of the laws of our being, involving a wide range of considerations," says Dr. Youmans; "an affair of the air respired, its moisture, temperature, density, purity, and electrical state; an affair of food, digestion, and nutrition; of the quantity, quality, and speed of the blood sent to the brain; of clothing and exercise, fatigue and repose, health and disease; of variable volition and automatic nerve action; of fluctuating feeling, redundancy and exhaustion of nerve-power; an affair of light, colour, sound, resistance; of sensuous impressibility, temperament, family history, constitutional predisposition, and unconscious influence; of material surroundings and a host of agencies which stamp themselves upon the plastic organism and reappear in character,—when we hint at these things, we seem to be talking in an unknown tongue, or, if in-

telligible, then very irrelevant and unpracticable."

Dr. Youmans's lecture should help to show that these questions are altogether practical and relevant. Professing especially to illustrate "the dependence of mental action upon the bodily system," it leads up to the doctrine that all mental action is part and parcel of bodily activity, that psychology, in fact, is only the highest branch of physiology. All sorts of minor actions, as walking, eating, laughing, and the like, are merely automatic, the results of training brought to such perfection that the processes by which they are effected are quite forgotten. Dr. Youmans shows that much higher actions may also become automatic, that the chief end of education, indeed, is the accustoming of the mind to run in certain channels or to proceed by certain rules :

In the formation of habits and in the process of education, voluntary actions are constantly becoming reflex, or, as it is termed, "secondarily automatic." Thus learning to walk at first demands voluntary effort, but at length the act of walking becomes automatic and unconscious. So with all adaptive movements, as the manipulatory exercises of the arts; they at first require an effort of will, and then gradually become "mechanical," or are performed with but slight voluntary exertion. And so it is, also, in the purely intellectual operations, where the cerebral excitement, instead of taking effect upon the motor system, expends itself in the production of new intellectual effects, one state of consciousness passing into another, according to the established laws of thought. Here, also, the agency of the will is but partial, and the mental actions are largely spontaneous. In the case of memory, we all know how little volition can directly effect. We cannot call up an idea by simply *willing* it. When we try to remember something, which is, of course out of consciousness, the office of volition is simply to fix the attention upon various ideas which will be most likely to recall, by the law of association, the thing desired. We have all experienced this impotence of the will to recover a forgotten name, or incident which may subsequently flash into consciousness after the attention has long been withdrawn from the search. The same thing is observed in the exercise of the imagination. It is said of eminent poets, painters, and musicians, that they are born, and not made; that is, their genius is an endowment of nature, — a gifted organism which spontaneously utters itself in high achievements, and they often present cases of remarkable automatism. When Mozart was asked how he set to work to compose a symphony he replied, "If you once *think* how you are to do it, you will never write any thing worth hearing; I write because I cannot help

it." Jean Paul remarks of the poet's work : "The character must appear living before you, and you must hear it, not merely see it; it must, as takes place in dreams, dictate to you, not you to it. A poet who must *reflect* whether, in a given case, he will make his character say Yes, or No, to the devil with him!" An author may be as much astonished at the brilliancy of his unwilling inspirations as his most partial reader. "That's splendid!" exclaimed Thackeray, as he struck the table in admiring surprise at the utterance of one of his characters in the story he was writing. Again, the mental actions which constitute reasoning have an undoubted spontaneous element, the office of volition being, as in the former cases, to rivet the attention to the subject of inquiry, while the gradual blending of the like in different ideas into general conceptions is the work of the involuntary faculties. You cannot will a logical conclusion, but only maintain steadily before the mind the problem to be solved. Sir Isaac Newton thus discloses the secret of his immortal discoveries : "I keep the subject constantly before me, and wait till the first dawns open, by little and little, into a full light."

But corporeal agency in processes of thought has an aspect still more marked; the higher intellectual operation may take place, not only independent of the will, but also independent of consciousness itself. Consciousness and mind are far from being one and the same thing. The former applies only to that which is at any time present in thought; the latter comprehends all physical activity. Not a thousandth part of our knowledge is at any time in consciousness, but it is all and always in the mind. An idea of feeling passes out of consciousness, but not into annihilation; in what state, then, is it? We cannot be satisfied with the indefinite statement, that it is stored away in the receptacle or chamber of memory. Science affirms an organ of mind, and demands an explanation, in terms of its action. As the thought passes from consciousness, something remains in the cerebral substratum, call it what you will. — trace, impression, residue. What the precise character of these *residua* may be is perhaps questionable, but it is impossible to deny their existence in some form consistent with the nature of the cerebral structure and activity. All thoughts, feelings and impressions, when disappearing from consciousness, leave behind them in a nerve substance their effects or *residua*, and in this state they constitute what may be termed latent or statical mind. They are brought into consciousness by the laws of association, and there is much probability that, in this unconscious state, they are still capable of acting and reacting, and of working out true intellectual results.

We must find room for one other, the concluding paragraph of Dr. Youmans's lecture :

I have thus attempted to prove that only by inverting the rule of the past, which exalted the mind at the expense of the body, and bringing the resources of modern induction to the study of the corporeal organism, can we arrive at that higher and clearer knowledge of man, which will make possible any thing like a true Science of Human Nature. I have pointed out the salutary results which have already flowed from this method in the crucial test of the treatment of the insane; and the vast benefits which society cannot fail to reap from that clearer perception of the laws of vital and mental limitations which recent research has so decisively established; and I have also endeavoured to unfold the bearing of this view upon the subject of education. But the results enumerated are far from exhausting the broad applicability of the method. The grand characteristic of science is its universality; what is it, indeed, but the latest report of the human mind on the order of nature? Its principles are far-reaching and all-inclusive, so that when a knowledge of the true constitution of man is once attained, it confers insight into all the multitudinous phases of human manifestation. The same economy of power which science confers in the material world, and by which we obtain a maximum of effect from a minimum of

force, she confers also in the world of mind. When we have mastered the laws of physical education we have the essential data for dealing with questions of mental education, and these steps are the indispensable preparation for an enlightened moral education. And the same knowledge of the organism which shows how it may best be developed, gives also the clue to the understanding of its aberrant phenomena. That mysterious ground which has hitherto been the hot-bed of noxious superstitions and dangerous quackeries, is reclaimed to rational investigation, and the remarkable effects of reverie, ecstasy, hysteria, hallucinations, spectral illusions, dreaming, somnambulism, mesmerism, religious epidemics, and other kindred displays of nervous morbidity, find adequate explanation in the ascertained laws of our being. This kind of knowledge is, furthermore, not only of the highest value to all classes for practical guidance, but the philosophical students of man, whether viewing him in the moral, religious, social, æsthetic, ethnological, or historic aspects, must find their equal and indispensable preparation in the mastery of the biological and psychological laws which can alone explain the nature of the subject of their research.

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**EGYPT'S PLACE IN UNIVERSAL HISTORY.** — By C. C. J., Baron Bunsen. Translated from the German by Charles H. Cottrell, Esq., M.A. With additions by Samuel Birch, LL.D. In five vols. Vol. V. (Longmans.) — We can do no more than copy out this title-page, and announce the completion of the English transla-

tion of Baron Bunsen's great work. Among the contents of this volume appear a hieroglyphic dictionary and grammar, printed with type that has been cast for the purpose, and in a form which renders the study of the hieroglyphs generally accessible. — *Spectator*.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1212. — 24 August, 1867.

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*Erratum:* Under contents of 1211, the printer said "Miss Chester's Emma," instead of "Miss Austen's Emma."

## NEW BOOKS.

ORATION, POEM, and SPEECHES, delivered at the Fourth Annual Meeting of the Associated Alumni of the Pacific Coast, held at Oakland, California, 5th June, 1867. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

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## FASHIONABLE CHANGE OF HAIR.

ALL you, above whose heads have rolled  
Some years of observation,  
In female fashions must behold  
A wondrous alternation.  
Red hair, in scorn, our bygone age  
Called "carrots," and did sneeze on ;  
But now it has become the rage,  
And carrots are in season.

To brew a diabolic drench  
When hags of old thought proper,  
"Three ounces of a red-haired wench"  
They throw into their copper.  
For then, indeed, red hair was thought  
A fault as rank as treason ;  
But now it is adored and sought ;  
For carrots are in season.

A dark peruke then graced the head  
Of rufous damsel, shaven,  
Or else she turned her tresses red,  
By dyeing them, to raven.  
But raven now has had its day,  
And womankind agrees on'  
Transmuting hair the other way ;  
Since carrots are in season.

To Nature is a maiden fair  
For sable locks beholden ?  
She bleaches first, then stains, her hair,  
And makes the black all golden.  
And can that artificial hue  
Be put, mankind to please, on ?  
Apparently with no such view :  
But carrots are in season.

Of native gold beneath a thatch  
Dwell many charming creatures  
But counterfeit no art can match  
With heterogeneous features.  
The way of Woman is a way  
Inscrutable by reason :  
And therefore all that we can say  
Is, "Carrots are in season."

Ye girls who pretty carrots boast,  
(Well may you who possess them !)  
Of your fine carrots make the most,  
And mind you nicely dress them,  
Regardless of the wretched pun  
Which geese may make, with ease, on  
Hair soup and Crécy both in one,  
Now carrots are in season.

— Punch.

## SORROW.

UPON my lips she laid her touch divine,  
And merry speech and careless laughter died :  
She fixed her melancholy eyes on mine,  
And would not be denied.

I saw the West-wind loose its cloudlets w hite,  
In flocks careering through the April sky ;  
I could not sing, though joy was at its height,  
For she stood silent by.

I watched the lovely evening fade away —  
A mist was lightly drawn across the stars.  
She broke my quiet dream — I heard her say,  
"Behold your prison-bars !

Earth's gladness shall not satisfy your soul —  
This beauty of the world in which you live ;  
The crowning grace that sanctifies the whole,  
That I alone can give."

I heard, and shrank away from her afraid ;  
But still she held me, and would still abide.  
Youth's bounding pulses slackened and obeyed,  
With slowly ebbing tide.

And now I look beyond the evening star,  
Beyond the changing splendours of the day,  
Knowing the pain He sends more precious far,  
More beautiful than they.

I turned, and clasped her close, with sudden  
strength,  
And slowly, sweetly, I became aware  
Within my arms God's angel stood, at length,  
White-robed and calm and fair.

"Look thou beyond the evening sky," she said  
"Beyond the changing splendours of the day  
Accept the pain, the weariness, the dread,  
Accept, and bid me stay."

## THEY SAY.

THEY say — ah, well ! suppose they do !  
But can they prove the story true ?  
Suspicion may arise from naught  
But malice, envy, want of thought ;  
Why count yourself among the "they" ?  
Who whisper what they dare not say ?

They say — but why the tale rehearse,  
And help to make the matter worse ?  
No good can possibly accrue  
From telling what may be untrue ;  
And is it not a nobler plan  
To speak of all the best you can ?

They say — well, if it should be so,  
Why need you tell the tale of woe ?  
Will it the better wrong redress ?  
Or make one pang of sorrow less ?  
Will it the erring one restore,  
Henceforth to "go and sin no more ?"

They say — oh ! pause and look within !  
See how thy heart inclines to sin !  
Watch, lest in dark temptation's hour  
Thou, too, shouldst sink beneath its power !  
Pity the frail — weep o'er their fall,  
But speak of good, or not at all !

From the Quarterly Review.

*The History of the Norman Conquest of England, its Causes and its Results.*  
By Edward A. Freeman, M.A. Vol. I.  
Oxford, 1867.

JUST eight centuries ago was fought on English soil the most memorable battle of English history. Great forces were engaged on either side. On the one hand was the English people animated by much the same feelings, and possessed of much the same merits and defects, as are their descendants of the present day; on the other were drawn up the Norman invaders, a race which for great qualities knew no superior, and hardly an equal, amongst the nations of the middle ages: on the one side the passionate love of independence and national life, on the other the lust of conquest and the religious sanctions of that spiritual power which was about to overshadow every other dominion in Europe: on both, the ablest captains that either of the contending nations could produce. But the strength put forth by the two parties was not equal. The Norman Duke could do no more. He had adopted every precaution that the wisest policy and the coolest good sense could dictate; he had selected for the enterprise the flower of his army; he had exhausted all the resources which his own means, or the liberality of his barons, or the favour of the Papal court, could supply. England, on the contrary, staked every thing upon an army unequal in numbers, worn out by previous fighting and long marches, and composed of hirelings and hasty levies. She staked then, as it is conceivable that she might stake again, her constitution, her monarchy, her national independence upon the merest faction of her real strength, and the chances of a single battle. For some hours, indeed, the issue of that battle hung doubtful, but before evening it had inclined, as was natural, to the side of policy and prudence, and the cause of England was irretrievably lost. She had but one general, and he was slain; the legitimate heir to the Crown was, from extreme youth, if not from character, unequal to the emergency; her natural leaders were unready and divided; her traders thought only of their selfish interests. In October, the English army was defeated in Sussex: at Christmas the Conqueror was crowned King of England in Westminster Abbey.

It is a story that has been written more than once, but the interest of it is undying, and it will long be read and re-read by suc-

cessive generations of Englishmen. To no man on this subject is a deeper debt of gratitude due than to Sir F. Palgrave; and — marred, as it is, by frequent faults and shortcomings, and rendered, alas, still more imperfect through his untimely loss, — his great work on England and Normandy will probably grow with age in reputation and value. But there remain broad spaces to be filled in, many scattered threads to be gathered into the unity of a complete and consecutive history, much careful criticism to be applied to conflicting narratives and doubtful facts. This Mr. Freeman has undertaken in the volume now before us, which, though it contains 650 pages, treats of events and political conditions preliminary to the Conquest, and brings us down only to the death of Edward the Confessor. And it has been undertaken with a fulness of research, a critical exactitude, and, in spite of obvious prepossessions on particular subjects, with a fairness and honesty of purpose which will deservedly give it a worthy place amongst English histories. We are, however, bound to add that whilst we are ready to accept many of Mr. Freeman's conclusions, and to give unqualified praise to the patient and exhaustive method by which he has reached them, we shall not follow him into the archaic, and, to modern eyes, the somewhat grotesque spelling to which he has abandoned himself. Early French history is not so familiar to the great mass of readers that it need be still further darkened by the substitution of Merlings and Karlings for Merovingians and Carolingians: it is doubtful whether substantial advantage is gained by the conversion of Canute into Cnut, even though the latter name be technically correct; and if it were not that Mr. Freeman's real learning places him above the charge, we should say that there is an affectation in replacing names so familiar and rooted in the English language as Egbert, Edward, and the great name of Alfred, by the unnatural and distorted equivalents of Ecgberht, Eadward, and Ælfred.

But, apart from all minor considerations, we follow Mr. Freeman with unqualified pleasure through the main course of the present volume. We are disposed to agree in most of his conclusions, and in none more than in his conception of the relations which the great event that he has undertaken to describe bears to the times preceding it and following upon it. Equally in the first as in the last page, he assigns to the Norman Conquest its true position, protests against the common belief that it

is the beginning of English history, and insists upon the fact that it was but one scene in the great and continuous drama of English life and nationality. Not merely that the rudiments of our present political and social organization may be discovered by the curious antiquarian in the dooms and charters of Anglo-Saxon kings; but that the very framework of that organisation, complete in its essential parts, though rude, can be distinctly traced in the chronicles, the laws, the institutions, and the temper of our forefathers nine hundred years ago.

'No event,' Mr. Freeman says, 'is less fitted to be taken, as it too often has been taken, for the beginning of our national history. For its whole importance is not the importance which belongs to a beginning, but the importance which belongs to a turning-point. The Norman Conquest brought with it a most extensive foreign infusion, which affected our blood, our language, our laws, our arts; still it was only an infusion: the older and stronger elements still survived, and in the long run they again made good their supremacy. So far from being the beginning of our national history, the Norman Conquest was the temporary overthrow of our national being (p. 1-2). . . . It did not at once sweep away the old laws and liberties of the land; but it at once changed the manner and spirit of their administration, and it opened the way for endless later changes in the laws themselves (p. 4). . . . But the constitution remained the same; the laws, with a few changes in detail, remained the same; the language of public documents remained the same. The powers which were vested in King William and his Witan remained constitutionally the same as those which had been vested in King Eadgar and his Witan a hundred years before. . . . I cannot too often repeat, for the saying is the very summing-up of the whole history, that the Norman Conquest was not the wiping-out of the constitution, the laws, the language, the national life of Englishmen.'—p. 72.

Probably, indeed, no country or people can show an equally continuous and connected existence. From the sixth century, at least, to the present day, three distinct languages and races—English, Welsh, and Gaelic—have occupied this island; and from the tenth century downwards, the main divisions of the country, and the local names of the great bulk of its towns and villages, have descended to us with little alteration, whilst the general temper and character of the people have remained substantially unaltered. The monarchy limited by constitutional restrictions, the great powers exercised by Witan and Parliament, the open and unexclusive character

of the aristocracy, are alike common to the tenth and nineteenth centuries. The jury system and the territorial division of hundreds belong to a still earlier period; but we may count the formal organisation of a State Church, and perhaps the establishment of our laws of entail, as legacies of the great Alfred: we may trace the connection of rank and territorial rights in the histories of Anglo-Saxon Ears and Ealdormen; we may note, then, as at a later period, the mingled elements of monarchical and democratic force which come out in the succession and the power of our early kings; we may refer the mild character of English legislation back to the times when the bishop sat as presiding judge of the Shire court; we may even identify the ship-money of Charles I. with the statute of the thirtieth year of King Ethelred, and with the legal assessments made by him and his Witan on the inland counties. And thus the stately and unbroken procession of our history unfolds itself—the Crown, the nobility, the Parliament, the legislation, ever the same in their attributes and functions, referable to no one single event or date, but losing themselves in the primeval forests of Germany, or, as Mr. Freeman does not scruple to say, in the very origin of the Aryan race. It is in this slow and sure development that the secret of our national strength, our steadiness of purpose, our cautious love of precedent, our temperate avoidance of political extremes, is to be found.

As we write, indeed, changes are in progress which threaten to make these great characteristics things of the past. The political ground on which so many generations of Englishmen have walked in faith and security is crumbling under our feet, and new institutions, as strange as they are sudden, are starting into existence. What the issue will be no man can say; but this at least is certain, that if the results of so great a shock are less disastrous to us than they would be to any other nation, it will be due to those many centuries of consecutive and consistent discipline that have contributed insensibly to the formation of our national character.

That England has always been the same might be shown by more than one illustration; and it would be easy even to enlarge the picture which Mr. Freeman has drawn. Not only may her historical continuity be traced onward from the sixth century, but it may be recognised even at an earlier date and under an older race. Thus in the analogies to be discovered between the successive civilisation of the British, Roman,

and Saxon races, the England of the earliest and the latest times remains, in a sense beyond that of other countries, one and the same. Much, of course, was due to the natural fertility of the soil, the advantages of the climate, and the happy effects of that climate upon the character of the population. At a very early period, indeed, there was a popular and common superstition, founded upon such reports as those of Himilco, the Carthaginian explorer, that beyond the Pillars of Hercules darkness and perpetual night brooded over the ocean, and that in a sea heavy with weed and swarming with strange monsters Nature herself sickened and almost died. Nor is it, in passing, uninteresting to observe how centuries afterwards, more than one hundred years after the fall of the Western Empire, when Britain had for a time dropped out of the sight of Europe, by some strange freak of Fortune, these weird fables were adopted and recast even in a still more fantastic form by the Byzantine historian. But it was substantially Cæsar's invasion that opened up the 'alter orbis' of Britain, as theological and lay writers alike designated her, to the then civilised world; and from Cæsar's time the general tenor of allusions to the climate and the physical resources of the island is favourable. Even Cæsar, according to the popular belief of the time, was said to have been attracted by the promise of the pearl fisheries. Cæsar, indeed, found no jewels to reward him for the dangers of his expedition, though, on his return to Rome, he dedicated a pearl breastplate to Venus Genitrix, the tutelary deity whom his policy and his family traditions had chosen; but he found broad tracts of corn in the rich soil of Kent, and he found in the Southern counties the evidence of a civilisation, which, though slender when measured by a modern standard, was not inferior to that of many parts of the continent to which Roman ideas had obtained access. He says that the Britons used no money; but there are numerous coins extant which were struck in Britain nearly a century before his invasion. Rude as they are, they show some technical skill. They were mostly copied from Greek types, which, with Byzantine and Eastern coins, found their way at a very early period across Russia to the shores of the Baltic, or were carried into Gaul and thence into Britain. Thus the descent of a British coin from a gold stater of Philip of Macedon cannot be mistaken. The Greek chariot and horses gradually degenerate, through successive imitations

and imitations of imitations, into grotesque lines and figures—at first seeming to assume the form of some Northern centaur or griffin, and at length wholly losing the original idea in a tangle of meaningless arabesques. Yet such as they are, when we look either to the device or the workmanship, the inference is irresistible, that the inhabitants of the Southern counties at least had already acquired a certain and a distinct degree of civilisation.

Again, though mere coincidences must not be taken for a systematic continuity of national history, it is curious to observe the singular reproduction of some of its leading features at each successive stage. Thus with each of the great conquests in turn—Roman, Saxon, Danish, Norman—an infusion of fresh blood, and, allowing for the circumstances of the time, a singular amalgamation of race, have taken place. Under the rule of Rome, her auxiliary troops came from all parts of the world to Britain. The Sarmatian and Gaul, the Spaniard and Dalmatian, even the strange African and Egyptian, seem to have settled down in the country of their adoption, and to have become incorporated with the people whom they had been sent to control and protect. To this day the fragments of inscription and altar give evidence of the strange medley of race and religion which was then accomplished. But when Roman supremacy was at an end, another similar renewal of our national life took place. It may be that the famous 'littus Saxonicum,' which has been the battle-field of so much historical controversy, bears witness to a still earlier and more gradual mingling of races that had occurred: but anyhow, during the fifth and sixth centuries, England received her largest and most important accession of foreign blood in the Saxons, Angles, and Jutes, between whom she was partitioned. This was a conquest in the full and the old sense of the word. The conquerors overspread the country, appropriated all property, changed the customs, and mingling more or less, as the case may be, with the native race, became henceforward the nation. It was the migration of a people; and the only question is, how far the national existence of the original population was or was not crushed out and obliterated by the invaders. But when the conquest was completed and the Saxon settlers established throughout the length of the land, once more the same process was repeated, though on a somewhat narrower scale—it can scarcely be said under circumstances of much less cruelty and bloodshed. The

earlier Danish invasions were, as Mr. Freeman has pointed out, with the simple object of plunder; and that object was gained by the alternate use or threat of fire and sword. 'They land, they harry the country, they fight, if need be, to secure their booty; but whether defeated or victorious they equally return to their ships, and sail away with what they have gathered' (p. 45). But about the middle of the ninth century there came a period in which settlement rather than plunder was their object. Their earliest and their principal settlements were to be found, as might be expected, in East Anglia, and round the shores of the Wash in consequence of its neighbourhood to the Jutland coast; but before long they forced their way inland — wherever they could, up the rivers in their favourite galleys; where they could not, on horses taken from the population — and, spreading themselves over the rich districts of Mercia, they gradually appropriated the larger part of the country which lay north of the Watling Street, and which was ceded by Alfred at the peace of Wedmore. It was here that the great Danish quinquilateral was situated — the five famous boroughs of Stamford, Leicester, Derby, Nottingham, and Lincoln, consolidated by separate judicial and municipal institutions into a confederacy powerful for war, for commerce, and for colonisation, and forming the very key and centre of Danish influence in England. There was, indeed, subsequently a third period, when the desire of settlement gave way to the ambition and policy of conquest; but the real colonization that has affected, and will to all time affect, the character of our population, took place during the latter part of the ninth century. Yet even now, when Saxon and Dane had successively conquered and taken possession — whilst the consolidation was still incomplete — a fresh element of singular force was thrown into the crucible in which our national character was gradually taking form. Comparatively scanty in numbers, but powerful in superior cultivation and in their fiery vigour, the Normans burst upon the country and at once engrossed its entire government, with all the influences and effects which such a supremacy involves. But not even then was our history weary of repeating itself, or was the combination of differing elements complete. The wisdom of Edward III., the policy of Elizabeth, the tolerance of William of Orange, in turn welcomed the industrious artisans or the religious exiles whom foreign persecution had made outcasts from their

own land. Thus national circumstances, temper and policy, have at all times concurred in opening wide the door to foreign elements, and have contributed to the formation of a people which, though like the Roman, sprung from a 'colluvies gentium,' has played no mean part in the world's history.

But if our history has repeated itself in these successive additions to the population and their contributions to the sum total of English life and nationality, there is also a resemblance to be traced in the manner in which each new race took its place by the side of the one which it had dispossessed. Mr. Freeman,\* indeed, believes in an extirpation of the British population so far as such a phenomenon is possible, and he founds his belief upon the Teutonic nomenclature of English towns, and — adopting the argument which Niebuhr originally applied to the old Italian races — upon the domestic and menial character of those Celtic words which form a part of the language. But of these two reasons the latter only indicates that which we know to be the historical fact — the subjugation of the native race. Subjugation does not necessarily involve extermination. Slaves were obviously of the greatest use, if they were not absolutely necessary, to the Saxon freemen who conquered and divided the country; and it is but natural to suppose that slaves would leave the impress of slavish ideas upon the national language. Nor did it always happen that the conquered people were reduced to the condition of slaves. The relations of the two parties were frequently of a more friendly and equal character. Exeter, for instance, in the reign of Athelstan, as has been remarked by an antiquarian, † was inhabited by Saxons and British who lived on equal terms (*æquo jure*), which they could only have done by virtue of an original composition with the Saxon conquerors. So too, although it is true that the greater part of our towns are Teutonic in name, the map of modern England bears ample witness to her pre-Teutonic masters. The ancient traveller of the second and third centuries, who landed on the south-east coast, traversed in his journey westward many towns identical in name with those now existing. Dubræ, Rutupis, Regulbium, correspond with Dover, Richborough, Reculver on the coast, as Londinium, Spina, Glevum, are the faithful equivalents of London, Speen, and Gloucester.

\* P. 18.

† Mr. Wright, 'Celt, Roman and Saxon,' p. 446.

And if the nomenclature of towns and villages is Saxon (in the northern and north-eastern parts of England, it is at least as much Danish as Saxon) the aspect of the peasantry in many districts shows an underlying element of British origin. Of that native race, some fled to the Welsh mountains, some to the western peninsula of Devon and Cornwall; but 'the mass of the people,' as Mr. Kemble says,\* 'accustomed to Roman rule or the oppression of native princes, probably suffered little by a change of masters and did little to avoid it.' Each successive conquest, Roman, Saxon, Danish, forced back towards the south-west, in much the same geographical direction, that part of the conquered race which refused all terms with its conquerors, and with each conquest the more pliable part of the conquered race was amalgamated with their conquerors. As, at a later period, Normans settled down by the side of English, and Danes by the side of Saxons, so the Saxons incorporated the British inhabitants of the island — those of the towns as tributaries, those of the country as slaves. It is a remarkable fact that, whilst the majority of the large Romano-British towns, which stood within purely British territory — Ariconium, Magna, Bravinium, Uriconium — were swept away (the Roman coins, which have been found in the blackened ruins bearing distinct testimony, by their regular succession and their abrupt termination, to the time at which the work of destruction was consummated), the greater number of those that stood east of the Severn survived the deluge of Saxon invasion.

We are naturally led on from such questions as these to the 'Imperial and Roman, theories of which Sir F. Palgrave was so eminent an advocate, and from which Mr. Freeman expresses a stronger dissent than in our opinion can be justified by the facts of the case or by its general probabilities. In the speculation indeed, which is one of the most interesting — whence, how, with what object, to what extent, the Kings of England adopted the imperial titles and insignia of Rome — Mr. Freeman has taken a middle view. That such titles were assumed, that the King of England was styled in contemporary documents and annals *Basilens, Cæsar, Imperator*; that his coinage bore the world-wide device of the Latin wolf; that his laws and charters were written in the imperial language of Rome; that he adopted its forms and ceremonials, and that he had a certain ground historically

and actually, as the ruler of that which Emperor and Pope allowed to be 'alter orbis,' upon which he could claim equality with the German or Byzantine, or Italian representative of the empire, are indisputable facts. On the other hand that the pretension came prominently forward for the first time with Athelstan, and that, where policy sanctioned and actual circumstances warranted the assumption of a more imposing state, it was natural and likely that such state would be assumed without too nice an inquiry into its right and moral fitness, are equally true. Mr. Freeman indicates three hypotheses: \*

1. That such titles were adopted out of mere vanity.
2. That they implied a real claim to the imperial succession.
3. That they were borrowed from a feeling that the English monarchy was essentially an imperial one, and in protest and repudiation of the alleged supremacy of the German Empire.

The first of these views has never found, we believe, any real defender; the second fairly represents Sir F. Palgrave's opinion; the last, which has also been suggested by Mr. Bryce in his very interesting volume on the 'Holy Roman Empire,' is adopted by Mr. Freeman.

It would carry us beyond our present limits were we to inquire, with the care which the question deserves, into the merits of the two last theories. If Sir F. Palgrave's view, enhanced as it is by the personal incidents and the fresh colouring of his narrative, possesses the greatest fascination, Mr. Freeman's may claim for itself a sobriety and moderation of argument which will prepossess the general student in its favour. It is not improbable that he has assigned the known facts to the true cause. At the same time he has allowed a very obvious repugnance to the Roman theory to carry him too far, when he says that 'the English wiped out every thing Celtic and every thing Roman as thoroughly as every thing Roman was wiped out of Africa by the Saracen conquerors of Carthage' (p. 20). It is hard to believe that the occupation of Britain was merely superficial, and that 'the arts, language, and religion' of Rome utterly perished at the approach of the Saxon invaders. The Roman occupation of Britain was not, like that of the French in Algeria, one of a day. It had endured more than four times the length of our tenure of India, and it had been gradually

\* Saxons in England, i. p. 20.

\* F. 145.

extended from the south through the midland parts of the country into the 'Caledoniæ pruinæ' of the north. How extensive it was may be conjectured from the traces of cultivation that can yet be distinguished upon the Northumberland hills, and from the construction of a second wall to give security to the Roman settlers who, with the hardihood of English colonists, had ventured beyond the protection of the first.

What may have been the precise character of Roman rule, whether the feeling of nationality in its modern sense had any existence in the native population, are questions which do not admit of a simple answer. If, on the one hand, the violence of Boadicea's insurrection, provoked though it was by the insolence and injustice of a provincial official, suggests an unfavourable inference, on the other, we know that at the very time of that outbreak a town like Colchester was unwall'd, and that a little later the presence of four legions was considered a sufficient guarantee for the maintenance of order in Britain. It is probable that historians generally have laid too little stress upon the influence which that long occupation by Rome exercised upon the life and character of the races which succeeded to it. England, and especially those southern districts which in Saxon times constituted the kingdom of Wessex, and which subsequently, till the rise of our great manufacturing towns, have been the centre and almost the impelling cause of national energy, must have been penetrated with Roman civilisation. In the villas, the baths, the amphitheatres, the tessellated pavements, the articles of personal comfort and luxury, which are so freely scattered through the country, it is impossible to mistake the existence of a wealthy class, who ingrafted upon the occupations of provincial life the ideas and politics of Roman citizens. Independent in temper as the Province on more than one occasion showed herself to be, the connexion maintained with Italy must have been close; and the significant fact has been noted, that on the deposition of Heliogabalus in Rome an inscription in his honour in Britain was immediately effaced — a curious instance of that uniformity, which, whilst it impressed the civilised world, failed to create a nation, and which, like mosaic work, though it reduced the whole to one single pattern and type, left each single piece separate and distinct.

When even Roman ascendancy was utterly broken, and England had become in her

main features Teutonic, it seems incredible to suppose that the influences of a dominion, which had lasted for as long a time as that which has intervened between the Wars of the Roses and the Crimean war, could have been 'wiped out,' without leaving some substantial traces upon the institutions and mind of the people. The heathen conquerors destroyed the statues and the works of art just as an ignorant Arab mutilates an Assyrian sculpture or impression: they laid waste graceful villas, and converted municipal buildings to their own rude purposes, with as little scruple as the Italian of the middle ages turned the Coliseum into a quarry; but, for generations after the sceptre of Roman authority had been broken, the external symbols of Roman power must have been continually present to the public eye. The great camps and military stations, placed on most commanding sites, the massive walls, which even the waste of time and weather and the accidents of fourteen hundred years have failed to destroy, must have long preserved the recollection of the rule under which Britain had lived and prospered. Some, indeed, of those military stations, which had been protected only by earthworks, might under the plough or from the silent growth of wood disappear, or when grassed over might in the course of a few generations be attributed in popular imagination to the work of elf or giant; but whenever more durable materials were employed, and the form and use of the original building remained, it is but natural to suppose that some recollection of the builders would exist. Incapable as our forefathers were of constructing the bridges and light-houses which Bede has recorded, they could not be insensible to them and to the other indestructible vestiges of ancient administrative organization: incapable as they were, even after six hundred years of supremacy, of any but a rough and ponderous and unornamented architecture, they must have recognised in the gilded domes of Caerleon, which, as we know from Giraldus Cambrensis, were still to be seen in the time of Henry II., a higher type of artistic splendour than any within their powers of imitation. As conquered Greece had led Rome captive, so Rome in turn threw a spell over her conquerors. Goth, Vandal, Lombard, even whilst they forced their way into the treasure-house of ancient civilization, found themselves unconsciously bending to the charm of that great name: nor is it easy to see why Saxons or Danes in England should have been less susceptible or more un-

yielding than their northern fellows elsewhere.

But of all the great works which visibly recalled the advantages of that unrivalled administration, the most conspicuous were the military roads, which by the end of the fourth century connected the different parts of Britain. What the lines of railway are to modern England, what the system of canals is to China — the military highways, supplemented by a network of commercial roads, were to the Roman Empire. It was by them that the external unity of that vast system were maintained. Thus, when the Helvetii in a body of nearly 400,000 souls broke across the Gaulish frontier, Cæsar took the command in person, and travelled from Rome to Geneva in eight days. And as the roads were in Italy in the time of Cæsar, so they were afterwards in Britain in the days of Hadrian or the Antonines, the former of whom incurred some ridicule for his wandering tendencies in the well-known lines of Florus: —

‘Ego nolo Cæsar esse,  
Ambulare per Britannos,  
Scythicas pati pruinas.’ \*

We not only know the materials and the exact mode of construction adopted, but we have no less than three distinct sources of information extant to guide us in our inquiries into the highways of Roman Britain. For centuries, indeed, those roads, though neglected and unrepaired, remained the best and almost the only lines of traffic. What their condition was after thirteen hundred years of ceaseless wear and equally ceaseless neglect at the period of the Restoration, Lord Macaulay has described; when Thoresby, the antiquarian, lost his way between Doncaster and York, when Pepys and his wife lost their way between Reading and Newbury, when the Viceroy on his road to Ireland was five hours in travelling fourteen miles, and when Prince George of Denmark, on a visit to Petworth, was six hours in going nine miles; but still they remained the best if not the only high roads, and De Foe, writing in 1720, could anticipate no better prospect for them and for the country than that they should be restored to their original condition under the Romans.

But whilst her roads have within the last century been replaced by a modern and still more effective system of communication, the influence of Rome lived on and

still lives in those institutions which it is the custom to refer to our Teutonic forefathers. The guilds and associations, which are jealously and persistently claimed as their legacy, are really the bequest of Rome, just as the forms of popular self-government established in the principal cities of Gaul were founded upon the image of a Roman senate and municipality. It is in the Roman towns of Britain, in the combination of the *étrapia* system of the South with the Northern notions of frank-pledge, that the origin of English self-government is to be found: it is in the Roman ‘collegia’ of trades that the guilds of our forefathers have their birth. The Saxon officials in many instances corresponded with their Roman predecessors, and the municipal functions of some of our great corporations date back rather to the organizing character of Imperial administration than to the instincts of the German tribes.

In studying the first volume of Mr. Freeman’s ‘History of the Norman Conquest,’ it is impossible to avoid an occasional reference to, and sometimes a comparison with, the works of his two great predecessors, Sir Francis Palgrave and M. Thierry. Each is distinguished by excellences peculiarly its own, and all three are worthy of the great subject of which they treat. But there is a marked difference of view not less than of style. Sir F. Palgrave presents a striking picture founded upon a wide course of study, though unfortunately his great work is marred by the almost total absence of references; but, in the midst of his happiest descriptions, we sometimes become sensible of a critical inexactitude which is painful. M. Thierry has also given us a picture of the same period, so vivid in its colouring that its very improbabilities seem reasonable, and so consistent as a whole, that it fascinates the mind on a first reading with an irresistible charm. But here again, great command of facts and great imaginative power are in a measure vitiated by the absence of the critical faculty. In Mr. Freeman’s work we have also a picture; and if he were equal in imaginative power to Sir F. Palgrave and M. Thierry, that picture would be almost perfect, because it is founded upon an exhaustive investigation of facts and a keen discrimination of their relative value. Ethelred, the King without ‘rede,’ the man without moral principle, the worst and weakest of English sovereigns, whose reign was one unbroken record of misgovernment, treachery, and failure — Edmund, the patriot, the hero, the great captain, the representative

\* ‘Anthologia Latina,’ No 212. Ed. Meyer.



and embodiment of that indomitable English spirit which shone out in the six pitched battles of those short seven months, when he won back the whole kingdom of Wessex from the Danes — Canute, who, like Augustus, was improved by success, and whose character, in its early ferocity and its later mildness, its sternness towards his own countrymen and its conciliation towards the favoured country of his adoption, Mr. Freeman has, we think, delineated with remarkable discrimination and delicacy of touch: the great King, the Emperor of all kings and nations in Britain, the lord of five if not of six Crowns, as politic as he was powerful — Brightnoth, the hero alike of his church and country, redeeming both in life and death the evil days in which his lot was cast, and showing even in defeat what Englishmen could do when worthily led — Edric, whose ceaseless and inexplicable treacheries are reduced to a semblance of reason and consistency — all these are invested with a distinctness and personality, which, when, as in this case, unattended by a sacrifice of truth, are very welcome.

Apart from the history and personal influences of individuals, few inquiries are more interesting than those which serve to determine the relations of Anglo Saxon England to the other countries of the then civilised world. What those relations were — political, commercial, dynastic, religious — what their character and extent, are questions necessary to a right understanding of early English history, and nowhere, as it appears to us, worked out with the fulness which they deserve. Sir F. Palgrave has shadowed out the idea, and Mr. Freeman has followed, but can hardly be said to have filled up the sketch. The further indeed this question is pursued, the clearer it will be that the geographical position of England, though it necessarily lessened, did not prevent a connection, and sometimes a close connection, with the courts and capitals of other countries.

At no time in our history, since the Carthaginian galley is said to have been run aground by her own crew to preserve the secrets of their commerce with Britain, was the 'toto divisos orbe Britannos' of the Roman poet a strictly faithful statement of the case. In the earliest dawn of national existence a great portion of the tin which was produced in Britain was taken overland through France and shipped at the Phœcean colony of Marseilles, just as amber was carried on pack-horses from the shores of the Baltic to Southern Germany. Later, Strabo described not only the petty

trade which passed, and doubtless had always passed, with the neighbouring shores of Gaul, but the larger and more valuable exports of corn, cattle, gold, silver, iron, slaves, and hounds — strengthening the intercourse which a common Druidism had, as we know, created.

With the ordered rule of Roman institutions Britain became a living and inseparable part of the empire; with the decay of that rule the connection was dissolved. It was dissolved in those terrible waves of barbarian invasion which swept over the face of Europe; but when the storm had abated, and the barbarians, in England as elsewhere, had taken root in the lands which they had won for themselves, the old connection revived. It is true that the course of religious and ecclesiastical affairs, after the landing of Augustine, was mainly developed by our own internal action. Whilst the German tribes that crossed the Rhine or the Alps came within the magic charm of Latin Christianity, the English Church, in its clergy, its hymns, its legends, and its leading names, remained essentially Teutonic. On the other hand, whilst that Church sent forth her missionaries to preach the Gospel to their kinsmen abroad, the foreign influences which they imported were comparatively few. The English Church then, as in later times, was singularly national in character; and perhaps it is to this that we must refer the fact that, from the time of Dunstan to that of the Norman Conquest, no one English ecclesiastic stands out into historical prominence. But in almost every other department of life the relations of England with the rest of the civilised world were closer and more frequent than we might at first sight have supposed. Commercial ties were forming. By the eighth century Englishmen were in the habit of visiting the chief cities of France and Italy; Constantinople was well known; and the great fair in Jerusalem attracted travellers and merchants from all parts of the world. By that time, too, had arisen the commerce which was continuously carried on between England and Scandinavia. Thence it followed the line of a regular commercial route by Novgorod through Russia to Constantinople, and even to the Far East; and how varied were the nations and countries thus brought into connection with England, we know from the famous treasure-trove of Cuerdale in Lancashire, buried probably about a hundred years before the reign of Canute, and containing, not only French and Italian, but Byzantine and Kufic coins. It is perhaps to the Danes and their passion-

ate love of the sea that we mainly owe that spirit of commercial enterprise which the laws of Alfred and Athelstane sought to foster, but which until Danish influences had penetrated the national character, was less congenial to the landward instincts of our Saxon forefathers.

In the same way art, though at a low ebb, shows some evidence of the connection with the great cities of the Continent. The ramparts of Exeter built of square stone, the 'fair walls' of Rochester, the stone minster of Assandun on the scene of Canute's great victory, were doubtless due to the teaching of foreign workmen. Even the religious spirit which carried noble and royal pilgrims to the feet of the Roman Pontiff, which attracted king and warrior, monk and scholar, to what has been truly called the Jerusalem of Christianity, re-acted upon the artistic knowledge and skill of the day. Wilfrid, the greatest of those early pilgrims, accomplished the journey, and brought back with him the art which filled the windows of York Cathedral with stained glass. Offa, the great Mercian sovereign (the correspondent and compeer of Charlemagne), Alfred, and Canute, all in turn visited Rome. Alfred received his consecration at the hands of the Pope; Alfred's brother-in-law actually ended his days in Rome; Canute, in one of the most striking letters of the age, has recorded his reception by the two heads of Christendom; whilst we have a curious trace of Offa's pilgrimage in his coinage, which immeasurably exceeds in clearness and fineness of workmanship the rude money both of his predecessors and successors. It is not improbable that he may have imported some of the foreign artisans who, even in the midst of her decay, were still to be found in the capital of the Christian world.

Nor was it only a commercial, or personal, or artistic relation, that drew England during so many centuries into connection with the Continent. The tie was often a political one. Thus Ethelwulf, the father of Alfred, when an old man, returning from his Roman pilgrimage and hospitably received at the French court, married Judith the daughter of Charles le Chauve; whilst in the next generation a son of Judith by a subsequent husband renewed the connection by a marriage with Alfred's daughter. So, too, Charles le Simple had, as a boy, been conveyed to England by his friends, to bide the time when more favourable circumstances would allow him to reclaim his hereditary rights. So Erigena studied at Oxford; so Fulco Archbishop of Rheims sought the

protection of Alfred, and became Chancellor and Bishop of Winchester; so Alcuin of York advised the great Charlemagne. Even in the conquest and settlement of Normandy by the Danish pirates, England and English things were curiously connected. No insignificant part of Rollo's crew were Englishmen; in his old palace at Rouen, of which every vestige has now disappeared, there was an 'Alfred's Tower,' and English was the language which the Frenchmen said was spoken by the pirates and their leader. But in no instance were the royal alliances more strongly marked than in the family of Edward, Alfred's son and successor. Of seven daughters, five married royal princes, and of these, three were the wives of men whose position was the highest and whose relations with each other were the most closely connected of all the sovereigns in Christendom. One married Otho of Germany, another Hugh, the founder of the Capetian line, and the third Charles le Simple, the Carolingian and titular King of France. From this last union sprang Louis — a fitting representative in ability and misfortune of that great, but now falling, dynasty — Louis d'Outremer, as he was called from his long exile in the court of his uncle Athelstan and from the English dialect which he spoke. In that court, where other exiles besides himself found refuge, Louis was educated, and by the support of that court he returned to France to claim his hereditary throne, and to wear out his life in a chequered, though not unworthy, contest with enemies, friends and adverse circumstances.

In Ethelred's reign, which was as pregnant with important changes as with national misfortunes, the political connection of England with foreign countries grows, clear beyond the power of misapprehension. Relations now arise with another and a more formidable power than Carolingian France, or imperial Germany, or the distant and therefore neutral nations of the Continent; and as if in anticipation of the grand tragedy to be enacted in the next generation, the shadow of the Norman duchy is thrown across the track of English policy. For the first time England and Normandy came into hostile collision: for the first time England and Normandy are united by a royal marriage. The hostile collision was softened by the mediation of the Holy See — the first and last instance of papal conciliation recorded in English history — but the marriage of Ethelred and Emma was as fruitful in consequences as ever was royal or political union. Beautiful, daring, saga-

cious, the 'Jewel of Normandy,' as she was called in her younger days, the wife of two successive kings, and the mother of the last English prince of the house of Cerdic, Emma was one of the central figures of English history. From her time and influence dates the immigration of those Norman nobles who were the forerunners of the greater invasion under William: from her time the Romance tongue, the language of our ancient jurisprudence, was freely spoken in the English court; then first French favourites — such as Hugo the Norman, who was the governor and betrayer of Exeter to the Danes, Eustace of Boulogne, whose licentious, marauding soldiery contributed to the capture of the unfortunate Alfred, or Archbishop Robert, whose expulsion afterwards furnished the Conqueror with one of his grounds of quarrel — obtained high posts of trust and honour; then first was imported the French custom of affixing the great seal to public documents in addition to the plain English cross; then a French chancery was established; until at last the day came when Edward, a foreigner in tastes language, and habits, returned from his French exile to mount the English throne.

There remains indeed the inquiry, which no mere narrative of events, nor even a philosophical inquiry into their meaning and relations, will satisfy. What were the physical characteristics of the country in which our ancestors moved, and lived, and played the parts which we delight to retrace? Can we at all rediscover their existence in the England of our generation? and is there any continuity to be traced in this, as we believe that there was in our political and constitutional history? Or, if we were suddenly removed into that earlier stage of society, should we find little in her features to remind us of the rich and cultivated garden which, amidst endless towns, and smiling villages, and villas, and country-houses, stretches from sea to sea, and every year seems to acquire additional beauty? There is probably no part of Lord Macaulay's great work which is of livelier interest than the chapter in which he has described the general appearance of the country at the time of the Restoration. The materials from which a picture of still life in the tenth and eleventh centuries might be drawn, are of course fewer and more conjectural than those which were at Lord Macaulay's command; but a great writer, at once acquainted with the entire range of contemporary literature, and possessed of imaginative power to project himself into the thoughts and circumstances of the time — without which the writ-

ing of history is but the partial and frigid, and in a measure untruthful, chronicling of events — would find sufficient for his purpose. His conclusions would doubtless be of a mixed character; but, on the whole, it is probable that in the physical aspect of the country he would recognize changes far larger and more striking than those which have taken place in the character of the people or the elements of constitutional life, to which we have already alluded. The climate itself has undergone an undoubted change. The complaints which are sometimes made that the May-day of the nineteenth century is not marked by the warm burst of spring, as our early writers loved to represent it, are idle; for if they have any ground of truth, and are to be taken as expressing any thing more than the warmth and colouring in which poets are accustomed to dress their ideas, they proceed from a forgetfulness of the alteration in the calendar. But in fact the climate has been modified. The extremes of weather have been in England, as they are already said to be in Canada, tempered; the cold of winter has grown less severe, the heat of summer less scorching. But the greatest and happiest change has been the substitution of dry land and fertile corn-fields for wastes of sedge and inland water. The marshes, which Herodian thought worth noticing in the time of Severus' expedition, were familiar objects in the landscape of Saxon, Dane, and Norman, and have only disappeared, with their wildfowl and their agues, before the draining-engines of the present century. Somersetshire was defended by a wild tract of marshland; East Anglia was cut off from Mercia; the Isle of Thanet, where the early leaders of the Saxon invasion are said to have disembarked, was separated from the main land; Glastonbury, the 'insula Avallonia' of King Arthur's false tomb, was an island. Ely, which, as it had given shelter to Harold and his Saxons, so afterwards became a camp of refuge to the Angevin Normans, was an island. Crowland, too, was an island. When, about the middle of the ninth century, the Danes took and sacked the monastery, putting every soul except one child to the sword, the sacred vessels and relics were carried away in a boat and secreted in the marshes. And when Crowland had become famous as the 'Bee' of Danish England, and was governed by Danish abbots, it still preserved its insular character. But these great marshlands were doubtless in some measure connected with the existing condition of coast on both

sides of the channel. The shores were less shallow, the rivers were deeper, and the tides ran farther inland — all of them conditions which facilitated the invasions of the Northmen. Nor has the line of coast itself remained unchanged during the last thousand years. In some parts, as Sir F. Palgrave has pointed out, the sea has gained on the land. The Goodwin Sands are now far out at sea; Ravensburgh, where Henry IV. landed, is sunk below the waves. In other places, as on the shores of Norfolk and Suffolk, the sea has receded, and on the Sussex coast to this day may be seen, far inland, the iron rings to which the boats of an earlier generation were attached.

Not less conspicuous were the great woods — for the term 'forest' properly included moorland as well as timber — which covered so large a part of England, and which, as in the case of the Andredsweald, or forest of Anderida, extended over the best part of several counties. But how largely these forests affected the public mind, the every day life, the legislation and the superstitions of each successive race that held possession of the country, it would be difficult to say. The Roman colonists delighted in the chase of the wild animals with which those forests abounded; their pottery was ornamented with hunting scenes; their inscriptions, like those of the Assyrian kings, recorded the events of any memorable day's sport; their coins bore the device, sometimes of a boar, sometimes of a charging bull; and their poets, who had never themselves been in Britain, constantly sang the merits of the British hounds. With the Saxon freemen again, whose earlier life and pursuits were those of the country, the love of sport was not less strong. It mingled even with the duties of war, and the wild boar was a favourite badge on the Saxon helmets. The forest laws of Canute have been said, though Mr. Freeman does not apparently concur in this view, to have been in strict anticipation of the more jealous code which was afterwards adopted, first for the benefit of the Norman sovereign, later for that of his barons. But, however this may be, that forest code was in practice a far more severe one than England had as yet known. The woods became truly, as they are described in the black book of Henry II., 'tuta ferarum mansio;' whole parishes were sometimes afforested, laws were passed to give protection to wild beasts, from the boar to the hare; so that not without some justice did popular belief hold that William 'loved the beasts as though he had been their father.'

Through these dense woodlands, broken by dreary moor and sedgy pools, ran in straight lines the great military highways which the Romans had formerly constructed; here and there broad hunting tracks were cut, and cut so durably that in some parts even to this day they have never been obliterated; whilst above the tree tops rose the wooden towers of the little Norman churches, which were often built upon artificial platforms of earth, in order to make them landmarks to the huntsman or traveller. Human forms, except those of the sportsman, and later the outlaw were rare; but legends of giants and evil spirits haunt these weird tracts, and sometimes fact itself — as in the successive deaths of members of the Conqueror's family within the limits of the New Forest — seemed almost to justify the popular superstition.

This has now greatly disappeared, and England owes her wooded appearance rather to her thick hedgerows and parks than to the remains of her old forests; but many of the trees which diversify our landscape at the present day were then to be found in those woodlands — some native to the soil, some introduced by our first and greatest civilizers. The oak, the beech, the elm, the hazel, the Scotch fir, the ash (the favourite tree of the Anglo Saxons), were indigenous. Cæsar, indeed, excepts the 'fagus et abies' from the timber which he found in Britain; but by these he meant the fagus castanea or chestnut, and the silver fir. These we owe to our Roman masters. From them also we have derived the cherry and the vine; and to this day 'the Vyne' in Hampshire, which gives its name to the Hunt so well known to sportsmen, is said to record the vine which was first planted there in the reign of the Emperor Probus.

The animals and birds, indeed, that gave life to these woodlands, no less than many of the plants that gave their colour and variety, have in a great measure passed away. The boar and wolf disappeared more than two hundred years ago; the wild bull with his white mane is preserved, we believe, only in two parks; the otter and the red deer linger on in the northern and western parts of the island; the badger and the snake are fast dying out under rustic ignorance and cruelty; the beaver has left the bare trace of its existence in such names as Beverley and Beverege; the fen-eagles have abandoned the marshes, and the bustards are no longer coursed on the Norfolk downs; the bittern and crane have vanished; the quail is nearly extinct in the face of advancing cultivation.

These are some of the incidents of country life which we have gradually, and in some cases very slowly, lost. But there were other features common to that as well as to the present time. Even whilst large tracts of country were surrendered to marsh and forest, the breadths of English corn-land must always have been remarkable. On one occasion, indeed, Julian supplied the famishing population of the Rhine districts from British granaries, and even now the marks of the Roman plough and the long lines of their terraced cultivation may be traced upon ground, which a modern farmer is content to keep as sheep-walk. From those Romans our Teutonic forefathers inherited their knowledge of agriculture. Nor was that agriculture insignificant or partial. In the treatment of pasture, indeed, they were slovenly and ignorant; but in the cultivation of arable land they had no cause for shame, and Mr. Kemble has, from an ingenious calculation of the size of the 'hide,' argued that at the close of the 10th century there was probably a larger tract of land under the plough than at the accession of George III.\*

In more ways than one, then, we believe that the identity of England in former and present times, the historical continuity of the national life, are facts founded upon a rock of unassailable argument. But whilst we do justice to the strength of that argument we cannot close our eyes to the great temporary changes which were involved in the Norman Conquest. The Conqueror claimed, indeed, to succeed to the English throne as King Edward's heir, and to govern according to King Edward's laws; but his acts, like those of many another heir-at-law, were of necessity harsh — harsher as conspiracies were formed or insurrections broke out — and leading to still deeper oppression when the administration of the country had passed out of his hands into those of his successors. The very disparity of numbers as between conquerors and conquered, in such an age, made oppression, for a while at least, almost necessary, and an antagonism of race to race, of castle to cottage, of wealth to poverty, unavoidable. M. Thierry is only in error when he prologues from generation to generation the enmities and difficulties which belonged to a single and limited period of our history. Inter-marriage, the language of mothers and the teaching of the nursery, exercised their never-failing influence, and the Norman

invaders, as they had previously assimilated themselves to a Romanised Gaul, so before long became fused in the Teutonism of England.

But the immediate change was not the less sweeping or severe. It was, moreover, peculiarly felt to be so because it formed, as we can now see, the conclusion and consummation of a particular stage of government and society which had lasted for a long time, and which, though often modified, had never before been so rudely dislocated. Yet such a period was the Norman Conquest, and a vast number of causes were already in active operation, preparing the way for the change. Fresh elements were probably needed to renew the life of the English people, and it is clear that, even if undisturbed by foreign intervention, the existing state of society could not long have been protracted. The Saxon element in the south of the island, inferior in its military, was undoubtedly superior in its political and social organisation to the Danishry of the midland, eastern, and northern shires, and was continually asserting a pre-eminence. Wessex, not East Anglia, was the centre of English action; London, not York, conferred the crown. But the Danishry of the north bore this ascendancy with impatience, and was as yet indisposed to that consolidation of nationalities which was necessary, and which was effected under the stronger government of the Norman dynasty. It is, perhaps, a question whether under other circumstances the tendency of England would not for a while have been to division rather than unity. Certainly the independence of character which marked the Danish part of the population — an independence which showed itself on all occasions and in all affairs, ecclesiastical as well as civil; in the utter disregard of the religious rule of celibacy, as in the turbulence and armed opposition which provoked so terrible a retaliation on the part of the Conqueror — was likely to increase, rather than diminish, the chances of such a division. The clergy, by simony, by corruption of life, and by gross ignorance, were losing their hold upon the people. We are, perhaps, inclined to lose sight of their shortcomings in a feeling of indignation at the cruelty with which they were treated after the Conquest — compelled not only to see the revenues of their monasteries appropriated, and the ornaments of the altar plundered, but even deprived by their Norman abbots of nourishing food and instructive books, until the Roman Court itself protested against such tyranny. But it is clear that the work of

\* 'Saxons in England,' i. p. 112-13.

the Church and the State needed fresh agencies. With the exception of Wulfstan, Bishop of Worcester, there was at the time of the Conquest scarcely one of the higher prelates whose character could command respect. So, also, was it with other parts of the national system. Familiar names and old associations were waning. Winchester, the constitutional capital of England, had given place to London, the commercial and the real metropolis. Even the hereditary principle of monarchy, which with some qualification had till now been observed or had only been set aside, as in the case of Canute, under a sense of overwhelming necessity, was thrown to the winds in the case of Harold. So great, in fact, were the changes that had taken place; so obviously was a reconstitution of society at hand, that at the time of Edward's death, men's minds were in that sensitively nervous condition, which, independently of the interpretation that such an age would naturally assign to the meteoric phenomena of the moment, sometimes makes as well as anticipates revolution.

It may, perhaps, be that a growing consciousness that the times in which we live are also times of a closing political dispensation, gives a more than ordinary interest to the history of the Norman Conquest; and we may be excused if—whilst we do not allow speculation to become fanciful and extravagant—we seek to trace some of the analogies which may exist, and which a thousand years hence a dispassionate observer might note, between the 11th and the 19th centuries. In both cases he would recognise the signs of increasing age, of waning institutions, of a decaying society which had lost faith in itself and its earlier principles—in both cases the precise form alone which the future will assume being hid from the eyes of the existing generation. He would see that, though the great forces of our immediate future and their effects are different from the political agencies of the 11th century, the preparatory advances, the relative positions, are not wholly unanalogous. Feudalism overshadowed them as democracy overshadows us. Perhaps a forcible change—a marked break with past traditions and policy—might be necessary in order to effect the transition from one state to another. But they had the elements of feudalism already implanted in their political system, just as we have all the conditions of democracy attached to our own. The very constitution of England in the 11th century was a mixture. It had formed itself upon an unconscious compro-

mise of contrariant rights and powers; it was the result of gradual growth rather than design, almost as much as is the English constitution of to-day. It was consequently then, as now, devoid of any extreme powers, and the general administration of the country was mainly carried on by the exercise of moderation and good sense. The three great principles of democracy, nobility, and monarchy, were distinctly represented: but none of them, up to the generation immediately preceding the Conquest, were in excess. Then for the first time there are indications of a disturbance of the hitherto balanced and equal distribution of power. In early English history there is not, as Mr. Kemble says, even a fabulous Arcadia of democracy: but the Witan—which, though it was not based upon any principle of representation, every freeman had, at least, a theoretical right to attend—in its great but unwritten powers, its legislative, its taxing, and even its executive authority, anticipated, if it did not exceed, the popular rights and indefinite jurisdiction of our modern Parliament. So, too, the nobility had passed through a succession of stages not unlike those which may be traced since the Conquest down to our times. An aristocracy, indeed, and the rights of primogeniture, existed in the German forests, and, as has been noticed by Schlegel, in no nation were the relations of the aristocracy to the people so good as amongst the Germans. But before long the distinctions of descent, as known to our earliest history, assumed a new form, and a change is to be noticed in which the ancient noble by birth, with his personal privileges and powers, is gradually superseded by the new noble of service and creation with his titular and ministerial functions.

Such was the English aristocracy of the tenth and eleventh centuries. The older class had disappeared to very much the same extent, and from very much the same causes, as supplanted the Norman aristocracy by the later peerage of England. Perhaps it was in the earlier instance as much the Danish struggle, as it was in the later the Wars of the Roses, that contributed to their destruction. But the Saxon noble of creation had in turn acquired much of the power possessed by his predecessor. His rights had become hereditary, his influence in the Witan was weighty, his title to executive power and command undoubted, though not exclusive, and his territorial possessions immense. The occupation of vast territories by a few individuals was as marked a feature of the generation immediately preced-

ing the Conquest as is the accumulation of land by individual proprietors at the present day. Thus Godwin, independently of the great Earldom of Wessex, was master of Kent and Sussex; his eldest son Sweyn held equal authority in the counties of Oxford, Berks, Gloucester, and Hereford: Harold on the death of his father and the exile of his brothers became lord of these, and of even more than these territories. His earldoms extended from West Wales and the banks of the Tamar to the German Ocean. In the North, Edwin and Morcar — names which even now, after the lapse of so many years, may claim a sigh, so tragical is their story — swayed the vast principality which Algar had previously ruled: and Waltheof, the son of Siward, the son, as was fabled in Northumbrian legends, of a bear, the last and in character one of the most remarkable of the English nobles, administered a territory which exceeded in extent even the great Earldom of Northumbria. On the other hand, vast as were the possessions of these great nobles, the avenues to high rank were no more barred to ability and success in the eleventh than in the nineteenth century. Blue blood, though highly prized, was not the sole condition of public honour. Then, as now, the English aristocracy was singularly comprehensive, and the greatest names amongst them, whether for good, as Earl Godwin, or for evil, as the traitor Eadric, are of men who rose from the lowest degree to the highest. So, too, descending below the ranks of the great nobles, we may find a very fair equivalent for the distinctions of that day in the division of our modern society into a titular and a non-titular class. The 'Earl and Ceorl' — at a later time the ceorl or churl became confounded with the serf — represent the 'gentle and simple' of medieval, and the 'peer and commoner' of modern England.

The monarchical power, though varying with the personal ability and character of the sovereign, had passed through stages at least equally important, and was tending to increase. At first little more than the chiefs of a clan, without territorial influence or the subsequent attributes of sovereignty, the Kings of Britain were numerous and unimportant. But before long these princelings coalesced in the rule of a single sovereign, and with the unity of rule came at once the rise and enlargement of monarchical powers. To Alfred, the real origin of the kingly authority, as indeed the first conception of a complete and Christian State, is due; to Athelstan, the development of

the monarchy, as also the consolidation of the State into an Empire, must be assigned. That succession of very able sovereigns, from Alfred to Edgar, comprising a term of more than one hundred years, founded the English monarchy upon so strong a basis, that its principle remained unshaken through the thirty-eight disastrous years of Ethelred's reign, and the long and feeble administration of Edward the Confessor. As times grew critical, and as the sovereign was equal to the occasion, so the prerogative was freely used; but, side by side with the exercise of large royal powers, the Witan maintained all that the highest popular pretensions could claim.

Nor was the constitutional position of the Church very widely different from that of modern times. Subject though it has been of late years to perpetual attack, and curtailed of many of its former powers, the Church of England is still constitutionally and actually an integral part of the State. But these relations we owe to our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. It was the statemanship of Alfred that bequeathed the principle of a national Church, which after an existence of unparalleled beneficence and honour for fully a thousand years, threatens to become in our day one of those decisive controversies on which the lovers of the Constitution and the partisans of radical change must join issue. But that which led to the establishment of this intimate union in the ninth century, and which has rendered possible the maintenance of it to our day, was the essentially religious temper of the people. In those times it showed itself in the passion for monastic life, which led so many Saxon kings to exchange the sceptre for the cowl during their life, and to enjoy the honours of canonisation after death; in peace it suggested the frequent pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Peter and the court of his successor; in war it animated the patriotism of the people, and gave almost a religious character to the Danish struggle; it was written over and over again in the legislation which asserted the existence of one God and one King, which united witchcraft and treason in its denunciations, and which, in its zeal for a literal compliance with Scripture, sought to rest the foundations of the State in the dogmas of the Mosaic code. How far, in our days, that temper will bear the strain of the lower principles and the more democratic agencies with which it must come in contact, is a question on which we cannot here enter. It is enough for our present purpose to observe that till now it has never failed.

The influence indeed of the Church upon every department of internal and external policy, both in earlier and later times, has been manifold; but nowhere perhaps more plainly marked than in the generally lenient and merciful character of the English law. The severities which at a subsequent period darkened our statute-book were not of Anglo-Saxon origin. Capital punishment was very rare; torture—such as the Norman system introduced, or such even as the Roman Church, to its deep discredit, has in recent times sanctioned—was unknown; crime was repressed, and the distinctions of degree were maintained, by a scale of fines graduated to the offence and the person. Even the stern laws of evidence were tempered by and subordinated to the practice of compurgation through the oaths of friends and neighbours, and the Englishman was early taught that he must live by the good opinion of his countrymen. But this general leniency in the spirit of the law, to which after eight centuries we have gradually returned, was due directly to the presence of the bishop who took part as a Judicial Assessor in every shire-court of the country—indirectly to the influence of our State Church, and to the interdependence, in numberless forms, of clergy and laity upon each other. When, shortly after the Conquest, the Bishop of Durham held his synod, Waltheof, the civil head and governor of Northumbria, 'sat humbly,' as Sir F. Palgrave says,\* 'in a low place amongst the presbyters, concurring in every measure needed for the preservation of Christianity in the Earldom.'

These, then, are some of the conditions common to our ancestors and ourselves. But it would be easy to add to them.

Abroad, England had then, as now, become a widely extended power. Under the exceptional rule of Canute she was the centre of a great system of foreign Powers; and, even under the pacific government of Edward the Confessor, she could fairly lay claim to the title of 'Empire.' The Scotch and Welsh Kings—always difficult to retain in any bonds of subjection—were vassals; whilst the commercial, political, and dynastic connection of the country with the Continent gave her a prominence in Europe far beyond that to which her geographical position entitled her to look. It might, perhaps, be doubted whether the English empire of that time was not, like that of to-day, stretched somewhat beyond the strength and resources of

the nation—losing in compactness what it had gained in extent. It is, however, curious to observe, coincidently with the spread of dominion, the organisation, under precise and regular articles of war, of a permanent military force in the famous 'house-carls,' exercising an influence fully proportionate to that enjoyed by the more numerous array of modern warfare, and attached to the service of the Crown by ties of feeling not very unlike those of a standing army.

At home, the great towns founded by Roman civilization, and in some cases half obliterated by the ferocity of the earliest Saxon invaders, were acquiring or regaining importance. There are coins extant that bear witness to the local mints, which royal favour or policy sanctioned. Bath, in the reign of Ethelred, had no less than eight privileged moneymen. Bristol was the centre of a great slave-trade with Ireland; Exeter was then, as in later times, the key of the West, and showed a spirit worthy of her position; York, with its imperial associations, Chester, with its Roman ramparts, had become points of first-class importance whether in peace or war; whilst London was already asserting that pre-eminence and authority which henceforward marked the entire course of her history, and have uniformly placed her on the winning side in the political controversies of each successive generation. It was the cradle, as it was the first emanation, of that great urban force, suppressed for a while by the irresistible influences of feudalism, but reviving after the wars of the Roses, and strengthening under Tudor imperialism year by year, until, in these later days, we recognize it as the preponderating power of the State.

With the rise of these great towns arose also, and naturally, a moneyed class. England now is the wealthiest country in the world. The reproductive energy of countless industries both in town and country; the sweep of a commerce which covers every sea, and is approached by no rival; above all, the continuance for half a century of unbroken peace—for the Crimean war never cost us a single merchantman—have accumulated an amount of capital which makes her the centre of trading operations to the whole world. This, of course, was not the case in the eleventh century. But it is curious, even then, to note the indications of very considerable wealth. During the worst and most shameful periods of the Danish wars, when English steel was powerless to defend the country, English

\* 'England and Normandy,' III. 509.



gold was never wanting. The ransoms, when measured by the value of money of that time, were immense; and when, after the Conquest and his coronation in Westminster Abbey, William returned to Normandy, the monastic chroniclers are lost in admiration of the bullion, the rich drinking-horns (the work for which Anglo-Saxon goldsmiths were already famous), the sacred vessels, the embroidery, which he displayed. But with this wealth came also, as might be surely expected, an increase of luxury. 'The English,' as William of Malmesbury says, 'ate and drank to excess; they loaded themselves with heavy bracelets of gold, and transformed their old-world national manners into those of foreigners.' The spirit of luxury is many-sided; and this was the form — though a somewhat broad and coarse one — which it not unnaturally assumed under the circumstances of the time and people. But this luxury was not the only result of the increased wealth. Wealth made, as it always makes, men timid. After the battle of Hastings, the rich citizens of Canterbury set the evil example of a bloodless and uncompelled surrender, on the other hand, it was from the rugged and far poorer population of the North that William encountered an opposition which was only overcome inch by inch, and which left for years afterwards a record of its obstinacy in so pitiless a devastation, that it was said that not one village between the Tyne and Humber remained inhabited. Meanwhile, as this rich and luxurious class became ever richer and more luxurious, the great body of the English freemen — those who had formerly been the main-spring of national life, and who, in modern times, would find their representation in the middle classes whether of town or country — decayed. No proletariat indeed existed. That curse of ancient and modern civilization had no being apart from great cities; and these, though citizen life was on the increase, were as yet wanting. But our ancestors were approaching that dangerous point in the life of a state, when for purposes of government there are but two classes — one rich, powerful, few in

number; the other poor, without direct political power, numerous. The institutions, not less than the men, that in former times had rendered less marked the broad space which now separated the two classes and had given England the character, if it may so be said, of a kingly commonwealth, had gone. The aristocracy converted into satraps or Court favourites, the Church verging towards a love of material ease inconsistent with her higher duties, and the people generally inclining to prefer what we should now call the absolute and centralised action of government to the reasonable and regulated liberties of the individual, seemed to hasten on the catastrophe. From time to time, indeed, the scene was lit up by those grand contrasts of good and evil, both in persons and things, which signalise the close of an expiring system; but the issue could not be doubtful, or very far distant. And when, at last, the hour struck, English independence vanished, and the whole fabric of government, in that which was then the most highly civilized part of the country, crumbled into dust. The agony of that overthrow was great. Property, station, influence — all that made life happy — perished: men became the servants of others on their own lands, strangers in their own country. Personal hardship led to retaliation, retaliation to legal oppression and outlawry. Men fled to the woods, or crossed the seas, and took service elsewhere. But, happily for the country, it was an age in which the conditions of wealth were not so sensitive and artificial as they now are; the accumulations of capital, which in modern revolutions take wing, or the manufacturing industries, which migrate to places of greater security, did not then exist; even society itself was not formed upon the delicate organization of present times. Private life was rougher, and public life was controlled by conditions more favourable to recovery. And so, after several generations of terrible suffering, the waste was repaired, and England revived, to run a course of honour abroad and happiness at home, out of all proportion to her size and population.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## MARGARET HAS HER WARNING.

NEXT evening, I believe, Cleve saw Margaret Fanshawe, by favour of that kindest of chaperons, Miss Anne Sheekleton, at the spot where by chance they had met before — at the low bank that fences the wood of Malory, near the steep road that descends by the old church of Llanderris.

Here, in the clear glow of sunset, they met and talked under the old trees, and the good old spinster, with her spectacles on, worked at her crochet industriously, and often peered over it this way and that, it must be confessed, nervously, and with a prudence with which Cleve would gladly have dispensed, she hurried this hazardous meeting to a close.

Not ten minutes later Margaret Fanshawe stood alone at the old refectory window, which commands through the parting trees a view of the sea and the distant headland, now filmed in the aerial light and blush of sunset. I should not wonder if she had been drawn thither by the fanciful hope of seeing the passing sail of Cleve Verney's yacht — every sign and relic grows so interesting! Now is with them the season of all such things; romance has sent forth her angels; the woods, the clouds, the sea, the hills, are filled with them. Then is the play of fancy and the yearning of the heart — and the aching comes in its time.

Something sadder and gentler in the face than ever before. Undine has received a soul, and is changed. The boat has passed, and to catch the last glimpse of its white wing she crosses to the other side of the window, and stretches, with a long, strange gaze, till it has gone — quite gone — and every thing on a sudden is darker.

With her hand still on the worn stone-shaft of the window, she leans and looks, in a dream, till the last faint tint of sunset dies on the gray mountain, and twilight is everywhere. So with a sigh, a vague trouble, and yet a wondrous happiness at her heart, she turns to leave the stone-floored chamber, and at the head of the steps that lead down from its door she is startled.

The pale old woman, with large, earnest eyes, was at the foot of this stone stair, with her hand on the rude banister. It seemed to Margaret as if she had been waiting for her. Her great vague eyes were looking into hers as she appeared at the door.

Margaret arrested her step, and a little frown of fear for a moment curved her eyebrows. She did fear this old Rebecca Mer-

vyn with an odd apprehension that she had something unpleasant to say to her.

"I'm coming up to you," said the old woman sadly, still looking at her as she ascended the steps.

Margaret's heart misgave her, but somehow she had not nerve to evade the interview, or rather, she had felt that it was coming and wished it over.

Once or twice in passing, the old woman had seemed to hesitate, as if about to speak to her, but had changed her mind and passed on. Only the evening before, just at the hour when the last ray of the sun comes from the west, and all the birds are singing their last notes, as she was tying up some roses, on the short terrace round the corner of the old mansion, she turned and raised her eyes, and in the window of the old building called the "Steward's House," the lattice being open, she saw, looking steadfastly upon her, from the shadows within, the pale face of this old woman. In its expression there was something ominous, and when she saw Margaret looking straight at her, she did not turn away, but looked on sadly, as unmoved as a picture, till Margaret, disconcerted, lowered her eyes, and went away.

As this old woman ascended the stairs, Margaret crossed the floor to the window — light is always reassuring — and leaning at its side, looked back, and saw Rebecca Mervyn already within the spacious chamber, and drawing near slowly from the shadow.

"You wish to speak to me, Mrs. Mervyn?" said the young lady, who knew her name, although now for the first time she spoke to her.

"Only a word. Ah! — yes — you are — very beautiful," she said, with a deep sigh, as she stood looking at her, with a strange sadness and compassion in her gaze, that partook of the past, and the prophetic.

A little blush — a little smile — a momentary gleam of that light of triumph, in beauty so beautiful — showed that the fair apparition was mortal.

"Beauty — ah! — yes! If it were not here, neither would *they*. Miss Margaret! — poor thing! I've seen him. I knew him, although it is a great many years," said old Rebecca. "The moment my eyes touched him, I knew him; there is something about them all, peculiar — the Verneys, I mean — I should know a Verney anywhere, in any crowd, in any disguise. I've dreamt of him, and thought of him, and watched for him, for — how many years? God help me, I forget! since I was as young as you are. Cleve

Verney is handsome, but there were others, long before — oh! ever so much more beautiful. The Verney features — ah! — yes — thinking always, dreaming, watching, burnt into my brain: they have all some points alike. I knew Cleve by that; he is more like that than to his younger self; a handsome boy he was — but, I beg pardon, it is so hard to keep thoughts from wandering.”

This old woman, from long solitude, I suppose, talked to others as if she were talking to herself, and rambled on flightily and vaguely. But on a sudden she laid her hand upon Margaret’s wrist, and closing it gently, held her thus, and looked in her face with great concern.

“Why does he come so stealthily? *death* comes so, to the young and beautiful. My poor sister died in Naples. No one knew there was danger the day before she was sent away there, despaired of. Well may I say the angel of death — beautiful, insidious — that’s the way they come — stealthily, mysterious — when I saw his handsome face about here — I shuddered — in the twilight — in the dark.”

Margaret’s cheek flushed, and she plucked her wrist to disengage it from the old woman’s hand.

“You had better speak to my cousin, Miss Sheckleton. It is she who receives Mr. Verney when he comes. She has known him longer than I; at least made his acquaintance earlier,” said the young lady. “I don’t, I confess, understand what you mean. I’ve been trying, and I can’t; perhaps *she* will?”

“I must say this; it is on my mind,” said the old woman, without letting her hand go. “There is something horrible in the future. You do not know the Verneys. They are a *cruel* race. It would be better to suffer an evil spirit into the house. Poor young lady! To be another *innocent victim* — break it off — expel him! Shut out, if you can, his face from your thoughts and your memory. It is one who knows them well who warns you. It will not come to good.”

In the vague warning of this old woman, there was an echo of an indefinite fear that had lain at her own heart, for days. Neither, apart, was any thing; but one seconding the other was ominous and depressing.

“Let me go, please,” she said, a little brusquely, “it is growing dark, and I *must* go in. I’m sure, however, you mean what you say kindly, and I thank you for the intention, thank you very much.”

“Yes — go — I shall stay here; from here one can see across to Pendyllion, and

the sea there; it will come again, I know it will, some day or night. My old eyes are weary with watching, I should know the sail again, although it is a long, long time — I’ve lost count of the years.”

Thus saying she drew near the window, and without a word of farewell to Margaret, became absorbed in gazing, and Margaret left her, ran lightly down the steps, and in a minute more was in the house.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

DAYS passed during which Cleve Verney paid stolen visits at Malory, more cautiously managed than ever, and nearly every afternoon did the good people of Cardyllian see him walk the green, to and fro, with the Hazelden girls, so that the subject began to be canvassed very gravely; and even Miss Charity was disposed to think that he certainly *did* like Agnes, and confided to her friend Mrs. Brindley, of “The Cottage,” that if Aggie married, *she* should *give up*. *Nothing* could induce her, Miss Charity, to marry, she solemnly assured her friends.

And I must do that spinster the justice to say, that there was not the faintest flavour of sour grapes in the acerbity with which she pronounced against the “shocking folly of girls marrying,” for she might undoubtedly have been married, having had in her youth several unexceptionable offers, none of which had ever moved her.

I know not what hopes Sir Booth may have founded upon his conversation with Cleve Verney. Men in the Baronet’s predicament nurse their hopes fondly, and their mustard seeds grow rapidly into great trees, in whose branches they shelter their families, and roost themselves. He grew gracious at times in the contemplation of brilliant possibilities, and one day, to her amazement and consternation, opened the matter briefly to Miss Sheckleton, who fancied that she was discovered, and he on the point of exploding, and felt as if she were going to faint.

Happily for her, he fancied that Cleve must have seen Margaret accidentally during some of his political knight-errandries in the county which he had contested with Sir Booth. We know as well as Miss Sheckleton, how this really was.

Sir Booth’s dreams however, were broken with a crash. To Miss Anne Sheckleton came a letter from Sir Booth’s attorneys, informing the Baronet that Mr. Kiffyn Fulke Verney had just served them with a notice which seemed to threaten a wantonly vexatious and expensive proceeding, and then

desired to know what course, having detailed the respective consequences of each, he would wish them to take.

Now, Sir Booth broke into one of his frenzies, called up Miss Sheckleton, damned and cursed the whole Verney family, excommunicated them, and made the walls of Malory ring with the storm and thunder he launched at the heads of the ancient race who had built them.

Scared and pale Miss Anne Sheckleton withdrew.

"My dear, something has happened; he has had a letter from his law people, and Mr. Kiffyn Verney has directed, I think, some unexpected proceedings. How I wish they would stop these miserable lawsuits, and leave your papa at peace. Your papa's attorneys think they can gain nothing by worrying him, and it is so unfortunate just now."

So spoke Miss Sheckleton who had found Margaret, with her bulfinch and her squirrels, in that pretty but melancholy room which is darkened by the old wood, through whose shafted stems long, shadowy perspectives open, and there, as in the dim light of a monastic library, she was busy over the illumination of her vellum Psalter, with gold and ultra-marine, and all other vivid pigments.

Margaret stood up, and looked in her face rather pale, and with her small hand pressed to her heart.

"He's very angry," added Miss Sheckleton, with a dark look, and a nod.

"Are we going to leave this?" inquired the girl in almost a whisper.

"He did not say; I fancy not. No, he'd have said so the first thing," answered the old lady.

"Well, we can do nothing; it can't be helped, I suppose," said Miss Margaret, looking down very sadly on her mediæval blazonry.

"Nothing, my dear; nothing on earth. No one can be more anxious that all this kind of thing should cease than Cleve Verney, as you know; but what can even he do?" said Miss Sheckleton.

Margaret looked through the window, down the dark glade, and sighed.

"His uncle, Kiffyn Verney," resumed Annie Sheckleton, "is such a disagreeable, spiteful man, and such a feud has been between them, I really don't see how it is to end; but Cleve, you know, is so clever, and so devoted, I'm sure he'll find some way."

Margaret sighed again, and said—

"Papa, I suppose, is very angry."

I think Sir Booth Fanshawe was the only

person on earth whom that spirited girl really feared. I'm afraid there was not much good in that old man, and that most of the things I have heard of him were true. Unlike other violent men, he was not easily placable; and generally, when it was not very troublesome, remembered and executed his threats. She remembered dimly scenes between him and her dead mother. She remembered well her childish dread of his severity, and her fear of his eye and his voice had never left her.

Miss Sheckleton just lifted her fingers in the air, and raised her eyes to the ceiling, with a little shake of her head.

Margaret sighed again. I suppose she was thinking of that course of true love that never yet ran smooth, upon which the freightage of her life was ventured.

Her spinster friend looked on her sad pale face, gazing drearily into the forest shades. The solemn shadow of the inevitable, the sorrows of human life, had now for the first time begun to touch her young face. The old story was already telling itself to her, in those faint ominous musical tones that swell to solemn anthem soon; and sometimes crash and howl at last in storm over such wreck, and in such darkness as we shut our eyes upon, and try to forget.

Old Anne Sheckleton's face saddened at the sight with a beautiful softness. She laid her thin hand on the girl's shoulder, and then put her arms about her neck, and kissed her, and said—"All will come right, darling, you'll see;" and the girl made answer by another kiss; and they stood for a minute, hand locked in hand, and the old maid smiled tenderly, a cheerful smile but pale, and patted her cheek and nodded, and with another kiss, left the room, with a mournful presage heavy at her heart.

As she passed, the stern voice of Sir Booth called to her.

"Yes," she answered.

"A word or two," he said, and she went to his room.

"I've been thinking," said he, looking at her steadily and fiercely—had some suspicion lighted up his mind since he had spoken to her?—"that young man, Cleve Verney, I believe he's still at Ware? Do you know him?"

"I should know his appearance. I saw him two or three times during that contest for the county, two years since; but he did not see me I'm sure."

This was an evasion, but the vices of slavery always grow up under a tyranny.

"Well, Margaret; does she correspond with any one?" demanded he.

"I can answer for it, positively. Margaret has no correspondence. She writes to no one," she answered.

"That fellow is still at Ware. So Christmas Owen told me last night — a place of the Verneys, at the other side — and he has got a post. I should not wonder if he were to come here, trying to see her."

So Sir Booth followed out his hypothesis, and waxed wroth, and more wroth as he proceeded, and so chafed himself into one of his paroxysms of temper. I know not what he said, but when she left him, poor Miss Sheckleton was in tears, and trembling, told Margaret, that if it were not for her, she would not remain another day in his house. She related to Margaret what had passed, and said —

"I almost hope Cleve Verney may not come again while we remain here. I really don't know what might be the consequence of your papa's meeting him here, in his present state of exasperation! Of course to Cleve it would be very little; but your existence, my poor child, would be made so miserable! And as for me, I tell you frankly, I should be compelled to leave you. Every one knows what Booth Fanshawe is when he is angry — how cruel he can be. I know he's your father, my dear, but we can't be blind to facts, and we both know that his misfortunes have not improved his temper."

Cleve nevertheless saw the ladies that day, talked with them earnestly and hurriedly, for Miss Anne Sheckleton was nervous, and miserable till the interview ended, and submitted to the condition imposed by that kindly and panic-stricken lady, which was on no account to visit Malory as heretofore for two or three days, by the end of which time she hoped Sir Booth's anger and suspicions might have somewhat subsided.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

#### IN WHICH THE LADIES PEEP INTO CARDYLLIAN.

"My dear child," said Miss Sheckleton next day, "is not this a very wild freak, considering you have shut yourself up so closely, and not without reason? Suppose among the visitors at Cardyllian there should happen to be one who has seen and knows you, how would it be if he or she should meet and recognize you?"

"Rely on me, dear old cousin, no one shall know me."

The young lady, in a heavy, gray, High-

land shawl, was standing before the looking-glass in her room as she spoke.

"Girls look all alike in these great shawls, and I shall wear my thick lace veil, through which I defy any one to see a feature of my face; and even my feet, in these strong, laced boots, are disguised. *Now — see!* I should not know myself in the glass among twenty others. I might meet you a dozen times in Cardyllian and you should not recognize me. Look and say."

"H'm — well! I must allow it would not be easy to see through all this," said Miss Sheckleton; but don't forget and lift up your veil when you come into the town — the most unlikely people are there sometimes. Who do you think I had a bow from the other day, but old Doctor Bell, who lives in York; and the same evening in Castle-street whom should I see but my Oxford-street dressmaker! It does not matter, you know, where a solitary old maid like me is seen, but it would be quite different in your case, and who knows what danger to your papa might result from it?"

"I shan't forget — I really shan't," said the girl.

"Well, dear, I've said all I could to dissuade you, but if you *will* come I suppose you must," said Miss Anne.

"It's just as you say — a fancy," answered Margaret, "but I feel that if I were disappointed I should die."

I think, and Miss Sheckleton thought so too, that this pretty girl was very much excited that day, and could not endure the terrible stillness of Malory. Uncertainty, suspense, enforced absence from the person who loved her best in the world, and who yet is very near: dangers and hopes, quite new — no wonder if all these incidents of her situation did excite her.

It was near a week since the elder lady had appeared in the streets and shops of Cardyllian. Between the banks of the old sylvan road she and her mysterious companion walked in silence into steep Church-street, and down that quaint quarter of the town presenting houses of all dates from three centuries ago, and by the church, still older, down into Castle-street, in which, as we know, stands the shop of Jones the draper. Empty of customers was this well-garnished shop when the two ladies of Malory entered it; and Mrs. Jones raised her broad, bland, spectacled face, with a smile and a word of greeting to Miss Anne Sheckleton, and an invitation to both ladies to "be seated," and her usual inquiry, as she leaned over the counter, "And what will you be pleased to want?" and the or-

der "John, get down the gray linseys — not *them* — those over yonder — yes, sure, you'd like to see the best — I *know* you would."

So some little time was spent over the linseys, and then,

"You're to measure thirteen yards, John, for Miss Anne Sheckleton, and send it over with trimmin's and linin's to Miss Pritchard. Miss Anne Sheckleton will speak to Miss Pritchard about the trimmin's herself."

Then Mrs. Jones observed,

"*What* a day this has been — hasn't it, Miss? And such weather. *altogether*, I really don't remember in Cardyllian, I think *ever*."

"Yes, charming weather," acquiesced Miss Sheckleton, and just then two ladies came in and bought some velvet ribbon, which caused an interruption.

"What a pretty girl," said Miss Anne, so soon as the ladies had withdrawn. "Is that her mother?"

"Oh, no — dear, no, Miss; they are sisters," half laughed Mrs. Jones; "Don't you know who they are? No! Well, they are the Miss Etherages. There, they're going down to the green. She'll meet him there. She's going to make a *very great* match, ma'am — yes, indeed."

"Oh? but whom is she going to meet?" asked Miss Anne, who liked the good lady's gossip,

"Oh, you *don't* know? Well, dear me! I thought every one knew that. Why, Mr. Cleve, of course — young Mr. Verney. He meets her every afternoon on the green here, and walks home with the young ladies. It has been a *very* old liking — you understand — between them, and lately he has grown very pressing, and they do say — them that should know — that the Admiral — we call him — Mr. Vane Etherage — her father, has spoke to him. She has a good fortune, you know — yes, indeed — the two Miss Etherages has — we count them quite heiresses here in Cardyllian, and a very good old family too. Everybody here is pleased it is to be, and they do say Mr. Kiffyn — that is, the Honorable Kiffyn Fulke Verney — will be very glad, too, he should settle at last, and has wrote to the young lady's father, to say how well pleased he is; for Mr. Cleve has been" — here she dropped her voice to a confidential murmur, approaching her spectacles to the very edge of her customer's bonnet, as she rested her fat arms upon the counter — "wild. Oh, dear! they do tell such *stories* of him! A pity, Miss Sheckleton — isn't it? — there should be so many stories to his prejudice.

But, *dear* me! he *has* been wild, Miss; and now, you see, on that account it is Mr. Kiffyn — the Honorable Kiffyn Fulke Verney — is so well pleased he should settle and take a wife that will be so liked by the people at Ware as well as at this side."

Miss Anne Sheckleton had been listening with an uneasiness, which the draper's wife fancied she saw, yet doubted her own observation; for she could not understand why her old spinster customer should care a farthing about the matter, the talk about his excursions to Malory having been quite suspended and abolished by the sustained and vigorous gossip to which his walks with Agnes Etherage, and his ostentatious attentions, had given rise.

"But Miss Etherage is hardly the kind of person — is she? — whom a young man of fashion, such as I suppose young Mr. Verney to be, would think of. She must have been very much shut up with her old father, at that quiet little place of his," suggested Miss Sheckleton.

"Shut up, Miss! Oh, dear me! Nothing of *that* sort, Miss. She is out with her sister, Miss Charity, every day, about the schools, and the Sunday classes, and the lending library, and the clothing charity, and all *them* things; very good of *her*, you know. I often say to her — 'I *wonder*, Miss Agnes — that's her name — you're not *tired* with all you walk; I do, indeed;' and she only laughs. She has a very pretty laugh too, she has; and Mr. Cleve said to me once — that's two years ago, now — the first year he was spoke of in Cardyllian about her. We did think then there was something to be, and now it is all on again, and the old people — as we may call them — is well pleased it should."

"Yes, but I mean that Miss Etherage has seen nothing of the world — nothing of society, except what is to be met with at Hazelden — isn't that the name of the place? — and in her little excursions into this town. Isn't it so?" said Miss Sheckleton.

"Oh, no! — bless you, no. Miss Agnes Etherage — they pay visits — she and her sister — at all the great houses; a week here, and a fortnight there, round the two counties, this side and the other. She's a great favourite, is Miss Agnes. She can play and sing, dear me, very nice, she can: I have *heard* her. You would *wonder* now, what a bright little thing she is."

"But even so. I don't think that town-bred young men ever care much for country-bred young ladies. Not that they mayn't be a great deal better; but, some-

how, they don't suit, I think — they don't get on."

"But, mark you this," said Mrs. Jones. "He always liked her. We always saw he liked her. There's property too — a good estate; and all goes to them two girls; and Miss Charity, we all know, will never marry; no more will the Admiral — I mean Mr. Etherage himself — with them legs of his; and Mr. Kiffyn — Master Cleve's uncle — spoke to our lawyer here once about it, as if it was a thing he would like — that the Hazleden property should be joined to the Ware estate."

"Joined together in holy wedlock," laughed Miss Sheckleton; but she was not particularly cheerful. And some more intending purchasers coming in and seizing upon the communicative Mrs. Jones, who had only time to whisper "They do say — them that *should* know — that it will be in Spring next; but I'm not to tell; so you'll please remember it's a secret."

"Shall we go, dear?" whispered Miss Sheckleton to her muffled companion, who forthwith rose and accompanied her from the shop, followed by the eyes of Mrs. Jones's new visitors, who were more interested on hearing that "it was Miss Anne Sheckleton and the other Malory lady," and they slipped out to the door-step, and under the awning peeped after the mysterious ladies, until an accidental backward glance from Miss Sheckleton routed them, and the *materfamilias* entered a little hastily but gravely, and with her head high, and her young ladies tittering.

As Cleve Verney walked to and fro beside pretty Agnes Etherage that day, and talked as usual, gaily and fluently, there seemed on a sudden to come a sort of blight over the harvest of his thoughts — both corn and flowers. He repeated the end of his sentence, and forgot what he was going to say; and Miss Charity said, "Well? go on; I want so much to hear the end;" and looking up she thought he looked a little pale.

"Yes, certainly, I'll tell you the end when I can remember it. But I let myself think of something else for a moment, and it has flown away" —

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Miss Charity, "Just a moment; look there, Aggie; aren't those the Malory ladies?"

"Where?" said Cleve. "Oh! I see. Very like, I think — the old lady, I mean."

"Yes, oh certainly," replied Agnes, "it is the old lady, and I'm nearly certain the young lady also, who *else* can it be? It must be she."

"They are going over the hill to Malory," said Miss Charity. "I don't know what it is about that old lady that I think so *wonderfully* nice, and so perfectly charming, and the young lady is *the* most perfectly — beautiful — person, all to *nothing*, I ever saw in my life. Don't you think so Mr. Verney?"

"Your sister, I'm sure, is very much obliged," said he, with a glance at Agnes. "But this Malory young lady is so muffled in that great shawl that there is very little indeed to remind one of the young lady we saw in church" —

"What o'clock is that?" interrupted Miss Charity, as the boom of the clock from the church tower sounded over the green.

So it seemed their hour had come, and the little demonstration on the green came to a close, and Cleve that evening walked with the Hazleden ladies only so far as the bridge, there taking his leave with an excuse. He felt uncomfortably somehow. That Margaret Fanshawe should have actually come down to Cardyllian was a singular and almost an unaccountable occurrence.

Cleve Verney had certainly not intended the pantomime which he presented to the window of the Cardyllian reading-room for the eyes that had witnessed it.

Cleve was uncomfortable. It is always unpleasant to have to explain — especially where the exculpation involves a disclosure that is not noble.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

##### IN THE OAK PARLOUR — A MEETING AND PARTING.

"Gossiping place Cardyllian is," said Miss Anne Sheckleton, after they had walked on a little in silence. "What nonsense the people do talk. I never heard anything like it. Did you ever hear such a galamathias?"

The young lady walking by her side answered by a cold little laugh —

"Yes, I suppose so. All small country towns *are*, I believe," said she.

"And that good old soul, Mrs. Jones, she does invent the most absurd gossip about everybody that imagination can conceive. Wilmot told me the other day that she had given her to understand that your father is a madman, sent down here by London doctors for change of air. I make it a point never to mind one word she says; although her news, I confess, does amuse me."

"Yes, it is, very foolish. Who are those Etherages?" said Margaret.

"Oh! They are village people — oddities," said Miss Sheckleton. "From all I can gather, you have no idea what absurd people they are."

"He was walking with them. Was not he?" asked the young lady.

"Yes — I think so," answered her cousin.

Then followed a long silence, and the elder lady at length said —

"How fortunate we have been in our weather; haven't we? How beautiful the hills look this evening!" said the spinster; but her words did not sound as if she cared about the hills or the light. I believe the two ladies were acting a part.

"Yes," said Margaret, "so they do."

The girl felt as if she had walked fifty miles instead of two — quite worn out — her limbs aching with a sense of fatigue; it was a trouble to hold her head up. She would have liked to sit down on the old stone bench they were passing now, and to die there like a worn-out prisoner on a march.

Two or three times that evening as they sat unusually silent and listless, Miss Anne Sheckleton peeped over her spectacles, lowering her work for a moment, with a sad inquiry, into her face, and seemed on the point of speaking. But there was nothing inviting to talk, in Margaret's face, and when she spoke there was no reference to the subject on which Miss Sheckleton would have liked to speak.

So, at last tired, with a pale, wandering smile, she kissed the kind old spinster, and bid her good night. When she reached her room, however, she did not undress, but having secured her door, she sat down to her little desk, and wrote a letter; swiftly and resolutely the pen glided over the page. Nothing added — nothing erased; each line remained as she penned it first.

Having placed this letter in its envelope, and addressed it to "Cleve Verney, Esq., Ware," she opened her window. The air was mild; none of the sharpness in it that usually gives to nights at that time of year a frosty foretaste of winter. So sitting by the window, which, placed in one of the gables of the old house, commands a view of the uplands of Cardyllian, and to the left, of the sea and the misty mountains — she sat there, leaning upon her hand.

Here with the letter on her lap, she sat, pale as a meditating suicide, and looking dreamily over the landscape. It is, at times, some little incident of by-play, or momentary hesitation of countenance, that gives its whole character and force to a situation. Before the retina of Margaret one image

was always visible, that of Cleve Verney as she saw him to-day, looking under Agnes Etherage's bonnet, with interest, into her face, as he talked and walked by her side, on the Green of Cardyllian.

Of course there are false prophecies as well as true, in love; illusions as well as inspirations, and fancied intimations may mislead. But Margaret could not doubt here. All the time she smiled and assumed her usual tone and manner, there was an agony at her heart.

Miss Fanshawe would trust no one with her secret. She was not like other girls. Something of the fiery spirit of her southern descent she had inherited. She put on the shawl and veil she had worn that day, unbarred the hall-door, and at two o'clock, when Cardyllian was locked in the deepest slumber, glided through its empty streets, to the little wooden portico, over which that day she had read "Post-office," and placed in it the letter which next morning made quite a little sensation in the Post-office coterie.

Under the awful silence and darkness of the old avenue, she reached again the hall-door of Malory. She stood for a moment upon the steps looking seaward — I think toward Ware — pale as a ghost, with one slender hand clenched, and a wild sorrow in her face. She cared very little, I think, whether her excursion were discovered or not. The messenger had flown from her empty hand; her voice could not recall it, or delay it for an hour — quite irrevocable, and all was over.

She entered the hall, closed and barred the door again, ascended to her room, and lay awake, through the long night, with her hand under her cheek, not stunned, not dreaming, but in a frozen apathy, in which she saw all with a despairing clearness.

Next day Cleve Verney received a note, in a hand which he knew not; but having read — could not mistake — a cold, proud note, with a gentle cruelty, ending all between them, quite decisively, and not deigning a reason for it.

I dare say that Cleve could not himself describe with much precision the feelings with which he read this letter.

Cleve Verney, however, could be as impetuous and as rash too, on occasion, as other people. There was something of rage in his soul which scouted all consequences. Could temerity be imagined more audacious than his?

Right across from Ware to the jetty of Malory ran his yacht, audaciously, in open sea, in broad daylight. There is, in the



dower-house, a long low room, wainscoted in black shining panels from floor to ceiling, and which in old times was called the oak parlour. It has two doors, in one of its long sides, the farther opening near the stairs, the other close to the hall-door.

Up the avenue, up the steps, into the hall, and, taking chance, into this room, walked Cleve Verney, without encountering interruption or even observation. *Fortuna favet fortibus*, so runs the legend in faded gold letters, under the dim portrait of Sir Thomas Verney, in his armour, fixed in the panel of the hall. So it had proved with his descendant.

Favoured by fortune, without having met a human being, and directed by the same divinity it would seem, he had entered the room I have described; and at the other end, alone, awaiting Miss Sheekleton, who was to accompany her in a little ramble among the woods, stood Miss Fanshawe, dressed for her walk.

In came Cleve pale with agitation; approached her quickly, and stopped short, saying—

“I’ve come; I’m here to ask—how could you—my God!—how *could* you write the letter you sent this morning?”

Miss Fanshawe was leaning a little against the oak window-frame, and did not change this pose, which was haughty and almost sullen.

“*Why* I wrote that letter, *no* one has a right to ask me, and I shall say no more than is contained in the letter itself.” She spoke so coldly and quietly that there seemed almost a sadness in her tones.

“I don’t think you can really mean it,” said Cleve, “I’m *sure* you can’t; you can’t *possibly* think that any one could use another so, without a reason.”

“*Not* without a reason,” said she.

“But I say, surely I have a right to hear it,” urged Cleve. “Is it fair to condemn me, as your letter does, unheard, and to punish me, in ignorance?”

“*Not* in ignorance; at this moment, you *know* the reason perfectly,” replied the girl, and he felt as if her great hazel eyes lighted up all the dark labyrinths of his brain, and disclosed every secret that lurked there.

Cleve was for a moment embarrassed, and averted his eyes. It was true. He *did* know; he could not fail to guess the cause. He had been cursing his ill luck all the morning, and wondering what malign caprice could have led her, of all times and places, at that moment, to the Green of Cardyllian.

In the “Arabian Nights,” that delightful

volume which owes nothing to trick or book-craft, and will preserve its charm undimmed through all the imitations of style in schools, which, projecting its images from the lamp and hues of a dazzling fancy, can no more be lectured into neglect than the magic lantern, and will preserve its popularity while the faculty of imagination and the sense of colour remain, we all remember a parallel. In the “Sultan’s Purveyor’s Story,” where the beautiful favourite of Zobside is about to make the bridegroom of her love quite happy, and in the moment of his adoration, starts up transformed with a “lamentable cry,” and hate and fury in her aspect, all about that unfortunate “ragout made with garlic,” and thereupon, with her own hand and a terrible scourge, lashes him, held down by slaves, into a welter of blood, and then orders the executioner to strike off, at the wrist, his offending hand.

“Oh, *yes!* you *do* know, self-convicted, *why* I think it better for both that we should part now—better that we should thus early be undeceived; with little pain and less reluctance, forget the precipitation and folly of an hour, and go our several ways through life apart. You are fickle; you are selfish; you are reckless; you are quite unworthy of the love you ask for; if you are trifling with that young lady, Miss Etherage, how cruel and unmanly; and if *not*, by what right do you presume to stand here?”

Could he ever forget that beautiful girl as he saw her before him there, almost terrible—her eyes—the strange white light that seemed to flicker on her forehead—her attitude, Italian more than English, statuesque and wild?

On a sudden came another change, sad as a broken-hearted death and farewell—the low tone—the fond lingering—of an unspeakable sorrow, and eternal leave-taking.

“In either case my resolution is taken. I have said, *Farewell!* and I will see you no more—no more—never.”

And as she spoke, she left the room by the door that was beside her.

It was a new sensation for Cleve Verney to feel as he did at that moment. A few steps he followed toward the door, and then hesitated. Then with a new impulse, he did follow and open it. But she was gone. Even the sound of her step was lost.

He turned back, and paused for a minute to collect his thoughts. Of course this must not be. The idea of giving her up so, was simple nonsense, and not to be listened to.

The door at which the young lady had

left the room but two or three minutes before, now opened, and Miss Sheckleton's natty figure and kind old face came in. Quite aghast she looked at him.

"For God's sake, Mr. Verney, why are you here? How can you be so rash?" she almost gasped. "You must go, *instantly*."

"How could you advise the cruelty and folly of that letter?" he said impetuously.

"What letter?"

"Oh! Miss Sheckleton, do let us be frank; only say what have I done or said, or thought, that I should be condemned and discarded without a hearing?"

Hereupon Miss Sheckleton still urging his departure in frightened whispers, protested her innocence of his meaning, and at last bethought her of persuading him, to leave the house, and meet her for the purpose of explaining all, of which he soon perceived she was honestly ignorant, in their accustomed trysting-place.

There, accordingly, among the old trees, they met, and discussed, and she blamed and pitied him; and promised, with such caution as old ladies use in speaking for the resolves of the young of their own sex, that Margaret should learn the truth from her, although she could not of course say what she might think of it, taking as she did such decided, and, sometimes, strange views of things.

So they parted kindly. But Cleve's heart was disquieted within him, and his sky this evening was wild and stormy.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## JUDÆUS APPELLA.

On the stillest summer day did you ever see nature quite still, even that circumscribed nature that hems you round with densest trees, as you lounge on your rustic seat, in lazy contemplation, amid the shorn grass of your flower beds, and which are all oppressed and stifled with heat and slumber? Look attentively, and you will see a little quiver like a dying pulse, in the hanging flower-bells, and a light faint tremble in this leaf and that. Of nature, which is, being interpreted, life, the law is motion, and this law controls the moral as well as the physical world. Thus it is that there is nowhere any such thing as absolute repose, and everywhere we find change and action.

Over Malory, if anywhere, broods the spirit of repose. Buried in deep forest —

fenced on one side by the lonely estuary — no town or village lying beyond it; seaward the little old-world roads that pass by it are quite forsaken by traffic. Even the sound of children's laughter and prattle are never heard there, and little but the solemn caw of the rooks and the baying of the night dog. Yet chance was then invading that quiet seclusion with an unexpected danger.

A gentleman driving that day to the "George Inn" at Cardyllian, from a distant station on the Great London line, and having picked up from his driver, a Cardyllian man, all he could about Malory, and an old Mrs. Mervyn who lived there, stopped suddenly at the corner of the old road, which, two miles below Cardyllian, turns off inland, and rambles with many pleasant windings into the road that leads to Penruthyn Priory.

This gentleman, whose dress was in the cheap and striking style, and whose jewelry was conspicuous, was high-shouldered, with a very decided curve, though not exactly a hunch. He was small, with rather long arms. His hair, whiskers, and beard were glossy black, and his features Jewish. He switched and twirled a black walking-cane, with silver knobs on it, in his hand, and he had two or three rings on his fingers.

His luggage had gone on to the "George;" and, whenever opportunity occurred along that solitary road, he renewed his inquiries about Malory, with a slight peculiarity of accent which the unsophisticated rustics in that part of the world had never heard before.

By this time it was evening, and in the light of the approaching sunset, he might now, as the view of the sea and the distant mountains opened, have enjoyed a pleasure for which, however, he had no taste; these evening glows and tints were to him but imperfect light, and he looked along the solemn and shadowy hills as he would have run his eye along the shops in Cheapside — if with any interest, simply to amuse himself with a calculation of what they might be worth in money.

He was now passing the pretty churchyard of Llanderris. The gray head-stones and grass-grown graves brought home to him no passing thought of change and mortality; death was to him an arithmetical formula by which he measured annuities and reversions and policies. And now he had entered the steep pretty road that leads down with an irregular curve to Malory.

He looked down upon the grand old wood.

He had a smattering of the value of timber, and remembered what a hit Rosenthal and Solomons had made of their purchase of the wood at East Milton, when the railway was about to be made there; and what a nice bit of money they had made of their contract for sleepers and all sorts of other things. Could not Jos Larkin, or some better man, be found to get up a little branch line from Lluinan to Cardyllian? His large mouth almost watered as he thought of it; and how that eight or nine miles of rail would devour every inch of timber that grew there—not a branch would be lost.

But now he was descending toward Malory, and the banks at the right hand and the left shut out the view. So he began to descend the slope at his leisure, looking up and about him and down at the worn road for material for thought, for his mind was bustling and barren.

The road is not four steps across. It winds steeply between high banks. Over these stoop, and cross, and mingle in the perspective, the gray stems of tall ash trees mantled in ivy, which here and there has climbed among the boughs, and made a darker umbrage among the clear green foliage of the trees. Beneath, ascending the steep banks, grow clumps of nettles, elder, hazel, and thorn. Only down the slope of the road can the passenger see any thing of the country it traverses, for the banks out-top him on either side. The rains have washed its stones so bare, wearing a sort of gully in the centre, as to give it the character in some sort of a forest ravine.

The sallow, hatchet-faced man, with prominent black eyes, was walking up this steep and secluded road. Those sharp eyes of his were busy. A wild bee hummed over his head, and he cut at it pleasantly with his stick, but it was out of reach, and he paused and eyed its unconscious flight, with an ugly smile, as if he owed it a grudge for having foiled him. There was little life in that secluded and dark track. He spied a small dome-shaped black beetle stumbling through the dust and pebbles across it.

The little man drew near and peered at it with his piercing eyes and a pleasant grin. He stooped. The point of his pale nose was right over it. Across the desert the beetle was toiling. His path was a right line. The little man looked across to see what he was aiming at, or where was his home. There was nothing particular that he could perceive in the grass and weeds at the point whitherward he was tending in a

right line. The beetle sprawled and stumbled over a little bead of clay, recovered his feet and his direction, and plodded on in a straight line. The little man put his stick, point downward, before him. The beetle rounded it carefully, and plodded on inflexibly in the same direction. Then he of the black eyes and long nose knocked him gently in the face, and again, and again, jerking him this way or that. Still, like a prize-fighter he rallied between the rounds, and drove right on in his old line. Then the little man gave him a sharper knock, which sent him a couple of feet away, on his back; right and left sprawled and groped the short legs of the beetle, but alas! in vain. He could not right himself. He tried to lurch himself over, but in vain. Now and then came a frantic gallop with his little feet; it was beating the air. This was pleasant to the man with the piercing eyes, who stooped over, smiling with his wide mouth, and showing his white fangs. I wonder what the beetle thought of his luck—what he thought of it all. The paroxysms of hope, when his feet worked so hard, grew shorter. The intervals of despair and inaction grew longer. The beetle was making up his mind that he must lie on his back and die slowly, or be crushed under a hoof, or picked up and swallowed by a wandering farm-yard fowl.

Though it was pleasant to witness his despair, the man with the prominent eyes tired of the sight, he gave him a poke under the back, and tumbled him up again on his feet, and watched him. The beetle seemed a little bothered for a while, and would have shaken himself I'm sure if he could. But he soon came to himself, turned in his old direction, and, as it seemed to the observer, marched stumbling on with indomitable perseverance toward the self-same point. I know nothing of beetle habits. I can make no guess why he sought that particular spot. Was it merely a favourite haunt, or were there a little beetle brood, and a wife awaiting him there? A strong instinct of some sort urged him and a most heroic perseverance.

And now I suppose he thought his troubles over, and that his journey was about surely to be accomplished. Alas! it will never be accomplished. There is an influence near which you suspect not. The distance is lessening, the green grass, and dock leaves, and mallows very near. Alas! there is no sympathy with your instinct, with the purpose of your life, with your labours and hopes. An inverted sympathy is

there; a sympathy with the difficulty— with “the Adversary”— with death. The little man with the sharp black eyes brought the point of his stick near the beetle’s back, having seen enough of his pilgrimage, and squelched him.

The pleasure of malice is curious. There are people who flavour their meals with their revenges, whose future is made interesting by the hope that this or that person may come under their heel. Which is pleasantest, building castles in the air for ourselves, or dungeons in Pandemonium for our enemies? It is well for one-half of the human race that the other has not the disposal of them. More rare, more grotesque, more exquisitely fiendish, is that sport with the mysteries of agony, that lust of torture, that constitute the desire and the fruition of some monstrous souls.

Now, having ended that beetle’s brief life in eternal darkness, and reduced all his thoughts and yearnings to cipher, and dissolved his persevering and resolute little character, never to be recombined, this young gentleman looked up among the yellow leaves in which the birds were chirping their evening gossip, and treated them to a capital imitation of a wild cat, followed by a still happier one of a screech-owl, which set all the sparrows in the ivy round twittering in panic; and having sufficiently amused himself, the sun being now near the horizon, he bethought him of his mission to Malory. So on he marched whistling an air from an opera, which, I am bound to admit, he did with the brilliancy and precision of a little flagiolet, in so much that it amounted to quite a curiously pretty accomplishment, and you would have wondered how a gentleman with so unmistakable a vein of the miscreant in him could make such sweet and bird-like music.

A little boy riding a tired donkey into Cardyllian, pointed out to him the gate of the old place, and with a jaunty step, twirling his cane, and whistling as he went, he reached the open space before the door-steps.

The surly servant, who happened to see him as he hesitated and gaped at the windows, came forth, and challenged him with tones and looks the reverse of hospitable.

“Oh! Mrs. Mervyn?” said he; “well, she doesn’t live here. Get ye round that corner there, and you’ll see the steward’s house with a hatch-door to it, and you may ring the bell, and leave, d’ye mind, by the back way. You can follow the road by the rere o’ the house.”

So saying, he warned him off perempto-

rily with a flunkey’s contempt for a mock gentleman; and the sallow man with the black eyes and beard, not at all put out by that slight treatment, for he had seen all sorts of adventures, and had learned unaffectedly to despise contempt, walked listlessly round the corner of the old house, with a somewhat knock-kneed and ungainly stride, on which our bandy friend sneered gruffly.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## MR. LEVI VISITS MRS. MERVYN.

AND now the stranger stood before the steward’s house, which is an old stone building, just two stories high, with but few rooms, and heavy stone shafts to the windows, with little diamond lattices in them, all stained and gray with age— antiquaries assign it to the period of Henry VII.— and when the Jewish gentleman, his wide, loose mouth smiling in solitary expectation, slapped and rattled his cane upon the planks of the hatch, as people in old times called “house!” to summon the servants, he was violating the monastic silence of a building as old as the by-gone friars, with their matin bells and solemn chants.

A little Welsh girl looked over the clumsy banister, and ran up with his message to Mrs. Mervyn.

“Will you please come upstairs, sir, to the drawing-room?” asked the child.

He was amused at the notion of a “drawing-room” in such a place, and with a lazy sneer climbed the stairs after her.

This drawing-room was very dark at this hour, except for the patch of red light that came through the lattice, and rested on the old cupboard opposite, on which stood, shelf above shelf, a grove of coloured delft candle-ticks, tea-cups, jugs, men, women, teapots, and beasts, all in an old-world style, a decoration which prevails in humble Welsh chambers, and which here was a property of the house, forgotten, I presume by the great house of Verney, and transmitted from tenant to tenant, with the lumbering furniture.

The flighty old lady, Mrs. Mervyn of the large eyes, received him with an old-fashioned politeness and formality which did not in the least embarrass her visitor, who sat himself down, smiling his moist, lazy smile, with his knees protruded under the table, on which his elbows rested, and with his heels on the rung of his chair, while his hat and cane lay glimmering in the sunlight beside him.

"Just one chance — you'll be sending for me again, and I won't come. No — no — never, da-a-am me!"

"Good evening, sir," said the lady.

Mr. Levi bit his thumb-nail.

"You don't know what you're doing, ma'am," said he, trying once more.

"I can't, sir — I *can't*," she said, distractedly.

"Come, think — I'm going — *going*; just think — what do you say?"

He waited.

"I won't speak, sir."

"You won't?"

"No, sir."

He lingered for a moment, and the red sunlight showed like a flush of anger on his shallow face. Then, with an insolent laugh, he turned, sticking his hat on his head, and walked down the stairs, singing.

Outside the hatch, he paused for a second.

"I'll get it all another way," he thought.

"Round here, he said, "wasn't it — the back way. Good evening, you stupid, old, da-a-am, crazy cat," and he saluted the windows of the steward's house with a vicious twitch of his cane.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

##### MR. BENJAMIN LEVI RECOGNISES AN ACQUAINTANCE.

MR. BENJAMIN LEVI, having turned the corner of the steward's house, found himself before two great piers, passing through the gate of which he entered the stable yard, at the further side of which was a second gate, which he rightly conjectured would give him access to that back avenue through which he meant to make his exit.

He glanced round this great quadrangle, one end of which was overlooked by the rear of the old house, and that quaint old refectory with its clumsy flight of stone steps, from the windows of which our friend Sedley had observed the ladies of Malory while engaged in their garden work.

There was grass growing between the paving stones, and moss upon the walls, and the stable doors were decaying upon their rusty hinges. Commenting, as so practical a genius naturally would, upon the surrounding capabilities and decay, Mr. Levi had nearly traversed this solitude when he heard some one call, "Thomas Jones!" twice or thrice, and the tones of the voice arrested him instantly.

He was a man with a turn for musical

business, and not only dabbled in concerts and little operatic speculations, but, having a naturally musical ear, had a retentive memory for voices — and this blind man's faculty stood him in stead here, for with a malicious thrill of wonder and delight, he instantly recognised this voice.

The door of that smaller yard which is next the house opened now, and Sir Booth Fanshawe entered, bawling with increased impatience — "Thomas Jones!"

Sir Booth's eye lighted on the figure of Mr. Levi, as he stood close by the wall at the other side, hoping to escape observation.

With the same instinct, Sir Booth stepped backward hastily into an open stable door, and Mr. Levi skipped into another door, within which, unfortunately, a chained dog, Neptune, was dozing.

The dog flew the length of his tether at Mr. Levi's legs, and the Jewish gentleman sprang forth more hastily even than had he entered.

At the same moment, Sir Booth's pride determined his vacillation, and he strode boldly forward and said —

"I think I know you, sir; don't I?"

As there was still some little distance between them, Mr. Levi affected near-sightedness, and, compressing his eyelids, smiled dubiously, and said —

"Ri'ether think not, sir. No, sir — I'm a stranger; my name is Levi — of Goldshod and Levi — and I've been to see Mrs. Mervyn, who lives here, about her young man. I don't know you, sir — no — it is a mish-take."

"No, Mr. Levi — you *do* know me — by — you do," replied Sir Booth, approaching, while his fingers clutched at his walking-stick with an uneasy gripe, as if he would have liked to exercise it upon the shoulders of the Israelite.

"Oh! erikey! Ay, to be sure — why, it's Sir Booth Fanshawe! I beg pardon, Sir Booth. We thought you were in France; but no matter, Sir Booth Fanshawe, none in the world, for all that little bushiness is blown over, quite. We have no interest — no more than your horse — in them little securities, by —; we sold them two months ago to Sholomons; we were glad to sell them to Sholomons, daam him; he hit us hard with some of Wilbraham and Cumming's paper, and I don't care, by —, if he never sees a shilling of it — we would rather *like* it." And Mr. Levi again made oath to that confession of feeling.

"Will you come into the house and have a glass of sherry or something?" said Sir Booth, on reflection.

"I don't understand you, sir — I don't know what it means; I saw him sail away. It went off, off, off."

"I'll bet a pound it did, ma'am," said Mr. Levi.

"Only to be for a very short time; the sail — I could see it very far — how pretty they look on the sea; but very lonely, I think — too lonely."

"A touch of solitary, ma'am," acquiesced Mr. Levi.

"Away, in the yacht," she dreamed on.

"The royal yacht, ma'am, no doubt."

"The yacht, we called it. He said he would return next day; and it went round Pendyllion — round the headland of Pendyllion, I lost it, and it never came again; but I think it will, sir — don't you? I'm sure it will — he was so confident; only smiled and nodded, and he said, 'No, I won't say good-by.' He would not have said that if he did not mean to return — he could not so deceive a lonely poor thing like me, that adored him."

"No, he couldn't, ma'am, not he; no man could. Betray the girl that adored him! Ba-a-ah! impossible," replied Mr. Levi, and shook his glossy ringlets sleepily, and dropped his eyelids, smiling. 'This old girl amused him, her romance was such a joke. But the light was perceptibly growing more dusky, and business must not wait upon fun, so Mr. Levi said —

"He's no shicken by this time, ma'am — your son, ma'am; I'm told he's twenty-seven yearsh old — that's no shicken — twenty-seven next birth-day."

"Do you know any thing of him, sir? Oh, no, he doesn't," she said, looking dreamily with her great sad eyes upon him.

"Jest you tell me, ma'am, where was he baptized, and by what name?" said her visiter.

A look of doubt and fear came slowly and wildly into her face as she looked at him.

"Who is he — I've been speaking to you, sir?"

"Oh! yesh, mo-o-ost beautiful, you 'av, ma'am," answered he; "and I am your son's best friend — and yours, ma'am; only you tell me where to find him, and he's a made man, for all hizh dayzh."

"Where has he come from? — a stranger," she murmured.

"I told you ma'am."

"I don't know you, sir; I don't know your name," she dreamed on.

"Benjamin Levi. I'll spell it for you, if you like," he answered, beginning to grow testy. "I told you my name, and showed

you my ca-a-ard. Bah! it ravel's at one end, as fast as it knits at the other."

And again, he held the card of the firm of Goldshed and Levi, with his elbows on the table, between the fingers of his right and left hand, bowed out like an old-fashioned shop-board, and looking as if it would spring out elastically into her face.

"There, ma'am, that's the ticket!" said he, eyeing her over it.

"Once, sir, I spoke of business to a stranger, and I was always sorry; I did mischief," said the old woman, with a vague remorsefulness.

"I'm no stranger, ma'am, begging your pardon," he replied insolently; "you don't half know what you're saying, I do think. Goldshed and Levi — not know us; sich precious rot, I never!"

"I did mischief, sir."

"I only want to know where to find your son, ma'am, if you know, and if you won't tell, you ruin that poor young man. It ain't a pound to me, but it's a deal to him," answered the good-natured Mr. Levi.

"I'm very sorry, sir, but I once did mischief by speaking to a gentleman whom I didn't know. Lady Verney made me promise, and I'm sure she was right, never to speak about business without first consulting some member of her family. I don't understand business — never did," pleaded she.

"Well, here's a go! not understaan? Why, there's nothing to understaan'. It isn't business. S-O-N," he spelt "son. H-U-S-B-A-N-D — *uzbaan'* — that ain't business — da-a-am me! *Where's* the business? Baah!"

"Sir," said the old lady, drawing herself up, I've answered you. It was about my husband — God help me — I spoke before, and did mischief without knowing it. I won't speak of him to strangers, except as Lady Verney advises — to any stranger — especially to you, sir."

There was a sound of steps outside, which, perhaps, modified the answer of Mr. Levi. He was very much chagrined, and his great black eyes looked very wickedly upon her helpless face.

"Ha, ha, ha! as you please, ma'am. It isn't the turn of a shilling to me, but you ruin the *poor-or* young man, your son, for da-a-am me, if I touch his business again, if it falls through *now*; mind you *that*. So having ruined your own flesh and blood, you tell me to go as I came. It's *nothing* to me — mind that — but ru-in to him; here's my hat and stick — I'm going, only just I'll give you one chance more for that poor young man, just a minute to think again." He had stood up, with his hat and cane in his hand

"Just one chance — you'll be sending for me again, and I won't come. No — no — never, da-a-am me!"

"Good evening, sir," said the lady.

Mr. Levi bit his thumb-nail.

"You don't know what you're doing, ma'am," said he, trying once more.

"I can't, sir — I *can't*," she said, distract-edly.

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"Oh! crikey! Ay, to be sure — why, it's Sir Booth Fanshawe! I beg pardon, Sir Booth. We thought you were in France; but no matter, Sir Booth Fanshawe, none in the world, for all that little bushiness is blown over, quite. We have no interest — no more than your horse — in them little securities, by —; we sold them two months ago to Sholomons; we were glad to sell them to Sholomons, daam him; he hit us hard with some of Wilbraham and Cumming's paper, and I don't care, by —, if he never sees a shilling of it — we would rather *like* it." And Mr. Levi again made oath to that confession of feeling.

"Will you come into the house and have a glass of sherry or something?" said Sir Booth, on reflection.

"Well, I don't mind," said Mr. Levi.

And in he went and had a glass of sherry and a biscuit, and grew friendly and confidential.

Don't you be running up to town, Sir Booth—Sholomons is looking for you. Clever man, Sholomons, and you should get quietly out of this country as soon as you conveniently can. He thinks you're in France now. He sent Rogers—you know Rogers?"

He paused so long here that Sir Booth had to answer "No."

Well, he sent him—a good man, Rogers, you know, but drinks a bit—after you to Vichy, ha, ha, ha! By—, it was rich. Daam Sholomons. It was worth a pound to see his face—ugly fellow. You know Sholomons?"

And so Mr. Levi entertained his host, who neither loved nor trusted him, and at his departure gave him all sorts of friendly warnings and sly hints, and walked and ran partly to the "George," and got a two-horse vehicle as quickly as they could harness the horses, and drove at great speed to Lluinan, where he telegraphed to his partner to send a writ down by next train for Sir Booth, the message being from Benjamin Levi, George Inn, Cardyllian, to Goldshed & Levi, &c., &c., London.

Mr. Levi took his ease in his inn, sipped a good deal of brandy and water, and smoked many cigars, with a serene mind and pleasant anticipations, for, if nothing went wrong, the telegram would be in his partner's hand in ample time to enable him, with his accustomed diligence, to send down a "beak" with the necessary documents by the night train, who would reach Cardyllian early, and pay his little visit at Malory by nine o'clock in the morning.

Mr. Levi, as prosperous gentlemen will, felt his solitude, though luxurious, too dull for the effervescence of his spirits, and having questioned his host as to the amusements of Cardyllian, found that its normal resources of that nature were confined to the billiard and reading rooms, where, on payment of a trifling benefaction to the institution, he enjoyed, as a "visitor," the exhilarating privileges of a member of the Club.

In the billiard-room, accordingly, that night, was the fragrance of Mr. Levi's cheroot agreeably perceptible, the sonorous drawl of his peculiar accent vocal amongst pleasanter intonations, and his "cuts," "double doubles," and "long crosses," painfully admired by the gentlemen whose shillings he pocketed at pool. And it was pleas-

ant to his exquisitely commercial genius to think that the contributions of the gentlemen to whom he had "given a lesson," and whose "eyes he had opened," would constitute a fund sufficient to pay his expenses at the "George," and even to leave something towards his return fare to London.

The invalid who was suffering from asthma in the bedroom next his was disturbed by his ejaculations as he undressed, and by his repeated bursts of laughter, and rang his bell, and implored the servant to beg of the gentlemen who were conversing in the next room to make a little less noise, in consideration of his indisposition.

The manner in which he had "potted" the gentlemen in the billiard-room, right and left, and the uncomfortable admiration of his successes exhibited in their innocent countenances, had, no doubt, something to do with these explosions of merriment. But the chief source of his amusement was the anticipated surprise of Sir Booth, when the little domiciliary visit of the next morning should take place, and the recollection of his own adroitness in mystifying the Baronet.

So he fell into a sweet slumber, uncrossed by even an ominous dream, not knowing that the shrewd old bird for whom his chaff was spread and his pot simmering had already flown with the scream of the whistle on the wings of the night train to Chester, and from that centre to an unknown nook, whence, in a day or two more, he had flitted to some continental roost, which even clever Mr. Levi could not guess.

Next morning early, the ladies were on their way to London, through which they were to continue their journey, and to join Sir Booth abroad.

Two persons were, therefore, very much disappointed next day at Malory; but it could not be helped. One was Cleve Venny, who tried the inexorable secrecy of the servant in every way, but in vain; possibly because the servant did not himself know where "the family" were gone. The other was Mr. Benjamin Levi, who resented Sir Booth's selfish duplicity with an exasperation which would hardly have been appeased by burning that "daam, old mizzled bankrupt robber" alive.

Mr. Levi flew to Chester with his "beak" in a third class carriage, and thence radiated telegraphic orders and entreaties affecting Sir Booth wherever he had a friend, and ready, on a hint by the wires, to unleash his bailiff on his track, and fix him on the soil immovable as the petrified witch of Muck



Iestane Muir, by the spell of his parchment legend.

But no gleam of light rewarded his labours. It was enough to ruffle even Mr. Levi's temper, which, accordingly *was* ruffled. To have been so near! To have had his hand, as it were, upon the bird. If he had only had the writ himself in his pocket, he might have dropped, with his own fingers, that grain of salt upon his tail. But it was not to be. At the moment of possession, Mr. Levi balked. He could grind curses under his white teeth, and did not spare them now. Some of them were, I daresay, worthy of that agile witch, "Cuttie Sark," as she stood baffled on the key-stone of the bridge, with Meggie's severed tail in her quivering gripe.

In the mean time, for Cleve Verney, Malory is stricken with a sudden blight. Its woods are enchanted no longer; it is dark, now, and empty. His heart aches when he looks at it.

He missed his accustomed walk with the Etherage girls. He wrote to tell old Vane Etherage that he was suffering from a severe cold, and could not dine with him, as he had promised. The cold was a lie—but was he really well? Are the spirits no part of health; and where were his?

About a fortnight later, came a letter from his good friend, Miss Sheckleton. How delightful, interesting, though it contained next to nothing! But how interesting! How often he read it through! How every solitary moment was improved by a glance into it!

It was a foreign letter. It would be posted, she said, by a friend in Paris. She could not yet tell, even to a friend so kind as he, the address which would find them. She hoped, however, *very* soon to be at liberty to do so. *All* were well. Her young friend had never alluded since to the subject of the last painful interview. *She*, Miss Sheckleton, could not, unless a favourable opening presented, well invite a conversation on the matter. She had no doubt, however, that an opportunity would occur. She understood the peculiar character of her beautiful young cousin, and saw a difficulty, and even danger, in pressing the question upon her, possibly prematurely. When he, Cleve, wrote—which she supposed he would so soon as he was in possession of her address—he could state exactly what he wished her to say. Meanwhile, although as she had before hinted, dear Margaret was admired and *sought* by a man both of rank and fortune, with very great constancy,

(she thought it not improbable that Cleve had already suspected that affair,) there was in *her* opinion nothing to apprehend, at least at present, in that gentleman's suit—flattered, of course, she must be by a constancy so devoted; but she hardly thought there was a chance that the feeling would grow to anything beyond *that*. So she bid God bless him, and wrote Anne Sheckleton at the foot of the page.

The physician who, mistaking a complaint, administers precisely the concoction which debilitates the failing organ, or inflames the tortured nerve, commits just such an innocent cruelty as good Miss Sheckleton practised, at the close of her letter, upon Cleve Verney.

She had fancied that he knew something of the suit to which she referred for the purpose of relieving an anxiety to which her thoughtful allusion introduced him, in fact, for the first time.

Who was this faithful swain? He knew enough of Sir Booth Fanshawe's surroundings, his friends and intimates, to count up four, or five, or six possible rivals. He knew what perseverance might accomplish, and absence might undo, and his heart was disquieted within him.

If he had consulted his instinct, he would have left Ware forthwith, and pursued to the Continent, and searched every town in France; but he could not act quite according to impulse.

He had told the Cardyllian people that he was not to leave Ware till the fourteenth; would no remark attend his sudden departure, following immediately upon the mysterious flitting of the Malory people? He knew what wonderful stories might thereupon arise in Cardyllian, and how sure they would be, one way or another, to reach his uncle Kiffyn, and how that statesman's suspicions might embarrass him. Then a letter might easily reach Ware while he was away, and be lost, or worse.

So he resolved to see out the rest of his time where he was. In Cardyllian Church how dark and cold looked the cavity of the Malory pew! The saints and martyrs in the great eastern window were subdued, and would not glow, and their glories did not burn, but only smouldered that day. And oh! how long was Doctor Splayfoot's sermon! And how vague was his apprehension of the "yarn" to which Miss Charity Etherage treated him all the way from the church porch to the top of Castle-street.

He was glad when the fifteenth, which was to call him away from Ware, approached.

He was glad to leave this changed place,  
glad to go to London — *anywhere*.

Just as all was ready for his flight by the  
night train, on the evening of the 14th, to  
his great joy, came a letter, a note, almost,  
so short, from kind Anne Shackleton.

*All* — underlined — were well. There  
was nothing more, in fact, but one satis-  
factory revelation, which was the address  
which would now find them.

So Cleve Verney made the journey to  
London that night in better spirits.

## HOMEWARD.

BY GEO. W. CROWELL.

Once more the distant mountain range  
Slow melting into view,  
Comes, like a dream of chance or change,  
With scenes that once I knew.

Beneath yon drifting rift of smoke  
The quiet village lies,  
Where boyhood's morning glory broke  
In rosy-tinted dyes.

And on, and on, with lightening speed  
The train is rushing fast,  
While freighted well with thought and deed,  
Come memories of the past.

Comes many a fancy of the brain,  
Strange mixed with Now and Then —  
The ramble of the swaying train,  
The murmured talk of men.

And can it be, my olden home  
Swims here before my eyes?  
The years may go, the years may come,  
But memory never dies!

In giddy, reeling circles past,  
Those ancient houses fly;  
An instant — then a blinding flash  
Of smoke comes whirling by.

And blotted from the smiling plain,  
Is village, church, and spire,  
A dash of boyhood on the brain  
To kindle manhood's fire.

As sweeping o'er the trembling rail,  
Thus throbs the pulse of time,  
The few succeed, where many fail,  
Beat in a thunderous clime.

And dashing through my fevered brain,  
With surging thunders murmured low,  
Comes many a gleaming phantom train  
With perished hopes of long ago.

To shame my manhood's warring pride  
They flash from out the silent past,  
The dim-wrought fancies which belied —  
The dreams of youth now everpast.

— Reader.

From The Examiner.

O-KEE-PA.

*O-Ke-PA: A Religious Ceremony; and Other Customs of the Mandans.* By George Catlin. With Thirteen Coloured Illustrations. Trübner and Co.

THE most incredible part of Mr. Catlin's account of the North American Indians, and those of South America, among whom he lived for fourteen years, collected memorials, and sketched and painted, not himself but many a canvas, was his account of the religious ceremonies of the Mandans. As it has been discredited by Mr. Schoolcraft in his large work on the North American Indians, it is now republished with additional detail, and a dozen or more of curious illustrative sketches, printed in colour. Mr. Catlin also produces witness to the trustworthiness of his account in a letter, dated last December, addressed to him by the venerable Prince Maximilian of Neuwied, who is in repute among his countrymen as a scientific traveller, and himself visited the Indian tribes of the Missouri, thirty-three years ago, spending a whole winter with the Mandan tribe, now all but destroyed, or quite destroyed, by small-pox and the ruin that came on the few survivors of the pestilence. Prince Maximilian joined the Mandans after the season of the religious festival of O-kee-pa, which Mr. Catlin saw and described; but he had detailed descriptions of it from all the chiefs and from Mr. Kipp, who was then director of Fort Clarke at the Mandan village, and from these descriptions the Prince gave in his book of travel an account of the O-kee-pa, essentially agreeing with Mr. Catlin's report of what he saw. Mr. Kipp, Agent of the American Fur Company, and two other Europeans certified that they were with Mr. Catlin and saw what he saw. Mr. Kipp's predecessor, who conducted the American Fur Company's business with the Mandans for eight years, says that he witnessed annually for eight years the ceremonies described by Mr. Catlin, except that he never got admission to the inside of the Medicine Lodge and saw what was done there.

Upon their annual religious ceremony of the O-kee-pa, the Mandans believed that their supply of buffaloes depended.

In the summer of 1832 Mr. Catlin paid two visits to the Mandans in a village of earth-covered wigwams on the west bank of the Missouri River, eighteen hundred miles above the town of St. Louis. Their num-

bers were then two or three thousand, and they followed their native customs, having no civilized people near them except a few agents of the Missouri Fur Company's business, who lived in a trading-house by their side. They were a friendly and hospitable tribe, of whom it was said that no Mandan ever killed a white man.

On the first day of their great festival, the leading medicine man stood on the top of a wigwam before sunrise, and announced the coming of a great white man to open the Medicine Lodge. This lodge was a large wigwam religiously closed during the whole year, except during the five days of the O-kee-pa. Then there was shouting, yelling, and looking westward till the white man — an old man covered with white clay, and carrying a large Medicine Pipe, — who represented the one man saved from the traditional flood, came down the distant hills and approached the village. He announced himself, caused everybody to retire and be silent, the dogs also to be muzzled, and proceeded to open the Medicine Lodge which, by the hands of four clean men of the tribe from North, South, East, and West, he swept and garnished. Then he went to the door of each wigwam and received from its occupant an edge tool. These edge tools were collected in the Medicine Lodge, and at the close of the festival would be thrown into deep water, from the top of the rocks, as a sacrifice to the water. The mysterious visitor slept after the first day of silence in the Medicine Lodge. Next morning he called to the lodge all the young men of the tribe who desired to graduate as warriors. Fifty-five young fellows obeyed his call. He then transferred his pipe of office to the chief medicine man of the tribe, passed out of the village and made his way back to the hills. Mr. Catlin owed his privilege of witnessing the ceremonies within the Lodge to the favour of the medicine man, whose heart he had won by painting his portrait.

For three days, and part of a fourth, the young candidates for the degree of warrior were kept in the lodge without meat, drink, or sleep, while outside festival was going on, in which the chief feature was the Bull Dance to secure the year's supply of buffaloes. It was danced four times on the first day, eight times on the second day, twelve times on the third day, and sixteen times on the fourth day, by eight men dressed in buffalo skins to represent buffalo bulls, two men in black paint dotted with white stars who represented "night," and two in red paint with long white stripes called "morn-

ing rays." Round about the dance was a masque of grizzly bears, bald eagles, vultures, antelopes, swans, rattlesnakes, and wolves, two of each. These performers, and also the young men waiting for the ordeal through which they reached the degree of M. W., or Mandan Warrior, were so elaborately and completely painted with coloured clays, in a lodge set apart for this artistic purpose, that not an inch of the natural colour of their bodies, limbs or hair, was to be seen. Into the last dance, on the fourth day, a man blackened and made horrible, to represent the evil spirit, broke loose, and had, by outcry and ceremony, to be banned from the village; great honour being paid to the young woman by whom, in the course of the business, his wand had been broken. It was she who stopped the bull dance, invited the chiefs to enter the Medicine Lodge, and ordered the beginning of the voluntary examination by torturing of the starving and sleepless candidates for the degree of warrior. What was done then within the lodge we leave Mr. Catlin himself to tell. Strange as it is, it is not incredible, and has its parallel in many a record of what is done by fanatical dervishes in the name of religion. Here it is done only in evidence of courage and endurance.

Two men, who were to inflict the tortures, had taken their positions near the middle of the lodge; one, with a large knife with a sharp point and two edges, which were backed with another knife in order to produce as much pain as possible, was ready to make the incisions through the flesh, and the other, prepared with a handful of splints of the size of a man's finger, and sharpened at both ends, to be passed through the wounds as soon as the knife was withdrawn.

The bodies of these two men, who were probably *medicine men*, were painted red, with their hands and feet black; and the one who made the incisions with the knife wore a mask, that the young men should never know who gave them their wounds; and on their bodies and limbs they had conspicuously marked with paint the scars which they bore, as evidence that they had passed through the same ordeal.

To these two men one of the emaciated candidates at a time crawled up, and submitted to the knife (as seen in Plate X.), which was passed under and through the integuments and flesh taken up between the thumb and forefinger of the operator, on each arm, above and below the elbow, over the *brachialis externus* and the *arteria radialis*, and on each leg above and below the knee, over the *vastus externus* and the *peroneus*; and also on each breast and each shoulder.

During this painful operation, most of these young men, as they took their position to be

operated upon, observing me taking notes, beckoned me to look them in the face, and sat, without the apparent change of a muscle, smiling at me whilst the knife was passing through their flesh, the ripping sound of which, and the trickling of blood over their clay-covered bodies and limbs, filled my eyes with irresistible tears.

When these incisions were all made, and the splints passed through, a cord of raw hide was lowered down through the top of the wigwam, and fastened to the splints on the breasts or shoulders, by which the young man was to be raised up and suspended, by men placed on the top of the lodge for the purpose.

These cords having been attached to the splints on the breast or the shoulders, each one had his shield hung to some one of the splints; his *medicine bag* was held in his left hand, and a dried buffalo skull was attached to the splint on each lower leg and each lower arm, that its weight might prevent him from struggling; when, at a signal, by striking the cord, the men on top of the lodge commenced to draw him up. He was thus raised some three or four feet above the ground, until the buffalo heads and other articles attached to the wounds swung clear, when another man, his body red and his hands and feet black, stepped up, and with a small pole, began to turn him around.

The turning was slow at first, and gradually increased until fainting ensued, when it ceased. In each case these young men submitted to the knife, to the insertion of the splints, and even to being hung and lifted up, without a perceptible murmur or a groan; but when the turning commenced, they began crying in the most heart-rending tones to the Great Spirit, imploring him to enable them to bear and survive the painful ordeal which they were entering on. This piteous prayer, the sounds of which no imagination can ever reach, and of which I could get no translation, seemed to be an established form, ejaculated alike by all, and continued until fainting commenced, when it gradually ceased.

In each instance they were turned until they fainted and their cries were ended. Their heads hanging forwards and down, and their tongues distended, and becoming entirely motionless and silent, they had in each instance, the appearance of a corpse. (See Plate XI.) In this view, which was sketched whilst the two young men were hanging before me, one is suspended by the muscles of the breast, and the other by the muscles of the shoulders, and two of the young candidates are seen reclining on the ground, and waiting for their turn.

When brought to this condition, without signs of animation, the lookers on pronounced the word *dead!* when the men who had turned them struck the cords with their poles, which was the signal for the men on top of the lodge to lower them to the ground, — the time of their suspension having been from fifteen to twenty minutes.

The excessive pain produced by the turning, which was evinced by the increased cries as the

rapidity of the turning increased, was no doubt caused by the additional weight of the buffalo skulls upon the splints, in consequence of their centrifugal direction, caused by the rapidity with which the bodies were turned, added to the sickening distress of the rotary motion; and what that double agony actually was every adult Mandan knew, and probably no human being but a Mandan ever felt.

After this ordeal (in which two or three bodies were generally hanging at the same time), and the bodies were lowered to the ground as has been described, a man advanced (as seen in Plate X.) and withdrew the two splints by which they had been hung up, they having necessarily been passed under a portion of the *trapezius* or *pectoral* muscle, in order to support the weight of their bodies; but leaving all the others remaining in the flesh, to be got rid of in the manner yet to be described.

Each body lowered to the ground appeared like a loathsome and lifeless corpse. No one was allowed to offer them aid whilst they lay in this condition. They were here enjoying their inestimable privilege of voluntarily entrusting their lives to the keeping of the Great Spirit, and choose to remain there until the Great Spirit gave them strength to get up and walk away.

Each candidate, when he could partly rise from the ground after the passing of this first examination, dragged himself to a part of the lodge where a red man in a mask, with his hands and feet blackened, sat holding a hatchet before a dried buffalo's skull, — placed the little finger of the left hand on the skull, and had it chopped off. Some offered to the Great Spirit their forefinger also. When six or eight had passed this part of their examination, they were taken outside the lodge, with the weights still hanging to their flesh and dragging on the ground, for the closing competition:

For this a circle was formed by the buffalo dancers (their masks thrown off) and others who had taken parts in the bull dance, now wearing head-dresses of eagles' quills, and all connected by circular wreaths of willow-boughs held in their hands, who ran with all possible speed and piercing yells, around the "Big Canoe;" and outside of that circle the bleeding young men thus led out, with all their buffalo skulls and other weights hanging to the splints, and dragging on the ground, were placed at equal distances, with two athletic young men assigned to each, one on each side, their bodies painted one half red and the other blue, and carrying a bunch of willow-boughs in one hand, who took them, by leather straps fastened to the wrists, and ran with them as fast as they could, around the "Big Canoe;" the buffalo skulls and other weights still dragging on the

ground as they ran, amidst the deafening shouts of the bystanders and the runners in the inner circle, who raised their voices to the highest key, to drown the cries of the poor fellows thus suffering by the violence of their tortures.

The ambition of the young aspirants in this part of the ceremony was to decide who could run the longest under these circumstances without fainting, and who could be soonest on his feet again after having been brought to that extremity. So much were they exhausted, however, that the greater portion of them fainted and settled down before they had run half the circle, and were then violently dragged, even (in some cases) with their faces in the dirt, until every weight attached to their bodies was left behind.

This *must* be done to produce honourable scars, which could not be effected by withdrawing the splints endwise; the flesh must be *broken out*, leaving a scar an inch or more in length: and in order to do this, there were several instances where the buffalo skull adhered so long that they were jumped upon by the bystanders as they were being dragged at full speed, which forced the splints out of the wounds by breaking the flesh, and the buffalo skulls were left behind.

The tortured youth, when thus freed from all weights, was left upon the ground, appearing like a mangled corpse, whilst his two torturers, having dropped their willow-boughs, were seen running through the crowd towards the prairies, as if to escape the punishment that would follow the commission of a heinous crime.

In this pitiable condition each sufferer was left, his life again entrusted to the keeping of the Great Spirit, the sacredness of which privilege no one had a right to infringe upon by offering a helping hand. Each one in his turn lay in this condition until "the Great Spirit gave him strength to rise upon his feet," when he was seen, covered with marks of trickling blood, staggering through the crowd and entering his wigwam, where his wounds were probably dressed, and with food and sleep his strength was restored.

The chiefs and other dignitaries of the tribe were all spectators here also, deciding who amongst the young men were the strongest, and could run the longest in the *last race* without fainting, and whom to appoint and promote accordingly.

As soon as the six or eight thus treated were off from the ground as many more were led out of the Medicine Lodge and passed through the same ordeal, or took some other more painful mode, at their own option, to rid themselves of the splints and weights attached to their limbs, until the whole number of candidates were disposed of; and on the occasion I am describing, to the whole of which I was a spectator, I should think that about fifty suffered in succession, and in the same manner.

The number of wounds inflicted required to be the same on each, and the number of weights attached to them the same, but in both stages of

the torture the candidates had their choice of being, in the *first*, suspended by the breasts or by the shoulders; and in the "*last race*" of being dragged as has been described, or to wander about the prairies from day to day, and still without food, until suppuration of the wounds took place, and, by the decay of the flesh, the dragging weights were left behind.

It is wonderful that only one young man was known to have died under this dreadful discipline.

From the Spectator.

#### EUROPEAN WILL AND ORIENTAL VOLITION.

THE most characteristic incident in the Sultan's visit, at least the most characteristic of those which have reached the public ear, is the stoppage of the train just outside Folkestone. His Majesty, according to the story, had taken his seat in the saloon with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge, and been carried a few miles, when he began to feel a little drowsy. The papers say he is always sleeping, but we suppose the truth is that he is accustomed to sleep, as animals are, when he wants to sleep, not when it is etiquette, and therefore habit, to feel sleepy. Neapolitans are called lazy for much the same reason, because they sleep after meals, like cows, and work when it is cool, instead of when it is hot. Feeling drowsy, the Sultan quietly requested that the train should be stopped, that the Prince and the Duke should get out, and that he himself should be left to sleep in peace, requests which were complied with, with a readiness implying possibly a certain relief from a most *enervant* situation. It must be a horrible bore to entertain an immensely great man through an interpreter. We take the story as told in the *Times* and two other journals, and whether true or false it is equally characteristic. No Western man, — we suppose after Mr. Fawcett's little sarcasm about the geography of Constantinople we must not say no European, — would have done that, and almost any Asiatic of that rank would, and would have done it without the slightest conception that he was doing any thing discourteous, or unusual, or odd. The Sultan wanted to sleep, and why should he not stop a train, or tell the ebbing tide to flow, or do any thing else necessary to carry out his purpose? He

had willed, and his volition was executive. The incident curiously illustrates what is perhaps the main difference between an Asiatic and a European, a difference which is patent to any one who has personally studied both, but which we almost despair of making clear by any form of words, a difference in the apparent, or, for aught we know, the real nature of the will. With a European, or a man trained from childhood in European habits, the will seems to be — of course it cannot really be — an artificial quality, a power which he accumulates by a mental process in order to beat down resistance, and which he can call upon as he can upon steam, or friction, or electricity, to a precisely limited extent. It needs obstacles to call it into full activity, as a motor needs a resisting fluid. The European, except in exceptional cases, is not fond of exerting it, does not wish to recognize it, feels williness, the voluntary paralysis of the will, to be one of the first conditions of ease and enjoyment. The use of the power suggests labour, like the use of any other faculty, and when he does not want to labour he does not want to will. A European habitually unopposed would, therefore, usually have a weak will and a high temper, a will as of a spoiled child, which fumes and screams at opposition, but yields to resistance, yields in some cases without any intention of resuming the contest. That is not the case with a Western Asiatic, or any Asiatic except a Chinaman, though the difference is very hard to put in words. His will is not a thing *developed* by mental churning, or an artificial power at all, but something in his nature which is strengthened, not weakened, by an absence of opposition, a fever of the blood, an emotion of the muscles, something more nearly like a lust than a purely mental operation. It is a crave to do this or that, or leave undone this or that, so fierce and strong that the reason seems scarcely to have more power than over the beating of the pulse or the winking of the eyelid. You may restrain either for the moment, but it will be, with all deference to M. Schulz, by an exertion which is pain, and it is only by a similar exertion that an Asiatic coerces his will into obedience. An Englishman, for example, must be very drunk either with rage or wine before he would exert his will against a natural force, or feel that it had been defeated by an element. An Asiatic can so exert it, can be carried away by it into an effort, to use an absurd illustration, to stop the rain, to punish nature for refusing compliance. We have always believed

that story of Xerxes whipping the sea, just because it is one no European would have invented. He would have thought he was writing nonsense. It is this independence of the brain which gives to the will of an Oriental its frightful power over himself. All European travellers, English, French, Portuguese, and American, have noticed the Hindoo custom of "sitting in dhurna" as something abnormally strange, inexplicable by any analogy familiar to them; and they are right. No European could do it. It is very easy to say it is mere childishness or whim, but a Hindoo willing a certain thing will calmly starve himself to secure that thing, will sit day after day in one place foodless, wasting to skin and bone, and so die rather than give up. An ordinary European simply could not do it, could not retain that absolute command over the brain and the body, command as of an external force. He would be mad first, or "lose his fortitude," and so yield. Suffering seems to have no meaning to an Asiatic once excited, external obstacles no weight. He has willed, and every obstacle disappears, if not in reality, at least from his mental ken. In action this intensity of will deepens under favourable circumstances, until a Sultan is capable of feeling as if his will were a creative volition, as if obedience were an inevitable result, like heat from friction, — of ordering the greatest or most horrible act without excitement or sense of victory. It is this which produces alike the wonderful calm and the terrible fury of the higher Asiatics. They will, not as we will, with a notion that we must exert a force to bear down opposition, but as we will a movement of hand or eyelid, simply as a precedent condition, which nature teaches them is essential to getting that movement, without a thought of resistance. Stopping a train when he willed to stop a train seemed to the Sultan no more than closing his hand when he willed to close his hand, would have seemed no more if the stoppage had involved a thousand lives, or, under certain conditions, his own. Resistance, which would have woken the European to a compression of the will, would simply have woken him either to fury or to unscrupulousness, to an effort to get his way, in which bonds usually strongly felt would snap like burnt cotton. Of course it is quite possible, as we shall very likely be told, that this is mere childishness, a gradual development from unchecked obstinacy, and we dare say, if we go back a few thousand years, this may be true, but we have seen this. An Indian, or Arab, or Coptic

child of two, can sit, if it is told, for hours motionless, like a little statue, only its eyes rolling, but no limb moving. An English child cannot. Call it, if you will, a habit of obedience, and the question is only pushed one step back. *What* gives the little monkey the power to obey, the capacity of restraining the nervous impulse to move, the means of keeping its muscles from quivering with their natural life? *What* makes its will so independent of its instincts, its desires, and its habits?

This particular condition of the will is one of the main obstacles, perhaps the main obstacle, to any radical change in the political organizations of the East. Orientals do not desire power unless they can exercise it by volition, unless the will acts without a perpetual exertion of other faculties. Power in the shape of influence is to them not power at all; it may be valuable or useful or endurable, but it is not power. They will fawn to get power, but having got it they want to use it without all that friction, as they use their limbs. It is the hardest thing in the world to keep an Asiatic who means to be just within the limits of his authority, and within the forms of its exercise he never is kept except by coercion. If he has power to decree death, and wills death, nothing except punishment will make him decree death according to some regular formula. So it is the hardest thing to get resistance offered when it ought to be. The lord's volition *ought* to be executive over his servants, just as it is over his eyelids. Moreover, if that lord is a native, it will be executive, and in small things as well as great, and consequently he must be obeyed subserviently. An Asiatic cannot resist any order from a superior, however slight, without a revolt, generally a bloody one, because he knows that his superior's will is as strong in small things as in great, will go on to realization through any thing, the necessity of inflicting torture included. The Sepoys could have abolished greased cartridges simply by resigning *en masse*, — as permitted by their terms of service, — but they calculated that the ruler's will would be inexorable, would continue to be executive, till he was killed. Every opposition is war to the knife, and opposition, therefore, is never made except when war to the knife is intended. Where the ruler does not will, Asiatic government is usually lenient or lax to the last degree. A Turk is infinitely freer to do as he likes than a Russian in all the ordinary concerns of his life. Only if a superior wills, be it to steal his daughter or take his wealth, he

must obey that or crush that superior, for of compressing that will, except by external force, there is no chance whatever. Reason will be as powerless as if it sought to make the pulse beat slower. The superior cannot give up his determination. The partial exertion of the will to which we are all accustomed, by which we all act, is to him simply as impossible as M. Schulz's habit of lifting one eyebrow without the other is to anybody else. He says anybody could acquire it, and perhaps they could, as possibly anybody could acquire Marie Antoinette's power of moving her ears backward and forward like a horse, but generations would elapse, and a good many of them, before the power would be hereditary. So it will be a good many years before an Asiatic's will is restrained like that of an Englishman, by an instinctive deference for all opposing facts, many generations before he cares for the restrained and infructuous form of authority which we term constitutional power.

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From the Spectator, 20 July.

#### THE NAVAL REVIEW.

If the Naval Review at Spithead cannot be absolutely pronounced a success, it is at least gratifying to reflect that crowned heads, the Admiralty, and the public were in no wise to blame for the result, and that to the weather and the railway companies — two forces equally unamenable to supplication or remonstrance — must be attributed the falling off from the splendid programme. St. Swithin, after spoiling Belgian uniforms, marring the fête at the Crystal Palace, and giving Volunteers colds at Wimbledon, might have been a little more gracious in his own diocese. The Brighton Railway might have taken the Viceroy of Egypt and the House of Lords down to Portsmouth in a little less than four hours. But *manqué* as the display was in many points, there were still elements of greatness in it that defied the squally weather and minor hitches in the arrangements. There was the most powerful, if not the most numerous fleet ever seen, even at Spithead, assembled to do honour to a monarch whose very appearance amongst us is one of the strangest events of the times. It was the one way in which England could at once present the Sultan with a great

pageant and an effective display of strength. On the previous evening great doubts were entertained whether the review could be held at all. The weather had been steadily becoming worse for two days, with little chance of its moderating; boats could not communicate with the fleet, and a postponement was only prevented by the announcement that Wednesday was absolutely the only day at the Sultan's disposal. On Wednesday morning, however, the look of things so far improved that everybody agreed there would be a review of some kind, and started for Waterloo *ex* Victoria. The Sultan went by the South-Western, and reached Portsmouth without any further inconvenience than the presentation of an address at Basingstoke — it seems there is a corporation there, as well as a railway station. The Viceroy had left Victoria some time before the Sultan had left Nine Elms, but did not arrive till almost the same moment at the dockyard, and hence some delay and a little confusion. Not only had the Admiralty to divide itself in order to receive each of the two with due honour, but the irrepressible Mayor and Corporation, who had calculated on waylaying and settling with the Viceroy before they attacked the Sultan had to rush distractedly about with their addresses. In the mean time the weather was getting worse and worse every moment. The wind had freshened since early morning into a violence that soon cleared the water of all sailing craft except a very few of the most adventurous yachts, and rose into perfect fury as each one of the dull gray masses of rain-cloud that kept gathering to windward broke over or near the scene. It now became almost certain that the original programme could not be carried out, and that the briefest inspection of the fleet as it lay at anchor would most probably be the extent of the day's proceedings. Stories of the roughness of the sea off the Nab had been circulated till there was clearly a feeling of relief in many minds at the thought that comparative freedom from sea-sickness would at least accompany the loss of the great features of the Review. It had been originally intended that the fleet should proceed in two parallel columns down to the Nab, where after sweeping round in opposite directions the two columns would have rejoined each other in the same order, each pair of ships engaging as they approached, but this was now felt to be out of the question. At last the curtain of haze and scud rose for a few moments on the first scene of the spectacle. Soon after



mid-day the Sultan's yacht steamed slowly out of the harbor, followed by that of the Viceroy, and the other Admiralty yachts. Next came the *Tanjore*, with foreign Ministers, then the *Ripon*, with the House of Commons, and lastly the *Syria*, with the House of Lords — all three splendid steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. The scene presented to those on board each vessel as she cleared the harbour mouth was full of the most varied interest. On one side were the hulls of the *Victory*, the *St. Vincent*, and the *Duke of Wellington* — giants of former days; on the other, one long black line of human beings occupied every point of standing-ground on the shore, right up to where the spray dashed in their faces, and stretching away in the foreground was the monster avenue of vessels, with its vista of flag-crowned masts, and blue and white-fringed yards, finally losing itself in hazy distance. On the Isle of Wight shore was the long line of fifteen iron-clads, in an exact parallel on the Hampshire side were a corresponding number of the finest screw liners afloat, while, again, the same number of gunboats prolonged the columns still farther. As the Sultan's yacht neared the line a Royal salute rolled grandly up the terraces of portholes, and — thanks to the wind — the smoke cleared off sufficiently to disclose each ship to the spectators as the procession passed. Naturally eager attention was first called forth by the iron-clads. At their head was the gigantic *Minotaur*, with her five masts, looking the very embodiment of monstrous strength and powers of destruction — not ungraceful, though, in spite of all that has been said. People seem never tired of mourning over the departing glories and the beauty of wooden ships, and ringing the changes on every word expressive of ugliness as applied to their iron successors. But a great deal of this is æsthetically somewhat unsound, and a good deal of it untrue in fact. It is true that a host of glorious traditions and a host of poetic similes clothe every feature of our old wooden ships with a charm it is impossible not to feel, but, after all, the use of a man-of-war is not to recall old associations or to come up to preconceived ideas of beauty. The thought that any couple of the iron-clads on Wednesday could have sent to the bottom, without a chance of escape, the entire line of wooden ships opposite breaks the true spell of their beauty at a blow. With the loss of their power and prestige all the accessories go too. Besides, though the lofty tessellated hulls, tapering spars, and gleaming sails have their beauty,

the grandeur and power of many of the iron-clads are far from incompatible with gracefulness, even according to the old ideas. After the *Minotaur* and *Achilles* came the *Warrior* and *Black Prince*, the latter of which combines the long low black hull, and the grim and frowning battery, with graceful curves, comparatively light spars, and bows that sit on the water with real beauty of outline. After passing the *Pallas*, *Valiant*, and *Research*, about whose appearance not quite so much can be said, the turret ships came into view. The *Royal Sovereign*, under the fitting command of Captain Coles himself, excited great interest. In appearance, it must be said, she looks the image of a butter boat with three pats of butter, but the simile is strangely in contrast with the fact that the heaviest artillery in the fleet, then present, could have barely made a dent even on the small target exposed to them. At last, the lines passed through, the little fleet of yachts and steamers came to off Osborne, the woods and new-mown glades of which never perhaps looked so lovely as they did during a faint glimpse of what was, by comparison, almost "Queen's weather," which lighted them up just previously to her reception of the Sultan on board the *Victoria* and *Albert*. After some little delay during which another furious squall of whistling wind and stinging rain seemed to beat straight down on the sea, the flag of the Grand Turk ran up side by side with that of Queen Victoria, and almost immediately the signal of "annul weighing" showed that the possible dangers of sending a great fleet to sea in rough weather, and with a tremendous tideway, in a narrow channel, were to be avoided. Now commenced the real display. Headed now by the magnificent Royal Yacht, the procession re-formed, and steamed majestically down through the path marked out by the fleet. This time manning the yards was manifestly impossible, as also was any display of bunting in face of the gale, though a Danish frigate, well under the lee of the island, accomplished both — afflicted, apparently, with a perfect "peplomania" as regards the latter. However, the rigging was manned, and all down the fleet the blue and white clusters in the shrouds contrasted beautifully with the bright flash of marines drawn up in line on deck. Now, too, the salutes began with redoubled vigour, and as the progress was now with the wind, they could be heard with grand effect. After passing through the fleet, the Royal Yacht came to anchor a short distance to leeward, while the at-

tendant squadron remained in company, slowly forging ahead, or drifting back with the tide. Then came the signals for the ships to engage, and for the gunboats to weigh and attack the forts. In a moment the roar began, from one end to the other, and the smoke came rolling down, ship by ship fading spectrally away in the gloom. From the far end came a mingled mass of sound, from the nearer ships came incessant but distinguishable peals. The vast tiers of the *Britannia* blazed out till she looked sometimes one glare of flame, while every few seconds the ponderous crashes of sound from the twelve-ton guns of the *Minotaur* and her companions seemed to drown every thing else. Presently the gunboats began to move stealthily about the haze, working up in front of the Portsmouth forts, along which frequent spots of bright light showed they were responding in earnest. At length the firing ceased, the smoke sullenly rolled away over Southsea and down the Channel and first the spars of the fleet stood out faintly against the sky, then the hulls came out indistinctly, and in a few minutes every thing was quiet again. After a short delay, Osborne was again made for, and soon reached. Her Majesty then took leave of the Sultan, and the latter, after one more salute from the fleet, arrived at Portsmouth Harbour, passing as he entered just under the *Syria* and *Ripon*, and receiving their cheers — cheers all the more hearty on account of the broad blue ribbon on his breast, which had just been conferred upon him by the Queen, and the visible appearance of satisfaction on his face. So ended the great Naval Review of 1867. It is only just to add that all the arrangements made by the Admiralty for those invited were every thing that could be expected in face of the weather, and that no praise can be too high for the way in which every thing was managed on board the steamers hired by them from the Peninsular and Oriental Company.

From the Spectator, 27 July.

#### THE ASPECT OF THE CONTINENT.

THE aspect of affairs on the Continent is by no means re-assuring. Lord Stanley's patched-up peace will not, we fear, last long. It is very difficult for observers who watch French politics closely to doubt that Napoleon is arming fast, and with some definite and very important end in view. The Emperor is not a man indifferent to the

material prosperity of the country, and that prosperity has received of late a visible check. It is calculated, that, in spite of the Exhibition, the trade of France has this year declined one-fourth, partly, it is true, in consequence of the failures in joint-stock speculation, but chiefly on account of the prevailing distrust in the continuance of peace. Distrust of that kind is felt in France as it is felt in no other country in the world. Her men of commerce, always timid — for bankruptcy in France involves the alternatives of suicide or disgrace — are rendered still more cautious by a terrible experience. They know that a defeat might produce a revolution, they remember 1848, and at the first rumour of war they contract their dealings to the amount sufficient to keep their establishments open from day to day. They will make no contracts of any kind, and they can obtain no loans. Trade is reduced at a single squeeze to the narrowest limits within which it can exist, every stock falls, every factory works short hours, and every section of the population not directly dependent on the crops finds itself under a sudden, and, to the majority of the sufferers, an inexplicable pressure. At the same time the finances are embarrassed. The Treasury has been compelled to increase its floating debt by six millions sterling, till the statesmen angrily murmur that the margin of safety has been eaten up and the market will bear no more, and France, the richest country on the Continent, the only one in which the debt is held by peasant proprietors whom no government would dare to rob, borrows money at rates thirty per cent. higher than those paid by Great Britain. It is in the face of all these facts that the preparations go on; that Napoleon permits the papers to speak uneasily of increasing armaments; that he inserts in the *Moniteur* an order reconstituting abolished companies and troops, an order which increases the regular Army by 25,000 men; that he embodies the reserves of 1865 and 1866, who, at first called out "for drill," are now "incorporated;" that he purchases in every part of Europe horses, forage, and camp furniture, including items such as tents and camp kettles, by the hundred thousand, which are utterly useless while the Army is in cantonments. It was at first asserted that these purchases were intended to replace the losses sustained in the Mexican campaign, but the French War Office values the opinion of the Army, and the *Moniteur de l'Armée*, a strictly official journal, has this week formally denied these assertions. All Mexican losses, it states, were replaced in

regular official course. France never allows her arsenals to be drawn dry, and the new purchases have therefore some other end. Above all, Admiral de Genouilly, Minister of Marine, in immediate and direct communication with the Emperor, has refused to explain his "programme," on the distinct ground that information might help the German enemy.

That extraordinary speech, published in part in the *Moniteur*, can, we think, be explained only in one way. The Minister considers a descent on the northern coast of Germany quite within the range of immediate possibilities, one which justifies a secrecy hitherto almost unknown in the annals of the department. There are secrets carefully kept in the French Marine, as there is one which is carefully kept at the Admiralty, but no such refusal to explain any thing has ever before been offered to a French Chamber and been silently received. Journals of all kinds allude to the preparations with an air of real or feigned alarm, and those disagreeable rumours which, under the Imperial régime, always precede some great trouble, are spreading over Europe. Austria "is forming a camp at Bruck, near Vienna." S. Ratazzi is "expected in Paris to sign some secret agreement." "Identical notes" have been forwarded from Vienna and Paris to Berlin, praying Count von Bismarck to carry out the treaty of Prague with regard to the partition of Schleswig. French agents are busy at Copenhagen. Swedish journals are full of "the love shown for Scandinavia by France." A "treaty has been signed between St. Petersburg and Berlin to provide for eventualities," and so on, and so on; lies most of them, but lies fabricated because chancelleries, and contractors, and secret agents are all seen to be busily engaged, as in a time of approaching storm. The rumours, of course, lose nothing from the fact that opinion in France is as bitter as ever against Prussia, so bitter that journals talk of Prussian projects for dismembering France, or from the other fact that the French elections must come off soon, and that the Emperor is anxiously providing for that support which a war would immediately secure. They must be accepted for what they are worth, which, in the majority of cases, is very little indeed, but they all, like the decline in trade, the fall in the value of securities, and the mutterings of the Press, serve to reveal a European condition of feverish unrest.

That unrest, besides costing Europe millions a week, by the restrictions it places

not only upon trade, but upon effort, is all the more dangerous because of the absence of any definite subject of dispute. The "tension" between Germany and France — we speak of the peoples, not of the diplomatists — is not caused by any aggression, or fear of aggression, by one upon the other. If France will let Germany alone, she will complete her work of internal re-organization without crossing her own frontier; if Germany lets France alone, France can go on her own path without fear of German meddling. Neither people wants any thing of the other, except a passive attitude. Their hostility is the result of an almost instinctive jealousy, of a feeling at once below and beyond reason, a conviction, on the one side, that if peace continues, the future of France will be endangered; on the other, that when France sees that, France will interfere. Frenchmen, whether Imperialists or men of the Opposition, both alike, feel that if German unity is allowed to consolidate itself, if the Southern States come in as they are coming in to the Northern League, France will be no longer able to act in Europe without consulting Germany. She will not be invaded, will not be menaced, will not be injured, but she will lose "the freedom of her initiative," will be brought fairly under the control of European opinion. This is the change which Frenchmen feel inclined to resist, which Germans see they are inclined to resist, and which makes the one people almost desire the struggle which the other people quite anticipates. Yet, as the change is quite inevitable, the feeling it has produced would seem to be incurable, except by that recognition of its inevitableness, which will only follow war. Germany cannot give up unity in deference to foreign susceptibilities. She would be wanting to herself if she did, and as a matter of fact, she will rather fight than allow of any interference whatsoever in her internal affairs. Yet while reconstruction in Germany is going on, the fear the process produces in France must exist, and with it the risk of war. Nothing but time can ameliorate the situation between the two countries, teach Germany that she will not be invaded, teach France to believe that it is as pleasant to be first among equals and friends as first among inferiors and dependents; and that time, to judge from all the symptoms abroad, will not be given. France is so anxious, that Napoleon would hardly be excused for not arming, and yet in arming he gives ground for that suspicion which, rankling through Germany, of itself

almost produces war. It must not be forgotten that there is some sound foundation, sound even if not sufficient, for French and German unrest. If the German movement involves the breaking up of Austria, if the Austrian Germans resolve at last to share the fortunes of their brethren, France really would be shut up in her corner, would be left either alone, liable whenever she moved to a veto from Berlin, or reduced to a permanent and forced alliance with Great Britain. She would be, for example, absolutely unable to quarrel with the American Union without either German consent or British alliance. On the other hand, with Austria still in the sulks, North Germany is enclosed between two enemies, each powerful enough to tax her utmost resources, to keep her in perpetual alarm, to retard her progress, and to foster what liberal Germans most dread, the "military disease." War seems preferable to such a condition of suspense, yet the condition is unavoidable, if Germany is not to leave indispensable work half done, to pause in a work of reconstruction which goes on almost without her own efforts or consent.

We do not of course mean to imply that war is inevitable, or that it will be immediate. Despite Marshall Niel's great activity and energy — he seems far the strongest War Minister France has had for years — and the very large expenditure he is incurring, the re-armament of France can scarcely be yet complete. The Chassepots are not furnished in any adequate numbers, the horses are still out on the land, the orders for tents and furniture are all for September, that is, in reality, October, and that leaves little time before the Baltic is frozen and West German roads all but impassable for artillery. The alliances are uncemented, the overt diplomacy has not begun, the session of the Corps Législatif is but just ended, the great financiers show no symptom of fearing a coming loan. The Emperor has to think for Austria as well as France, and Austria certainly is not ready, can hardly, with her defective organization, be made ready for this year. The Exhibition has to get itself through, and the Emperor's holiday — a holiday which he needs rather more than the humblest of his subjects — and there are a hundred collateral dangers to be carefully provided against. No grand movement is probable before the early spring, but if it is even contemplated, if all these vast preparations are not objectless, and the alarm in Germany without reason, the danger will hang over Europe all the winter, clouding all prospects, embittering

all festivities, interrupting all action save that which tends towards the greatest of all calamities — a great European war. We have no wish to be alarmists, but the initiative in Europe still belongs to France, and we see in France no signs that she is either content, or tranquil, or quiescent. She is arming, as we judge, and while she is arming, Europe cannot think of aught more profitable than arms.

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From the Spectator.

TRAVELLING IN SPAIN IN THE PRESENT DAY.\*

THIS is a book of notes, and nothing more, except that the volume is irreproachable, and the illustrations neat. But then the notes are unaffected, sensible, and readable. We are not plagued with a perpetual salad of pseudo-Catholic sentiments, and Mr. Blackburn has the trick of catching hold of things one likes to know and to be told of quietly. He jogs along, carefully eschewing philosophy or sentiment, and in fact looks with both his eyes straight before him doggedly at everything he sees, and listens with both his ears to everything he hears. Of course there is the inevitable chapter on the Bull Ring. That was indispensable. But it is very well done, and many touches scattered through the chapter give us very unexpected glimpses into the general life and aspect on the spot. There is the café near the Puerta del Sol, at Madrid, and its hundreds of visitors, who, upon a penny glass of sugar and water, sit there the whole evening. How is such a magnificent establishment, he asks, conducted on penny glasses of sugar and water? A thousand pence a day, we answer, is not so far from two thousand pounds a year. What the water and sugar cost we cannot say. Flowers are sold by diminutive señoritas, lottery tickets by lottery-ticket vendors, demonstrative songs are sung by short-petticoated Andalusian songstresses, and — all at once ("Heenan and Sayers") loud whispers arise of "Cuchares" and "Dominguez," the "Espadas" who were to appear at the bull-fight the following day. "Two fine, athletic, well-made men, with bright eyes

\* *Travelling in Spain in the Present Day.* By Henry Blackburn. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

and manly bearing," walk in, "quiet in demeanour, and very neatly dressed in tight-fitting suits of black, with embroidered hussar jackets and Spanish 'sombrosos,' their hair cut closely, except the one little plaited pigtail, which hangs down at the back." Well, then there is the crowd of young Madrileños, the sporting fraternity of Madrid, who follow these heroes, with a running accompaniment of loud discussion, while the performers sit and sip their "agua" with the greatest composure. "Before we left the café we noticed the group in deep consultation with one Count —, who, it appeared, had obtained permission to act as amateur espada. He was no novice, having a private bull-ring of his own." We like the amateur espada and the private bull-ring. This little touch is a whole chapter in itself. We smoked over it for half an hour, and made a tour of inspection upon it round all our ideas of Spanish society, comparing it with our own Derby, and Ascot, and other things. Now, on the whole, which is more magnificent of the two, to have a bull-ring of one's own, a private bull-ring, or to be the owner of Hermit? to fight a bull publicly as an amateur before enthusiastic Madrid, or to lose two hundred thousand pounds and mortgage twenty thousand a year in the face of amazed and gossiping England? We give it up. On the whole, for practical purposes we should like to be able to fight a bull. It must add to our legitimate self-respect, and perhaps result in that statuesque bearing and noble calm which seems to be the natural attributes of the true espada. But we fear it is too late to study butchery considered as one of the fine arts. Our amateur had a bull allotted to him. He was greatly cheered, showed plenty of courage and self-possession, but he mangled the bull by false thrusts, and the poor creature had to be killed by the hand of a professional executioner, without the consolation in his last moments of having fought an artistic fight. Mr. Blackburn is very straightforward about it all. "Perhaps," he says, he never wished to see a bull-fight again. But he admits there were one or two really fine moments.

A large part of the chapter on Seville is heavy, but the inevitable bull reappears towards the end, and this time with an absolutely new sensation. Let playgoers imagine a genuine Spanish burlesque. Very good, but a burlesque of what? Why, of a bull-fight. What, without the bulls? No, bulls and all,—and for whom does Lady Herbert think?—why, "for the

*benefit of certain masses, and other acts of piety and charity.*" Well, but what was the burlesque? We must give the whole passage at length. We beg Mr. Blackburn's pardon for stealing his plums, but we can't help it. There are plenty left. "Parts of the performance," be it premised, "were disgusting, and quite unfit to be witnessed by an English lady." So Mr. Blackburn has left them out. And all "for the benefit of certain masses," &c., &c., &c. But now for the burlesque.

"The great attraction of the day was the first appearance of an intrepid 'señorita'—'tauromaniac,' we should be disposed to call her—who was to face the bull single-handed. This drew crowds of spectators; and when the ring was cleared, and the young lady entered, in a kind of 'bloomer' costume, with a cap and red-spangled tunic, the audience rose to welcome her. She bowed to the president, and was conducted at once into the centre of the arena, when lo! a great tub, with one end open, was brought and placed upright, and the 'intrepid' señorita lifted into it. It reached to her armpits, and there she stood, waving her 'banderillas' or darts, when at a given signal the bull was let in. It was a young bull, with horns cut short and padded at the ends; and as the animal could only toss or do mischief by lowering its head to the ground, the risk did not seem great or the performance promising. For some time the bull would have nothing to do with the tub, evidently not considering it fair game, but after walking two or three times round the arena he turned round suddenly, and without the slightest warning rushed headlong at it. Away went the tub, rolling half across the arena, with our fair señorita, who had evidently rehearsed her part, coiled up inside. This was all very well, and the lady might enjoy a sport usually confined to the hedgehog and other lower animals; but when the bull, who soon began to get angry, at last caught up the barrel on his horns, and rushed bellowing round the ring, it looked serious for the tenant. ['Tenant! A pretty tenement, just the sort of tenement, by the by, to exercise Mr. Disraeli's cosmopolitan wit in devising a Reform Bill for Spain. They are sure ask him to do it some day.] Then a general rush of 'banderillos' and 'chulos' to the rescue, but some minutes elapsed before they could surround the bull and rescue the performer from her perilous position. When extricated she was smuggled ignominiously out of the arena, and we saw the brave seño-

rita no more; the bull was not killed, but 'bundled' out of the ring."

"The next act was 'Skittles.' 'Nine negroes dressed grotesquely stand up like ninepins, within a few feet of each other, and a frisky *novillado*, or young bull, was let in to knock them over. They understood their duty, and went down flat at the first charge. The bull struck out right and left, and soon overturned them all." [With all respect, what we fail to perceive here is, how the bull 'soon overturned them all,' if they had already 'gone down flat.' If he 'turned them over,' we understand it — but turning over is not the same as overturning.] However, they then sat in rows in chairs, and were again bowled over, to the delight of the assembly. "This was great fun," says Mr. Blackburn, simply, "and it was repeated several times; the bull liked it, the 'ninepins' seemed to like it, the people gloried in it."

"The third act was a burlesque of the 'picadores,' a grotesque, but a sadder sight. — [Mr. Blackburn is going to moralize.] Five poor men in rags, who, for the sake of two or three reales, allowed themselves to be mounted on donkeys, and receive the charge of the bull. We could not help thinking that it was not alone Cervantes who had 'laughed Spain's chivalry away,' if the stately Sevillians could enjoy such sights as these. But we must not stay to moralize, the sight is too ridiculous. There they come in close phalanx, cheered by at least 5,000 people; the five donkeys with their ears well forward, their tails set closely between their legs, the ragged 'picadores,' without saddle or bridle, riding with a jaunty air, and a grim smile on their dirty faces, that was comical in the extreme. Would that Gustave Doré could have seen the group! There comes the bull. The gates are opened again, and the bull goes to work. He charges them at once, but they are so closely packed that they resist the shock, and the bull retires. He has broken one of the animal's legs, but they tie it up with a handkerchief, and continue marching slowly round, keeping well together as their only chance. A few more charges, and down they all go. The men run for their lives, and leap the barriers, and the donkeys are thrown up in the air." And now for a rare vista. "As evening approached, the whole scene made one of those pictures that delight an artist. The 'Plaza di Toros,' at Seville, is half in ruins; one side of the wall being destroyed, and through this gap we saw the city. The foreground was an irregular mass of people,

scarcely distinguishable in the twilight, but twinkling with the light of thousands of 'cigaritos,' and covered with a complete canopy of smoke floating in the still air. Beyond, the city towers, just tinged with the sun's departing rays, and 'La Giralda' high above them all, glowing as if it were yet broad day. The finale was a wonderful sight. Two or three young bulls were let into the ring, and then ALL THE PEOPLE. We left them there, rolling and tumbling over one another in the darkness, shouting, screaming, fighting, and cursing, sending up sounds that might indeed make angels weep." On the whole, that seems to us the sort of blind man's buff which the Spanish damned might be allowed on holidays to enjoy in hell, especially on those days on which Sevillian burlesques are enacted for the benefit of certain masses, and other acts of piety and charity. Now, seriously, on Mr. Blackburn's word of honour, — and he is, we assume, a man of honour; he was Mr. Horsman's secretary, he says so himself, — on his very word of honour, "Is all this true?" Because, if it is not, it is a very impudent hoax; and if it is, it is, — well, it is simply portentous. What are all these Spaniards made of? But really science would like to know what such people are made of. We should like to know. Mr. Blackburn takes it all stolidly for granted, and asks no questions.

But whatever his notes may be, they are not dull. We leave them comparatively untouched, and will only add Mr. Blackburn's advice to travellers anxious to see Spain. The Pyrenees, even the Spanish Pyrenees, are not Spain. The true Spain, he says, is rapidly passing away. If you wish to see it as it has been, haste, and tarry not.

From the Spectator.

#### THE TAYLORS OF ONGAR.\*

THESE volumes are worth looking at carefully. We use the words "looking at" deliberately. A few may find reading them through both pleasant and profitable, a far larger class will gladly make themselves acquainted with the first volume, and there are others, perhaps, who, with ourselves, will

\* *The Taylors of Ongar*. Edited by the Rev. Isaac Taylor, M.A. London: Jackson, Walford and Hodder.

be led carefully to study both (not without a consciousness that the task is somewhat irksome), from a desire fully to follow out the trains of thought they suggest. Here, in these pages, the author of the *Physical Theory of Another Life*, and the inventor of more than one skilful mechanical device, with his sister, the well known Jane Taylor, live before us. Seldom long separated from each other, all their earlier lives spent in the most intimate interchange of thought, one has scarcely passed from amongst us, whilst the voice of the other has been silent for more than forty years; and as we look from the one to the other, and read these fragments from a pen that from one generation to another in this family seems to have been never idle, we see that in the interval of that short forty years a silent revolution, mightier than the one which marked their earlier years, has taken place among us. The *Essays in Rhyme* may rest on our shelves beside Cowper or Young, *Display* beside *Decision*, but we look at them as at some quaint Dutch pictures, which have a certain realism of their own, and yet touch no chord to which our own lives respond. Was it a healthy life, this religious life of seventy years ago? A strange, silent beauty rests on it now, like the calm on a dead man's face. The quiet home in Lavenham, where "a handsome dwelling, with spacious garden well stocked with fruit," were to be had for 6l. a year; where the mother read aloud at meals, and no moment in the day was suffered to be lost; where the winter months pass in unbroken quiet; yet the days in their well filled order did not seem monotonous; where the mornings were spent by the girls in what would now be called household drudgery, but which with them seems only to have left them fresher for the evening's work, the writing of those verses which have been the delight of more than one generation of children since, and are likely to last when the essays of maturer years have been long forgotten. That Jane Taylor's stories and essays found so wide and eager a reception proved she was the exponent of the thoughts of many at that time. There had already begun the reaction from the fierce infidelity and careless libertinism of the eighteenth century, a strong desire, not after a higher life exactly — that was to follow — but after a sense of completeness, satisfaction, roundness, as it were, in the daily routine, and men, but more especially women, who never dreamed of eternal life as a thing already begun, who had not the faintest perception that Christ revealed more than divines taught, never-

theless believed in duty as a grand principle, leading along a straight road to a desirable though unknown goal. And the school was not a despicable one. The women at least learned much a later generation seems in some danger of forgetting, the children nursed in it have some of them outlived it, but we should like to be sure the present age will produce equally fine specimens of character, — men who, when their English is rusty, will have their honour bright, — women who, when their hair is white, will still find men the better for their presence. We have learned to despise a story with a moral, to believe that, —

" Liberal applications lie  
In Art as Nature, dearest friend ;  
So 'twere to cramp its use, if I  
Should hook it to some useful end."

We have done with "Mirrors" and "Looking-Glasses," are tired, in short, of looking at our own small selves, begin to think we are, after all, but atoms in a universe, the resources of which are daily opening more widely to our view. It is a higher, at least, a wider life, but we return to look again at the pioneers who cut the way to it for us, through many a huge impediment. These Taylors were amongst them, not in the van, but steadily doing the work. One of the earliest amongst them who took "the family pen" into his hand, Charles Taylor, the well read editor of *Calmet*, uncle to Isaac Taylor, of Stanford Rivers, is well sketched in these volumes. The "artist-scholar," to whom work was play, and rest work, "teeming with repressed energy," so repressed, he seems to have turned some key upon his deeper intellectual nature when he left his study, and never at the family table discoursed of the matters where-with his brain was teeming. His table talk, says his biographer, "was an instance in illustration of Talleyrand's reply to an impertinent physician, who had tried to lead him into State affairs, 'Sir, I never talk of things that I understand.'" To the last he loved his work, but shrank from the fame which attended it. We gather from this sketch that Mr. C. Taylor, engraver, was to be found at home, but the editor of *Calmet* nowhere.

The chief interest of the book, however, centres around Jane Taylor, and it is almost as the antiquarian looks at some ancient-seeming coin, whose modern date he more than half suspects, that we look at these letters of not yet fifty years ago. The names are the familiar names of places and people yet

among us, but the style, which had lasted many a long year, has passed away for ever; a wider life, quicker travelling, and cheap postage have rendered impossible the long sententious letters which were the delight of the last century. Jane Taylor's are not below the average, but they are full of mental provincialisms, such as "Certainly, no one ever prayed who was not a Christian," or (when compelled by circumstances to attend the services of the Established Church), "Dr. Watts's hymns are always sung, which make the prayers go down a little better." Even her brother and biographer, writing later, when a long course of mental exertion should have cured this intellectual cramp, says, "Perhaps the instances are rare, if indeed such instances are at all to be found, in which laborious zeal in works of mercy exists in union with a vivid relish of the pleasures of the imagination." It certainly must co-exist with the vivid power to imagine pain, and the capacity for receiving either impression is probably of one width. Coleridge has more truly said:—

"Fancy is the power  
That first unsensualizes the dark mind,  
Giving it new delights, and bids it swell  
With wild activity."

Yet if the thought were often narrow, it seldom lacked either strength or humour. We have all, as we have looked on many a family monument, felt the edge of

"Devoutly kneeling side by side;  
As though they did intend,  
For past omissions to atone,  
By saying endless prayers in stone."

The present editor has inserted a few verses on "Recreation," of which Hood would not have been ashamed, and an enigma which we have not met with before, and cannot resist giving. The answer is not obscure:—

"Ye philosophers, hark!  
My complexion is dark,  
Reflection and silence my character mark.

"No record on earth  
Discovers my birth;  
Long reign I in solitude, silence, and death.

"I travel away,  
In sombre array;  
But my turban and sandals are silvery gray.

"Majestic my mien,  
And my dark form is seen  
All sparkling in gems, like an African queen.  
LIVING AGE. VOL. VI. 192.

"One pearl that I wear  
Is more brilliant and rare  
Than the loveliest gem in a princess's hair.

"My stature is tall,  
But at seasons I crawl,  
Or shrink myself almost to nothing at all.

"Invisibly hurled,  
I traverse the world,  
And o'er every land is my standard unfurled.

"I silently roll  
Round the icy-bound pole;  
And long the wild region endures my control.

"From earliest time  
I was grave and sublime;  
But often am made the accomplice of crime.

"My intellect teems  
With visions and dreams,  
And wild tales of terror, my favourite themes.

"Yet sorrow and pain  
Oft welcome my reign,  
And eagerly watch for my coming again:

"For a handmaid of mine,  
With aspect benign,  
Deals out, at my bidding, a soft anodyne.

"My sister down there,  
Is transcendently fair,  
But we never once happened to meet anywhere.

"Advancing behold  
Her banners of gold!  
Then I must away, with my story half told.

In one of Jane Taylor's letters she gives an amusing clue to the success which attended her *Hymns for Infants*. "My method was to shut my eyes and imagine the presence of some pretty little mortal, and then endeavour to catch, as it were, the very language it would use on the subject before me, and I have failed so frequently, because so frequently I was compelled to say, "Now you may go, my dear, I shall finish the hymn myself." And so, quietly working, a life touched with many lines of sadness slipped away, not without leaving its mark. The "family pen," which has never been suffered to drop, is now in the hands of one, who, though the editor, never introduces himself in these volumes. But there is poetry in the sternest lines of his most simple prose, and in the hour when "life is all retouched again," there will be many a bright thread woven in with a blessing on the pen that told the story of the children of Bethnal Green.



From the Spectator.

A WEEK IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE.\*

THE great charm of this inimitable little sketch of French country life seems to be in the graceful childlikeness of the manners of the whole social group it describes. In England, grown-up persons of the most pleasant kind are seldom or never childlike. The charm of simplicity may last into maturity, though even that is not very common, but the charm of perfect spontaneity, of childlike self-will, or childlike self-devotion, childlike guilelessness and equally childlike guile, of childlike helplessness and equally childlike dexterity under difficulties, especially of childlike frankness and equally childlike stratagem for purposes of courtesy, is almost unknown in the best English society. The sketches of character in this little book are the merest outlines, sometimes so slight as only just to give individuality of expression, sometimes vivid enough to impress the memory very powerfully, but never studied in anything like detail. But the effect of the whole upon the reader's imagination is far more vivid than the effect of the parts. There is a wholeness and beauty of expression about the picture of the little society kept together for a single week only within the cognizance of the reader of this story, which is never to be found in any English story. Even such a picture as Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*,—perfect in its way, and executed with far more laborious detail,—gives no such impression of differences of character blended into a single social whole, simply because there is no such thing to be found even in the most perfectly amalgamated of English societies. Englishmen and Englishwomen have by their very nature less capacity to blend with each other. Their lives are too much regulated by recognized social customs and etiquettes, too little by the momentary result of spontaneous social feeling. M. Berthier, a French artist, who is one of the best figures in the admirable little group at Marny, gives us a perfect illustration of the element in the English character which prevents the spontaneity necessary to the charm of all true society. He is describing the different way in which the English and other nations deal with the great evil of sea-sickness:—

“Mademoiselle does not look as if she had crossed the sea yesterday: were you ill?” asked Monsieur Berthier, in his slow gentle way.

\* *A Week in a French Country House*. By Adelaide Sartoris. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

“I think the English character never comes out more strongly than on board a steamboat,” he continued. “The feeling of *decency*—*le convenable*—is what English people never lose sight of—English women more especially: even the tortures of sea-sickness they manage to control, and retire to some secluded corner with their basin, hoping to shroud from observation an attitude which no amount of will can render graceful or dignified. I saw a vulgar Spaniard once, when I was crossing over to England; he had been making game of a poor Meess, who, with English forethought, had provided herself with a basin before the vessel started. He straddled about on deck with a great chain and a gaudy cane, and said in a swaggering way, ‘Look at all these poor wretches who are determined to be ill! their precautions are exactly what makes them so; they are afraid, and give in, and of course are sick immediately; but if one walks up and down as I do, and smokes as I do and sings as I do, one is never ill.’ He began executing some roudaves as the boat steamed out of harbour; the sea was terrible, and before ten minutes were over, my Spaniard, who had suddenly lapsed into ominous silence and gradually become of a hue the like of which I never beheld before or since on any human countenance, uttered a discordant shriek, and made a violent plunge at a basin he saw upon a bench near him; the ship lurched and the basin rolled off, and he rolled after it, and lay wallowing there on the ground where he fell, an utterly demoralized and disgusting object; but so miserable, and so regardless of all appearances, that I assure you he became almost grand through excess of suffering, and the entire absence of self-consciousness. Meess, with her basin in her corner, and all her British dignity, was *little* by the side of that Spaniard in the agony of his utter self-abandonment.”—We all laughed, but Madame Olympe took the English side of the question, and stood up for it very vigorously. Monsieur Berthier turned to me. “Confess that you went downstairs and tried to hide yourself from everyone; you would not be English if you had not done thus. I remember at one time of my life having to pass every day the English pastrycook’s at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli. I used to see the English Misses there eating cakes, and when I looked in at them (for they were almost always pretty) they took a crumb at the time, but when I passed on, and they thought they were not seen any more, they put enormous pieces into their mouths, and ate with as much voracity as other people. I used to amuse myself with pretending to go by, and then coming back stealthily to watch them from the corner of the window, and they always did the same.”

There are characters in this fascinating little sketch, or tale, or whatever it may be called, of all kinds, self-willed and yielding, selfish and unselfish, timorous and bold, helpless and helpful, but all (except the English

Lady Blankeney and her daughter) have this most fascinating social quality of childlike spontaneity, — that is, express themselves with so much less relation to abstract rules and general conventions than the English, and therefore with so much more ease. Madame Olympe, the mistress and presiding genius of the household, with her imperious self-will and infinite depth of tenderness and compassion, is as childlike as her own little daughter Jeanne, — nay, more so, as childlike in her own way as M. Dessaix, the naïf old violinist who imitates the manners of flies and elephants at dinner time, and picks peaches with an elephantine sweep of his arm off his young friend's Ursula Hamilton's plate. Take the following little trait of Madame Olympe's self-will, and notice how much less social restraint childlike self-will of this kind causes, than far less obstinate and far more reasonable self-will of another and more regulated kind: —

After we had gone steadily along for about ten minutes, one of the horses shied at a piece of paper that was lying in the road. Madame Olympe gave a scream: "It's the white horse!" cried she. — "It's the bay one," said Monsieur René, looking out. The coachman whipped and whipped in vain; the animal jumped and fidgeted, but would not go by the place. Madame Olympe was beginning to be a good deal frightened. "It's the white horse!" she exclaimed again. Monsieur Charles now looked out in his turn. "No, Olympe," said he, "it is the bay horse." — "It's the white horse!" she vociferated, eyeing him despotically, between two screams. The beast now began to kick and plunge, and Madame Olympe got into a state of the most imperious terror. "There is no white horse at all in the carriage," said Monsieur Charles. "But when I tell you that I choose that it should be a white horse!" cried she, in her highest key, and with her eyebrows running straight up her forehead into her hair. It was too funny, and we all went into fits of laughter, in which she could not help joining very heartily herself, in spite of her alarm.

The picture of M. Dessaix, the helpless little violinist, who is so utterly dependent on his young companion, Ursula Hamilton, that he knocks at the compartment between their rooms to complain that he cannot sleep for some mysterious smell — which turns out to be due to apples under his bed — is most entertaining and engaging. We have not room for any lengthened extract, but such a relation as this between a man and a young lady, who is neither his relative nor his *fiancée* — a relation admitted to be very

rare even in France — would be quite impossible in England: —

We had nearly finished dessert, when Ursula suddenly exclaimed, — "What in the world are you doing, Jacques?" — He was carefully stroking down both sides of his nose with the first finger of each hand, and then rubbing the points of the finger together at the end of his nose, as if to rub off some adhesive substance. I had seen him steadily doing this during the last ten minutes. — "That is the way the flies do," he said, looking up at her meditatively. "Hast thou never seen how they clean their bodies, first with their legs going carefully under their wings, and then how they clean their legs by scraping them against each other?" and he did it again. "*Ceci c'est l'éléphant*," he continued mournfully, and stretching his arm out with a sudden impetuous sort of circular sweep across to Ursula's plate, he picked up from off it a peach which she was just going to eat, and dropped it with a curve from above into his own mouth. The dexterity and the likeness to the creature he was imitating were perfectly marvellous, and perfectly irresistible — even Maria blinked her short-sighted eyes and chuckled faintly. Monsieur René alone maintained a well-bred gravity, and gave the signal for leaving the table by rising at once.

And again: —

"I will write a new oratorio of Samson," said Monsieur Jacques. "And Samson shall be a contralto, and thou shalt sing it — thou who art strong." — "But how wilt thou write it?" said Ursula — "thou who art not strong? One does but what one is. Thou dear old ninny," she went on caressingly, "thou hast a little soul: how wilt thou do great things with it? But thou hast a tender soul, and a fanciful brain, and of grace, tenderness, and fancy thou wilt always be master. Thou canst but what thou art. Write me a cantata of David before he went up to slay the Philistine, in the flower of his shepherd days, and I will sing that for thee."

Very striking, too, is the sketch of M. René de Saldes, the ladies' man of the story, with his wonderful influence over everybody, due to a mixture of scornfulness, *savoir-faire*, and selfishness, and to the "little tired, sad smile," which makes all the women feel him their superior, and leads them to indulge an entirely mistaken fancy that he has some deep sorrow (other than his own pride and selfishness) which they could console. Even he, who has by far the most artificially regulated mind in the story, has a social spontaneity about him which makes him very different from the ladies' hero of an English tale, though it comes out

in reckless sarcasms, directed against any one he cannot sway, and in sad little compliments, spontaneous in form, but intended to gain him influence where he sees that he can establish an influence, which imply anything but *disinterested* spontaneousness of character. Still, the ease, the absolute adaptation of his language to the exigencies of the moment, and without any regard to abstract rules, is as remarkable in M. René de Saldes as in any of the others, and his passionate burst of childlike grief when he cannot persuade Ursula Hamilton to marry him, is conceived entirely in the same social school. Nothing can be better than the child (Jeanne's) description of the nature of M. de Saldes' influence in the château:—

“René is travelled, and learned, and artistic, and interesting—above all, interesting; that is the very word for him. But he never thinks much about anybody, that I can see, except himself; and yet somehow, I don't know why, one can't help having a feeling of immense respect for him; I suppose, because he has always the air of despising one so—it gives one immediately a morbid desire after his approbation and notice. It is a great thing for us to have him come here in the winters; we should fall back into the benighted state of the Middle Ages, and do nothing but kill our hogs and eat them, if it were not for him! He keeps us all up to the mark. I always read up to him when he is coming, and we never dare shut an eye of an evening; and Maman dresses herself properly, and puts on no more gowns that were made in the year one; and Charles does not make any dirty jokes; and even the cook sends up superhuman dinners when he is at Marny! Do you understand him at all from my description?”

All the little side-figures are equally characteristic of a society entirely unknown in England. The little nun and her gossip self-dedication and devotion to the highest duties of charity is a most amusing and pathetic side-figure; and excellent, though rather faint, is the sketch of M. Charles, the Marquis, who in the absence of Madame Olympe would have been master of the château. Perhaps the poorest sketch in the book is the figure meant to be most striking, Ursula Hamilton, who impresses us as drawn from life only in her exquisitely drawn relation to M. Dessaix. In other aspects of her character she is scarcely well defined. All the studies, however, are mere outlines, and it is somewhat remarkable how much pleasure Madame Sartoris has managed to give us by sketches so very slight and airy as these.

From the Examiner.

*Wanderings of a Naturalist in India, the Western Himalayas, and Cashmere.* By Andrew Leith Adams, M.D., Surgeon 22nd Regiment. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

ARMY surgeons have good opportunities for the practical study of natural history, and Dr. Adams has made good use of those that fell to his lot. He was in India, with plenty of leisure for looking about and plenty of ability to look about intelligently, between 1849 and 1854; and here he gives a rambling history of his observations, with just enough record of his personal adventures and gossip on miscellaneous topics to give coherence to the narrative.

His first halt was at Poonah, and there, on beginning his Indian life, he wisely set himself in opposition to the orthodox ways of European residents, thereby proving his theory that “the most part of the so-called insalubrity of the climate is attributable to the neglect of the simplest of hygienic rules.” “By rising early and going soon to bed,” he says, “I had always a few hours at my disposal for out-door amusements and recreations, and, when the heat of the day kept me within the shade of my bungalow, I could still find occupation and study among the collection of natural objects I had gathered during my morning and evening rambles.” In that way he kept his health and was able to lay up a good store of information for his own and other people's profit. The naturalist in India, however, has not to wander far in search of objects. Fleas, mosquitoes, beetles, and scorpions swarm in every house and tent; and snakes, of which plenty can always be found near at hand, often come in-doors for better company. “On one occasion,” says Dr. Adams, “I was awoken by my servant pursuing a snake across my bed-room floor. He killed it at my bed-side. One of the first injunctions a native servant gives his newly-arrived master is, ‘always to shake his boots well before putting them on,’ scorpions being apt to take up their abode in the toe.” Dr. Adams tells also how, at the proper time, the pools are almost coated over with the spawn of frogs, and how kites and vultures will dart down and seize the mutton-chops which the servants are bringing to table from the neighbouring cook-house. “My attention was one morning directed to a colony of flying foxes, which had taken up their abode on a banyan tree situate in one of the most central and popu-

lous quarters of Poonah. Each bat was suspended by the hind feet, in which position it remained even when shot. Some were perfectly motionless, others swaying to and fro with noisy clamour, indifferent to the busy crowd moving onwards in the street below. One I killed measured from tip to tip about five feet." Ants, too, move about in long columns, a foot or so wide.

"One day, during a ramble in the neighbourhood of Kurrachee, I observed a string of these ants extending from their nest across a plain for more than a quarter of a mile, in the direction of a barn. Instead of carrying their eggs, they were stocking up supplies for future use. In steady double file they were proceeding to and from their nest; one party moving slowly on, heavily loaded, each individual carrying a vetch-seed about the size of its bearer, while the returning party hurried back for a fresh burden. I passed them at dusk, and on the following day found them as busy as ever." These little thieves would soon empty a granary, but he would be a bold man who should attempt to check their course and so subject himself to their stings. Then there are the jackals, with a special liking for human flesh, who even break into the hospital dead-wards in search of food, and whose half-barking, half-wailing cries sounded to Dr Adams like an utterance of these words:

Dead Hindōō — Dead Hindōō !  
Whère — whère — whère — whère ?  
Here — here — here — here !

Pleasanter objects of study — beasts, birds, and fishes of all sorts — came abundantly in Dr Adams's way during his stay in Poonah and on his journey to Scinde. In search of others he made expeditions to the Chor mountain and other parts of the Himalayan ranges, as well as into Cashmere and elsewhere. In these expeditions he shot pheasants without number, and hunted deer, wild boars, bears, elephants, and the like. About the appearances and habits of each and all, Dr Adams supplies much interesting information.

From the Spectator.

#### THE DANVERS PAPERS.\*

THE authoress of the *Heir of Redclyffe* calls this little book "an Invention," — to

\* *The Danvers Papers. An Invention.* By the Author of the *Heir of Redclyffe*. London: Macmillan and Co.

disabuse her readers, we conclude, from the beginning, of the notion of its being an historical tale. It neither romances on a period, nor beautifies nor blackens actual character. Its merit lies in a very pretty, discriminative conception of two or three specimens of character, which might perhaps have existed in England at any part of the last half of the seventeenth century, but which are certainly drawn from the writer's own imagination, and very slightly from the popular notions of the prevailing parties of the period.

Here you have a fastidious, delicate, Puritan lady, wedded to a coarse, illiterate clown of the Cavalier school, and, chiefly by means of her wiser, more teachable, and candid sister, and also of the sensible man whom the sister marries, the business of the book seems to be to show how the discordant couple may not only have their redeeming points, but how these may be by degrees made known to each other, so that the Christian lady may cease to be sour and repelling, and the brutal husband may be softened and elevated.

There is a good deal of delicacy, nice handling, and wise suppression in the quiet story. To our minds it is a pleasant, reconciling picture, not resembling Miss Yonge's ordinary stories, probably not destined to please a good many of her readers, but at all events having a great share of merit of its own.

The machinery is common-place. An American lady and gentleman come to pay a visit to a certain Sir Bernard and lady Danvers, residing in the north-west of Ireland, at Castle Barrymore, at the head of one of the loughs of the country. By virtue of ancient kindred descent, they come filled with a curious interest in the annals of the Irish Danvers family, and are permitted to ransack the old letters and records of the time previous to the emigration of their own particular branch (somewhere about 1689). Of course there are also the pictures to see, — Lady Penelope Bernard, the Puritan mother of their race — Sir Thomas Danvers, her husband. In the same room is the picture of her sister, Lady Frances, afterwards wife to Colonel Richard Chetwynd (who in due time comes to be Knight and Lieutenant-General). The pictures tell a good deal — Lady Pen, small, pale, sandy-haired — Sir Thomas, red, coarse, double-chinned — but the narrative is mainly given through the correspondence of the two sisters, after marriage has separated them, and poor Pen is tremblingly obeying her lord and master at his house

and home at Highbury Danvers, in Somersetshire.

After the lapse of some years he takes her to Ireland — her own family estate — and to this he is compelled by his lady's own imprudence — for it seems that, all in ignorance and mistaken zeal, she in his absence from home has committed him and his retainers to the cause of Monmouth; and poor Sir Thomas, returning, finds himself suddenly placed in great jeopardy. The rebellion is soon put down; but Kirke and Jefferys are pursuing their vengeful career, without an atom of discrimination. He has to pay largely for her disloyalty, and still, fearing for her life, can do no other than take her to his remote castle in Ireland. Capitally do the two characters come out there. He, abrupt, coarse, drunken, yet with a fund of honest and generous feeling, attached to and pitying his lady all the while, and doing his best to reconcile her to the exile; *she*, only discovering by slow degrees what *her* conduct has brought upon him, repelling him meantime by her sourness; the sister and brother-in-law revealing the truth where they can, but cautious in their disclosures. Then comes the invasion of William of Orange; Sir Thomas, staunch in all things, has no hesitation here. He joins his Stuart King, is in the battle of the Boyne; is wounded, and believed to be slain. Then his Orange brother-in-law, Chetwynd, who of course has fought against him, goes down to Castle Barrymore, to break the news to the Lady Pen. But she has already heard it, and now first learns the *complete* history of what her ill-matched but generous husband has been doing for her through all this time of peril. Of course, conscience and remorse for the mistakes of the past lead to a new feeling of tenderness for the supposed deceased. Then she has a fatherless boy to plead for him. But, as may be conjectured, the husband is not dead, though desperately wounded, and is lying at a well concealed retreat near the castle, while the good brother-in-law, who suspects it all, has to feign ignorance and connive at their interviews.

All this part is extremely well given. The loyal baronet can by no means give pledges to King William, nor can his wife endure separation, so they join the exiles at St. Germain, sending over their boy to Lady Frances and her husband for education, and after a time they emigrate to Virginia. The eldest born remains in England, serving after a time in Queen Anne's armies, and gaining honour and renown;

and the last of the Danvers papers is a letter from this young man himself, written from the American Highbury Danvers, where he is visiting his father and mother and younger brothers and sisters. The charming aunt, Lady Frances, has died long before; but here, in 1712, we have the prim, Puritan Lady Pen transformed. "And how is it," asks her son, "you never told me how sweet and lovely is my mother's countenance?" And here, too, is the rollicking baronet grown sober. "And sure I am," adds the youth, "that no married pair were ever more blessed than they are;" and so he takes courage to announce to them his love for a cousin, the daughter of the cherished Frances Chetwynd, with whom, let us hope, as we doubt not Miss Yonge and everybody else does, that he "lived very happily ever afterwards."

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From the Examiner.

#### THE QUEEN'S BOOK.

Next week the public will be reading the account of the Early Years of the Prince Consort, which is the first part of the memoir of Prince Albert now being completed under the direction of her Majesty. The nature of the book removes it from criticism, since it was compiled originally for private circulation amongst the members of the Queen's own family or of the circle of her private friends, and it is now, we are told, given to the public in authentic form to avert the danger of a surreptitious issue. This volume has been prepared with much good taste, and, we may add, literary skill, by Lieutenant-General the Hon. C. Grey, and the preparation of the volumes yet to follow has been intrusted to Mr Theodore Martin. The translations of the Prince's German letters written in his youth have been made by the Princess Helena. The period covered by the present volume extends from the Prince's birth to his marriage and the birth and christening of the Princess Royal.

Prince Albert was born on the 21st of June, 1819, at Rosenau, a summer residence of his father the Duke of Coburg. His mother's marriage was not a happy one, and she was separated from his father when the young Prince Albert was only five years old. During the remaining seven years of her life his mother never saw her children.

Her Majesty writes that "the Prince never forgot her, and spoke with much tenderness and sorrow of his poor mother, and was deeply affected in reading, after his marriage, the accounts of her sad and painful illness. One of the first gifts he made to the Queen was a little pin he had received from her when a little child. Princess Louise (the Prince's fourth daughter, and named after her grandmother) is said to be like her in face. At two years old "little Alberinchen" was described as "with his large blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, bewitching, forward, and quick as a weasel," or again, as "lively, very funny, all good nature, and full of mischief." The Prince afterwards spoke to the Queen of his childhood, when his mother was yet with him, as the happiest time of his life. He and his brother Ernest, a year older than himself, were educated under the direction of a Mr. Florschütz. In 1825, aged six, he enters in a childish diary, "I cried at my lesson to-day, because I could not find a verb: and the tutor pinched me, to show me what a verb was. And I cried about it."

In 1826 the Duchy of Gotha was given to the Duke of Coburg, the young brothers still abiding by their lessons at Coburg and the Rosenau. A remarkably full and systematic programme of studies, drawn up by Prince Albert for his own use at the age of fourteen, is printed upon one of the pages of this volume.

In 1835 the Prince and his brother made a little German tour, and in the following year paid their first visit to London, whence Prince Albert reported home of the Princess Victoria, "Our cousin is very amiable." In April, 1837, the Princes went to the University of Bonn, where they remained for the next year and a half. It was on the 20th of June, 1837, that Princess Victoria, at the age of eighteen, and but three months older than the cousin who was even then pointed to as her future husband, became Queen of England. Here, dated from Bonn, is Prince Albert's letter written to the Queen on her accession, the first letter written by him in English:

Bonn, 26th June, 1837.

My dearest Cousin, — I must write you a few lines to present you my sincerest felicitations on that great change which has taken place in your life.

Now you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe, in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you and strengthen you with its strength in that high but difficult task.

I hope that your reign may be long, happy,

and glorious, and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects.

May I pray you to think likewise sometimes of your cousins in Bonn, and to continue to them that kindness you favoured them with till now. Be assured that our minds are always with you.

I will not be indiscreet and abuse your time. Believe me always, your Majesty's most obedient and faithful servant,  
ALBERT.

Holiday time at Bonn was spent in a tour which included Switzerland and Venice. Christmas the Coburg Princes spent with their uncle, the King Leopold, at Brussels. The English marriage was discussed then, the Queen firmly assenting, but requesting some delay. "She thought herself," the Queen says in a memorandum on the subject written in 1864, "still too young, and also wished the Prince to be older when he made his first appearance in England. In after years," her Majesty continues, "she often regretted this decision on her part, and constantly deplored the consequent delay of her marriage. Had she been engaged to the Prince a year sooner than she was, and had she married him at least six months earlier, she would have escaped many trials and troubles of different kinds." The Prince at Bonn took pleasure in arguments on public law and metaphysics, had also a lively sense of the ridiculous, and a talent for mimicry and pencil caricature, which he exercised much in jest over the several oddities of the Bonn professors. He was a good fencer, too, and once in a fencing match carried away the prize. In 1838 the Prince was separated from his brother Ernest, who departed for Dresden while Prince Albert — Herr Florschütz having completed his elementary studies — went to Italy with Baron Stockmar, who afterwards lived chiefly at the English Court, and of whom her Majesty writes in a note to this volume: "The Queen, looking back with gratitude and affection to the friend of their early married life, can never forget the assistance given by the Baron to the young couple in regulating their movements and general mode of life, and in directing the education of their children."

On the 21st of June, Prince Ernest's twenty-first birth-day was celebrated, and Prince Albert was at the same time declared of age by a Government patent; so he wrote "I am now my own master, as I hope always to be, and under all circumstances." To which saying the Queen appends "How truly this was ever carried out." In 1839, he visited England again, and his marriage

with her Majesty was settled. He used to say, that, when he was a child of three years old, his nurse always told him that he should marry the Queen, and that, when he first thought of marrying at all, he always thought of her." The idea was originally started and continually fostered by their uncle the King of the Belgians. But it had always been discouraged by the late King William IV., and no less than five other marriages had been contemplated for the young Princess. The suggestion of waiting possibly for two or three years before the completion of the English match was very distasteful both to Prince Albert and the Duke his father. Upon this there is an interesting passage from the Queen's hand:

Nor can the Queen now, she adds, think without indignation against herself, of her wish to keep the Prince waiting for probably three or four years, at the risk of ruining all his prospects for life, until she might feel inclined to marry! And the Prince has since told her that he came over in 1839 with the intention of telling her, that if she could not then make up her mind, she must understand that he could not wait for a decision, as he had done at a former period when this marriage was first talked about.

The only excuse the Queen can make for herself is in the fact, that the sudden change from the secluded life at Kensington to the independence of her position as Queen Regnant, at the age of eighteen, put all ideas of marriage out of her mind, which she now most bitterly repents.

A worse school for a young girl, or one more detrimental to all natural feelings and affections, cannot well be imagined, than the position of a Queen at eighteen, without experience and without a husband to guide and support her. This the Queen can state from painful experience, and she thanks God that none of her dear daughters are exposed to such danger.

It was on the 15th of October, 1839, that the Queen, as etiquette required that she should, made her offer of marriage to the Prince, sending for him on his return from hunting at Windsor. She wrote on the same evening in her journal, "How I will strive to make him feel as little as possible the great sacrifice he has made! I told him it was a great sacrifice on his part, but he would not allow it." To her uncle Leopold she wrote also on the same day, telling what she had done, and in that letter said of the Prince, "He seems perfection. I love him MORE than I can say, and shall do everything in my power to render this sacrifice

(for such in my opinion it is) as small as I can. He seems to have great tact, a very necessary thing in his position. These last few days have passed like a dream to me, and I am so much bewildered by it all that I know hardly how to write; but I do feel very happy." King Leopold replied that her decision gave him almost the feeling of old Simeon: Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace. The Queen's declaration of her purpose was made to the Privy Council on the 23d of November, 1839. How touching and simple a tenderness was in her heart, while the Prince's picture in a bracelet that she always wore seemed, as she wrote in her journal that evening, "to give me courage at the Council," these pages bear most interesting witness. The marriage took place on the 10th of February, 1840. Hundreds of years hence, when men look back upon the records of our Kings and Queens, they will read the tender record of the love of the most spotless of our Sovereigns for a Prince worthy of herself, and wonder at, if they ever hear of, the petty carplings of the hour at the long sense of bereavement. In her journal the Queen wrote, on the departure of her husband's family after his marriage: "Father, brother, friends, country — all has he left, and all for me. God grant that I may be the happy person, the most happy person, to make this dearest, blessed being happy and contented! What is in my power to make him happy I will do." In the stronghold of a happy love lay the reality of life for her; and King Leopold had not written to her without knowing to whom he wrote when, upon her announcement of the coming marriage, he said:

In your position, which may and will perhaps become in future even more difficult in a political point of view, you could not exist without having a happy and agreeable intérieur. And I am much deceived (which I think I am not) or you will find in Albert just the very qualities and disposition which are indispensable for your happiness, and which will suit your own character, temper, and mode of life.

From The Spectator.

#### THE LAST DAYS OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.\*

To all who remember politics before 1848, that is, to all readers above forty, this

\* *The Last Days of the Reign of Louis Philippe.* By M. Guizot. London: Bantley.

book, which is a condensation of M. Guizot's *Memoirs*, will be one of exceeding interest. It contains the history of French diplomacy in the extraordinary intrigue known as the Spanish Marriages, in the Sonderbund War, and in Italy during the first reforms of Pius IX. M. Guizot's estimate of Louis Philippe, a chapter on "Parliamentary Government" from a somewhat novel point of view, and a few new facts as to the incidents which preceded the Revolution of 1848. It is written throughout with that chilly lucidity, that haughty forbearance, which are peculiar to M. Guizot's writings, and which, we confess, do not please us, and full of an egotism, perhaps unavoidable, but seldom genial, or even good-natured. M. Guizot does not hate those who oppose him, but at heart he regards them as foolish persons, who may understand facts, but do not understand principles, and he has a way of lecturing intimate correspondents which in a less eminent person would be very tiresome. In the whole book we have found but one good story, and not, we think, one trace of humour; but then it is crowded with information, with personal anecdotes, and with weighty observations on men and affairs. Upon the Spanish marriages, for example, M. Guizot is highly interesting. He does not, it is clear, tell us quite all he knew, but he reveals enough to show that the affair was an intrigue in which the Great Powers of Europe fought for influence in Spain. The Queen herself was never consulted, or her own inclination. The Austrians wanted her married to a son of Don Carlos as a new guaranty for legitimacy; Prince Albert and King Leopold sought to insure her choice of a Coburg, as a new throne for that rising family; the British Government tried to resist a French policy, with a side-glance to the interests of the Coburg family, and France had laid it down as a principle that the Queen *must* marry a Bourbon, almost threatening, if they did not indeed actually threaten, a military occupation of Spain in the event of defeat. M. Guizot affirms, indeed, that the King did not care which Bourbon the Queen married, and that Louis Philippe had no idea of acquiring profit for his family in the transaction; but he himself admits that at one time he threatened the British Cabinet with the Duc de Montpensier, that Prince was married to the Infanta, and the King's secret views may not have been absolutely known to his Minister. They managed foreign business somewhat oddly.

"I had placed myself on the footing of not ac-

quainting the King and Council with the instructions I gave our agents abroad, except in cases of great importance, and when there was a new direction to be imparted to them; but I conducted my official and private correspondence according to my own impressions. Deliberation between several persons is only useful in general and legislative questions; beyond these, in diplomacy as in administration, executive power, to be effective and dignified, requires unity and confiding independence. Every day, all the despatches from our foreign Representatives were sent from my private cabinet to the King, who returned them with his observations; but he had no previous knowledge of my own personal communications. I am not certain that he did not occasionally feel a little impatient at this; he never gave me any visible indication; and when in some particular case or for some private reason, he wished to know what I had written, he asked me specially, without raising any general pretence to interfere with my diplomatic correspondence."

Consequently the King, to protect himself, kept up his private correspondence also, and as diplomatists believed that he really ruled, this was sometimes, we fancy, the more efficacious of the two. It is certain at least that the European Cabinets distrusted his plans, that the marriage of the infanta excited all Europe, and that the most scandalous stories were believed by everybody except M. Guizot himself, who passes them over in a silence which may be the result either of prudery, of guilt, or of conscious rectitude. The things certain are that M. Guizot did his very best to force a descendant of Philip V. on an unwilling Queen without reference to the wishes of Spain, to the interests of Europe, or to the inclinations of the lady herself. If she had a preference, it was for Prince Leopold, who had, moreover, her mother's somewhat uncertain support, and who, had he been selected, might have changed the fate of Spain, and possibly saved the dynasty now drawing, to all human appearance, so near its end.

M. Guizot's judgment of Louis Philippe is that of a self-restrained man, who had a liking for his master, but felt his vanity wounded by his proceedings. The King, he says, really believed in the necessity of constitutional government, though he saw its immense difficulties, and the popular notion that His Majesty dictated his own policy was an error:—

"The contrary opinion, so commonly asserted, is not, nevertheless, one of those gratuitous and inexplicable errors which circulate and long prevail in free countries, owing to the attacks of which power is the object in the tribune and in the journals. Pretexts are not wanting for the



error I have pointed out, and King Louis Philippe furnished them himself. He had on all subjects a superabundance of ideas, impressions and aspirations, which he took no pains to restrain and to sift sufficiently. This led him to express too much decision of opinion and inclination in small questions and trifling affairs which had no claim to his intervention. Indifference and silence are often useful and convenient royal qualifications: King Louis Philippe practised them too sparingly. He was, moreover, so profoundly convinced of the wisdom of his policy and the importance of its success, that he winced a little when he saw the merit entirely attributed to others; and he could not readily resolve to renounce his share. This desire was extremely natural, and the inexhaustible fertility and vivacity of his conversation gave him the appearance of continual intervention and exclusive preponderance, which greatly exceeded the reality of his intentions and of facts, as they did also constitutional proprieties. I am convinced that his son-in-law, King Leopold, infinitely more prudent and reserved in his attitude and language, exercised in the government of Belgium, at home and abroad, more personal influence than King Louis Philippe in that of France; but the one avoids with care the appearance of it, while the other always showed himself possessed with the fear that justice would not be rendered to his intentions and efforts."

That is probably true, for unless the Belgians are strangely mistaken, Leopold of Belgium really governed, and so, as all Frenchmen felt assured, did Louis Philippe. Kindly and courteous in manner, well aware when it was necessary to recede, and penetrated by a secret doubt as to the justice of his own title, the King nevertheless ruled his Cabinet, it may be, as M. Guizot says, by causing it to think that it agreed with him, but still he ruled. As soon as he became undecided, which he did in 1847, the system collapsed, and the monarchy of July came to the ground. Indeed M. Guizot formally admits that the Government never was a constitutional monarchy in the English sense, the Sovereign being, as Mr. Bagebot lately pointed out he might become, the one permanent Minister in his Cabinet, with whom every politician had to reckon:

"It is vain to say, *the King reigns, but does not govern*; the effective consequence will never result from these words that the king who reigns is nothing in the government. However limited the attributes of royalty may be, however complete the responsibility of its ministers, they will always have to discuss and treat with the royal personage to induce him to accept their ideas and resolutions, as they will have to discuss and treat with the Chambers to obtain a majority. And in all discussion and debate, the man whose

concurrence is necessary exercises infallibly, in the measure of his talent, character, and of circumstances more or less favourable, a just proportion of influence. Historic facts are, on this point, fully in accord with moral probabilities; wherever constitutional monarchy has existed, the person of the monarch, his opinions, sentiments, and wishes, have never been inactive or indifferent, and the most independent and exacting of ministers has always held them in high consideration."

The King, he says elsewhere, cannot be reduced to the position of a key laid on a chair; he is, at all events, a sentient being, who discusses, opposes, or yields. Armed with right of audience, perfectly devoted to his own policy, unscrupulous and patient, Louis Philippe exercised an ascendancy which M. Guizot formally denies, it is true, but incidentally admits in almost every page of his book, and which peeps through almost all the King's notes. When the cry for reform grew strong, M. Guizot had an interview with the King, which he reports almost verbatim, and which, to our minds at least, shows clearly that the King was, and felt himself to be, ultimate master. Throughout he speaks of "my" policy and "my" Minister, not of that of the Government. In the final struggle, the King threw his Minister over remorselessly, an act for which M. Guizot has evidently not quite forgiven his memory. The King regarded him, and with justice, as the Minister of the Conservative section of the middle class, then strongly denounced, and M. Guizot admits that this was true in fact, though not absolutely in principle, his reasoning being, A government of the middle class can alone render liberty and authority united in France; a Conservative party can alone represent the middle class; I alone can adequately lead the Conservative party. He was not opposed in principle to very extensive reforms, any more than Napoleon is, but they could be made safely only "after the consolidation of the institutions of the country"—the regular Tory excuse. The King was not Tory or Liberal, but simply monarchical, convinced that the ascendancy of the throne was indispensable, and prepared to make any sacrifice to secure it. M. Guizot concludes his very favorable sketch with these remarkable words:—

"Neither perseverance nor hope were extinguished in the soul of King Louis Philippe: either by nature, or from his experience of the vicissitudes and the reactions which follow each other in revolutions, he was one of those persons who think that to regain good luck and success, it was sufficient to know how to survive and to wait. In 1848 his lassitude was extreme; he

bowed beneath his burden, and, in order to carry it still further, he required to take breath; but I am convinced that, in the midst of his disappointments and of his discouragements, he was far from despairing of his own future, and that, while accepting the laws of the constitutional form of government, he resolved upon resuming the influence which he believed to be necessary to make the policy legally prevail, which he considered indispensable to the welfare of his country and for the safety of his crown. Men did not leave him time for this; God did not bestow this favour upon him."

In other words, the King resolved to be absolute monarch under constitutional forms.

We have quoted only a few broad statements, but the book is full of details, secret letters from Envoys, judgments on individuals, gossipy details about great events. M. Guizot is too deficient in humor to be a good anecdotist; but he sees the point of a situation, and describes it clearly, though with painful affectation of impartiality. The Queen of Spain, for example, asserted positively, giving circumstantial details, that her Minister Olozaga had forced from her a decree for the dissolution of the Cortes by actual physical violence, while M. Olozaga maintained as strongly that nothing of the kind had taken place. M. Guizot gives both stories at considerable length, without an opinion as to which of them is true, though he must have formed a strong one, and though it would have been worth much more than his details. Still he is clear, and, though over-reticent, accurate, and has in a remarkable degree the faculty of making us comprehend the characters of those of whom he speaks. As we have said, he tells but one good story throughout his volume: — "Do not be so anxious," said General Narvaez to M. Bresson one day; 'there is a special Providence for Spain, and we shall extricate ourselves.' — 'I am not surprised,' replied M. Bresson, 'that you have a Providence to yourselves; you give it enough to do to occupy all its time.'

From the London Review.

#### DANGLERS.

AMONGST the many trials and troubles which the mother of daughters is obliged to undergo before she can dispose of her charges, there is no greater grievance than that which arises from the species of male which may be fittingly described under the

above heading. Of course, in the ordinary husband-chase there are many blinks which must be anticipated from the very nature of the pursuit, but the dangler is an impatient and an unreasonable obstruction, for whose existence no sound reason can be assigned, and whose mission, if he has any, would seem to be simply to thwart the best laid schemes of match-making women.

The dangler generally gets into a house as mysteriously as a black beetle. Like other domestic nuisances, he comes with some one else, and it is to a friend of the family that most owe the admission of this disturbing creature into their dining-rooms and confidence. The dangler is a young man not eligible, but who appears eligible, and who pretends to a desperate sensibility of so contagious a character that the best trained daughter in the world will sometimes share the complaint with him. He has, however, no serious intentions, and no visible or attainable prospects. When he has been discussed and inquired into, and the verdict passed upon him as matrimonially undesirable, there is as much difficulty in shaking him off as there is in getting rid of a bad habit. He will try to keep his place on the dance-list, — he will endeavour to find his old place at the supper-table, and his perseverance may not only discomfit, but deter men of the required capital and standing who are only waiting an opportunity of bidding for a partner in the business of going through life. If the dangler was once allowed to dangle in the Row, he will continue to do so a considerable time after that permission has been withdrawn. And he does this without a notion of coming to the point, even if he were challenged to do so. Nothing frightens him more than being formally accepted. He regards a rejection as a simple "not at home," but as no more. He has made up the little he possesses of mind to a determination that hanging around the skirts of girls, trifling with their duties, and distracting them from their main pursuits, is the most delightful occupation under the sun. He will run anywhere to dangle after a woman. He will even sooner attach himself to old ladies than to none. And yet he is not of that useful and angelic tribe of messenger beaus — carrier pigeons — fetching dogs, who at a word will bring or take or run according to directions. The dangler is seldom put in for an office of this kind, and he never volunteers his help on any occasion except it fits with his own proper convenience, comfort, and favourite amusement. Then he is a perpetual source of irritating curi-

osity to those whom he inveigles into being concerned about him. They never quite determine how to deal with him. If he is cut direct the difficulty is solved at once; but that is a clumsy and not always a safe method. If he can be induced to dangle elsewhere, the very association of his name, which remains after his fitting, interferes with the market value of what he has touched. The dangler is a masculine flirt of a puny kind. He is as unnatural as a male dancer, and as worthless. He is without courage or principles; but then he never claims either. Society has made him, and society is responsible for him. There is this, however, which the dangler forgets. He was originally kept in hands for his own sake, then tolerated, or used as a foil; and it is a gross perversion of the privileges he enjoyed to assume a distinct rôle of his own, and to set up as it were on his personal account. The dangler is not only a terror and a torment to mothers, but he is often an abomination to married men with young wives. It is from the stuff of which he is composed that the *cavalier servente* of the Continent is made. Although the latter peculiar institution is not publicly popular in this country, it is impossible to deny that it is altogether unknown or uncultivated amongst those who seek the consolations of Sir J. Wilde. In nine cases out of ten, the perplexities which engage the judge of the Divorce Court arise out of the manners and customs of dangles. The dangler is more dangerous to gay wives than to lively spinsters. The former use him freely, and find a certain pleasure in keeping him by them; but the latter are either bewildered and puzzled, or half angry and half pleased, at his attentions. That sin which we never forgive when it is discovered, is not, it should in fairness be said, an object or aim of the dangler. He does not follow a married woman with the determination of asking her to run away with him, but purely as a pastime, and a graceful, pleasant occupation. He dislikes the violence and tumult of a genuine guilty passion, almost as much as he dislikes the sympathetic disturbances of an honest sentiment. To be calm and unruffled, to disown earnestness in everything, is the creed of the dangler. He is not in the least engrossed when he apparently pursues a lady. It is his art, however, to seem as if he were. He has generally a small income, which enables him to get on well enough as a club bachelor. His tailor trusts him conveniently. He has not a particle of real ambition or desire to figure in the world. His ideas

are contained in the smallest compass, and represent the merest trifles, which other men discard with the foppishness of three-and-twenty. The dangler, however, never grows old in sense. He can only become an old boy, and from that stage advance to second childhood.

Unlike the genuine old boy, he is not thoroughly vicious, he is a mawkish and insensate fool even at his pleasure, for he can only bring himself to sip them. Want of decision is the basis of the dangler's disposition. It causes him to dread marriage, and to flutter forever over the sweets he dare not pitch upon. Amongst men he is a nonentity. He has no part in affairs which demand skill, energy, or perseverance. He shrinks from contact with real work, like a sick school-girl. His opinions are vacant, and only escape from not being thought idiotic by the number of idiotic opinions which sane persons are allowed to hold without question. The dangler is a fool, in short, of the worst quality. If he only went in for religion, for capturing beggars, for dancing at theatres, for reform, or for music, one might see at least an energy thrown away; but in the dangler there is a hopeless and a colourless impotence for which there is no compensative eccentricity. Even with women he is not successful. Silly women like him at first, but discover him after a time; clever women, when they find he has no money, despise him for his stupidity, although they would easily forgive his stupidity if his banker respected him. Fortunately, dangles are not over frequent. There are many young men, and young old men, who approach from one side or another the peculiarities of the type, but happily only a few comparatively represent it completely. The dangler is both a noodle and a duffer, and he never knows it. A joke falls off his hide as a spent musket-ball would off the hide of a rhinoceros. He is the laughing-stock of his friends, and he has no enemies. He is despised too much to be hated; and yet so entrenched is he in the stronghold of his own conceit, that he is far from being miserable or dejected. He walks about in utter unconsciousness of what is thought or said of him. He would not believe for an instant that he was either barren or good for nothing. Society is too well-bred nowadays ever to give such information to a man to his face, and the dangler therefore never suffers the chance of hearing the truth. When the dangler dies, no one regrets him. He is of a class that disgust and turn aside even the affection of a mother, which he is incapable of comprehending or reciprocating. It is cruel and pitiable to re-

flect that such creatures are the result of our modern social system, but every artificial system, and, indeed, every system must have them. Mr. Lewes, in a clever criticism on the Duke of Argyle's "Reign of law," in the current *Fortnightly*, tells us that there are beings apparently born only to exhibit and demonstrate the growth of cancer-cells. Analogically, we may consider the dangler as born to demonstrate and exhibit the growth of moral cancers upon the social body. He is nearly as bad as the street evil, despite his neatness and secrecy. It is possible that the new era will kill him. If, as we suspect, a current of free thought and healthy impulses passes into our veins by the calm revolution of the Reform Bill, we shall probably find that the danglers have disappeared before it as midges would before an east wind. They are partly of foreign extraction, and France has ever been renowned for her danglers; but in England their doom is certain. Already there is an inclination to detect these impostors and to proclaim them. It is better even that women should sell themselves for money than marry fellows of this constitution, who, rickety, mean, and affected, are unable to love or to hate, to act or to think.

From the Spectator.

STILLES HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES  
SANITARY COMMISSION.\*

AMONG the various organizations which the late American War brought forth, none is better known in Europe than the United States Sanitary Commission; and those who followed with some attention its proceedings during the conflict may be apt to think, at first sight, that Mr. Stille's goodly octavo of over 550 pages was superfluous. A little reflection, however, will show that nothing is more useful than a complete record of any great and successful work; and the failure to bequeath such a record of its labours to posterity was a serious error of our own Anti-Corn Law League. For there is always much that cannot be told whilst the work of any such body is going on, which is, nevertheless, very useful to be known afterwards; and whatever may be the value of the publications issued by it

\* *History of the United States' Sanitary Commission: being the General Report of its Work during the War of the Rebellion.* By Charles J. Stille. Philadelphia: Lippincott. 1866.

during the course of its struggles to achieve the end which it has proposed to itself, they never can anticipate the calm retrospect of the future over those struggles themselves.

Let any one be tempted by such reflections to open Mr. Stille's volume, and he will be surprised at the amount of novel matter which, — mixed up, indeed, perhaps with much that he knew before, — he will find in it. The chapter on "Contributions from California and the Pacific Coast," for instance, which seems to promise only a treasurer's *£ s. d.* account, is full of varied and often grotesque interest. As far as the human eye can see, the whole success of the Commission turned upon the famous Californian gift, in the autumn of 1862, of 100,000 dollars, soon followed by another of the same amount. Three months more, we are told, would, but for this, have probably brought the Commission to a premature death. It was then receiving at the rate of 20,000 dollars a month, and spending at the rate of 26,000 dollars, with appalling calls upon its resources. But California and the Pacific States from this time took upon themselves the main burthen of its finance. The former was in October, 1863, directly called upon to contribute 25,000 dollars a month, and the appendix of "Contributions received from California" shows that, exclusively of the 200,000 dollars and other early contributions up to November, 1862, the average receipts from the State, for forty-one months, up to the close of February, 1866, actually exceeded that monthly amount. History probably shows no instance of such sustained generosity on the part of so small a community.

But the mode of raising these contributions was no less remarkable than their amount. The "favourite method" of Californian charity, it seems, is that of selling an article by auction to the highest bidder, with the implied understanding that "after paying for it," he is "to give it back again to the auctioneer, to be resold to the same company." And now listen, O ye nymphs of tender or mature age, who smile across fancy-fair counters, and preside over lucky-bags, to that which shall surpass your most audacious devices, your wildest dreams of mercantile success in favour of your pet charities: —

"Often have we seen one article — a white pullet, for instance — not intrinsically worth a dollar, sold to five or ten successive highest bidders for sums varying from five to twenty dollars, until the sum realized amounted to over 100 dollars. A bag of strawberries of herculean size, presented to the President of

the Commission at the Sacramento picnic, was sold for a gold dollar for each strawberry (each the size of a pullet's egg), while the biggest was sold for 123 dollars! On the same occasion, the train of the Pacific railroad (where some twenty cars were linked together), which carried the company to the ground, being delayed for an hour by an unexpected obstruction, some enterprising passenger, who had brought his fowling-piece, stepped out into the chapparal and shot a hare, and then entering at the rear car, passed through the whole train, selling it to one after another, until he came out at the front with 157 dollars for the fund."

But we now come to a story of which the grotesqueness reaches perfectly colossal proportions. Imagine one of the aspirants to Metropolitan mayoralties under Mr. Mill's scheme exhibiting the heroism of this defeated American candidate to municipal honours!

"At Austin, Nevada, in the wildest part of the desert, half-way between Virginia City and Utah, the two candidates for the mayoralty of a city not two years old, but with 5,000 inhabitants, each had agreed if defeated to carry a sack of flour on his back from Austin to a neighbouring village, in broad day. Accordingly, when Mr. R. C. Gridley lost his election, he prepared to fulfil the engagement. Headed by a band of music in a wagon, leading his little boy clad in the national uniform by the hand, and with the sack of flour on his back, followed by a mongrel procession of miners and citizens, Mr. Gridley took up his foot-journey to the appointed place. Arrived there, the thought struck him that the gay spirits and the patriotic feelings of the crowd, that grew as he travelled, might be turned to humane account. He instantly proposed to sell the now famous sack of flour to the highest bidder. The humor took. The sack was sold again and again, netting 5,000 dollars. The amount realized fired Mr. Gridley's enthusiasm. . . . He started for a journey of 300 miles to Virginia City. Arriving on a Sunday, and finding a sanitary meeting going in the Opera House in the afternoon, he proceeded to the place, got admitted to the stage, and there telling the story, sold the sack to the audience for 580 dollars. The next morning, having procured a band of music, he proceeded to make the tour of the neighbouring towns. . . . At Gold Hill, the sack sold for 522 dollars and 50 cents; at Silver City, for 830 dollars; at Dayton, for 873 dollars. Finally, returning to Virginia City again, the sack, putting forth all its attractions, won a prodigious subscription of 12,025 dollars. Mr. Gridley . . . arrived at Sacramento, 150 miles further west, just as the sanitary picnic at Bellows' Grove was in progress. In the midst of the festivities he marched into the crowd, a band of music leading the way, a stalwart negro walking by his side carrying the

sack. . . . The sack did not fare as well here as before. . . . A good woman, finding a small island of a few rods square in the swamp, had erected a bridge of one plank, and established such a rate of toll, that to see nothing there cost the curiosity of some hundreds a half dollar each. Then the President of the Commission was invited to shake hands with some hundreds of the company, who bought the privilege at from fifty cents to a double eagle apiece, making his hat their till, until it was literally half full of silver and gold. Under these rival excitements the sack was not favoured with its wonted success. Carried thence to Sacramento, it was sold again, at a public lecture, by Dr. Bellows for several hundred dollars, and finally, transported to San Francisco, it added moderate gains to its enormous harvest, even in that comparatively staid community. Six months afterwards, what was the surprise of the recorder of this strange history, to find the sack with its irrepressible owner at New York, and on its way to the great fair in St. Louis. . . . The sum realized by it on the Sanitary Fund cannot have been less than 40,000 dollars."

But enough of this charitable buffoonery; although its broad humour serves thoroughly to show the earnestness of the American people in the cause; since none will deliberately and gratuitously make fools of themselves for that which they do not care for. Suffice it to say, before dismissing the financial side of the Commission's history, that its total receipts appear to have been, in round numbers, nearly 5,000,000 dollars in cash, from June 27, 1861, to January 1, 1866, and 15,000,000 dollars' worth of supplies, besides "2,000,000 dollars more at the very least" received and expended by the branch treasuries, making in all about 4,500,000. expended in four years and a half by the American people in connection with a single voluntary institution for the relief and benefit of its soldiers.

This is, however, the mere gilded outside of the work. What lies beneath is of very different texture. We have here, for the first time, the full history, though much of it was known before, of the difficulties which the Commission had to encounter, for some considerable period after its first organization, from official ill-will and red-tapeism. It may, indeed, somewhat comfort impatient philanthropists of the Old World to find that the great golden Routine has shown herself quite as mighty in the New to thwart new-fangled schemes of benevolence, and the impertinent curiosity of ignoramuses who want to know, as in the most venerable of European or Asiatic Circumlocution offices. Nay, Mr. Stillé

pointedly contrasts the position of the members of the United States Sanitary Commission with that of the British Sanitary Commission, and of Miss Nightingale during the Crimean War, declaring that "no such extraordinary powers as were conferred upon these" (the British) "Commissioners, and fully exercised by them when it was necessary, to accomplish their object, were ever granted by the Government of the United States to any body of men outside of the regular military organization." Yet, although it may be true that the want of such powers as those wielded by the British Commissioners may have cost "thousands of lives" and "millions of dollars" to the country, it is, perhaps, doubtful whether the American Commission did not, on the whole, do its work all the better through being thus compelled to cast itself resolutely upon the sympathies of the nation, to rest wholly upon the public confidence which its services should earn for it.

The great fact which stands out from its history indeed is, that on however large a scale relief may be distributed to the sufferers by the casualties of warfare, yet prevention, not relief, should be the main object of all sanitary science, in war as well as in peace. This the Commissioners steadily kept in view from the first; and though it may have best endeared itself to the individual soldier by its care of him when wounded or struck down by sickness, its most efficient services were really those of organizing the inspection of camps and hospitals, reforming these latter, re-organizing the Medical Bureau, &c. Of the reality of preventive sanitary science no more convincing proof can be given than that afforded by the Military Department of the "Gulf," including that notoriously unhealthy Delta of the Mississippi, the almost perennial habitat of yellow fever. New Orleans "was cleansed under General Butler's order as it had never been cleansed before, a rigid quarantine was enforced, the quarters of the troops in the forts and in the various camps were thoroughly policed, needless exposure to the fierce rays of the tropical sun, or to the deadly poison of the night atmosphere in the neighbourhood of the swamps, was avoided, a minute care was exercised with regard to the clothing and food of the troops which was entirely unknown in other portions of the Army." Not only did no yellow fever appear in the summer of 1862, but early in July of that year the whole number of sick out of about 20,000 men (then indeed in

garrison) was under 2½ per cent. And "this favourable state of health among the troops in the Department of the Gulf was maintained throughout the whole war." In November, 1863, the Commission's Inspector, Dr. Crane, wrote, "I have never seen so little disease among troops in the field. But little over 4 per cent. of the present force is on the sick-list." So, again, on the malarious coast of South Carolina, among those marshy inlets in the midst of which it had been held that "no unacclimated white person could pass even a single night during the autumnal months, without imminent risk to his health and life," the Northern troops "remained for years, not only without showing any marked ill effect from the climate, but actually exhibiting a sickness-rate less elevated than that of any division of the army."

One of the most curious chapters in Mr. Stillé's volume is that on "The Commission's Bureau of Vital Statistics." The inquiries undertaken by this department extended not only to hygienic data properly so called, but to many others, such as the ages and physical characteristics of soldiers enlisting. "One inspector was employed upon the examination and measurement of Union soldiers, whilst another was similarly engaged with rebel prisoners." The materials collected have not yet received full investigation; but we are told that the results of such investigation will not only serve to determine "the relative efficiency for military service of men at different ages, and of different physical peculiarities," but "the laws of human growth while approaching the maximum stature; of pulmonary capacity as dependent upon physical proportions and upon age; of strength as related to age and rate; of complexion, stature, and previous occupation as affecting strength and endurance," &c. Amongst other things, "the number of men enlisted at different ages was found to follow a definite mathematical law with marvellous precision," whilst "the ages of the officers were found to follow an entirely diverse law, bearing no resemblance whatever to that regulating the ages of the enlisted men; and on comparing these two laws with that of the population, this latter was found to be utterly dissimilar to that of either of the others." A singular proof of the homogeneousness which the American people is already acquiring is afforded by the fact, that the proportion of enlistments according to age "scarcely shows any token of variation, whether the enlistments were made in

Maine, in Pennsylvania, in Michigan, or in Iowa." In a quite different sphere of observation, another remarkable fact may be quoted from the results of the Commission's investigation concerning the effect of forced marches, viz., "that the efficiency of troops during and after the severest marches depends in a great degree upon their diet, the exhausting effect of long and hurried marches being of small significance in cam-

parison with the effect for good or ill of the diet provided for them on the way." Is not the same likely to be the case as respects other forms of physical exertion? And may not the fact thus established on the other side of the Atlantic dispose sufficiently of the pleadings of certain ironmasters for the reduction to Belgian wages, and consequently to a Belgian diet, of English coal-miners and iron-workers?

*Holy Seasons.* By the Rev. Thomas Tylecote, B.D. (Longmans.)—This is a charming little book of verses, written for the several festivals and notable occasions of the Christian year. It is doubtless treading on dangerous ground to follow where Keble a chief minstrel has gone before, but it is not too much to say that the author and authoress of *Holy Seasons*—for we learn from the preface that the volume is the joint work of Mr. Tylecote and his daughter—have preserved their own originality, and have produced a modest little book of verses, which many will delight to read, and some of which may be considered worthy of a place in those collections where Keble's immortal lyrics occupy the foremost rank. We almost think that we can separate the father's from the daughter's verses in this little book, and that we detect in some of the latter the womanly tenderness that was so great a charm in Miss Procter's *Legends and Lyrics*. This is especially the case in the verses entitled "Summer," which are very musical, and in the following, from a little poem on "The Burial of the Dead:"—

"When autumn leaves are falling  
And golden gleams the West,  
We seem to lay more gently  
Our dear ones down to rest;  
Safe in kind Nature's bosom  
We lay them down to sleep,  
And pray that holy angels  
Round them their watch may keep.

"The Cross, our faith's sure token,  
We plant above their head,  
And flowers to breathe the fragrance  
Of hope around their bed.  
Soft may the church's shadow  
Fall on their quiet grave,  
Softer blow there the breezes,  
Greener the long grass wave.

"But oh! the gathering darkness,  
The long and weary night,  
The blank and cheerless morrow  
Bereft of love's pure light!  
And oh! the vain heart-longings,  
The bitter, fruitless tears,  
The depth of hopeless sorrow,  
The length of lonely years!

\* \* \* \* \*

"Yet hush! thou troubled spirit,  
Be calm, thou restless will,  
For thee come o'er the waters  
Those sweet words, 'Peace, be still!'  
For thee those angel whispers,  
That breathe the hope ere long  
With them to share the palm-wreath,  
To sing the conqueror's song."

In a word, this pretty little volume is a valuable contribution to the lyrics and carols of the Church of England; and besides, as is not always the case with books of its class, it is beautifully printed and bound. — *Spectator*.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1213. — August 31, 1867.

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## HARVESTS ON HISTORIC FIELDS.

THREE years ago, the battle's breath  
Swept fiery hot across the plain ;  
And steadily the reaper Death,  
With cruel carnage in his train,  
Marched through the serried ranks that stood  
Unwavering, and cut them down ;  
While field and farm, and hill and wood,  
Grew dark beneath the battle's frown.

The cannon thundered in their wrath,  
The musket rang with volleys there ;  
The loud shell cut its trackless path,  
And burst with fury in the air ;  
And thickly by the trodden way,  
In dyke and field, by level rows  
Of trampled corn, Death's harvest lay —  
Friend close by friend, and foe with foe.

To-day another harvest stands  
Where once Death trod the bleeding plain,  
Ripe for the reaper's ready hands  
That bind in sheaves the golden grain.  
Afar the sheltered farm-house sleeps,  
Embowered in shade ; while o'er the mound,  
With pitying growth, the wild vine creeps,  
Where rifles rang with deadly sound.

Up from her covert starts the quail,  
As, chancing on her hidden nest,  
The farmer lad, with noisy hail,  
Spies quick as thought the speckled breast,  
And low and sweet the echoes call ;  
While from the blue sky overhead,  
In mellow radiance flooding all,  
The golden light of peace is shed.

— *Harper's Weekly.*

## THE LAND OF THE SNOB.

ILLUSTRIOUS Visitor, hail !  
Right welcome to Albion's shore !  
Wherever you go, through the streets or by rail,  
Bystanders will holla and roar.  
Be prepared with your eyes and your ears  
For the stare and the shouts of the mob,  
Their aloft-flourished hats, and demonstrative  
cheers ;  
For Old England's the Land of the Snob, of  
the Snob :  
Old England's the Land of the Snob.

The people of England are free,  
And Heaven for equality thank ;  
But none have such wild adoration as we  
For folks of superior rank.  
On the toes of each other we tread,  
With delight, at the heels of a "nob,"  
And in herds we await and pursue a crowned  
head :  
For Old England's the Land of the Snob, of  
the Snob :  
Old England's the Land of the Snob.

To put on sweet Majesty's hat  
Would joy to a Briton impart.

The cushion to press where it sat,  
With lips, some could find in their heart.  
There are those, could they do such a thing,  
On a tempting occasion, as rob,  
Who a tooth-brush would flch from a king ;  
For Old England's the Land of the Snob, of  
the Snob :  
Old England's the Land of the Snob.

— *Punch.*

## THE CHIFFONIER.

I AM a poor Chiffonier !  
I seek what others cast away !  
In refuse heaps the world throws by,  
Despised of man, my trade I ply ;  
And oft I rake them o'er and o'er,  
And fragments broken, stained, and torn,  
I gather up, and make my store  
Of things that dogs and beggars scorn.  
I am the poor Chiffonier !

You see me in the dead of night  
Peering along with pick and light,  
And while the world in darkness sleeps  
Waking to rake its refuse heaps ;  
I scare the dogs that round them prow,  
And light amid the rubbish throw,  
For precious things are hid by foul  
Where least we heed and least we know.  
I am the poor Chiffonier !

No wretched and rejected pile,  
No tainted mound of offal vile,  
No drain or gutter I despise,  
For there may lie the richest prize ;  
And oft amid the litter thrown  
A silver coin — a golden ring  
Which holdeth still its precious stone,  
Some happy chance to me may bring.  
I am the poor Chiffonier !

These tattered rags, so soiled and frayed,  
Were in a loom of wonder made,  
And beautiful and free from shame  
When from the master's hand they came.  
The reckless world that threw them off  
Now heeds them only to despise ;  
Yet, ah ! despite its jeer and scoff,  
What virtue still within them lies !  
I am the poor Chiffonier !

Yes ! all these shreds so spoiled and torn,  
These ruined rags you pass in scorn,  
This refuse by the highway tost,  
I seek that they may not be lost ;  
And, cleansed from filth that on them lies,  
And purified and purged from stain,  
Renewed in beauty they shall rise  
To wear a spotless form again.  
I am the poor Chiffonier !

W. W. S.

— *Blackwood's Magazine.*

From the quarterly review.

1. *I Miei Ricordi di Massimo d'Azeglio*. Due Volumi. Firenze, 1867.
2. *Correspondance Politique de Massimo d'Azeglio*. Ed. Eugène Rendu. Paris, 1867;

THE life of a man who was soldier, artist, diplomatist, novelist, and statesman; whose earliest reminiscences were of Alfieri and the Countess of Albany, and who lived to be introduced to the present heir-apparent of the British throne; who, born in the highest social circle, mingled by choice and by profession with members of every class, and who exercised no small influence upon the destinies of his native Italy, can hardly fail to present some points of interest. Whether the 'Reminiscences' lying before us can be placed, as an intellectual effort, on the same level as the author's 'Nicolo de' Lapi, may reasonably be doubted. Nevertheless the book has beauties and merits of its own, and we trust that, even in the comparatively brief account of it which we propose to lay before our readers, its attractions may be found not to have wholly disappeared.

Massimo Taparelli d'Azeglio was born at Turin on the 24th of October, 1798. The family came originally from Brittany, which perhaps, as our author playfully remarks, accounts for the existence of a certain vein of stubbornness (*testa un po' dura*) running through the race. At the close of the thirteenth century a member of this house descended into Italy, most probably with Charles of Anjou, and settled in the Piedmontese town of Savigliano. Here their ancient and honourable appellation of Chapel or Capel got corrupted, no one knows how, into Taparelli, to which the *cognomen* of Azeglio has been subsequently added, in consequence of the acquisition of a village of that name.

Azeglio's grandfather, Count Robert of Lagnasco, married Christina, Countess of Genola, a member of another branch of the same family. From this marriage sprang two sons, of whom the elder died in youth: the younger, Cæsar, became the father of the subject of this narrative. Cæsar's mother died a few days after having given him birth; but by a second marriage Count Robert had a daughter, who became the wife of Count Prospero Balbo, and the mother of Cæsar Balbo. Thus of the three Piedmontese of our time who have most deeply affected the fortunes of Italy — Gioberti, Azeglio, and Balbo — the two latter were first cousins.

The parents of our author stand forth in

the pages of these volumes in marked outlines and vivid colouring. The Marquis Cæsar d'Azeglio appears to have been a fine type of the old Piedmontese nobility; brave, simple in his tastes and habits of life, sincerely religious, and self-sacrificing. He was poor, because his fortune was always at the service of his country and the house of Savoy. By his 'country' must be understood rather the kingdom of Sardinia than the Italian peninsula; for this last was to him, at least in his earlier years, little more than 'a geographical expression.' Personally attached to his Sovereign, he lost some sixteen thousand pounds — a very large sum in that country — during the wars arising out of the great French revolution. When taken captive, he had only accepted liberty on the express condition of *not* promising to give up military service on behalf of his native soil. He was not a man of brilliant abilities, nor had he any very great capacity for adapting himself to that new order of things which (both in the world of thought and the world of action) began to overshadow and to influence the mind and conduct of Europe after the overthrow of Napoleon. But he was willing to let the new phase of constitutional, as opposed to absolute, monarchy have its trial in the kingdom of Sardinia; provided always that such change arose out of the deliberate will and consent of the reigning monarch, and was not forced upon him from without by the threats or rebellion of his subjects. There was much in Massimo d'Azeglio that was especially his own; much that was produced by the moulding impress of the times in which he lived. His great and varied abilities cannot be said to have been inherited from his father. But there is manifested throughout these 'Reminiscences' an earnest desire to impress upon the mind of his countrymen the all-important lesson — that it is only by the formation of such characters as those of his parents that Italy can hope to succeed in the great experiment which she is now engaged in trying. Another country supplies weighty warning. 'From 1814 to 1848,' says the distinguished son of one who was an eminent minister under Louis Philippe, 'France tried for thirty-four years the experiment of representative government. Three unfavourable tendencies have chiefly contributed to make this attempt twice prove a failure; a general and systematic spirit of opposition to authority, excessive pretensions, and the keenness of personal enmities. These three features of the national character, common to nearly all our politicians,

have rendered all but impossible a government with institutions whose freedom encourages resistance, excites ambition, and gives full play to rivalry.' These sorrowful reflections of Prince Albert de Broglie,\* so applicable just now to Italy, may not, perhaps, be wholly out of place even in a country like our own. But we must not wander from our more immediate subject.

The manner in which we have just referred to our author's parents implies that his mother was not unworthy of her husband. She might have been able to accomplish even more for her children, if her health had been robust. But in the fourth year of her wedded life she received a shock from which she never thoroughly recovered. She was officially informed that her husband had been slain in battle, fighting against the French invaders of Piedmont. So circumstantial was the account, that the will of the supposed deceased was formally opened. It left the widow most handsomely provided for, with a jointure which was not (apparently a rare event in Italy) to suffer diminution in the event of a second marriage. And it was specially insisted on that she was on no account to put on mourning if her husband had fallen with arms in his hands for his country and his king. Two months later came the news that Cæsar d'Azeglio was alive and unhurt, although a prisoner in France. But the sudden and unlooked-for joy was a fresh trial to one already weakened by grief, and expecting at no distant date to add to the number of her family. Subsequent events, as was natural during the troublous times in which her lot was cast, increased the injury thus wrought; and we are not surprised to learn, that from this parent the young Massimo and his brethren were not able to obtain any great amount of intellectual culture. But she gave them what her son justly calls the loftier benefit of admirable precepts and example; an education of the heart, a right guidance of the sentiments and of the affections.

The war in which Cæsar d'Azeglio was taken captive had fallen upon Piedmont after the land had known some six and forty years of peace. With a generation untrained in military habits and discipline, the small Subalpine kingdom was left alone to contend against the power of France. The issue could not long be doubtful. There were some, indeed, who hoped, says our author, that liberty might come to the vanquished, like other *articles nouveautés* from

Paris, without the need of any personal merit on the part of the recipients. They had to learn by sad experience the stern lesson taught by the course of events to so many enthusiasts of that date, — a lesson nobly expressed by one of those very enthusiasts, when he sang of the hollow joy of Greece on receiving liberty as a gift from the favour of Rome, and of the exceptional soundness of heart displayed in Ætolia: —

'Ah! that a *Conqueror's* words should be so dear;

Ah! that a *boon* could shed such rapturous joys!

A gift of that which is not to be given  
By all the blended powers of Earth and Heaven.

The rough Ætolians smiled with bitter scorn:  
"Tis known," cried they, "that he who would adorn

His envied temples with the Isthmian crown  
Must either win, through effort of his own,  
The prize, or be content to see it worn  
By more deserving brows."

These lines from two sonnets by Wordsworth might not unfitly be placed as a general motto to the autobiography of Massimo d'Azeglio. But, if these lessons were needed by all Italians, the Piedmontese perhaps required them the least. It is well known that Massimo d'Azeglio was one of the first, perhaps the very first, to suggest that Florence should be the capital of the kingdom of Italy. In singular contrast with this event of 1864 stands the account of the departure of the Azeglio family in 1800 from Turin to Florence as to a *land of exile*. Such, however, was the feeling of his parents, when the battle of Marengo had laid Northern Italy at the feet of Napoleon, and had induced them to remove to the Tuscan city until better days should dawn. Among the earliest infantine recollections of Massimo was a picture of Turin, in his father's study at Florence, with the motto *Fuit* inscribed below. Happily the flight of the family was by no means a solitary one. The distinguished houses of Balbo, Ferrone, Delborgo, Prié, and others, all adopted the same course, preferring such banishment to the acceptance of foreign rule in Turin, and to the implied rejection of the house of Savoy, whose head had retired to the maritime portion of his realm, the Island of Sardinia.

One day, in a house belonging to a member of this set, a little child, unembarrassed by clothing, was being held on his mother's knees, while a painter was drawing from the form before him an infant Jesus.

\* *Études Morales et Littéraires.* Paris, 1853, p. 306.

'Now, Mammolino, be quiet! (*Ehi, Mammolino, stai fermo*)' was the exclamation uttered in a deep voice by a bystander, a tall gentleman, wholly dressed in black, with a pale face, bright eyes, frowning eyebrows, locks of a hue inclining towards red, and thrown back from the temples and the brow. The deep voice coming from a figure regarded by the child with much awe produced the desired effect, and a Holy Family was the result. The picture is believed to be in a church at Montpellier. The house was the *studio* of the artist Fabri; the child was the infant Massimo, then called endearingly Mammolino; the awesome bystander was the celebrated Vittorio Alfieri.\* In Massimo d'Azeglio's latest days he had only to shut his eyes, and there rose up before him the house where Alfieri, and the Countess of Albany in her dress *à la Marie-Antoinette*, used to receive their company; the pictures by Fabri (one of Saul at Endor, and one of Pompeii) on the walls, and his father in conversation with some of their circle, or with M. Langensverd, the Swedish minister.

The heavy hand of Napoleon was ere long to fall on this retreat. With a minuteness of persecution, which in many quarters seemed to outweigh all the advantages which Italy derived from the imperial sway, the new ruler forbade his Turinese subjects to send their children abroad for education. Three of Massimo's brothers were students at the Tolomei college, in Sienna, when this decree was promulgated. But Sienna not being a Piedmontese city, was considered to be 'abroad,' and the youths had, of necessity, to be withdrawn. A second order compelled all the emigrants to return from Florence and elsewhere to their Subalpine homes.

The domestic education received by the young family on their return to Turin was admirable in the way of discipline. To speak low, to treat their sister with the same courtesy as a young lady of another house, to bear great pain without complaint, and even to preserve under it the appearance of cheerfulness, to take all possible care not to add to the illness of their mother, not to expect praise and petting, such were the home lessons received in the house of the Taparelli d'Azeglio. The following incident is an illustration. It occurred when the family had a villa near

Fiesole, and in the course of a long ramble with his father:—

'I had gathered an enormous bunch of wild broom and other flowers, and I was also carrying a stick in my hand, when somehow I became entangled, and fell heavily. My father hurried to lift me up again, examined me to see where I was hurt, and observing that I complained much of one arm, he laid it bare, and found that it deviated decidedly from the straight line; in fact, I had broken the ulna, the large bone of the arm.

'I, who was gazing fixedly into his face, saw his countenance change, and assume an expression of such keen and tender solicitude, that he scarce seemed to me like the same man. He fastened my arm to my neck as well as he could, and we again set out homeward. After a few moments had passed, during which he had had time to regain his usual nature, he said to me, "Listen, Mammolino, your mother is not strong. If she were to see how you have hurt yourself, it might make her very ill. You must be brave, my child. To-morrow, we will go to Florence, and do all that can be done for you; but this evening, you must not let her see that anything is wrong with you. Do you understand?"

'All this he said to me with his usual firmness, but with the greatest affection; and as for me, I did not feel that I had any very important or difficult affair to manage: in fact, I kept in a corner all that evening, holding up my broken arm as well as I could, my mother thinking I was tired after my long walk, and perceiving nothing more.

'Next day I was taken to Florence, and my arm was duly set. But its cure had to be completed by the muddy waters of Vinadio, some years later.

'Does any one think this proceeding of my father's a harsh one? I can recall that incident as if it had happened yesterday, and I will remember that it never entered into my head for an instant to think him harsh or unkind. I was, on the contrary, so happy at the unspeakable tenderness I had seen in his face, and also I felt it so reasonable not to alarm my mother, that I regarded the difficult command rather as an excellent opportunity of doing myself credit.

'And that, because I had not been spoiled, but had had some good foundations laid in my heart. And now that I am old, and have seen the world, I bless my father's stern firmness; and I would that all Italian children possessed a parent like him, and would profit more by it than I did: within thirty years, Italy would be the first of nations!—i. pp. 105-107.

The compulsory return to Turin had involved a correspondence between the head of the family and his Sovereign, which was highly honourable to both parties. Caesar d'Azeglio offered to join Victor Emmanuel in the Island of Sardinia. But the king

\* The supposed *habitat* of this picture, which is not mentioned in 'I Miei Ricordi,' is supplied in an able and suggestive critique of the work by M. de Mazade, in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' for 15th February, 1867.

advised him to submit; he could not think of removing from the youthful Taparelli a father of whom they now had more than ever such a special need. The Marquis d'Azeglio consequently took the oath of allegiance to Napoleon, and preserved it faithfully. But he aided to the best of his ability those who suffered under the French régime, more particularly some of the dignitaries of the Roman Church and Court.

These recollections suggest some striking thoughts to our author. During several years of Napoleon's reign, most notably, perhaps, about 1809, after the triumph of Wagram and his marriage with Maria Louisa, he impressed on his contemporaries, says Azeglio, the idea that he was simply a *fate* that could not be resisted. Now we need not go to Italy seek for the prevalence of such notions. They are marked in the diaries of many English politicians of the time, as, for example, that of Sir James Mackintosh; and we suspect that expressions tending, to say the very least, in that direction, might be plentifully culled without much difficulty from the pages of the 'Edinburgh Review.'

We have seen so many instances in this country of the political and religious differences between brothers, that perhaps we ought not to be astonished to learn that the elder brother of Massimo d'Azeglio not only took holy orders, but joined the Jesuits, and ultimately became the editor of the most extreme ultramontane paper, the organ of that society, and of the Roman Court, the 'Civiltà.' He was known as Father Taparelli. It must be mentioned, to the honour of both brothers, that their differences were never allowed to chill the warmth of their fraternal affection. Massimo expresses a keen sense of the purity and sincerity of his brother's mind, and of the sacrifices which he had made in joining the Order.

The fall of Napoleon, the delirious joy of the Turinese when their Sovereign made his re-entry into their city (borrowing in his poverty a carriage from the Marquis d'Azeglio), the delight at the departure of those French to whom they have since owed so much, *their equal amount of pleasure at witnessing the arrival of the Germans*, are all set forth in these volumes with much liveliness. Well might the writer Italiceize, as we have done, the above clause, and almost doubt whether he can be the writer of such words. Assuredly the vast majority of the Italians, who were then young, lived to alter their sentiments as regards these nations.

Changes in the great world carry with them of necessity a vast number of changes in the lesser worlds of private circles. The altered state of affairs, which ensued upon the events just mentioned, transformed the youthful Massimo from being a mere boy into an *attaché*, and then into an officer. The former position arose from the circumstance of his father being sent as a provisional minister to the Court of Rome, to congratulate Pius VII. on his return. The kind offices of Cæsar d'Azeglio towards the persecuted clergy were fully acknowledged by the Pontiff. Massimo was likewise much noticed, and found himself plunged at once into the midst of high clerical and diplomatic society. And here it may be observed that if any of our readers shall have chanced to look at that part of Dr. Dollinger's book, 'The Church and the Churches,' which treats of the Papal Temporalities, he will find its comment on the rule inaugurated by Cardinal Consalvi entirely confirmed by the reflections of Azeglio. The general impression left by both writers appears to us to be identical; namely, that the new Papal régime aimed at carrying out the French system of centralisation without having the French skill and energy that were needed for such a task. Thus the ancient municipal liberties of the towns in the Ecclesiastical States were not restored; and the Legations, finding that they had lost French order without gaining Italian freedom, sunk before long into a chronic state of insurrection.

The honesty of our autobiographer compels him to record with shame, that for four or five years (that is to say, between the ages of 17 and 22) he passed an idle, and far worse than idle, existence. He acquired, however, a love for pictorial art, and became also passionately fond of music.

Of all *trustworthy* accounts of the Roman clerical society of that date, Azeglio's appears to us to be one of the least favourable. His father seems to have been a far stricter man, both in word and deed, than many of the canons and *prelati* whom they met. The fact that the youthful Massimo himself was more than once pressed to take holy orders, did not exalt in his eyes the suitors, and generally he maintains that there was very little of what is known as *unction* among the Roman clergy of that day. He had been accustomed to a much higher standard of duty and devotion by the conduct of the priesthood at Turin.

The study of antiquities is one of the very few branches of knowledge that can be said to flourish in the Rome of the pre-

sent century. Some chances were offered of prosecuting researches into the curiosities of pagan, or of the early Christian times; but our author at that season loved, as he puts it, *le novità e non le antichità*. However, the gay career of an *attaché*, with its dinners, balls, and *soirées*, was cut short by the arrival of the *actual* ambassador from Turin, the Marquis of San Saturnino. A great consolation for the young man lay in the circumstance that a commission had in the mean time been obtained for him in the Royal Cavalry of Turin. Before leaving Rome he saw his brother Prospero formally installed into the Order of the Jesuits. The gravity of the ceremony was for a moment disturbed by a mistake of the aged general, Father Panizzoni. Dim of sight, he advanced to embrace Massimo, instead of the elder brother. 'A pretty business we two should have made of it,' says the former.

Azeglio's experience of the army led him to take real interest in the theory of war, and also in such practical knowledge as can be acquired in a time of peace. His first departure from home with his regiment is reckoned by him among the five or six most joyful events of his strangely varied life. But the partiality shown in respect of promotion confirmed him in one of his growing sentiments, his dislike of aristocracy. When we remember that he became, to use his own expression, the penultimate link of the long chain of the Taparelli, his sentiments on this head seem worth inquiring into.

Massimo d'Azeglio was brought up in a house which thoroughly believed in the truth of the saying, *Noblesse oblige*. The children were early taught to be on their guard lest descent from noble ancestors should 'degenerate into arrogance or a fancied superiority over those nobles of God's creation, who, endowed in other respects with every exalted quality, cannot point to a long line of ancestry.'\* Indeed so little stress was laid at home on the matter of station, that once, when Massimo was about twelve years old, a friend of the family having turned the conversation on the subject of nobility, he asked in perfect good faith: 'We, father, are we noble?' The laughter of the company showed the lad that he had asked an absurd question; but his father with a smile simply replied; 'You will be noble, if you are good. *Sarai nobile, se sarai virtuoso.*' Still the hometraining of the youth, if not on the one hand of a

\* Lord Lindsay. Preface to 'Lives of the Lindsay's.'

nature to puff him up with pride of birth, was certainly not likely on the other hand to create unfavourable impressions of his order. This subsequent dislike arose, we conceive, partly from a spirit of opposition, which is by no means an uncommon feature in generous minds; and partly from the specimens of the Order presented to him in Italy, more especially at Turin and at Rome. Turn where he would, the result was, in Azeglio's judgment, always unfavourable. In Venetia there still seemed to him traces of that effeminacy which had been only too faithfully portrayed in the comedies of Goldoni. Of the Roman aristocracy we shall have occasion to speak presently. The Piedmontese nobles (of whom Alfieri was in some degree, both in his virtues and in his faults, a type) were perhaps the most energetic, the most devoted and brave. But they were haughty, exclusive, and far too much attached to the interests of their own Order. Too many of them after the restoration displayed the same characteristics as their French compeers, on whom Talleyrand passed his memorable verdict: *Ils n'ont rien oublié, ils n'ont rien appris.*

The profession of an officer in times of peace is not that which usually cures a young man who has taken to a dissipated life. Azeglio became wilder than he had been as an *attaché*. As his means did not always suffice for the life he was leading in this *School for Scandal*, he emulated in one respect the conduct of the youthful rake in Sheridan's drama of that name. He journeyed to Milan with two young friends and two of his ancestors in effigy. The sale of these pictures of a Count and Countess of Lagnasco was intended to cover in part the expenses of the expedition. He did not then look forward to the day when a king, as yet unborn, should appoint him to be Governor of Milan.

'That idle life of mine, as fatal physically as morally to a young man, was a cause of sore distress to my father, and still more to my mother; and to this day I feel a pang as I write these lines, and recall the anxieties I caused them in those days. Would to God they had been the only ones!

'And truly I was following evil paths; for I have not said either all or the worst that might be said of my life at that epoch. I mention this because, after so many protestations of sincerity, if I have still a right not to tell every thing, I have no right to seem to have done so when I have not.'—i. p. 233.

Azeglio's mother, in her distress, paid

several visits to Professor G. Bidone, who might, she thought, influence her son for good. Bidone's intellectual strength lay in mathematics and the physical sciences. His attempts to impart to his young friend a portion of his mental stores in these departments of knowledge had not been very successful. Fond of music, of art, and in time, of history and antiquities, as also of the literature, especially the poetic literature, of his native land, Massimo d'Azeglio cared but little for algebra or the inductive sciences. But Bidone proved all that the Marchioness d'Azeglio had hoped and desired in the realm of practical advice; and her son's obligations to this teacher are expressed by his borrowing some famous lines from the 'Divina Commedia,' wherein Dante records his obligations to his master Brunetto Latini:—

'In my mind  
Is fix'd, and now strikes full upon my heart,  
The dear, benign, paternal image, such  
As thine was, when so lately thou didst teach  
me  
The way for man to win eternity.'\*

Azeglio is not often given to classical reminiscences, or he might have bethought him that his fatherly friend had acted towards him as Horace records his sire to have done,

'Insuevit pater optimus hoc me  
Ut fugerem, exemplis vitiorum quæque notan-  
do.' †

For in like manner was Bidone accustomed to point out the living antitypes of the Barri, the Sectani, the sons of Albius of the Horatian era, and call upon Massimo to mark the ultimate tendencies of their sad and downward career. Convinced that his friend had within him the materials of something better than the gay and lax existence he was then leading, Bidone appealed to Massimo's nobler self, until at length the young man took a resolution and carried it out with a suddenness, a courage, and a perseverance that betokened in him a full share of that strength of will which the Capels or Taparelli brought with them from Brittany.

He resolved to give up the army, to

\* 'Chè in la mente m'd fitta e or m'accoora,  
La cara e buona immagine paterna  
Di voi quando nel mondo ad ora ad ora  
M'insegnavate come l'uom si eterna.'  
(*Inferno*, canto xv. 82-85.)

The above version is that of Cary.

† Sat. l. 4. 105.

break entirely, not only with its life of balls and fêtes, but also with the habits and traditions of his Order. He determined to become an artist—not a mere *dilettante* gentleman who dabbles with oil and brushes, and takes the portrait of a friend or two by way of a little recreation, but a real *bonâ fide* artist studying hard at his new calling, and treating it as a means of livelihood.

'Is it true that he is going to make his son an artist? I don't know what the world is coming to. In my time a fellow would as soon have thought of making his son a hair-dresser or a pastry-cook.' The relatives of Azeglio used almost the same language as Major Pendennis; and it was with difficulty that the young Piedmontese nobleman obtained the consent of his parents. For once a classical quotation does occur to his memory. Plutarch had observed that 'no *well-born* young man, after seeing the statue of Jove at Olympia, or that of Juno at Argos, had ever desired to be Phidias or Polyclétus.' But Azeglio justly replies that Greeks, Romans, or English had a country, if not always free, yet ever struggling for liberty; rights and laws to defend, a political arena which gave scope for their powers; hearers, supporters, adversaries; and, lastly, the consciousness of aims and objects at once useful, grand, and glorious.

'What on the other hand was offered to me, with my ideas and sentiments, by a despotism replete indeed, I believe, with right and honest intentions, but of which the representatives and arbiters were four aged chamberlains, four ladies of honour, with a swarm of friars, monks, priests, and Jesuits?

'What future was opened to me, by entering into diplomacy, the Government, or the army? The "future," of knowing always where the Minister, the General, or the Lady in Waiting, was in the habit of attending Mass, or going to confession; and of carefully going there myself to present them with holy water at the door, and to get into the good graces of the Father Confessor. If I so comported myself, a prospect of going on in my profession at full trot; if I did not, the certainty of being laid on the shelf, and, after spending some thirty years on an employé bench, of being handed over to a bench at the Café Fiorio.'—i. p. 352.

With an humble allowance from his father of less than 6*l.* sterling a month, Massimo started for the city where he had erst revelled in all the distinctions of an *attaché*. He first made for Genoa, and there found an English brig which conveyed him to

Leghorn, whence he travelled by land to Rome. The family Orenge, already known to him, received him as a son. But of five and twenty *scudi* (some 5*l.*) with which he arrived in Rome, the largest portion was exhausted by the expenditure absolutely necessary for his new profession. Happily for himself, Azeglio had a horror of debt. So he took special care to avoid calling on his eminent acquaintances of former days. His uncle, Cardinal Morozzo, had left Rome, that he might reside in his diocese of Novara. One very intimate friend of his father's, Cardinal de Gregorio, was the only person in high station with whom he retained intercourse.

He began to work in earnest. It was winter, and for two hours before daylight he joined a class taught by a Genoese named Garello, who gave very able instruction in history and in the English language to a number of scholars, who by daylight were compelled to attend to other pursuits. For a few pence he obtained from a friendly master of the horse in the service of the Rospigliosi a gallop of an hour. Riding was through his whole life one of his great delights, although, unfortunately, he was again and again compelled to sell his horses. After his ride he worked in his *studio* until dinner time, designing, copying models, studying the anatomy both of man and of the horse, beginning with osteology, thence learning to put together the skeleton, and then with great care clothing it with the proper muscles. After dinner he studied from the nude, his model being one Antonio, well known to all young artists of that day. This Antony was a remarkably fine-made man, such as one sees in the *bas-reliefs* on Trajan's column. He was in many ways a worthy person, and thoroughly interested in art; he would allow young students to run in his debt, and even lend them money. 'It is true,' adds our author, 'that in a moment of excitement (*momento di vivacità*) he had killed his brother! But we cannot be perfect.' These studies lasted until nine at night. This was a hard life, but Massimo enjoyed good health, and, though poor, he was independent. In May he went into the country to make landscape studies from nature. His first essay of this kind was at Castel Sant' Elia, a village between Nepi and Civitá Castellana. He seems to have learnt much in this department of art from the school of Hackert, whose style in landscape was followed for some twenty years by the Dutch artists Woogd and Therlink, the Fleming Verstappen, Denis and Chauvin from France, and a Bolognese of the

name of Bassi. In Azeglio's eyes it was one especial charm of this beautiful part of Italy, that it was unknown to the foreigner and the tourist.

In Piedmont, Massimo, as a youngerson, had been simply *Il Cavaliere*. The different practice of the south was manifested in his case under the following circumstances:—

'I carefully concealed my birth, which, however, some unforeseen incident often revealed, to my great discomfiture. And thus it chanced at Castel Sant' Elia.

'I must first inform my reader that in Central and Southern Italy, all the sons enjoy the same title as their father. My father was a Marquis, consequently I was a Marquis too. One day I had written to the Orenge family for, I forgot now what clothes, which were accordingly sent to me in a parcel directed to "*The Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio, Nepi*:" and a letter was posted at same time to me to inform me where they should be inquired for. I went in person, and presented myself to I know not what Vetturino, who undertook parcel carriage both from and to Rome. I had forgotten to make any change in my toilette, so appeared in my usual costume; shirt sleeves, a *comicia* thrown over one shoulder, and no stockings, because of the heat. I walk in, and say; "There ought to be a parcel here for Azeglio." "There is one, ~~but~~ it is for the Marquis." "All right, I am come for it; how much is there to pay?" "Oh don't be in such a hurry, I can't let you have it; his lordship the Marquis must come and give me his receipt for it, and my payment." "But I am the Marquis!" I exclaim at last, annoyed at being compelled to reveal myself. "You are the Marquis!"

'I laugh even now, when I recall the look of incredulity and contempt which my interlocutor threw on me, a man without stockings, guilty of such outrageous presumption.

'I forget now whether I had to bring evidence to prove my identity, or whether I ended by being believed. But I well remember that I had a good long battle before I could carry my clothes off home; and the grand news of my Marquishat spreading rapidly, I found myself, at Castel Sant' Elia in the same predicament as Almaviva in the last act of the Barber of Seville, "*I am Almasiva, but not Lindoro!*" Luckily, I too was at the last "Act" of my country life. July had come, and the malaria with it, so I was compelled to change my climate.'

While our hero was thus employed, a hasty and ill-judged political movement occurred at Turin. This was in 1821. His elder brother Robert was implicated in the movement, and was compelled for a time to retire with his wife into Switzerland. The Jesuit party and the re-actionary society of



the *San-fedisti* became more triumphant than ever. But in the Roman States, in 1821 as now in 1867, brigandage was extremely rife. Nor did this second sojourn of Azeglio's change for the better his opinion of the population of Rome itself. His first visit had led to an unfavourable comparison of the Roman with the Turinese clergy. He now saw more of the laity, especially when his name as an artist began to win him fame and bread. In his judgment, his inability to mix much with his own class of society was a real advantage. What he did see convinced him that they lived in an atmosphere of fawning and intrigue. Of their marvellous ignorance he supplies us with one or two specimens.

We should have supposed that if there was a naval battle of European celebrity, it was the sea-fight of Lepanto. But at Rome it ought to enjoy a special claim to reputation, because ardent Roman Catholics maintain (and not without some reasonable grounds) that the reigning Pontiff, Pius V., assuredly one of the very best who ever occupied the Papal chair, was mainly instrumental in bringing about this mighty destruction of Turkish vessels and overthrow of Turkish domination on the Mediterranean. It is even claimed for Pope Pius, that with prophetic instinct he foreknew that prosperous issue of the battle for which he had prayed; and a hymn in his honour (for he was afterwards canonized) declares:—

'Tu, comparatis classibus,  
Votis magis sed fervidis,  
Ad insulas Echinadas  
Fundis tyrannum Thraciæ.'

Massimo d'Azeglio was one evening in the palace of Prince A—. In one of the halls he observed a picture, evidently of the Flemish school, representing an inland scaling of a tower by an armed host:—

"What scene is represented by the capture of this fortress?" said I to the prince. He replied: "It must be the battle of Lepanto!!" I gave a look at him to see whether his countenance betrayed any merriment; but it remained perfectly serious, and — *amen.*' — ii. p. 79.

Ladies, of course, are not to be expected to rise in these matters much above the level of fathers and husbands. One fair dame requested from Azeglio an account of a great *Paramano* which had arrived in Rome from Paris, and had been the subject of much conversational eulogy. He was at first utterly at a loss for a reply, not knowing

what in the world a *Paramano* could be; but in time he made out that it was a *Panorama!* '*La differenza era poca*' is his comment.

There arrived in Rome a Piedmontese noble, a friend of Massimo, the Marquis Lascaris di Ventimiglia, whose only daughter subsequently married a brother of the celebrated minister Cavour. Ventimiglia was a man of excellent character, highly cultivated, amiable, original, and passionately fond of art and artists. He saw a picture which Massimo had just completed, and offered to buy it. Now much as our artist had desired this consummation, it was with something of a struggle that he made up his mind to the acceptance of his first payment for his picture. But having argued with himself that there was nothing to be ashamed of, he resolved to take his money like a man with his own hands, and to look boldly into the face of the purchaser. He was not, however, quite sure whether at the critical moment he thoroughly and unflinchingly carried out his programme. For the means of independence thus acquired he felt thankful to the Giver of all good. He was destined in after-years to feel doubly thankful for such a means of subsistence. Having munificently spent his official gains in works of charity, he had recourse to his pencil again on ceasing to be a minister of the Crown.

Meanwhile his artistic tours taught him much concerning the governors and the governed in the Papal States. He learnt more and more to think favourably of the later and unfavourably of the former. Our limits will not permit us to go into details, though some of them are amusing enough. But Azeglio's general report of the population around Rome strikes us as being remarkably accordant with the twenty-third chapter of that excellent work, so justly recommended by Lord Stanhope, '*Six Months in Italy,*' by the American traveller, Mr. Hillard. On the Roman aristocracy we have the following general reflections:—

'Good service has doubtless been done by vigorous aristocracies. The French, our own, the German, and others, in war, the English in statesmanship, have produced great and admirable men and deeds; but from an aristocracy of the *dolce far niente*, such as is the Roman (the offspring and slave of the papacy for the most part), what could be hoped? The clergy, who made it rich, were half afraid of it, and would not have it powerful; but excluded it from all political interference; extinguished in luxury and forced idleness all its higher quali-

ties: hence followed sloth, degradation, ruin! But we shall come back to this subject again presently.

'This vice is by no means specially confined to aristocracies; it may be seen in all classes to whom are granted such privileges as render it needless for them to possess any intrinsic value, or real merit, or any laudable object of existence.

'The Roman plebeians, who were privileged to live on regular alms from their Emperors, without doing any thing whatever, became the most colossal mountain of *canaille* recorded by history.

'And alas! the ancient *donatives*, and the moneys for indulgences, in Papal Rome, have perpetuated those sad traditions, still living and powerful in the people to this day; and their *eldorado* is, to make *hulspence* without earning them.

'Nepotism was the creator of the largest portion of the Roman families in the "Book of Gold." Whilst in our lands, as I said before, the nobility won their titles on the battle-field, the Roman nobles gained theirs in courts; and as for their riches, I think I do not speak too severely of their origin when I say, that if the shades of all the Cardinal nephews could be evoked, and each of them made to publish his account book, we should have some strange revelations.' — ii. pp. 69, 77.

It must, we think, be owned, that Massimo d'Azeglio did not wholly and entirely escape the contagion of the tone of society around him. In his first volume he tells of an early love which was pure and honourable; and he takes occasion to express his indignation at those popular French novelists of the time of Louis Philippe, who had done their best to lower the tone of national, and perhaps of European, sentiment in all that concerns the tender passion. But the long and fervent admiration which he cherished for a lady in Rome, though never leading apparently to any overt mischief, was, we fear, irregular and culpable. The object of his passion was endowed with a beauty that was extraordinary, even in that land of beautiful women. But she was utterly destitute of any elevation of mind, and finally cashiered Azeglio for another admirer by a *ruse*, which could hardly have succeeded with one less infatuated than he appears to have been. Perhaps men of letters, especially the imaginative writers, feel more deeply or disclose more openly their wounds of the heart. As regards Azeglio's unfortunate attachment, it is our earnest desire to abstain from any thing like Pharisaic criticism. A country with such records as those of our Divorce Court before it had better be chary of censure upon the manners of other lands. Above all, it must

not be forgotten, that, but for our author's unflinching honesty, no word of this episode would ever have reached the general ear. He who thus lays bare his faults has earned the right of demanding our faith in his truthfulness and honesty. Most gladly would we have passed by this topic in silence, after the example of a French critic of the 'Reminiscences.' But would such reticence be paying real honour to the memory of one so candid and so open in all his words and deeds? We cannot think it. In his own emphatic language, '*Scrivendo di me, debbo mostrarmi quale sono. Debbo esser io, proprio io, e non un altro.*' We speak, then, as we believe that he would have wished us to have spoken.

In 1823 occurred the death of Pope Pius VII. Such an event, says Azeglio, always fills the population of Rome with incredible delight. It is not necessarily hatred of the deceased that evokes such sentiments, but the excitement, the possibility of advantage. For as each Cardinal has a long tale of connections, every city in Italy has its own interests — its own hopes and illusions. The election of the aged valetudinarian Della Genga, who took the title of Leo XII., thus far increased the joy that it involved the overthrow of the administration of Consalvi. Our author's reflections on the many virtues of this famous Cardinal Secretary, and his many mistakes, form a valuable contribution to history. But we have not space for them in our pages.

The new Pope determined to have the year 1825 kept as a year of jubilee. The mention of this subject brings us to the consideration of one cause of the great interest, which Massimo d'Azeglio's writings possess for many minds. There are those who feel an instinctive distrust of partisan works respecting Rome. In all places men have a great tendency to see what they desire to see; but nowhere is this tendency more marked than in books about Italy and Rome. An emissary from Exeter Hall, an Irish ultramontane member of Parliament might be thought to be describing two different cities and two different sets of men. It is one great charm of these 'Reminiscences' that we have in them the evidence of a man who was always a sincere Roman Catholic in his creed, in his later years a very earnest one, but who was also an eyewitness of facts which he recorded when no one else dared to speak, and when such speech involved the risk of banishment from Italy.

Now a jubilee is sometimes described on the one side by ultra-protestants as a mere

means of making money. Cardinal Wiseman, on the other hand, in his weak and reticent 'Personal Reminiscences of Four Popes,' declares that it is a great pecuniary loss, although (if we recollect aright) he regards it as an unmixed spiritual benefit for all concerned. It is curious to find Azeglio leaving Rome because of the jubilee. He knew that for twelve months every form of amusement, theatres, feasts; balls, receptions, would have to give way to sermons, missions, processions, and other religious functions. Of the sincerity of the proceedings he appears to have felt no doubt; but he had likewise no doubt of what would be the effect on his own mind. Convinced that the result would be injurious, he visited his parents at Turin. When, in the following year, he returned to Rome, he found his youthful lay contemporaries perfectly maddened (*arrabbiati*) against the priests and their system. 'One may imagine,' he adds, 'the profit that thence accrued to the true moral and religious sense.' Surely if jubilees must be held, they ought, in a city of 150,000 people, to be restricted to a particular area, and the rest of the place left free for its usual occupations.

In the mean time his skill and reputation as an artist had obtained for him a really exalted position. And here it may be observed that Azeglio's 'Reminiscences' tend greatly to support the observations made by Mr. John Stuart Mill, in his address at St. Andrew's, respecting the far more intimate connection between life and art which obtains in continental countries than is at all the case in England.\* It is true that many of Azeglio's pictures were only landscapes, and that some of his historical pieces, such as that of the 'Death of Montmorency,' do not betray any intimate association with the dominant current of his thoughts. But many of them are closely intertwined with the objects of his political aspirations. To an English spectator, for example, a picture of the battle of Thermopylæ may be replete with noble associations, but the thoughts suggested are mainly those of the past. It was far otherwise with the youth of Italy some forty years since. To them the Persians meant Austrians, and the Spartans — who were to prove the Spar-

\* We may venture to say that Azeglio would have read with sympathy and delight the article on Leopardi which appeared in this 'Review' a few years since; but we suspect that he was no great master of English, and we cannot but think that he scarcely did justice to the English character and English statesmen.

tans was still the question? But many a one would probably walk away from Azeglio's painting, repeating inwardly that stately ode of Leopardi's addressed to *Italy*, which begins with the words —

'O patria mia, vedo le mura e gli archi  
E le colonne e i simulacri e l'erme  
Torri degli avi nostri,  
Ma la gloria non vedo' —

and presently proceeds to apostrophise the 'ever-honoured and glorious Thessalian straits, where Persia and Fate proved less strong than a few frank and generous souls.'

The picture of Montmorency's death made a great impression both in Rome and in Turin. The artist's father was in ecstasies. He desired to present Massimo to the King, Charles Felix; and hoped to obtain for his son a post at court, the office known as that of *gentiluomo di bocca*. Massimo's heart sank within him. Life at court would to him be misery, and yet to refuse his father and run counter to all the parental notions of life was hardly possible. He assented, but coldly, and the matter was soon dropped. 'My entrance at court,' he adds with natural exultation, 'was destined to be in another shape and on other grounds twenty-one years later.' At that date he came into the presence of his Sovereign, not as an Usher or Chamberlain, but as first Minister of the Crown.

The autobiography before us does not include that later period of Azeglio's life, to which reference is here made. But the affectionate daughter (his only child, the Countess Ricci) who has given to the world these interesting volumes, has added in a supplement a brief epitome of its chief events. Much light is thrown upon this later portion by the other work placed at the head of this article; the collection of Azeglio's political correspondence during the last nineteen eventful years (1847 to 1866) of his strangely-varied life. These letters are lovingly and excellently edited by his friend M. Eugène Rendu, to whom the majority of them were addressed, and we much regret that we cannot find room for the many interesting citations which might be made from them. Azeglio's remarks concerning Victor Emmanuel; his criticisms on MM. de Montalembert and Veuillot; his references to the Pope's Encyclical of 1864: the delight with which he quoted a speech delivered in the same year

by Lord Stanley at King's Lynn,\* in favour of the proposal of Florence as the capital of Italy; these and several other features in M. Rendu's collection, combined with the eloquent preface of the editor, would possess for many readers great attractions. We must at this point content ourselves with a single sentence, which embodies one of our author's most favourite and prominent ideas, 'Le bien de l'Eglise! nul ne le désire plus que moi, à condition qu'elle soit une Eglise en effet, et non une Police.'

During those latter years Azeglio went through an eventful career. He fought, and received a severe wound, at the disastrous battle of Novara. He was then for some three years, until 1852, chief Minister to Victor Emmanuel, until his friend Cavour (whom he had introduced into office) became the more trusted adviser of the King and people in Piedmont. Cavour's ascendancy was fairly won, and Azeglio supported him in his policy of joining the allies in the Crimean war. At a subsequent date, when Garibaldi made his famous expedition into the kingdom of Naples, Azeglio differed from Cavour both as to means and ends. He could not approve of the manner in which the attack on Sicily was made, and his deep conviction of the corrupt state of the Neapolitan dominions led him to question the possibility of their proving a real acquisition to the kingdom of Northern Italy. But when Italy had at length been acknowledged by the majority of the great powers as a consolidated kingdom, he in time not only accepted the new condition of things, but protested against any attempt to undo what had been accomplished. In 1859 Cavour sent him as plenipotentiary to Paris and to London, rejoicing in the conviction that Azeglio's acceptance of such a post would be regarded, both by France and England, as a proof that the then newly-formed North Italian kingdom did not desire to play the part of a revolutionary fire-brand in Europe. During the summer of 1859, the year of the campaign of Magenta and Solferino, he had employment both civil and military; and in 1860 he became for a few months Governor of that city of Milan, in which

he had previously spent some years, and had married the daughter of the celebrated Manzoni. The difference of opinion between him and Cavour on the matters of Southern Italy did not dissolve the ties of friendship, and Azeglio bitterly regretted the death of the premier, which occurred, as our readers will remember, in the summer of 1861.

To a certain extent Massimo d'Azeglio occupied a peculiar and isolated position. Ever since the death of his father, in 1831, he had become an earnestly religious Roman Catholic: although the avarice respecting fees exhibited on that occasion by the Turinese clergy and officials was a trial alike to his faith and temper. But this increased seriousness only intensified his strong convictions respecting the badness of the Papal Government, especially in the Romagna: though, in conjunction with other elements in his character, it rendered him more completely anti-Mazzinian. Two famous personages, Garibaldi and Pius IX., are both referred to in his letters in tones of lamentation on account of the deplorable interval which, in each of them, exists between the heart and the head. Of the Pope he writes even so lately as 1854, after all the disappointments of 1849, '*J'ai aimé le pauvre Pio Nono et je l'aime encore.*' Of Garibaldi he says, '*Cœur d'or, tête de buffle.*' Again, referring to his own position, he adds, 'I am under the ban of the court for too great sincerity; under the ban of the Catholic party for treason against the Papal Government; under the ban of the freemasons as an opponent of the plan for having Rome as our capital; under the ban of the sects and of the reds for having told them too hard truths.'\*

We have been compelled to pass in silence many portions of the 'Reminiscences,' more especially the author's general reflections upon such themes as education, Napoleon I., and conquerors in general, the characteristics of the ancient Romans, and other topics. This, however, we regret the less, because these parts of the book are, in our judgment, decidedly the least happy and successful. Undeniably great and most deservedly loved and honoured as an Italian, we question whether Azeglio shines equally, when he comes forward as a citizen of the world. Indeed in some cases his very prominence and ardour in the one character seem to have proved injurious to

\* In this speech Lord Stanley slightly satirized the desire to have Rome for the capital of the Italian kingdom. '*Avouez,*' said Azeglio, after having quoted the speech, '*qu'on ne saurait nous ratteler avec plus de grâce et plus de bon sens.*'—(p. 303, note.) It is a curious coincidence that Lord Stanley, as Foreign Secretary, should have summoned Massimo d'Azeglio's nephew, the present Marquis, to take his seat at the recent conference concerning Luxemburg.

\* The evidence for the assertions made in this paragraph will be found partly in the 'Reminiscences,' but more emphatically and summarily in M. Rendu's preface to the Letters.

his performance of the more extended rôle. It has been said, that in novels written by ladies, men are usually described, not as they appear to their fellow-men, but only as they appear to women: that the main question at issue is, not how did this man act in his calling, whatever that may have been, but how did he behave towards the heroine? A somewhat analogous sentiment seems occasionally to pervade the reasonings of Azeglio. *Italia* is his heroine; and alike concerning men and nations his first question is, how have they behaved towards her? Thus, for instance, he is found constantly denouncing Napoleon I., and as constantly eulogizing Napoleon III. '*Mon idée fixe*,' he says in a letter, '*est que, dans l'histoire, le neveu aura le dessus sur l'oncle.*' We do not pause to discuss the correctness or incorrectness of this opinion; but thus much we may safely assert, that Massimo d'Azeglio is not an unprejudiced judge in the case. He thinks, almost exclusively, of the relation which each bore to Italy. The work achieved by the First Consul for France does not seem to come into his field of vision. This is the more remarkable when we call to mind that he had the sincerest admiration for his father-in-law, Manzoni; whose famous ode on the death of Napoleon, entitled '*Il Cinque Maggio*,' does such ample justice to the statesman as well as to the captain. We must add with regret, that his attack upon the utility of classical studies seems to us commonplace and superficial; and we fear that a similar verdict must be pronounced upon his criticisms concerning pagan Rome. Often, however, when we differ most from Azeglio's judgments, we find ourselves charmed by the fresh and lively style in which his opinions are recorded. Possibly some idea of the merits of the '*Reminiscences*' in this respect may have been suggested, even in a translation, by our extracts. As regards his command over the French language, M. Rendu, no mean judge, has declared that many of his letters are models *du plus fin et aussi du plus grand style*: that in all of them may be traced the graces of a mind which showers, playfully and unconsciously, felicitous expressions as well as lofty thoughts.

But we have not yet traced the links of connection between Azeglio the artist, and Azeglio the author and the politician. To do this we must have recourse to the latter half of the second volume of the '*Reminiscences*.' It has been shown that his pencil, not content with the production of mere landscapes, had been successfully engaged

upon historical subjects. In 1833 he selected for pictorial treatment an event in Italian history known as *The Challenge of Barletta*; a quasi-duel which had occurred at the beginning of the sixteenth century between certain French and Italian officers. While he was engaged with his brush, a conviction of its inadequacy, as a means of saying all that he wished, rushed forcibly upon his mind. His father-in-law had won European fame by '*I Promessi Sposi*'; his friend Grossi had followed, if at some distance, yet not unsuccessfully, with his '*Marcu Visconti*.' Might not he, Massimo d'Azeglio, succeed in hinting, through a tale of the past, some of his thoughts upon the actualities of the present; and some of his views on matters of political and ecclesiastical? The work was begun, and in due time its opening pages were read by the author to his cousin, Cæsar Balbo, himself an able writer, and one not wont to be prodigal praise. With considerable nervousness did Massimo commence his task. Twenty pages were read when the critic, who had sat motionless, turned and said, '*But this is exceedingly well written — *Ma questo è molto ben scritto.*' 'Never,' says Azeglio, 'did music of Rossini or Bellini sound more sweetly in my ears than those words.'*

The work was finished, and entitled '*Ettore Fieramosca, o La Sfida di Barletta*.' The next question was, would the Austrian censor permit the publication in Lombardy of a book intended to suggest *inter alia*, that the Austrians ought to be driven out of Lombardy? Fortunately for Azeglio, the censor, the Abate Bellinsomi, was kindly, dull, and anxious to save himself trouble. The novelist plied him with all sorts of small attentions, and watched his opportunities. The *imprimatur* was granted, the book enjoyed an astonishing and overwhelming success; and poor Bellinsomi was deprived of his office. The only marvel is that he was ever appointed to it. The often-quoted words of Pindar speak of things which are full of meaning for those who are quick to understand, but which need interpreting for the many. But here, among the world of Italian readers, the *συμφορὰ* and the *τὸ πᾶν* were well-nigh co-extensive terms. All educated persons in Italy read '*Ettore Fieramosca*,' and all who read it understood its drift and purpose.

The longer and still finer tale of '*Nicolo de' Lapi*' followed a few years later. This time, not unnaturally, the Austrian censor forbade its publication in Lombardy. But

the author's fame was now established. The success of the second was, as it deserved to be, even greater than that of the former; and it will remain a question for another generation whether it may not be placed, to say the least, on a level with 'I Promessi Sposi,' and claim with it an enduring place in European, rather than in merely Italian literature.

But with all his success, both in letters and in art, he still felt the want of a great work to engage his heart and understanding. It came to him unexpectedly; it came to him, he firmly believed, with the blessing, as well as by the ordering, of a divine and benignant Providence.

Azeglio had gone to Rome for a visit connected with art. Before long messages from Adolphus S., of Pesaro, and Philip A., of Cesena, were conveyed to him, desiring a political conversation. He visited them under pretence of seeking medical advice for an asthmatic complaint. The asthma, though real, was very slight, and, in fact, a mere pretext; and the *soi-disant* patient cannot recall the incident without remarking that it is one of the worst evils of such a government that it leaves for many no choice between a prison and a life of systematized dissimulation. His new friends told him that a man was needed who should traverse many parts of Italy, but specially the Papal States. The mission of this mentor was to be as follows: to urge on the inhabitants, that small and isolated risings were a mistake, and only did harm to the cause they were intended to subserve; that it were better to hold aloof from such societies as the Mazzinian *Giovine Italia*; that it was a duty to endure until some great occasion arose; that an attempt must be made to win the support of the treasury, army, and rulers of Piedmont. The emissary must be some man not mixed up with clubs, sects, or former uprisings; 'and, dear Signor Azeglio,' they added, 'we all think that it ought to be you.'

After his first unfeigned astonishment was over, Azeglio consented. His freedom from all previous complicity with plots, and his known habits as an artist, gave him every chance of travelling without molestation. He went alone, as a painter, through many a town and hamlet, carrying from each the name of the person to whom he was to have recourse in the next place on his route. Although too late to prevent the ill-advised rising at Rimini, his exhortations elsewhere produced great effect. Terni, Spoleto, Camerino, Loretto, Ancona, were all visited; and he then went by Genoa to Turin

and demanded an audience of the King of Sardinia, the unfortunate Charles Albert.

A living English poet has composed a powerful drama upon an episode in the history of the house of Savoy in 1730. When a generation or two shall have passed away, if a man of Robert Browning's genius shall need a subject for dramatic poetry, the career of Charles Albert will furnish him with a nobler theme than the story of 'King Victor and King Charles.' For Charles Albert's character presents one of those singular mixtures of elements with which second and third-rate writers of fiction or of history are utterly unfit to grapple, but in which masters of the art, a Shakspeare or a Walter Scott, revel with delight, because the very difficulties arouse their genius and afford scope and opportunity for their noblest triumphs. Such an one may some day tell how the Prince de Carignano, when heir to his uncle's throne, was known to have cherished aspirations on behalf of Italian freedom; how in 1821 and 1832 he disappointed his partisans; how his uncle apparently forced him, almost as a condition of succeeding him, to fight at the Trocadero in the French army which, in 1823, crushed the premature attempts of the Spaniards; how a deeply-rooted vein of mystical piety (to the sincerity of which even Azeglio seems scarcely to do justice) crossed the path of a love of freedom which in many minds was unhappily associated with anti-religious tendencies. And then, before he comes to the campaigns of 1848-49, the overthrow at Novara, the abdication and speedy death of the last King of Sardinia, he will study the following recital from the pen of one of the chief actors in this eventful drama:—

'I requested an audience and it was granted at once, which I thought a good omen. The time fixed was, as was usual with Charles Albert, six in the morning, which at that season of the year meant before day dawned; and at the appointed hour I entered the Royal palace (which was all awake and fully lighted up whilst the city still slept), and I entered it with a beating heart. After one minute of antechamber, the equerry in waiting opened a door for me, and I found myself in the saloon next after the state antechamber, and in presence of Charles Albert, who stood erect near a window; he replied, by a courteous bend of the head, to my respectful reverence, pointed to a stool in the embrasure of the window, invited me to seat myself, thereon, and placed himself immediately opposite to me.

'The King was at that date a mystery; and (although his subsequent conduct was explicit enough) will remain a mystery in some degree,

even for history. At that period the principal events of his life, the twenty-one and the thirty-two, were assuredly not in his favour: no one could make out what was the connecting link, in his mind, between his grand ideas of Italian Independence and Austrian marriages; between tendencies to the aggrandizement of the House of Savoy, and the favouring of Jesuits or retaining in his service such men as Escarena, Solaro della Margherita, &c.; between an apparatus of even womanish piety and penitence, and the greatness of mind and firmness of character implied by such daring projects.

'Hence no one trusted Charles Albert. A great evil for a man situated as he was; for the small arts whereby men hope to retain the support of all parties, usually end in alienating alike the goodwill of all.

'His very appearance had something inexplicable about it. Extremely tall and slight, with a long pale face of habitually stern character, he had, when he spoke to you, the gentlest expression, most sympathetic tones of voice, and kind and familiar words. He exercised a positive fascination over all with whom he conversed; and I recollect that during his first few words, whilst he inquired after myself (whom he had not seen for some little time) with a kindly courtesy peculiarly his own, I had to make a continual effort, and say to myself perpetually, — "Trust not, Massimo!" to prevent my being carried away by the winning seduction of his words and manner.

'Unfortunate monarch! He had in him so much of the good and great, why would he believe in intrigue?

'In his courteous inquiries after me, he happened to say, "And where do you come from now?" which exactly furnished me with the thread whereon to hang all I had to say. I did not let it escape me, but addressed him as follows:

"Your Majesty, I have traversed city by city, a great part of Italy, and if I have now asked for admission to your presence, it is because, if your Majesty will permit me, I should like to explain to you the present state of Italy, and what I have seen and talked of, with men of every country and of every rank, concerning political questions."

'CHARLES ALBERT. "Oh speak, by all means, you will do me a pleasure."

AzeGLio, after recounting all that he had seen and done, asked the King whether he approved or disapproved of his conduct.

'I awaited in silence the reply, which the expression of the King's countenance told me would not be harsh; but which, so far as the important part of the matter was concerned, I expected would be an *ibi redibis*, leaving me as wise as before. Instead of this, without in the least hesitating or avoiding my glance, but (on the contrary) fixing his eyes on mine, Charles Albert said calmly, but resolutely:

"Tell those gentlemen to be quiet and not

to move; as there is nothing possible to be done at this moment. But tell them that when the opportunity does arise, *my life, the lives of my sons, my arms, my treasure, my army, all shall be spent in the cause of Italy.*"

'I, who had expected so different a response, stood a moment mute, unable to find one syllable of reply. I thought I must have misunderstood. I, however, speedily recovered myself; but I think the King perceived the amazement I had felt.

'The scheme he had so resolutely laid down to me, and above all the phrase "*Tell those gentlemen,*" had so astounded me, that I could scarcely believe I had heard aright.

'But meanwhile, the great matter for me was to comprehend fully; for then as now, I always like to play with my cards on the table; and I think that all equivocating, and worse still all deception, does harm.

'Thanking him therefore, and saying that I felt (as indeed I assuredly did) touched and delighted at his frankness, I took care to engraft into my answer his very words, saying — "*I will then tell those gentlemen.*" . . . . . He bent his head in token of assent, to explain to me that I had rightly understood him, and then dismissed me: and when we both rose to our feet, he laid his hands on my shoulder, and touched both my cheeks with both his, first the one, then the other.

'That embrace had about it something so studied, so cold, indeed I might say so funereal, that it froze me; and the internal voice, that terrible "*trust not,*" arose in my heart: tremendous condemnation of the habitually astute, to be suspected even when they speak the truth.

'And he had spoken it then — my unfortunate sovereign! — as events proved.

'Who could have told me, as we two sat in that embrasure of a window, on those two gilded ottomans covered with green and white flowered silk (which make me shudder now every time I see them), that whilst he was offering through me arms, treasure, and life to the Italians, I was unjust not to trust him instantly and wholly? Who could have foretold to me, that that great opportunity (so distant apparently in 1845, and which both of us despaired of living to see arrive), was appointed by God to appear only three years later? And that in that war, so impossible according to all appearances then, he was to lose his Crown, then his country, then his life; and that for me, as First Minister to his son, was reserved the mournful duty of seeing him laid (myself drawing up the formal notices) in the royal sepulchres of the Superga!!!

Poor human beings! who fancy they direct events.

\* \* \* \* \*

'As will be imagined, I left the palace with a tumult in my heart over which hovered, on outspread wings, a great and splendid hope.

'I returned to my little room on the last slope of Trombetta, and sat down instantly at my desk to write to the one among my correspondents who was to communicate the reply to the remainder.

'Before quitting them I had invented a cypher, of an utterly different nature from all the usual ones; a most safe cypher and one which in my opinion would defy all attempts to read it, but most troublesome to compose in. So I did not write my letter quickly. It conveyed all the precise tenor of Charles Albert's reply; but in order to be scrupulously exact, and not risk giving as a certainty what might be only my own impression, I ended thus; "These were the words; the heart God sees."

Each kept his promise faithfully. Charles Albert, though no strategist, and out generalled by the superior skill of Radetzky, fought to the last with that calm courage in which none of his long and ancient line have ever shown themselves wanting. An Austrian officer has done full justice to the hapless monarch's coolness amidst the hail of bullets at Novara. 'He was one of the last,' says this eye-witness, 'who abandoned the heights of the Bicocca. Several times in the retreat he turned towards us, reining up his horse in the midst of the fire, then, as the balls seemed to be unwilling to strike him, he walked his horse slowly onward and regained the town.'\* Azeglio, according to an agreement (he could not remember whether he or the king first suggested the idea), soon after the interview published that little pamphlet 'On the Latest Events in the Romagna' (*Degli ultimi Casi di Romagna*); † which, while blaming the imprudence of the outbreak, narrated the grievances of the inhabitants in a style so calm and measured, so calculated to carry conviction of the writer's truthfulness into the minds of its readers, and so careful in its details, that it admitted of one reply and one only. The reply was the expulsion of himself from Tuscany and of his wife from Lombardy. But for the first time since 1814 the banishment of an assailant of the Papal Court did not include the whole of Northern Italy. Piedmont was still open; and Azeglio's sojourn for a season on his native soil was the commencement of a confidence on the part of his countrymen in his calmness, his reasonableness and mor-

\* Cited by M. Monnier, 'L'Italie est-elle la Terre des Morts.'

† The 'Christian Remembrancer' has given copious extracts from this pamphlet in an article on the Papal Temporalities, published in January, 1867. It seems right to say that a great moral improvement in the conduct of the clergy in Rome seems to have taken place during the last thirty years.

al courage, which made all his words henceforth to be utterances of weight and influence.

We have said that he seemed scarcely to do justice to England and Englishmen. But we also believe that he never knew us well. We trust, however, that such want of knowledge and want of appreciation may in no wise prove reciprocal. Like Sismondi, who was the last of an Italian race not less ancient and noble than the Taparelli d'Azeglio, he has given us ample means of knowing *him*; and not to avail ourselves of the opportunity would, we feel sure, be a serious loss to ourselves. We shall know more of Italy in learning to understand one who has so powerfully influenced her destinies. And Italy, on her side, is not slow to recognize her debt. The graceful officer-like form of her soldier-artist-author-statesman dwells deeply in the remembrance of many hearts. Even while we write, medals are being struck which display a reproduction of the fine and striking portrait which adorns these volumes. The council of Florence have decreed to lay his mortal remains in their Westminster Abbey, the far-famed sanctuary of *Santa Croce*. The municipality of Turin has presented that of Venice with an album containing photographs of the choicest productions of Azeglio's pencil. A monument to his honour is being raised by national subscription in Turin, and a square in the capital of the Kingdom of Italy will long remind his countrymen of the noble words and deeds, of the exalted genius and lofty character, of MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO.

The Memoirs of the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian of Mexico will appear shortly at Leipzig. They were announced some time ago, and even the printing was begun during the lifetime of the Emperor. Now they are to come out, at the special desire of the Emperor of Austria. The work will comprise seven volumes, and will appear under the title of "My Life; Travelling Sketches, Aphorisms, Poems." The first volume will contain his diary of a journey in Italy. The Prince was then only nineteen, and shows himself in his note-book full of candour, feeling, and chivalry.



## CHAPTER LXIV

## THROUGH THE MIST.

STRENUOUS and eager as Neil was, his boyish strength had its limit, and the agitation of his mind probably hastened the moment when he felt compelled to pause, and deposit his burden on the heather. Effie was no longer a dead weight. She had moved and moaned, clung for an instant more tightly than seemed possible with such fragile arms to her cousin, and then made a sudden struggle to be released, murmuring in a bewildered way, "Oh, what is this? I can walk, I can walk!"

She staggered a step or two, and leaned heavily back on his protecting arm.

"Rest, dear Effie, rest," whispered Neil, and he folded and flung his plaid down on the hill, dank with mist and the dews of morning, and softly lowered her to that resting-place. But, as consciousness returned, grief and horror woke anew in Effie's breast. Her poor little pale face grew wild and strange. She stared at Neil with eyes that seemed to him to dilate as they gazed. Then she burst into tears; such tears as Neil had never seen shed in his life, for he had neither known and suffered grief himself, nor witnessed it in others. The calm sadness of his mother was a familiar pain to his loving nature; but this, — this dreadful weeping, — this young thing dissolved in showers of tears, and shaken by sobs, and wringing those slender hands, and wildly looking through the mist to the unseen sky, calling on God for help — was strange and dreadful to him; and what was he to do with her? What could he do?

She wept, she rocked herself backward and forward, like a reed when the storm sweeps over the loch. "Oh, papa! oh, papa! oh, my own father! Oh, to think I shall never, never hear his voice any more! And he said such dreadful things — things to make God so angry! Oh, such things he said, and such dreadful songs he sang — on the hill — in the night — oh, my poor father! my miserable father! oh, dreadful, dreadful things! Oh, God forgive those songs, and all the words he said! He was ill — he did not know. Oh, Neil, cousin Neil, do you think God will forgive? — the terrible God! oh, my father! I hear him — I hear him singing still! But no, never again! never again! I shall never hear him again! Those dreadful words are the last, the last, the last!"

And the weeping grew more convulsive; and the young heart that beat in Neil's breast seemed as if it would burst for very

pity. "My mother shall take you," he faltered out, as the only comfort he could think of. Then, as he looked despairingly round at the wild plants on the wild hill where those two young creatures sat in that chill mist of morning, he suddenly pressed her little shuddering fingers in his warm eager grasp.

"Effie," he said, "oh, Effie, try and listen. I cannot tell why it should come to me now — I have not thought of it for years — the memory of a little tradition my mother told me, long, long ago, when I was a child. It was a rider, a bad wild man, a robber, I think, who was careering over ground like this, rough, full of granite stones and slippery places, and his horse threw him, pitched him right overhead, and all that those who ran to help him heard was a frantic curse and a groan, and then silence, for he was dead. But when they came near the place, there was a strange plant grown there, a tall thistle with variegated leaves streaked with white, and upon the leaf, in irregular characters, these lines were traced: —

'Betwixt the stirrup and the ground,  
Mercy was sought — and mercy found!'

My dear Effie, the story is a little wild fable, but God's endless mercy is no fable. Moments to Him may be years of ours, as years of ours are but seconds to Him. He knows the thoughts that would have changed all the heart. He knows if the dying would have lived a better life, and lived to serve Him. He knows, — oh, Effie, are you weeping still so bitterly; will nothing comfort you?"

"Oh, my father, my father! The dreadful, dreadful words!" sobbed Effie. "The dreadful, dreadful night! Oh, my heart is broken: my heart is all dark, for ever and ever and ever!"

As she spoke, as she sobbed, as she rocked to and fro, suddenly the mist lifted; the unequalled loveliness of that sight, only visible in the Highlands and among similar mountain scenery, burst on the gaze of the anxious lad, and the desolate girl by his side. The golden glory of sunrise broke over and under the floating clouds; the leaden lake turned blue, and rippled with silver lines; the far-off falls of Torrieburn, the white speck of its dwelling-house, the lovely towers of Glenrossie, and even the grim grey visionary rocks of Clochnaben, all caught a share of the tinging rays; and Neil's beautiful face — as he turned in wonder and admiration to this opening of the golden gates of morning — brightened with a rosy flush half

of emotion and half of the reflected light, and never looked more beautiful. Even Effie ceased to weep. A strange awe conquered sorrow for the moment. The large wild eyes, with their arrested tears sparkling on her pallid cheek, looked also at that wondrous glory of Nature; at the rolling veil of mist and the breaks of light under, the warmth and life that were stealing into the cold night-saddened scenery, and changing all as in a vision.

"Oh!" she said, "it is as if we saw it all from another world! Light has come."

"Yes, Effie," said her cousin, as he slowly turned from the radiance and fixed his earnest gaze on her face, "light *has* come; and so also mercy will come; 'Post tenebras, lux;' after the darkness, light. Doubt all the worth and goodness of man; doubt all things on earth: but never doubt the mercy of God in heaven, for that is *SURE*."

And as he spoke, they both rose, and struggled down the precipitous sides of the hill hand in hand, or Effie's steps supported in difficult places by Neil's arm; till, weary, bewildered, exhausted, but with a sense of protection and consolation hovering round her, she reached at length the house of Torrieburn.

"The two cousins waited there together — oh, awful waiting! — for the return of that senseless weight which had gone forth a living man — for the return of those sent to seek the poor sinner who had passed away in the blank night singing blasphemous drunken songs on the hill-side — for Kenneth, no longer master of Torrieburn; no longer grieved, or glad, or offending, or suffering, or existent among men — for the solemn coming of the strong-limbed Highlanders, who had gone to aid the keeper in the carrying home of "THE BODY."

CHAPTER LXV.

THE BOUNDLESS MERCY OF GOD.

**BUT** when those strong men came, — with heavy, even dreadful tread, — the burden that they bore was not a corpse! The doctor met them on the threshold, and Neil met them there, while Effie sat cowering in an inner chamber, feeling as if she had but one sense left — the sense of hearing, and that the beating in her ears disturbed even that.

The doctor met those men, and helped to lay their burden on a bed; and watched, and studied, and examined, and spoke in an under-voice to the old keeper, and kept silence for a little while, and watched again with

downcast eyes; and held Kenneth's clay-cold hand, and laid his own on Kenneth's heart. And then he spoke to Neil.

And Neil gave a short wild cry in his excitement, in his gladness, and rushed to that miserable room where slender Effie sat despairing and listening.

And innocently, in his boyish exultation of better news, he took that little dishevelled head and drew it to his bosom, and kissed it as he pressed her fondly to his breast — kissed it on the shining hair, and on the white smooth forehead, buried as the pale face was on his beating heart.

For Kenneth was not dead! He might live, or he might die; there was congestion of the brain, and danger, and horror, and all evil chances possible. But he was not dead!

"Effie, your father is not dead!" So spoke young Neil; and Effie, after the first throb of bewildered surprise, heard him and blessed him, and flew to that father's side whom she had so dreaded to see again; and smiled wild smiles at those Highland bearers; and flung herself into the old keeper's arms, and kissed his face and horny hairy hands, and called down God's blessing "on him and his;" and wept and smiled again, and kissed him again, till the old keeper wept too, and called her a "daft lassie," and lifted his bonnet from his honest pious brow, thanking Almighty God for His "special mercy that day."

That day; ay, and that night.

For in the dead of night — the third night — Kenneth awoke; awoke from his senseless slumber, and his heavy half life. He looked around him at visible objects: a dim light lit the room.

The hired village nurse who was there to wait upon him had sunk into a midnight sleep. Her wrinkled face — seamed with lines of care from obscure sorrows unknown to those who employed her — was sealed in that deep, fatigued slumber which nothing short of the cry of "Fire," or some equivalent event, could be expected to disturb. She was not watching: she was dreaming of watches more dear, more intimate, more sorrowful. She was dreaming of her own dearest ones, her own lost ones, before she came to watch strangers for hire, withered and weary, and buried in sleep.

And another sleeper was there — Maggie! Maggie, who had been sent to in all haste, and had returned in wild hurry with the messenger. For she had kept her word well, had Maggie. Kenneth, imperious, insolent, oppressive to her old doited father, had been an exile from her heart. She had not seen his once-loved face for many a day;

she had stayed, as she said she would stay, with her parents. But Kenneth ill and dying in the cold mist on the hill-side, Kenneth suffering, and ruined, and alone, was once more suddenly her idol and treasure, "her ain bairn and bonny king o' men." She was ignorant, erring, homely: but love is grand, and holy, and divine; and mother's love, as it is the first, so also in its intensity is it the strongest upon earth. Lovely as is the scriptural promise of complete union between truly-knitted husband and wife — "they twain shall be one flesh" — a higher comparison yet waits on mother's love. No fleshly union is spoken of there, but it is made akin to, and one with, the eternal Spirit of God: "As a mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Inspiration itself gave no more perfect image of love divine. Maggie, then, was there to nurse and comfort Kenneth; cradle-love was with the man forsaken by his untrue Spanish wife, and by the careless friends of dissolute hours; cradle-kisses were once more showered on his brow, and cheek, and pale, swollen lips. And even now, though animal nature preponderated in poor Maggie, and the anxiety of her soul failed to keep her body waking, there was something intensely fond and maternal in the attitude of her leaning head, with its rich masses of golden hair, scarcely yet dimmed with streaks of grey, and the large white arms and clasping hands stretched, even in slumber, across the pillows that supported the unconscious form of her Ab-salom.

She slept, and the nurse slept — heavily, profoundly.

But there was one sleepless watcher in that room. Effie had been put to bed; Maggie herself had assisted in that ceremony; had first boxed her weary ears for weeping and wishing to stay up, and had then sat down on the narrow bed, and wept with her loudly and grievously; till Effie had almost felt the new mystery of jealousy creep into her soul, as she had felt the new mystery of Death, at the evidence of a love for her father whose passion was so like her own.

And in the silent watches of the night, when the dim light was burning and gleaming down on those other sleepers, and no sound but their heavy breathing made life in the room, Effie glided from her inner chamber, and stood, pale and sad and slender, in her white night-dress, by Kenneth's bed-side.

Then it was that, as he opened his eyes, conscious of outward sight and sounds, he saw her like a white angel ascend and lightly kneel upon his bed; facing him, but with

eyes upturned to Heaven, while the fervent sorrowful tender voice sounded in his ears, speaking brief sentences broken by repressed sobs. "Oh God, dear God! let me be lonesome always, — or let me die in pain, great, wretched pain, — but let papa live and be a good man, — let papa live, and let me die instead. Amen."

Such were the words that greeted Kenneth, or seemed to greet him, in the dreamy night. Sweet mournful voice — sweet little mournful face! Is it a vision or reality that haunts him now?

It is reality, Kenneth — it is your own poor child — your young helpless daughter, praying thus to God.

All of a sudden, as comes a flash of irradiating light, there came to Kenneth's soul a consciousness unknown before. This was, indeed, his child — his own flesh and blood and spirit; part of himself; the better, the more innocent part of himself. And she was praying — not for herself, not for blessings to her own life, but for *HIM*. Willing to die, to suffer, to be in "wretched pain!" for *his* sake; to save *him*; to rescue *him* from some unknown evil; from the wrath of God!

With a feeble hollow voice, in the depth and darkness of night, Kenneth called to his child. "Effie, my little Effie, is it you?"

"Oh, papa! oh, my blessed and beloved papa, yes; oh, father, yes, it is I! I am here."

Then Kenneth said, with a groan, "Pray for me, Effie — I dare not pray for myself."

"Pray for me." Who shall doubt that God permits children to be our angels on earth? "I say to you, that *their* angels do always behold the face of our Father which is in heaven." ALWAYS. Not in vague glimpses, as to our baser and more clay-loaded natures, but always. Oh blessed privilege, of dwelling in the light that never is withdrawn!

So in the murky night, while the nurse and poor Maggie slept, God's angels woke; and the slender child, dawning towards womanhood, woke also, and prayed for her wretched father.

And it seemed to Kenneth as if scales fell from his eyes while she prayed. His selfishness his, insolent insubordination, his sinful passion for Gertrude, his want of tenderness and pity to his poor mother the ignorant loving Maggie, with all her faults and all her virtues; his ceaseless ingratitude to his uncle; all smote and stabbed him to the heart sharply as a two-edged sword. God's mercy was dealing with him; God visited him, and spoke to him with that mysterious voice heard by the first sinners in Paradise

"walking in the garden in the cool of the day." And in that midnight hour, on the wings of that child's prayer, the repentance of Kenneth went up to heaven. "Have mercy, Lord, and create a new spirit within me," was all poor Kenneth said, for he was unused to prayer.

But God asks not for human eloquence. The publican who smote on his breast with the brief petition, "God be merciful to me a sinner," went down to his house justified rather than the other. "God forgive me, was Kenneth's murmured prayer. "God have mercy on my dear, dear father," was Effie's simple reiteration of yearning petition. Did the angels hear and bear it to the foot of the Almighty's throne? — Assuredly they did. And in the morning Kenneth lay sad, and weak, but sensible, with his little Effie by him; and he scrupled not to own to that devoted child that he felt as if he had been blind all his life; and that suddenly God had healed him, and caused him to see the selfish, sinful, strange rebellious course which he had taken continually in the bygone years. So Kenneth repented. In feebleness, bitterness, sickness, and humbleness, never to be the same man again; but with a deep and true repentance, abjectly sincere. There are resurrections on earth other than the one which leads from death to immortality. There are illustrations of God's beautiful emblem of divine change in the bursting of the dull chrysalid case to let the winged Psyche forth, other than the one illustration of confined clay, from which the imprisoned soul escapes and ascends to glory.

The lesser resurrections, of our world, are daily round us. Memories of good; and words of forgotten prayers; and voices of friends neglected; and lessons of life from which we turned impatiently, as children from dry tasks — these all may rise again; in no spectral light, but clad in gleams of glory; rise, like the fountain in the desert that quenched the thirst of perishing Ishmael when all around seemed but barren sand; rise, as the good thought rose in the dissolute prodigal's heart while he fed the foul swine despairing; and turn our steps back, like his, into the long-forsaken track of peace, which shall lead at last to our Father's mercy and a heavenly home.

"God has given me the treasure I least deserved," Kenneth said, as he lay with one weak hand locked in his mother's, and the other caressingly folding his child's head to his cheek. "I have this good dear child; and I was such a bad son to you, mother!"

And poor Maggie's wide blue eyes opening in mingled amazement, pity, and passionate affection, she answered in a sort of confused rapture, "O! Kenneth, my lad, I loo ye mair than if ye'd been the best son to me that iver lived; but I'll loo ye mair and mair noo that ye're sae sick and sorry."

And sick and sorry Kenneth continued for a long time. It was not to be expected that such a shock, to an already broken constitution, should pass and leave no traces. He spoke with difficulty; walked with difficulty; a general and unnatural feebleness, such as is often the forerunner of paralysis, deadened his faculties. He leaned heavily on Effie (who loved to be so leaned upon), and told her, with a smile, she was his "live walking-stick." He sat mute and unoccupied; looking out into space, into vacancy; he was no longer the Kenneth they had known, but another Kenneth altogether.

Dear, inexpressibly dear to them! They judged him not; they blamed him not; they desired only to serve and tend him. And Effie's wistful eyes followed and rested on him as a dog watches for his master; and, in all the little household cares and medical appliances that fell to her lot to perform, she "did her spiriting gently," as Ariel in the island of storms before the wand of Prospero was broken.

CHAPTER LXVI.

GERTRUDE HAS A NEW TROUBLE.

WHEN Neil narrated to his mother the events of that agitated morning, he was amazed that she did not express her intention of instantly going to Torrieburn to tend and comfort Effie, — amazed and disappointed.

"Whatever Kenneth has done to anger my father, poor dear Effie cannot have offended him! Indeed, the Torrieburn agent told me of his generous intentions, that in buying Torrieburn it should be settled on Effie: why then can you not go to her? Oh! mother, she is so forlorn and miserable!"

Gertrude wept.

"My boy," she said, "you cannot think I do not pity Effie. You shall write to your father what has happened. When he knows — when he hears" —

She paused, choked with painful emotion.

"When he knows and hears, mother," said Neil, hotly, "he will wonder that all

from this house have not gone to Effie in her distress.

"Forgive me, forgive me, my own dearest mother!" he suddenly added, as his mother leaned back with closed eyes, through the lids of which the tears she tried to check were stealing.

But he was restless and unsatisfied. He withdrew to a distant window, in the sunny morning room, and took up a book and tried to read. Then suddenly he tossed the book from him, and looked wistfully from the window in the direction of Torrieburn.

"When I am a man," he said, in a proud, resolved tone, so like the voice of old Sir Douglas that it thrilled through his mother's brain, "when I am a man I will marry my Cousin Effie, and take her away from all that misery; I have determined on that."

"God forbid!" exclaimed Gertrude; and her startled gaze was fixed on her son, as if measuring the interval between herself and that new misery.

"When I am a man." The tall, lithe, handsome lad who had carried his cousin across the moors, and now stood in such an attitude of proud independence, stating his premature determination as to the most serious matter that can affect human existence!

"When I am a man!" The waters of Marah flowed over the soul of his mother. A new strange visionary perception seemed given to her, — a future in which some other love should be beyond and above her love in her son's heart, and be thwarted on her account, for some fault which she was supposed to have committed. Her Neil's heart perhaps following his strong boyish fancy and breaking with grief! For how could Sir Douglas ever agree to a marriage between his son and Kenneth's daughter? And therefore Gertrude exclaimed, "God forbid!" with more passion than she generally spoke.

And it really seemed as if the new misery was dawning from that moment, for Neil's lovely indignant eyes flashed through something very like tears, and his lips trembled as he hastily answered, "Mother, I did not think you could be so cruel! Whatever Uncle Kenneth has done (and of course I see that you also have quarrelled with him, as well as my father), that dear girl can have sinned against no one. She has no mother to comfort her; no lady friend; nothing but Mrs. Ross Heaton. Oh! poor Effie, — poor cousin; if you could have seen her coming down the hill — if you could have seen her pale, pale face and

ruffled damp hair, and damp clothes, in which she had lain on the hill all night! Oh! I must go and see how she is this evening," continued he, excitedly; "I must go. I did so hope you would have come. I thought we should have gone together. I must see Effie! I must! I will not be longer away than I can help."

And the passionate scion of a passionate race opened the door of the morning room hurriedly as he spoke; held the lock in his hand a moment, looking wistfully back, as though he half expected his mother to change her mind; and then, closing it hastily, ran down stairs, and out over the hill. Over the boundary line of Glenrossie, where the white heather grew which Effie had sought the day his detested Aunt Ailie had struck at her with the little sharp riding whip; he saw it now, flickering a moment in the air, like a snake's tongue, and then coming down so viciously on the thin white shoulder and slender arm! Over that boundary, into the lands of Torrieburn, and on to the Falls, and past the Falls, to the house; and into the sick chamber where Effie watched. Pale weary Cousin Effie; with her small white hands tightly clasped together in her lap, in a sort of agony of uncertainty and anxiety.

He looked at Kenneth, and sat down by her, by the bedside. She answered in the lowest whisper his whispered greeting, and then those two sat silent, hand in hand, for a while; both looking only at the face of the sick man.

Then, when the time for parting came, Neil motioned her to follow him to the outer door, and spoke in his own earnest voice, unrestrained by the necessary quiet of that painful sick room.

"Effie, dear, you look paler than ever; take care of yourself; eat and drink, and strive to be strong. You know you cannot nurse your father, or help in any way, if you fall ill yourself. And you will be ill — I am sure you will — if you don't take care."

And the young radiant eyes anxiously perused the face of the tender girl, and the young heart sighed, still thinking his mother should be there.

"I will come every day, Effie," he resumed; "every morning and every evening. Expect me; I will never fail. I shall have no thought but you, till I see you better."

"Oh! do come," said the young girl, faintly. "It helps me so. The morning I do well enough, but the evenings are so

erie; and I dare not make it light enough to read, for the doctor says all should be so dark and still."

"I'll come, Effie."

And with the firm quick words, he stepped lightly from the threshold, and trod with a firm quick step the distance that lay between her home and his. *Her* home for ever! He was glad of that. He loved his father for having thought of that. It was noble, generous, like his father. He comprehended, he knew, how hopeless the helping of Kenneth had been; it was the common gossip of the old keeper and others in the place. Neil could not choose but know it: and bad Kenneth had justly forfeited all right to his estate. But it was a beautiful thought of his father, to forego the possession of Torrieburn, to buy it, and settle it on the ruined man's only child. Ah, what could be the quarrel between Glenrossie and Torrieburn, bitter enough to divide them so? What could make his mother keep aloof from innocent Effie? What?

That mother sat buried in mournful thought, till his return. The evening meal passed away untasted: the book which had been occupying her was unread: and, when Neil's fond good-night kiss was accompanied by a murmured prayer for pardon "if he had spoken hastily before he went out," she shook her head, and returned the kiss with passionate tenderness; but there was no explanation between them.

And, as every morning Neil went out with more restless impatience, a little earlier than the day before, to Torrieburn, and every evening returned a little later, feeding his lingering eyes on Effie's farewell smile, as she stood like a small white statue under the dark fir-trees — Gertrude's sadness deepened more and more; and she wrote a cheerless, anxious letter to Lorimer Boyd, telling him how it was with them all, and her grievous perplexity of heart.

CHAPTER LXVII.

LORIMER WRITES ABOUT KENNETH.

LORIMER BOYD'S answer — to adopt the foreign phraseology of the Earl his brother — "ne se fit pas attendre." He wrote by return of post. "Take the boy instantly away from Scotland," he said. "Even if it was understood between you and Douglas (which I cannot see) that he was always to spend his holiday at Glenrossie, and that your enjoyment of his society was limited to meeting him there, the peculiar circum-

stances would justify you in making some different arrangement. Take him away instantly. He is not so young but this fancy may give you more trouble than you can foresee. Part him and that poor child, in mercy to both; and, in pity to yourself. I can see that you are ill, in every line of your letter. Leave Scotland; go somewhere to the sea-side, and let dear Neil sail and boat about during the remainder of his holidays. I have written to Lady Charlotte. I hope she will forgive my frightening her a little about you.

"Neil's account of Kenneth may be quite correct, but I very much mistrust it. I don't wish to speak ill of my countrymen, but I never yet saw a remorseful Scotchman, or a penitent Scotchwoman. The Caledonian mind takes quite a different view of the condition of souls (or at least of their own souls) from that generally taken by Christian folk. Something of the energetic obstinacy with which they pursue worthy and estimable aims overflows and tinges their notions of conduct less praiseworthy. We are told that we should be prepared to give a reason for the faith that is in us. A Scotchman or Scotchwoman is always prepared to give a reason for the *sin* that is in him or her. Justification by faith with them means faith in their own justification. And this not only individually, but for all of their own kith and kin. It is quite astonishing to see a whole family of the severest prudes placidly contented with their family sinner, and convinced that *her* sin was, and is, most rationally excusable, even while hunting full cry after some alien outsider who does not belong to them. I am sure, if *we* had such a thing as a family sinner amongst us, at least of the female sex — I am myself the nearest example of it, I suppose, among the males — that even my mother, whose severity is known to you, would hold all her 'dictums' in suspense for the occasion. There is an anti-Magdalenism in the Northern constitution. No Scottish Mary staunches her tears with her hair; though those lovely penitents are generally painted with golden locks, possibly to enhance and show the difficulty and value of their repentance: nor does the Scottish Peter go out and weep bitterly under a conviction of his own irresolution in the path of virtue. It is weakness to lose your self-esteem, and weakness is a thing the Scottish mind abhors. We struggle for that self-esteem under the most untoward circumstances; as a man shipwrecked, and losing a hundred times its value, dives down into the cabin for his watch.

"When Kenneth Ross gets better, we may probably see in him a fair illustration of the impressive and agreeable distich —

'When the Devil was sick, the Devil a saint would be;  
But, when the Devil got well, the Devil a saint was he!'

"I know this letter will make you angry. I am glad of it. It will rouse you, and do you good. Write and scold me.

"And yet — forgive my bitterness. How can I be otherwise than bitter against one who has caused you so much — such unmerited sorrow? This man may be a true penitent. There may be more joy over him than ever there will be over me, however great may be my needs in that way; but till we see how the fag-end of this misspent life turns out, and how far

'Vows made in pain, as violent as void,'

are held to when pain is over, let us not trust too implicitly to the existence of that angelic chorus which we cannot hear.

"I shall be anxious to know what Douglas writes in answer to Neil's communication. Yours ever,

"LORIMER BOYD."

A tender frightened letter from Lady Charlotte followed, speaking of Scotland as if it had suddenly become Nova Zembla, and adjuring Gertrude to remember that her father had died of consumption, "though he was taken everywhere, dear, to be cured and saved," and with some "inconsequence" following up this dreary admission with the sentence —

"Therefore come at once (or as soon as you can) to the Isle of Wight, where I have already written to take a pastoral cottage" (what Lady Charlotte meant by "pastoral" must remain a matter of conjecture) "very near the sea, and away from people — though I must say I do *that* to please *you* dearest Gertie, for I do not like living only with shrimps — I mean not seeing one's neighbours; not that one's neighbours are always neighbourly, and I'm sure you have reason to think so; though the ones far off are not a bit better than the neighbouring neighbours; witness my cousin Clochnaben, who has written most spiteful and cruel things even now. And she says Kenneth Ross is *shamming*, in order to get you back again, but you are afraid to go to him now, and all sorts of things of that sort. I'm sure I hope people won't think I took the

pastoral cottage because we were afraid or ashamed either; but I thought *you* would like it best, and that was my reason, and the first week begins next Thursday; so I do hope you and Neil will set out; and tell him there are two boatmen, and thousands of eggs that he can have. I mean the boatmen, and they will amuse him. The birds sit screaming on the rocks, and I wish they would not, for it has such a melancholy sound; but you like those sort of things. And so God bless you my own dear Gertie, and bring you safe to

"Your affectionate Mum,  
"C. S.

"P.S. — I have got such a pretty seaside dress, dark-blue, with a quantity of white embroidery — much prettier than black; and I am pleased with it, though my cousin Clochnaben said she hated that sort of dress, and that it made women look as if they were *tattooed* like savages. Very rude, wasn't it?

"C. S.

"P.S. No. 2. — Get yourself a dark-blue linsey-wolsey, my dear Gertie, and don't cough."

And Gertie read — and sighed — and pondered — and told Niel that she did not feel well, that her mother had taken a cottage in the Isle of Wight for them, and that the rest of his holidays would be spent there. A sentence she pronounced very hurriedly and timidly, possessed as she was by a vague painful expectation of Neil "flying out," and refusing to leave the hills that enshrined his cousin Effie.

She mistook — as we do continually mistake even those we love best. Neil no sooner took in the fact that she had been suffering uncomplainingly, and required this change, than he passionately embraced her, expressing himself in broken sentences of self-blame for "being such a brute" as not to see that she was ill — "so selfish" to require to have it explained to him — "so inexcusable" not guessing that it would be better for her to get out of the cold mists of the hills to a better climate.

And with the last sentence the colour suddenly flushed his cheek, for he thought of Effie; and he looked eagerly in his mother's face, dreaming, "If we could but take my cousin with us!"

But he saw nothing in that sweet face but a look of pain and faintness, now becoming habitual.

His farewell to Effie was sad and fervent.

She was to write every day, or rather every evening, at the hour that would be so blank and dismal when he should have departed; when his active bounding step should no longer cross the moor, nor his strenuous young arm shorten time by rowing the coble across the lake — when the morning light must come, whether in mist or sunshine, without his radiant eyes; and the evening close in without his comforting voice to cheer her.

Effie wept bitterly. The last he saw of her she was weeping, and turning from his lingering farewell gaze to weep anew within the house.

He thought of those tears all the long day in the railway carriage, starting next morning for England, watching the pale meek countenance of his mother seated opposite to him, and wondering anew what the bitter, bitter quarrel could have been that made Kenneth an alien, and his poor little daughter a banished creature from Glenrossie and the love of its inhabitants.

And his mother, as she stole furtive glances at his restless, passionate, handsome face, felt the cold poison of doubt creep through her heart as she thought,

“Oh! will the day ever come when even my boy Niel shall love me less?”

And she thought, if that day ever came, death would be so welcome.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

TRACES OF JAMES FRERE.

LADY CHARLOTTE felt rather ill-used by the increasing ill health and depression of spirits of her daughter. She wrote a somewhat peevish and deprecatory letter to Lorimer Boyd: “I took a pretty pastoral cottage here, as you advised; and indeed only because you advised it, for I don’t much fancy pastoral things myself; only, Gertie having such reliance on your judgment and your kindness, I thought it for the best to do as you said. But you are quite mistaken in saying she would be the better for it: she is not the least better, rather worse; and she has a cough that keeps me always remembering her poor father; which is very distressing. I wish you could come from Vienna, for she is certainly better when you are in the way to talk and read to her. I am sure I would read to her with pleasure, but I don’t understand or relish the sort of books, and it is not the same thing; and she doesn’t care for news, and I don’t know what to do with her. She has left off walking, and lies on the sofa looking at the sea;

and all I can get from her is, “I don’t feel very strong to-day, little mother.”

“Now, of course, when you told me I should do her good by coming here, all this is very disappointing; and I hope you will write to her and advise her not to fret; for I know she is fretting; and the hard thing upon me is, that she frets more now than she did, though nothing new has happened; and though she used to be so fond of pastoral places, and I have got a cottage at Bonchurch just like the one in Moore’s “Melodies,” about Love and Hope, you know — where “he opened the window and flew away.” The roses climb right over the roof, and so does the clematis, and, except that there are gnats at night (in spite of a little beginning of frost), she might be so very comfortable! I wish we had never come across these Rosses of Glenrossie, for what with their tempers and the things that are said, and Gertrude taking a turn sounexpected, I am quite sick with vexation. I wish she had married *any* quiet man, — yourself even, — rather than that things should be as they are. Neil is well; and I go out sometimes to see that he don’t drown himself. I mean, to see that he has the right boatmen with him; for he is venturesome and reckless to a degree; a Ross all over, and as passionate as any of them; but a dear boy too. And even *he* can’t get Gertrude’s spirits up; for she says, ‘Oh my Neil,’ ‘Oh my Niel!’ in such a begging voice, it quite makes one’s heart ache; and, when he tries to guess what she would have, and says if it frightens her, this boating, he’ll give it up — she shakes her head, and says, ‘No, dearest, it is not that!’ But she never says what it is; and it is so unlike my Gertie to be so unreasonable.”

And Lorimer, pondering much over this somewhat *decousue* account of matters, wrote, as lady Charlotte desired, advising Gertrude “not to fret,” and showing her why she ought not to fret. And he wrote also to Neil, — a long letter, taking the most vehement interest in the boating and boats, their sailing qualities and tonnage, and narrating adventures of his own in boyish days, and curious anecdotes of various kinds, all more or less connected with this new pursuit. For he thought the eager mind and body of the lad would be all the better for an absorbing occupation of that kind.

He was right.

Cousin Effie’s letters came, and were most welcome, and fondly answered. But, after a post or two, they were often pocketed to read “as soon as he should be afloat in the *Sea Gull*,” and the shifting of a sail or



handling of a rope would cause him to look up, and break the thread of Effie's simple and tender sentences; once, indeed, entirely lost to him; for a stiff breeze in rounding a rock, and a sudden rainbow, so engaged Neil's attention, that he suffered the open letter to escape from his hand, and only became aware of the fact, by seeing it flutter and rest like a little white bird on a distant wave, sweep over the next, and then disappear for good.

Even then, Neil bore the deprivation with very cheerful philosophy; sensibly reflecting that he had seen the first line or two, beginning, "Papa is better, and things get more and more comfortable;" and taking for granted that "all the rest of it" was in the same satisfactory strain.

It was on one of the occasions when Lady Charlotte went down to the beach with him, "to see that he did not drown himself," that an event occurred which thrilled her timid soul with extreme terror.

She was walking along a lonely bit of shore by Black Gang Chine, when a man who was sauntering in the same direction came near and joined her, as it seemed, in her walk. He was not a gentleman, nor a common sailor; Lady Charlotte could not make out what he was. She felt a mixture of anger and fear at his self-imposed companionship; and looked anxiously about for Neil; but Neil was nowhere to be seen.

At last she summoned courage, and asked the man which way he was going, whether he "wanted any thing;" "money or any thing?" The man laughed, and said he would be very glad of anything the lady pleased to bestow. But even, after pocketing the half-crown which followed his reply, he continued to walk by her side. "I do mostly walk this way," he said. "I've had a hard tussle with a mate of mine, and I'm on the look-out to see him again. You see, ma'am, I'm a smuggler; or rayther I *was* a smuggler; but, getting acquainted with a farmer's daughter here, she over-persuades me like to give up them sort of ways; and her father, he made a point of it, saying no man should have his daughter that did not get his livin' in a honest way; and there was plenty of honest ways without smuggling. Well, I resolves to cut the concern, and I goes to my mate (there was two of us) and says, 'Give me my half-share of the value of the boat, for I'm going to leave her!' It didn't please him; and we had a wrangle; and he says, 'Leave you may; but the value of the boat you don't get.' I said I would; he said I shouldn't; and, when high words had passed, he clinched

them with these words — 'She's a smuggling craft, and you'll hardly be able to take the law of me to get her value; so be off, like a sneaking fellow as you are.' Well, I'd depended on the money for getting things for my Mary, and I thought, and thought, and thought how to be revenged on him; and sure enough in the night I went where the boat lay in the cove ready for her next run, and I sawed, and cut, and worked with a will, I can tell you, till half the boat was no more use than splinters, and then I stuck up a board with a paper on it with his own words written, against he should come: 'She's a smuggling craft, and you'll hardly be able to *take the law of me.*'"

"Oh gracious! how could you?" exclaimed Lady Charlotte, looking fearfully at the stern profile of her unwelcome companion as he walked by her side.

"Well, you see, he was hindering me of my Mary. And he was all rags when he come here, when first I put him in the way of earning; and we'd made many a trip together, and he's over to the French coast now, among friends of mine! I only wish!"

His countenance was so fierce as he wished — whatever the wish might be — that Lady Charlotte stopped short in her walk, and stood tremblingly feeling in her reticule for more money. She found a sovereign, with which, in her agitation, she presented him, saying, civilly, "I really am very sorry for you, but you see you should not — you really shouldn't — be so unfor-giving!"

Then, as she beheld the very welcome sight of Neil approaching with his boatmen, she recovered herself enough to smile a little; and she said, "I thought, at one time, that perhaps you were thinking of robbing me, do you know?"

"Well, I *was* thinking of it," said the man carelessly; "but I didn't know who might be up among the rocks there, or whether that very young gent coming mightn't be coming to you; and, besides, you seemed such a harmless soul to take advantage of. But" —

He stopped suddenly; his eye lit, and flashed like a signal-gun. "By —, there he is!" he exclaimed, as he darted down the rough shore. Lady Charlotte looked in that direction, and saw two figures — a man in the garb of a common sailor, and a female neatly dressed in rather a foreign peasant style. They were near enough for her to be perfectly able to distinguish both face and form; and in the common sailor she recognised — with extreme alarm — the ever-changing adventurer, James Frere —

and in the foreign-looking woman, however disguised, most certainly ALIE!

They were landing when she first observed them. On seeing the man who had been the companion of her walk running towards them, they stood still. Then James Frere leaped back again into the boat, holding out his hand to his companion, who lightly followed his example; and he pushed off from the shore just as the breathless smuggler reached the water's edge. The man shouted and swore; Frere laughed, and shook an oar menacingly at him. Then a boy, lying at the bottom of the boat — and a man in her, whom they had not yet perceived — shook out the sail, and with a bound and a dip in the waters she was off again, soon to appear only like a white speck in the distance!

The smuggler stood a while watching that boat as she danced over the waves. Then he slowly returned to the spot where Neil had rejoined Lady Charlotte.

"Good evening, ma'am," he said, "and thank you! As to yon man, I'll have him yet. His things are all here. He'll need to come back before many days are out — I'll give information." And he strode away slowly over the sands.

If Lady Charlotte could have doubted the accuracy of her own vision, all doubt would have been removed by Neil, who, flushed and eager, said to her, as he came up, "There's that man I saw change his clothes in the railway — he's in the boat. I can't mistake him — he has a most strange countenance. It is he — I'll swear to him. Look, Mamma Charlotte!"

"Yes," thought Lady Charlotte, "and I'll swear to Alice Ross." And, when she regained the little gate of the "pastoral" cottage, she passed in very quickly, and told Gertrude the adventure.

"And is it not *too* dreadful, Gertie, his always coming up through a trap-door in this sort of way? — I mean like a demon who comes up, you know, through a trap-door."

CHAPTER LXIX.

JAMES FRERE IS RECOGNISED BY ANOTHER PERSON.

POOR Lady Charlotte! She was doomed in this tranquil and pastoral retreat to all sorts of agitating scenes connected with the gentleman who thus came up continually, as it were, through a trap-door!

She was standing — as she herself ex-

pressed it — "most harmlessly" talking about the washing of her fine muslins and embroidered cuffs with an old washerwoman, whose pride it was that "she was the principallist laundress of these parts, and washed for the principallist gentry by the sea-side."

The good old soul continued ironing all the time she talked, and looking down with affectionate smiles upon the linen benefited by her manipulation.

"Ah!" she said, "all the visitors comes to me that *can*; and it's a real treat to me to see the valets, and lady's-maids, and such folk, coming here as soft-spoken as need be, a-begging and a-praying of me to give their lady or their gentleman the preference — for I can't do all. But I mostly prefers the gentlemen's, and some of them is really wonderful! Lord Sinclair's — his be pretty shirts enough, to iron — werry smooth, soft linen. And Captain Greig's, — them *are* beauties; all worked across the *breastesses* — to be sure, how they be worked! And Colonel Vavasour's — his be wonderful, too. And Mr. Gordon's — bis'n has little frills down the fronts; they be a deal o' trouble, surely, them little frills; but they're a real pleasure to look at, when the Italian iron's been under 'em. And here's a thing was sent me to wash, that looks for all the world like somebody's skin, but was sent here by a woman they calls a West Injian. They did say she was a wild savage — but, if she be a savage, she be wery unlike *my* notion of the creatures, for she's as soft a spoken woman as ever I seed; but this thing is made of pink flannel, to cover her from head to foot, for she shivers with the cold here, and she comes from some warm island — I'm sure I forgets the name — but it's beyond seas, and there's a governor, and he's as good as king there.

"La! if she ain't coming this minute, and I not half ready."

The aged washerwoman ironed with redoubled diligence; but, before the ironing was done, the door of the cottage was darkened, and in came a sad-looking, sallow woman, past the flower of youth, but still with claims to beauty, her eyes passing languidly over all objects as she advanced, as if nothing in life was much worth noticing, and resting at last in quiet contemplation on the pink flannel garment. You saw at once that she was a Creole, but a gentlewoman.

"Is it finished?" she said, with a soft drawl. "Give it me if it is finished."

The old washerwoman passed a final sweep of the warm iron over the sleeves of the garment in question; flattened, folded, and again passed the iron over; and then,

pinning it in a white handkerchief, presented it to the new-comer.

As she did so, the threshold of her cottage was again shadowed, and close to Lady Charlotte — close to the Creole — passed in James Frere, followed by Alice Ross.

The latter started visibly at sight of Lady Ross's mother. Fearless as she was, her presence of mind forsook her. She grasped James Frere's arm anxiously.

"Oh, come away; come away from this place!" she said, in an agitated whisper.

But James Frere was absorbed in another recognition. Another hand lay on his arm, and the languid Creole's eyes were warm with wonder and anger.

"Ah, James, do I see you at last! You cruel James!"

There was an effort on the part of Frere to affect unconsciousness, to affect strangeness; but he also seemed, in the bewilderment of the moment, to lose his self-possession.

"Anita!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, you cruel! Anita! And now she has found you, she will not again be left. Oh, James, how could you leave me without one word? To wake and find you gone! Oh, James!"

Alice Ross had hitherto stood speechless and motionless, her glittering eyes only, seeming to have some movement in them, rippling like a green gleam over the ocean wave. But, as the Creole accompanied the last words by a passionate seizure of Frere's arm, she sprang upon her like a tigress, and shook her off, crying with shrill anger, — "Woman, how dare you call my husband JAMES? How dare you call him by his Christian name before me, whatever your intimacy may have been?"

"My intimacy? Your husband?" laughed the Creole. "This man is married as much as law can marry him, to me. I am his wife, — his lawful wife, and I will claim him — for I have a son — even though he deserted me in Jamaica."

#### CHAPTER LXX.

#### AILIE SURPRISED.

THERE was a brief, stormy explanation; incontestible and uncontested truths were evolved from Frere's past history; and at last the Creole, coming close to shuddering Ailie, murmured to her in a voice choked with passion, "Are you so mean a spirit? Would you not some revenge? I am his wife. You are nothing but his mistress. Have you children? I have a son. Think

not that I will forego my claim. All is not for myself. Will you not prosecute for bigamy, as they can in your country? If not, that will I do."

"Nothing but his mistress!" "Nothing but his mistress!" The words beat backwards and forward in Ailie's brain. At last, she spoke: she hissed the words fiercely through her teeth:

"Deny it!" she said, without looking at him; "deny it!"

"Nonsense!" said Frere, contemptuously. "You must have known it was so. In the bitter gossip reported to Sir Douglas it was told. You knew it. Don't be affected. You knew it."

The light in Ailie's eyes flickered like a flame of phosphorus.

"I did not know it!" she said; and then, looking the Creole over from head to foot, she said, as if to herself, "Did he marry a slave?"

"I am no slave, but a planter's daughter!" angrily retorted the Creole, "and you had best keep your contempt for your own position. I am as educated as you are — richer than you are. My father is dead, and I have come to England. I claim my husband; but he shall be punished. My many nights of tears — he shall pay them. I will prosecute him by your laws — I will prosecute him."

Ailie looked at the man whose evil influence had joined with her evil, to create confusion in her destiny. A chill trembling seized her.

"Yes," she said, "you shall suffer. Call vainly on me when your punishment comes — call vainly. I will crush you, I will tread you into the earth. Deceiver!"

Two or three boatmen gathered round the door, attracted by the sound of voices in dispute. Others joined them. Among them came the smuggler. He sprang on Frere, and wrestled and strove to hold him. In a moment a knife glittered in the air; it grazed the bending head of Alice in its descent, and struck the smuggler's breast; was lifted once more, — the warm blood dropping from its pointed blade on the women's dresses, and the linen the aged washer-woman had been garrulously gossiping about, — and descended yet more vehemently. They seized him. "Devils, let me go!" he said, and turning, shook himself free, and fled over the shore.

He was pursued, but not taken. Swift of foot, and wiry of limb, he reached an almost inaccessible crag, lifted a huge broken piece of stone, and flung it below, scattering his pursuers as it rolled down with dust and

fragments of the rock from one pointed peak to another, and coming at last with a dead resounding thump upon the shore.

When they looked up, he was gone! Some said he had himself fallen into the ocean, in his frantic efforts to crush those who stood below; some that he had slid down the smooth face of the cliff, and endeavoured, by swimming and diving, to reach a distant point where there was a pathway which led to the sea.

But this much was certain, that, stare as they would along the yellow curves and indentations of the sandy shore, or up by the grey rocks where the sea-fowl sat mute or rose screaming into the air, no object re-

sembling a human form dotted the distance.

James Frere was dead, or had escaped. And Ailie, too, had vanished, when Lady Charlotte at last recovered sufficiently from the horrors of the scene to look consciously on objects near her.

Ailie had vanished. Only the Creole woman stood there; wiping her bespattered shoulder and neck, and gazing down as in a dream on the smuggler, stretched on the floor; his strong right hand still vainly clutching the folds of linen he caught as he fell, — caught, as the drowning wretch catches at the bending reed, that goes down with him into the darkness and the depths of overwhelming death.

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From the Galaxy.

WHO INVENTED SEWING-MACHINES ?

In the "Atlantic Monthly" for May there appeared a lively article, by a skillful and popular author, called "History of the Sewing-Machine." The substance of that sketch fell far short of its title; for it turned out mainly to be a glorification of Elias Howe, Jr., a single one of many patentees. Its tone was that of an article written expressly to promote the pecuniary interests of Mr. Howe, and in opposition to the interests of the public. It is generally understood among the patentees and manufacturers of sewing-machines that Mr. Howe, after having enjoyed the monopoly given him by his patent of September, 1846, for the original term of *fourteen* years, and having had an extension of it for *seven* years longer, and having received from the public for the use of his invention about *two millions of dollars*, now actually designs to apply to Congress for a further extension of his patent. The question, then, is simply this: Shall Mr. Howe, who has already been overpaid for his inventive labors, even had they the merit he claims for them, and who has enjoyed all the monopoly the law ever contemplates, now be favored by special act of Congress with a gratuity of two million dollars more?

To state this proposition would seem to be enough to condemn it.

To furnish the slightest basis for so rapacious a claim, it would be first of all necessary for Mr. Howe to magnify his own inventions at the expense of others. Foremost among inventors of sewing-machines stands Walter Hunt. The gross injustice done to this great name in the magazine just referred to demands reparation. It is not the purpose of the present article to discriminate between the existing sewing-machines. Its object is rather to vindicate the memory of a man whose invention overtops them all, in the grand merit of originality, and whose successful labors so far antedated all others that there need be no dispute about his laurels. That Mr. Howe, especially, never can deprive him of his hard-earned fame, we shall easily be able to prove. We assert and can show:

First. Elias Howe was not the first patentee of a sewing-machine. No less than six different patents for sewing-machines were secured in France, England and the United States before the date of Howe's patent, and before the date of his alleged invention. This is matter of historical record, and there can be no mistake about it.

Second. Howe was not the original inventor of the *valuable devices* contained in

the machine patented by him. The specification of claim in his patent contains presumptive evidence that he was informed and knew that another person had preceded him as the inventor of the combination of needle and shuttle to form the interlocked stitch with two threads.

Third. Walter Hunt, of the City of New York, was the original and first inventor of the sewing-machine in which an eye-appointed needle and a shuttle were successfully employed to make the interlocked stitch.

The records of the United States Patent Office, since the month of May, 1854, have contained the evidence — accessible to all the world — that Walter Hunt made the invention in question, and completed, and exhibited, and sold a sewing-machine *ten years* before Howe pretends that he constructed his first machine.

It was between the years 1832 and 1834 that Walter Hunt, in his own workshop in Amos Street, in the City of New York, invented, built, and put in full and effective operation a machine for sewing, stitching, and seaming cloth. This first machine was made principally by the inventor's own hands and, on its successful completion, one or more others were built, Walter Hunt's brother, Adoniram, assisting him. It was the pioneer sewing-machine of America, and the first really successful one of the world. There had already been a French invention, a tambour machine for ornamenting gloves, of very little general utility. These machines of Walter Hunt all contained the invention of the curved needle with the eye near the point, the shuttle and their combination, and they originated the famous interlocked stitch with two threads. Many samples of cloth were perfectly sewn by these machines, and many of the friends and neighbors of the inventor came to see them work. At length one G. A. Arrowsmith was so well satisfied with the working of the machines, that he bought them, in 1834, and therewith the right to obtain letters-patent. But no sooner had Arrowsmith got this right (which the thousand other schemes of Walter Hunt's teeming brain induced him to part with on easy terms), than he became impressed both with the vastness of the undertaking and with the prejudice which any scheme apparently tending to impoverish poor seamstresses would awaken. At the same time he became involved in pecuniary disaster from speculations and from unlucky business projects, and for years did nothing with the machine. Meanwhile, Hunt was turning

out other new inventions, and selling them for a trifle to other men.

Fortunately for his fame, many people had seen his machines work, and had seen them sew a good, strong and handsome stitch, and form seams better than hand-sewing. Of these, no less than six directly testified to this fact in a suit afterward brought (hereafter alluded to), and established the fact beyond question that Walter Hunt invented the first sewing-machine, and that it contained the curved, eye-pointed needle at the end of a vibrating arm with a shuttle. The case itself was decided upon another point. These affidavits are still in existence. But this was not all. Fifteen years after he had sold his machines to Arrowsmith, who lost a fortune and a name in not devoting himself to their reproduction, Walter Hunt from memory gave a sworn written description of his first machine in every part, and, to clinch the matter, afterward constructed a machine from that description, which was the counterpart of the machine of 1834, and worked perfectly. Finally, one of the original machines sold to Arrowsmith in 1834 was preserved, though in a dilapidated condition, and by him was sold to Singer & Co., who have it in safe keeping yet. Walter Hunt then undertook to make a new sewing-machine, which should be an operative instrument, and should contain all the parts which were preserved of the old machine, with such others as were necessary to present the machine in the same shape that the original one possessed. Mr. Hunt did this successfully, and the restored machine, still operative and ready to sew good strong seams, is in the possession of the Singer Manufacturing Company.

Early in the year 1853, Singer & Co. accidentally discovered an old letter written in 1836 by A. F. Hunt, a brother of Walter Hunt, which spoke of the sewing-machine, and alluded to other persons who had seen it in operation. The sewing-machine in question, having been made for Arrowsmith in 1834, was taken by him and A. F. Hunt to Baltimore, Md., in 1835, and was there exhibited in operation. In a short time, Singer & Co., following out the clew thus obtained, discovered no less than *eight new* witnesses, all testifying positively that they saw the Hunt machine in 1834 or 1835, and that it was a working machine, which sewed good seams and made the interlocked stitch with needle and shuttle. One of these witnesses worked as a machinist upon some parts of the machine — the very same machine of which the broken parts are still in existence. He saw it put together, and

saw it sew, and saw it afterward exhibited by Hunt and Arrowsmith to other persons. This witness, though a working machinist in 1834, had become a substantial cotton manufacturer when he was examined in 1854. Another of these new witnesses was Solomon Andrews, Esq., a distinguished inventor and mechanic. He examined the machine, and saw it operated by A. F. Hunt in Baltimore. He fully understood its method of operation. Ten years later, in 1845, Mr. Andrews called at the office of Thomas P. Jones, Esq., who had been at one time Commissioner of Patents, but was then practising as an agent for procuring patents for inventions. There Mr. Andrews saw the Howe machine, for which Mr. Jones was just preparing the specification and drawings to obtain a patent. Mr. Andrews thereupon stated to Mr. Jones that Hunt was the original inventor of that kind of sewing-machine, and explained to him what he had seen in Baltimore in 1835. This explanation to the patent agent shows why Howe made his specification of claim in the peculiar way he did. He did not *then* venture to claim as his the eye-pointed needle or the shuttle, or even a combination of the two in a sewing-machine; but he simply claimed the forming of a seam by means of a curved needle or a shuttle, "under a combination and arrangement of parts, substantially the same with that described." This language indicates that the patent agent knew, and presumptively Mr. Howe knew, that he had no right to claim the needle and shuttle.

Such is the simple story, supported beyond cavil by hundreds of pages of sworn testimony, of the origin of sewing-machines. It shows that Walter Hunt invented the great central feature of all such machines — the combination of the shuttle with the needle, having the eye near the point. All other things, contrived by Howe and others later, are trivial and temporary, and liable to be superseded.

Some months prior to May, 1854, Hunt applied for a patent for his original invention, and the United States Patent Office declared an interference between such application and the patent then held by Howe. Numerous witnesses were examined on behalf of Howe and Hunt upon the question of priority of invention, and argument was heard by the counsel of the respective parties. Then the Hon. Charles Mason, Commissioner of Patents, and well known to be a very able lawyer, decided the case and filed a written opinion, from which the following extracts are taken: —

In 1846 Howe obtained a patent upon a sewing-machine, upon which there have since been many improvements by others. Hunt now claims priority to all these, upon the ground that he invented the sewing-machine substantially as described in his specification, previous to the invention of Howe. He proves that, in 1834 or 1835, he contrived a machine by which he actually effected his purpose of sewing cloth with considerable success. Upon a careful consideration of the testimony, I am disposed to think that he had then carried his invention to the point of patentability. . . . The very idea of carrying on this delicate and difficult operation by machinery was a bold one. The contrivance of a machine that should carry out the idea was patentable, although that machine was so imperfect as not to supersede the ordinary mode of sewing. I understand from the evidence that Hunt actually made a working machine, thus even going further than was absolutely necessary to entitle him to a patent, had he then applied for it. . . . The papers in the case show that Howe obtained a patent for substantially this same invention, in 1846. The presumption is that since that time the invention has been in public use or on sale. Now Hunt, by the sale to Arrowsmith, had given *his* consent that any person, or all the world, might use the invitation. Therefore it was in public use and on sale with the consent of the inventor and present applicant.

The Commissioner of Patents then decided that Hunt was not entitled to a patent, for the reason that, in 1834, he had sold his invention to George A. Arrowsmith, and had allowed more than two years to elapse after such sale before applying for a patent, wherefore he was debarred by the act of 1839 from obtaining a patent. It is evident from this opinion that if Judge Mason had possessed sufficient power under the law, he would not only have refused the patent to Hunt, but would have declared Howe's patent, as to its material claims, void, for want of originality. If Mr. Howe presents his petition to Congress for a special gratuity, any member of that body who wishes to arrive at the truth and to do justice to the country and his constituents, has only to go to the Patent Office and read the testimony in this interference between Hunt and Howe, and he will be satisfied of the correctness of Judge Mason's views and will perceive not only that Howe should have no more compensation from the public, but that another person ought to have received the golden shower which has descended upon him.

The reader who has followed us thus far, may desire to learn something more of the character and career of the inventor of sew-

ing-machines. He will find that as Walter Hunt was intellectually able to conceive the sewing-machine, mechanically he was able to build it, and morally he was incapable of claiming what was not his due. Gifted with most marvellous originality of mind, he improved his natural powers by very extensive reading and study in many branches of science, and by profound and incessant thought. His intellect was remarkably suggestive, inasmuch that whoever talked with him was sure to bring away some new and useful idea. Scores of inventions of other men owe their origin to his suggestion. Up to 1853, he had himself obtained patents for more than twenty of his own inventions. His deposition of that year tells us that being then fifty-seven years old, and "by profession a machinist and inventor," he had been "mostly engaged in inventing and constructing novel machinery of various kinds for upward of twenty-five years last past."

The records of the Patent Office from 1830 to the date of his death give evidence of Walter Hunt's brilliant and exhaustless inventive powers, his practical skill, his incessant labor, his many and useful contrivances which give him enduring claim to the gratitude of his countrymen. To these well-known inventions we need not refer; but he invented more things which he did not secure by letters patent than those which were patented. He invented, for example, the "Globe Stove;" he invented the machinery used for combining steel rivets with leather in the soles of boots and shoes; he invented a composition whereby all the fragments and chippings of marble and stone-yards could be converted into building materials of any desired regular form, as indestructible as granite; he invented a composition and machinery for making paper boxes of all sizes and descriptions, and of such strength that, as he used to say, "a pill box made in that way would bear his weight without being crushed" — and there is a fortune in that idea yet; he invented the first paper collars of the kind so generally used now, and obtained one or more patents therefor. The writer believes, indeed, that all the ideas on paper collars originated with Hunt, though Rollin, one of his workmen, also took out a patent for them. It was Walter Hunt who both invented and made the apparatus with which Sands, the famous gymnast, walked on the ceiling. This contrivance exhibited a philosophical principle, the head of the gymnast being downward, and his feet being made to adhere at each step to a perfectly smooth and

oiled plank, by force of atmospheric pressure alone. The mechanism by which the feet could be successively disengaged from the platform or ceiling to perform the operation of walking, was very ingenious, and required most dexterous accuracy in the fabrication.

Walter Hunt's knowledge of mechanical and scientific books was very extensive, as we have said, and his conversation remarkably original and instructive. His researches went beyond mechanics. He was well versed in medicine, and concocted and for many years sold a popular remedy for cholera complaints. The writer also remembers Mr. Hunt's assuring him he had alleviated or cured rheumatism in his own case by mechanical means, and that he had thought of obtaining a patent for the instrument he had framed for that purpose. He was the inventor, also, of improvements in spring shawl-pins; in the corking of bottles; in making cheap heels for boots and shoes; and in breech-loading fire-arms. These inventions and devices — which are selected out of many merely for illustration — will show the astonishing fertility and versatility of his brain, as their practical success from the start testifies to his practical constructive skill. How so brilliant a genius and so adroit and laborious a mechanic died poor, leaving others to get the benefit of his work, we must now explain. Like many another mechanical genius, Walter Hunt, in all that related to pecuniary affairs, was a mere child. He was astonishingly improvident. He made contracts carelessly. He was little versed in business arts. He was always in want of money, being reckless in its expenditure, and his inventions were usually sold before they were patented, or mortgaged during construction. Yet he was a man of strong moral convictions, a conscientious man, who could not be induced to testify wrongly or to suppress his testimony. He was a man of strong opinions, too, and of much logical power. Brought up a Hicksite Quaker, and holding the religious opinions of that sect, he became fond of theological discussion, to which his profound acquaintance with the Bible and his extensive reading in speculative theology adapted him. On all sides of his nature, his moral as well as his intellectual, Walter Hunt exhibits himself to us as one capable of inventing the sewing-machine, and incapable of claiming what did not belong to him.

After Hunt's invention, a series of others were projected in America and Europe; all proved successful which employed his combination of the needle and shuttle. In

1842 Greenough patented a machine ; in 1843 Corliss patented one ; in 1846 Elias Howe, Jr., patented one—the third patent in America, and the *seventh* in the world. Examining his patent, we find it to consist of five claims. Of these, four are not only unnecessary, but are hurtful to the working of a good machine, and are, therefore, not used. The fifth and remaining one is the invention of Walter Hunt, made ten years before.

Mr. Howe says he built his first sewing-machine in 1845. He constructed another in 1846, upon which he obtained a patent in September of that year. He built a third machine about the same time, which his brother, A. B. Howe, took to London and sold, together with the right to the English patent, for the sum of £250. In 1847, Mr. Howe and his brother went to London, where, according to agreement, Elias Howe endeavoured to adapt the machine to do the work of the purchaser, Mr. Thomas.

Amasa B. Howe says and prints and publishes that his brother, "Elias, remained in the employ of Mr. Thomas some three years, having unlimited supplies of material and means for the development of the invention. But, failing to produce any practical results, or in adding any thing of value to his original model, he abandoned the whole thing and returned home." The truth was that Howe, through his brother, had sold an imperfect and impracticable machine, with a contract that Howe should come to London and adapt the machine to practical work. Mr. Howe appears to have worked a long time for Mr. Thomas, under wages, without arriving at any good result. Mr. Thomas became tired of the fruitless expense, and discharged Howe, as was natural under such circumstances. And Amasa finally sums up his brother Elias' merits as a sewing-machine maker thus: "His career as a builder of sewing-machines ended, where it began, with simply constructing the three impracticable models above referred to."

That Elias Howe did not know how to build a sewing-machine of practical utility, even as late as 1851, is proved by this circumstance: On the 16th of February, 1851, Howe made a contract with G. S. Jackson, W. E. Whiting, and D. C. Morey, of Boston, to construct, according to his patent, as perfect and useful a machine as he was capable of making. Morey and Jackson have testified upon oath that Howe, after working about six weeks, produced a sewing-machine which was a failure, and incapable of being used. Howe admitted its defects, but

thought he could do better upon another trial. He did try again ; but the second machine was no better than the first. A master mechanic, in whose shop Howe attempted to build this machine, also testified to its glaring defects, and to the mechanical incapacity of Mr. Howe.

The circumstance that Mr. Howe, after years of diligent labor, was unable to improve upon his first model, leads to a suspicion that he had heard of the machine of Walter Hunt, and its peculiar combination, before he ever did any thing toward contriving one of his own. Nor was his personal lack of constructive skill alone at fault. Within a period of five years succeeding the date of Howe's patent, several persons who had acquired rights or received licenses under that patent, tried to make sewing-machines after Howe's model, for the purposes of sale and use. They were all failures, and served merely to deepen the impression in the public mind that practical sewing by machinery was an impossibility. The machine of Blodgett & Lerow, patented in 1849, was superior to any that had been produced before it, and some of them were sold, to be used in the manufacture of clothing. They contained, however, the baster-plate of the Howe machine in a modified and improved form, which, with some other imperfect devices, rendered them useless to the public, and they were speedily laid aside. In 1849, also, the single-thread, chain-stitch machine of Morey & Johnson was produced, containing improvements of some merit, and materially advancing the art. John Bachelder about the same time obtained patents on certain improvements of his own, which approached still nearer to a practical sewing-machine.

In 1849, Allen B. Wilson invented and constructed a sewing-machine, which was patented, containing mechanical devices of great merit, and which time has proved to have possessed eminent utility. But Mr. Wilson's sewing-machine, as originally arranged and constructed, notwithstanding the great fame as an inventor since universally accorded to him, was a practical failure. A large number of sewing-machines were made according to that patent, and sold, but very soon dropped out of use. The celebrated and admirable Wheeler & Wilson machine had not then been invented. The inventors of the Grover & Baker machine, which has since had such a successful career, were still at work endeavoring to perfect their invention, and had not then



brought the machine to such a state of completeness as to make it salable for practical purposes.

William H. Johnson, too, in 1848, invented a device, which may be deemed the germ of the now celebrated four-motion-feed in sewing-machines. Indeed, several kinds of sewing-machines are now being made, in which Johnson's feeding device, known as the "needle-feed," is employed.

As late as the Autumn of 1850, the world had not obtained a good practical sewing-machine. Toward the latter part of September, 1850, Mr. Isaac M. Singer turned his attention to improving Hunt's sewing-machine. By contract he agreed to invent the improved machine, and to have it built at the cost of forty dollars. It was completed within the price limited, and in less than twelve days. Letters patent were immediately applied for, and the manufacture of these machines for sale commenced. Some of them were soon put into successful practical use, and the manufacture of these machines has continued uninterruptedly, and in constantly increasing numbers from that day to this.

Thus, in June, 1851, when Mr. Howe, as appears from the testimony of his coadjutors, Jackson and Morey, was making fruitless attempts to construct a sewing-machine according to his patent, which should have marketable utility, the Singer machine had been already introduced into profitable use in Boston, New York, and elsewhere, and its success established.

In the introduction of the sewing-machine to general use, the most serious obstacle in the way was felt to be Elias Howe, Jr., and his patent of 1846. As late as 1853 he insisted that he ought to be paid a patent fee of \$25 on every sewing-machine manufactured. The Wheeler & Wilson company, and some others, agreed to pay Mr. Howe \$25 patent fee on each machine, a burden from which afterward they managed to get relieved in great part, or they never could have succeeded as they have done. From the beginning, Singer & Co. denied that Howe's patent was valid, except in so far as it claimed a combination and arrangement of certain devices of his own, which no one found it necessary to use. These devices Howe had combined in his machine with the valuable contrivances of eye-pointed needle and shuttle, with two threads, invented by Walter Hunt, which all inventors alike had the right to employ.

Now, then, we come to the secret of Mr. Howe's success. He has *litigated* himself

into fortune and fame. This undertaking gave him ample scope for the energy, perseverance and business tact he so remarkably possesses. In 1852, at Boston, the famous cause, lasting several weeks, of Howe against Bradford, was tried. It was the only occasion on which Howe's patent has been submitted to the ordeal of a jury trial. The defence set up the invention of Walter Hunt, of New York, in 1834 or 1835, against the invention of Elias Howe, Jr., of Boston, in 1845. The case, presented to a Boston jury, seemed to be that of a New York interest against a Boston interest; and Howe had secured Rufus Choate—the equivalent to a verdict in his favour. Choate was then at the meridian of a career which procured him the title of the "monarch of the twelve." The defence proved by six witnesses that Walter Hunt invented, perfected and sold two needle and shuttle sewing-machines in the years 1834 and 1835, containing all the essential devices in Howe's machine of 1846. No material testimony could be found to contradict these six witnesses. But the plaintiff showed that the defendant's machine (Blodgett & Lerow's) had copied some minor devices from Howe's machine which were *not* in Hunt's. The consequence was that the jury were able to find a verdict for the plaintiff.

This trial did not deter Singer & Co. from proceeding with the sale of *their* machines. In 1853, they published a statement of the controversy up to that time, and the depositions copied into that pamphlet, which have never been contradicted, are as pertinent now as then. In 1853, Howe commenced two suits in Massachusetts to restrain two firms from selling the Singer machines. Judge Sprague refused an injunction, but consented to make an order that the defendants should keep an account of profits, and give security to pay damages, should any be awarded at the final hearing of the cause. The defendants, being intimidated at the idea of keeping an account, determined to settle with Mr. Howe, against the protest of Singer & Co.

After this success, Mr. Howe ventured out of Massachusetts, and brought several suits in equity in New Jersey, and one in New York, against Singer & Co., in 1854. None of these suits were ever prosecuted to a hearing, but negotiations were easily concluded for a settlement. Howe's patent had thus far only been passed upon by Judge Sprague, and he had a dislike to bringing it before a jury in New York.

He knew also of the newly-discovered evidence in regard to the invention of Walter Hunt. Besides, the decision of the Commissioner of Patents had just been pronounced affirming the completion and perfecting of the Hunt machine in 1835, and that was very ominous.

On the other hand, Singer & Co. felt compelled to yield to the competition in trade. The new aspirants for public favour found them engaged in an exhausting legal controversy with Howe. They therefore took licenses under Howe's patent upon such terms as Howe saw fit to impose. If Howe could ruin the business of Singer, they would be great gainers by it. If Singer could demolish Howe's patent, they would be relieved from further license fees to Howe, and would gain equally with Singer & Co. And while the controversy was going on, they could advertise that their machines might be used without infringement of patents, while Singer's were subject to Howe.

Governed by these considerations, and believing they had fought the public battle long enough, Singer & Co., in the summer of 1854, gave up the contest, much to the chagrin of their competitors and subsequent friends, and took a license under Howe's patent. Singer & Co. did not, in consequence of such license, change their opinions as to the legitimate force of Mr. Howe's patent. They always believed it to be a valid patent only for some unimportant device, and that the needle and shuttle combination belonged to Walter Hunt. But, by the terms of the license, they agreed not to contest the validity of the Howe patent, or aid or encourage others to do so, and they honestly kept their agreement.

Thus Mr. Howe triumphed, not through force of his patent, but by the exigencies of trade.

In the year 1860, when the first term of Mr. Howe's patent was about to expire, he presented his petition to have it extended seven years further. He presented, as required by law, a sworn statement of his profits from the patent. He had then received a little less than half a million dollars. Then he meekly preferred his request in the following language:

"Notwithstanding, therefore, the amount of profit which I have already realized, and for which I am grateful to my country, I believe it to be just and proper, in view of my early trials and hardships, and of the public value of my invention, now in general and permanent use, for the daily

benefit of the whole community, that my patent should be extended as I have desired."

Now, after the lapse of seven years more, and after Mr. Howe's modest profits from his patent have swelled from less than half a million to two millions of dollars, it would seem that he ought to be satisfied.

If Congress desires to bestow a gratuity for sewing-machines, let them give it to the heirs of Walter Hunt. The proofs are ample and conclusive that he was the first inventor of the sewing mechanism which is now so popular, and from which, as modified and improved by many other inventors, the country and the world is now receiving such measureless advantages.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

LIFE AT THEBES.

BY LADY DUFF-GORDON.

November, 1866.

A LETTER from home, all about little R——'s country life, school feasts, &c. made me cry, and brought before me—oh how vividly!—the difference between East and West; not quite *all* to the advantage of home however, though mostly.

What is pleasant here is the primitive ways. Three times since I have been here, lads of most respectable families at Luxor have come to ask hospitality, which consists in a place on the deck of my boat, and liberty to dip their bread in the common dish with my black boy and Achmet. The bread they brought with them;—"bread and shelter" therefore were not asked, as they slept *sub dio*. In England, I must have refused the hospitality on account of the *gêne* and expense. The chief object to the lads was the respectability of being under my eye while away from their fathers, as a satisfaction to their families; and while they ate and slept like beggars, as we should say, they read their books and chatted with me when I was out on the deck on perfectly equal terms, only paying the respect proper to my age. I thought of the "orphanages and institutions," and all the countless difficulties of that sort, and wondered whether something was not to be said for this absence of civilization in knives, and first and second tables, above all. Of course climate has a good deal to do with this, as well as

the facility with which widows and orphans are absorbed here.

My Reis spoke such a pretty parable the other day that I must needs write it. A Coptic Reis stole some of my wood, which we got back by force, and there was some reviling of the Nazarenes in consequence from Hosein and Ali; but Reis Mohammed said, "Not so. Gorgis is a thief, it is true, but many Christians are honest: and behold all the people in the world are like soldiers; some wear red, and some blue — some serve on foot, others on horseback, and some in ships; but all serve one Sultan, and each fights in the regiment in which the Sultan has placed him, and he who does his duty best is the best man — be his coat red, or blue, or black." I said, "Excellent words, O Reis, and fit to be spoken from the best of pulpits." It is surprising what happy sayings the people here hit upon: they cultivate talk for want of reading, and the consequence is great facility of narration and illustration. Everybody enforces his ideas, like Christ, in parables. Haggi Han-nah told me two excellent fairy tales, which I will write for little R—, with some Bowdlerizing, and several laughable stories which I will leave unrecorded, as savouring too much of Boccaccio's manner, or of that of Marguerite of Navarre. I told Achmet to sweep the floor after dinner just now; he hesitated, and I called again: "What manner is this, not to sweep when I bid thee?" "By the most high God," said the boy, "my hand shall not sweep in thy boat after sunset, O Lady; I would rather have it cut off than sweep thee out of thy property." I found that you must not sweep at night, nor for three days after the departure of a guest whose return you desire, or of the master of the house. "Thinkest thou my brother would sweep away the dust of thy feet from the floors of Luxor?" continued Achmet; "he would fear never to see thy fortunate face again." If you don't want to see your visitor's face again, you break a *gulleh* (water-jar) behind him as he leaves the house, and sweep away his footsteps.

I won't write any politics; it is all too dreary, and Cairo gossip is odious, as you may judge by the productions of Mesdames Audenarde and Lott; — only remember this, there is no law nor justice but the will or rather the caprice of one man: it is nearly impossible for any European to conceive such a state of things as really exists here. Nothing but perfect familiarity with the governed or oppressed class will teach it:

however intimate a man may be with the rulers, he will never fully take it in. If the farce of a constitution ever should be acted in Egypt, it will be superb.

I arrived here on the morning of the 11th, and I meant to have written sooner, but I caught cold after four days, and have really not been well. We came up best pace, as my boat is a flyer now: fourteen days to Thebes, and to Keneh only eleven. Then we had bad wind, and my men pulled away at the rope and sang about the "*Rei el arees*" (bridegroom) going to his bride. We were all very merry, and played practical jokes on a rascal who wanted a pound to guide me to the tombs; making him run miles, fetch innumerable donkeys, and then laughing at his beard. Such is boatman's fun. On arriving at Luxor, I heard a *charivari* of voices, and knew I was "at home" by the shrill pipe of the little children, "*El Sitt, el Sitt, el Sitt.*" Visitors all day, of course. At night comes up another *dahabieh*: great commotion — as it had been telegraphed from Cairo (which I knew before I left) and was to be stopped.

This *dahabieh* contained an Indian *soolee* (a saint), with a large harem and suite. He huffs Pashas and Moodirs ruthlessly, and gives away immense charity to the poor. The government have him watched, though I cannot conceive why, as he is perfectly outside of all that could affect Egyptian politics, his estates being at Hyderabad. After Assouan, he will be dogged by arnouts, or something of the sort. He is a good straightforward sort of fellow, whether he be saint or magician. He gave me some sort of pills to take; some men urge me to take them, and others on no account to do so, but to throw them into the Nile, lest they should turn me into a mare or a donkey. I keep them till I find a chemist to analyze them.

When the *dahabieh* arrived, I said, "O Mustafa, the Indian saint is in thine eye, seeing that an Indian is all as one with an Englishman." He asked, "how did I know there was an Indian and a saint, &c.?" Meanwhile the saint had a bad thumb, and some one told his slave that there was a wonderful English doctress; so in the morning he sent for me, and I went inside the harem. He was very friendly, and made me sit beside him; told me he was fourth in descent from Abd el Kader el Gylamee, of Bagdad,\* but his father settled

\* Abd-el-Kader is the saint of Bagdad. The Bedouins firmly believe in him, and occasionally see him. He appears once a year, mounted on splendid a horse and fully armed.

at Hyderabad, where he has great estates. He said he was a *walee* or saint, and would have it that I was in the path of the Derweeshes, gave me the pills I have mentioned for my cough, asked me many questions, and finally gave me five dollars and asked me if I wanted more. I thanked him heartily, kissed the money politely, and told him I was not poor enough to want it, and would give it in his name to the poor of Luxor, but that I would never forget that the Indian sheykh had behaved like a brother to an Englishwoman in a strange land. He then spoke in great praise of the "laws of the English," and said many more kind things to me, adding again, "I tell thee thou art a Derweesh, and do not thou forget me."

Another Indian from Lahore, I believe the sheykh's tailor, came to see me — an intelligent man: and a Syrian doctor. The people here said the latter was a *baklawar* (a rope-dancer or gymnast). The authorities detained the boat with fair words till orders came from Keneh to let them go up farther. Meanwhile the sheykh came out and performed some miracles which I was not there to see; perfuming people's hands by touching them with his own, and taking English sovereigns out of a pocketless jacket; and the doctor told wonders of him — anyhow he spent ten pounds in one day here, and he is a regular Derweesh. He and all the hareem were poorly dressed, and wore no ornaments whatever. I hope Seyd Abdurachman will come down safe again. It is the first time I ever saw an Oriental travelling for pleasure. He had about ten or twelve in the hareem — among them his three little girls; and perhaps twenty men outside — Arabs from Syria, I fancy.

Well, next day I moved into the old house, and found one end in ruins, owing to the high Nile and want of repair: however, there is plenty more safe and comfortable. I settled my accounts with my men, and made an inventory in Arabic, which Sheykh Yussuf wrote for me, and which we laughed over hugely. How to express a sauceboat, a pie-dish, &c. in Arabic, was a poser. A genteel Effendi who sat by, at last burst out in uncontrollable amazement: "There is no god but God: is it possible that four or five Franks can use all those things to eat, drink, and sleep on a journey?" (N.B. — I fear the Franks will think the stock very scanty.) Whereupon Master Aohmet, with the swagger of one who has seen cities and men, held forth: "O Effen-

din! that is nothing: our Lady is almost like the children of the Arabs: one dish or two, a piece of bread, a few dates, and peace!" (as we say, there is an end of it) "But thou shouldst see the merchants of Scandareeh — 3 tablecloths, 40 dishes, to each soul 7 plates of all sorts, and 7 knives and 7 forks and 7 spoons, large and small, and 7 different glasses for wine and beer and water." "It is the will of God," replied the Effendi, rather put down; "but it must be a dreadful fatigue to them to eat their dinner."

Then came an impudent merchant who wanted to go down to Cairo with his bales and five souls in my boat for nothing. But I said, "O man, she is my property, and I will eat from her of thy money, as of the money of the Franks;" whereupon he offered 1*l.*, but was bundled out amid general reproaches for his avarice and want of shame. Then all the company said a *fathah* for the success of the voyage, and the Reis Mohammed was exhorted to "open his eyes," and he should have a *tarboosh* if he did well.

Then I went out to visit my friend, the Maohn's wife, and tell her all about her charming daughter and grand-children. I was of course an hour in the streets, salaaming, &c. *Sheerastenee Baladna*, "thou hast honoured our country," on all sides. "Blessings come with thee," &c. Every thing is cheaper than last year, but there is no money to buy with, and the taxes have grown beyond bearing: as a *Fellah* said, "a man can't sneeze without a cavass being ready to levy a tax on it." The ha'p'orth of onions we buy in the market is taxed on the spot, and the fish which the man catches under my window. I paid a tax on buying charcoal, and another on having it weighed. People are terribly beaten to get *next year's* taxes out of them, which they have not the money to pay.

The Nubian M.P.'s passed the other day in three boats towed by a steamer, very frightened and sullen. I fell in with some Egyptians on my way, and tried the European style of talk. "Now you will help to govern the country: what a fine thing for you," &c. I got such a look of rueful reproach. "Laugh not thou at our beards, O Effendin: God's mercy, what words are these? and who is there on the banks of the Nile who can say any thing but 'Hader'" (ready — with both hands on the head and a salaam to the ground) "even to a Mudir; and thou talkest of speaking before Effendina! Art thou mad, Effendin?" and the wretched delegates to the Egyptian

Chamber (God save the mark!) are going down with their hearts in their shoes.

The first steamer full of travellers has just arrived (20th Nov.), and with it the brother of the ladies all wanting my side-saddle. I forbade Mustafa to send for it, but they intimidate the poor old fellow, and he comes and kisses my hand not to get him into trouble with one old woman who says she is the relation of a consul and a great lady in her own country. I am what Mrs. Grote calls "cake" enough to concede to Mustafa's fears what I had sworn to refuse henceforth. Last year five women all sent for my saddle, besides other things—camp-stools, umbrellaa, beer, &c.

The big people are angry with the Indian saint, because he treated them like dirt everywhere. One great man went to see him, and asked him to sell him a Memlook, a pretty boy. The Indian, who had not spoken or saluted, burst forth, "Be silent, thou wicked one! Dost thou dare to ask me for a soul, to take it with thee to hell?" Fancy the surprise of the "distinguished" Turk. Never had he heard such language. The story has travelled all up the river, and is of course much enjoyed.

Last night Sheykh Yussuf gave an entertainment, killed a sheep, and had a reading of the *Siret er Russool*; it was the night of the Prophet's great vision, and is a great night in Islam. I was sorry not to be well enough to go. Now that there is a Cadi here, Sheykh Yussuf has much business to settle; and he came to me and said, "Expound to me the laws of marriage and inheritance of the Christian, that I may do no wrong in the affairs of the Copts, for they won't go and be settled by the priest out of the Gospels; and I can't find any laws, except about marriage, in the Gospels." I set him up with the text of the tribute-money, and told him to judge according to his own laws, for that Christians had no laws other than that of the country they lived in. Poor Yussuf was sore perplexed about a divorce case. I refused to "expound," and told him all the learned in the law in England had not yet settled which text to follow.

Do you remember the German story of the lad who travelled "*um das gruseln zu lernen*" (to learn how to tremble)? Well, I, who never *gruselte* (quaked) before, had a touch of it a few mornings ago. I was sitting here quietly drinking tea, and four or five men were present, when a cat came to the door. I called "*bis! bis!*" and offered milk; but puss, after looking at us, ran away. "Well dost thou, Lady," said a

quiet sensible man, a merchant here, "to be kind to the cat, for I dare say he gets little enough at home: his father, poor man, cannot cook for his children every day;" and then, in an explanatory tone to the company: "That is Alee Nasseerec's boy Yussuf; it must be Yussuf, because his fellow twin Ismaeen is with his uncle at Negadeh." "*Mir gruselte*" (I shuddered), I confess: not but what I have heard things almost as absurd from gentlemen and ladies in Europe, but an "extravagance" in a *kufian* has quite a different effect from one in a tail-coat. "What! my butcher-boy, who brings the meat—a cat?" I gasped. "To be sure, and he knows well where to look for a bit of good cookery, you see. All twins go out as cats at night, if they go to sleep hungry; and their own bodies lie at home like dead meanwhile, but no one must touch them, or they would die. When they grow up to ten or twelve, they leave it off: why, your own boy Achmet does it." "Ho, Achmet!" Achmet appears. "Boy, don't you go out as a cat at night?" "No," said Achmet tranquilly, "I am not a twin. My sister's sons do." I inquired if people were not afraid of such cats. No, there is no fear; they only eat a little of the cookery; but if you beat them, they tell their parents next day. 'So-and-So beat me in his house last night,' and show their bruises. No, they are not *afreets*; they are *beni Adam*. Only twins do it, and if you give them a sort of onion broth and some milk the first thing when they are born, they don't do it at all." Omar professed never to have heard it; but I am sure he had; only he dreads being laughed at. One of the American missionaries told me something like it, as belonging to the Copts; but it is entirely Egyptian, and common to both religions. I asked several Copts, who assured me it was true, and told it just the same. Is it a remnant of the doctrine of transmigration? However, the notion fully accounts for the horror the people feel at the idea of killing a cat.

A poor pilgrim from the far black country was taken ill yesterday at a village six miles hence; he could speak a few words of Arabic only, and begged to be carried to the Ababdeh. So the Sheykh el Beled put him on a donkey, and sent him and his little boy, and laid him in Sheykh Hassan's house. He called for Hassan, and begged him to take care of the child, and to send him to an uncle somewhere in Cairo. Hassan said, "Oh, you will get well, &c. and take the boy with you." "I cannot take

him into the grave," said the black pilgrim.

Well, in the night he died, and the boy went to Hassan's mat, and said, "Oh, Hassan! my father is dead." So the two Sheykh and several men got up, and went and sat with the boy till dawn, because he refused to lie down, or to leave his father's corpse. At daybreak he said, "Take me now and sell me, and buy new cloth to dress my father for the tomb." All the Ababdeh cried when they heard it, and Hassan went and bought the cloth, and sweet-stuff for the boy who, remains with him.

Such is death on the road in Egypt. I tell it as Hassan's slave told it me; and, somehow, we all cried again at the poor little boy rising from his dead father's side to say, "Come now, sell me to dress my father for the tomb." These strange black pilgrims always interest me. Many take four years to Mecca and home, and have children born to them on the road, and learn a few words of Arabic.

I must leave off, for Mahboobeh has come to rub me after the fashion of her country, with her soft brown hands and with oils, to take the pains out of my bones. Kiss my R—for me. What would I give to see her face!

I meant to have sent you a long letter by the Consul General's steamer; but ever since he went up to Assouan I have been in my bed. The weather set in colder than I ever felt it here. . . An Egyptian doctor who has studied in Paris wants me to spend the summer up here, and take sand-baths, i.e. bury myself up to the chin in the hot sand, and to get a Dongola girl to rub me. A most fascinating Derweesh from Esneh gave me the same advice. He wanted me to go and live near him at Esneh, and let him treat me.

I wish you could see a friend of mine: he is a sort of remnant of the Memlook Bey's—a Circassian who has inherited his master's property, and married his master's daughter. The master was one of the Beys; also a slave, inheriting from his master. After being a terrible *shaitan* (devil) after drink, women, &c. my friend has repented, and become a man of pilgrimage and prayer and perpetual fasting; but he has retained the exquisite grace and charm of manner which must have made him irresistible in his *shaitan* days, and also the beautifully-delicate style of dress: a dove-coloured cloth *gibbeh* over a pale blue silk *kufstan*, a turban like a snow-drift, under which flowed the silky fair hair and beard, and the dainty

white hands under the long muslin shirt-sleeve, made a picture; and such a smile, and such ready, graceful talk! He was brought to me as a sort of doctor, and also to try to convert me on one point.

Some Christian had made some of my friends quite miserable by telling them of the doctrine that all unbaptized infants went to eternal fire; and, as they knew that I had lost a child very young, it weighed on their minds that perhaps I fretted about this, and so they could not refrain from trying to convince me that God was not so cruel and unjust as the Nazarene priests represented him and that *all* infants whatsoever, as well as all ignorant persons, were to be saved. Would that I could take the cruel error out of the minds of all the hundreds of thousands of poor Christian mothers who must be tortured by it," said he, "and let them understand that their dead babies are with Him who sent and took them." I own I did not resent this interference with my orthodoxy, especially as it is the only one I ever knew my friends attempt.

Another doctor came up in the passenger-boat, a Shereef, and eminently a gentleman. He called on me, and spent all his spare time with me. I liked him better than the bewitching Derweesh, he is so like my old love, Don Quixote. He was amazed and delighted at what he heard here about me. "Ah, Madame, on vous aime comme une sœur, et on vous respecte comme une reine; cela rejouit le cœur des honnêtes gens de voir tous les préjugés oubliés et détruits à ce point." We had no end of talk about things in general. My friend is the only Arab who has read a good deal of European literature and history. He said, "Vous seule, dans toute l'Égypte, connaissez le peuple, et comprenez ce qui se passe; tous les autres Européens ne savent absolument rien que les dehors; il n'y a que vous qui ayez inspiré la confiance qu'il faut pour connaître la vérité." I don't repeat this as a boast, but it is a proof of the kind thoughts people have of me, simply because I am decently civil to them.

In Egypt we are eaten up with taxes; there is not a penny left to any one. I saw one of the poor dancing-girls the other day; each woman is made to pay according to her presumed gains i.e. her good looks. It is left to the discretion of the official who farms the taxes, and thus these poor girls are exposed to all the caprices and extortions of the police.

Such a queer fellow came here the other day, a stalwart Holsteiner—I should think,

a man of fifty — who had been for years up about in the Soudan and Sennaar, and, being penniless, had walked all through Nubia, begging his way. He was not the least "down upon his luck," and spoke with enthusiasm of the hospitality of Sir Samuel Baker's "tigers," — "Ja das sind die rechten Kerls! das ist das glückliche Leben!" ("These, indeed, are the right sort of fellows! that is a glorious life!") His account is, that if you go with an armed party, the blacks naturally show fight, as men with guns, in their eyes, are always slave-hunters; but if you go alone and poor, they kill an ox for you, unless you prefer a sheep, give you a hut, and generally any thing they have to offer, "*merissey*" (beer) to make you as drunk as a lord, and young ladies to pour it out for you, and you need not wear any clothes. If you had heard him, you would have started for the interior at once. I gave him a dinner and a bottle of common wine, which he emptied, and a few shillings, and away he trudged merrily towards Cairo. I wonder what the Nubians thought of a *hawagah* (gentleman) begging! He said they were very kind, and that he often ate what he was sure they pinched themselves to give — dourrah-bread and dates.

In the evening we were talking of this man's stories, and of "anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow" to a prodigious height, by means of an edifice woven of their own hair and other queer things, when Hassan told a story which pleased me particularly.

"My father," said he, "Sheykh Mohammed (who was a taller and handsomer man than I am) was once travelling very far up in the black country, and he and the men he was with had very little to eat, and had killed nothing for many days. Presently they heard a sort of wailing out of a hole in the rock, and some of the men went in and dragged out a creature — I know not, and my father knew not, whether a child of Adam, or a beast. But it was like a very foul-faced and ill-shaped woman, and had six toes on its feet. The men wanted to slay it, according to the law, declaring it to be a beast, and lawful food; but when it saw the knife, it cried sadly, and covered its face with its hands in terror; and my father said, 'By the most high God, ye shall not kill the poor woman-beast, which thus begs its life. I tell you it is unlawful to eat one so like the children of Adam.' And the beast or woman clung to him, and hid under his cloak, and my father carried her for some time behind him on his horse, until

they saw some creatures like her, and then he sent her to them; but he had to drive her from him by force, for she clung to him. Thinkest thou, lady, it was really a beast, or some sort of children of Adam?"

"God knows, and He only," said I piously; "but, by His indulgent name, thy father, O Sheykh, was a true nobleman." Sheykh Yussuf chimed in, and gave a decided opinion that a creature able to understand the sight of the knife, and to act so, was not lawful to kill for food. You see what a real Arab Don Quixote was: it is a picture worthy of him; the tall, noble-looking Ababdeh sheltering the poor "woman-beast" — most likely a gorilla or chimpanzee — and carrying her *en croupe*.

From the Saturday Review.

BLIND PEOPLE: THEIR WORKS AND WAYS.\*

\* *Blind People: their Works and Ways.* By the Rev. B. G. Johns. London: Murray, 1867.

In a small volume of not quite two hundred pages, Mr. Johns has put together a good deal of curious information about the blind. The fault of the book is a want of definiteness. Anecdotes drawn from all kinds of sources are too much mixed up with facts which the author has himself observed. The biographies in particular are extremely fragmentary, amounting to little more than a statement of what the subjects of them were able to do, without any explanation of the process by which they arrived at their proficiency. In short, *Blind People: their Works and Ways*, is neither a scientific discussion on the action of blindness on the uninjured senses, nor a manual of the intellectual discipline to which the blind are capable of being subjected, nor a collection of authenticated facts which may serve as data for future inquirers; it partakes a little of the nature of all three. The book has suffered from a pardonable desire on the part of the writer to make it interesting. A really accurate and detailed life of a blind man would be extremely valuable as a basis for a system of treatment. Unfortunately, however, no materials seem to exist for such a work in any remarkable instance. Even "in the life of such a man as Saunderson," says Mr. Johns, "we read that he soon learned all that school could teach him; that he then set to work at home

almost single-handed, and yet in a few months went up to Cambridge with the fame of a great mathematician. But of the manner in which he achieved this wondrous success, and of the way in which he laid up his stores of learning, we know nothing." Of course, where the means at his disposal are so scanty, an author cannot be blamed for making but little of them. But Mr. Johns has had opportunities of another kind, which, if properly used, would have enabled him to supply much that is wanting in previous works on the subject. He has been labouring among the blind, he tells us, for the last seventeen years, and his position as Chaplain of the well-known Blind School in St. George's Fields must have made him acquainted with a large number of facts relating to the training of blind children. A judicious selection from these would have been better worth reading than any number of "sketches of the lives of famous blind men," of whom, as Mr. Johns confesses, hardly any thing is known with that minuteness which is necessary to make the knowledge useful.

The geographical statistics of blindness are extremely puzzling. In Norway one person in every 540 is blind; in Sweden only one in 1,419. France has one in 938; Belgium one in 1,233. Across the Atlantic, the United States have only one in 2,470, by far the smallest proportion of any country on record; but this exemption does not extend to the British Colonies, for Newfoundland has one in 1,426. In England and Wales the variations are equally conspicuous. In Cheshire and Lancashire the proportion is one in 1,253; in Bedfordshire still less, one in 1,325. In the Eastern counties it is one in 902; in Wilts, Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall, one in 763; in Herefordshire, one in 693. We know of no theory on which these figures can be explained, though the comparative immunity of the great manufacturing counties and of Bedfordshire, where straw-plaiting largely prevails, seems to point to indoor occupations as less injurious to the sight than outdoor — a conclusion which would hardly have been arrived at *a priori*. Of the 20,000 blind people in England, about 2,700 are said to be under twenty years of age. A great proportion of this number belong to a class which cannot afford to give its children the peculiar education they require; but, strange to say, the free blind schools are not full. The twelve chief schools in England have room for a little over 900 scholars, but at the census of 1861, only 760 were actually receiving instruction in them. Of the adult blind a

considerable number are engaged in ordinary work as labourers, miners, blacksmiths, shoemakers, tailors, and other similar occupations, while a smaller proportion carry on those outlying trades — basket-making, mat-making, broom-making, and the like — which seem especially appropriated to blind men. Of the women, about 200 are in domestic service, and Mr. Johns says that the experience of the schools has proved that blind girls can "do all a housemaid's work (when the geography of the house is once known), make the beds, lay the dinner and breakfast table, shake the carpets, and help at the washing tub." As far as "laying the dinner and breakfast table" is concerned, we can easily believe in the efficiency of blind people. Ordinary servants so rarely use their eyes to any purpose, that a little delicacy of touch must be ample compensation for absence of sight. There are about one hundred blind dressmakers. Of the classes below these Mr. Johns mentions only a few individuals, all more or less (and some unpleasantly) known to Londoners. He tells us that the tall young man, "in rusty black clothes and kid gloves," who often "plants himself with his back firmly against the wall of the National Gallery," probably in fine weather makes four or five shillings a day. The blind street readers — those offensive personages who finger out St. Paul's Epistles for stray pence — seem to be less successful; at least one of them professes to make only two and sixpence a week by this means. Mr. Johns evidently suspects the genuineness of the accomplishment, as he remarks that a performer of this sort "reads on glibly enough in all weathers, rain, east wind, or snow, when the finger of an unprofessional blind boy would be utterly disabled." Of another street celebrity, "Blind Sarah," Mr. Johns says: —

She had been upon the streets of London for forty years, having been born in 1786, and cast adrift by the Workhouse at the age of twenty. Her instrument was the hurdy-gurdy — the "Cymbal" she insisted on calling it, which it took her five months to learn. During her forty years of wandering she had had four guides, and had worn out three instruments. It took her about three weeks to learn a new tune on the hurdy-gurdy; and her complete stock rarely exceeded a dozen. . . . Nothing could be more forlornly hideous than the noise she managed to extract from the "cymbals;" yet she contrived to rouse the pity of passers-by by her destitute appearance, if not by the beauty of her music, of which she loved to say, "King David used to play on one of these here instruments, which it isn't hard to play; *the only thing*



*s to kip the works covered up, or the half-pence is apt to drop in.*

Even the hurdy-gurdy, distracting as it is to the listener, must to the performer be a relief from the monotony of the day. A drearier picture of life can hardly be conceived than that given by one blind beggar:—"Here I stands, and often feels as if half asleep or dreaming. No one does better than I do, because I sticks to it; and it's sometimes twelve o'clock at night before I leaves the streets. I never has no amusement; always out here, wet or dry, except on Sundays."

Elementary education is of more importance perhaps to the blind than to any other class in the community, and it is a matter for regret that so little has hitherto been done to simplify and cheapen the process of reading by touch. This neglect is partly due to the devotion to rival systems of embossed printing, which has absorbed so much attention. The trouble which, rightly bestowed, might already have multiplied books, has been wasted in the search for an ideally perfect type in which to print them. Mr. Frere's system is "based entirely on the phonetic principle, and is conveyed to the touch of the blind reader by a series of stenographic signs." It is, in fact, "an elaborate system of shorthand," with an alphabet of twenty-nine signs composed of angles, crescents, and dots. Mr. Lucas's system is also one of shorthand. It has an alphabet redundant in eight characters, and deficient in ten, and the signs have usually two or more distinct meanings. Thus, an upright comma stands for *h*, and *h* may mean "he," "have," or "hither." Mr. Moore's system retains the ordinary number and names of letters, but substitutes for the Roman character a set of combinations of one or two lines. All these helps to reading have two great defects. If the blind man could read before he became blind his previous knowledge is thrown away. If he could not do so, the use of an arbitrary alphabet—still more of shorthand—prevents him from getting any help from people who can see, unless they happen to be acquainted with the particular system employed. In the case of the embossed Roman type, if a blind child comes to a hard word he has simply to ask any one who can read to spell it for him. With the other characters, the help at command is limited to those among his fellow-sufferers who have been taught on the same plan with himself:—

The use of the Roman letter helps the blind boy to read as all the rest of the world reads; to spell and to write as they do. The other three systems absolutely prevent his doing so, and inflict upon him the intolerable hardship of learning a semi-barbarous jangle which no one with eyes can understand, and which he himself is unable to express in writing. Sooner or later (the sooner the better) some one system of embossed printing will be generally adopted, and it must embrace at least the following features:—

1. It must resemble as nearly as possible the type in use among seeing men; that the blind scholar, in learning to read, may have every possible help from his remembrance of letters he may once have seen, but which now his fingers must feel for him, or from any one who can read an ordinary book; or, if need be, that a friend may read to him.
2. The words must be correctly spelled in full; that when he learns to write, others may read his written words.
3. All must agree on a clear, sharp type which the finger of the adult, hardened by rough work, and the keen touch of the child may be alike able to discern.

Certainly it is not creditable to our facility of invention that a New Testament in embossed Roman type should still cost *2l.*, and that, as a natural consequence, books of this kind should be few.

It is, as we have said, unfortunate that Mr. Johns should not have given a fuller account of the particular school upon the merits and successes of which he is so well qualified to speak. No charity is more deserving of public support than an institution for training the blind. However kindly blind children may be treated, it is hardly possible that home teaching should supply the place of the experienced and systematic attention which they meet with in a school specially set apart for them. In almost every detail their education must differ from that given to ordinary children. They can learn nothing from imitating others; every step in their progress must be conscious and individual. Even the occasional illustrations from his own observations at St. George's Fields, which are scattered over Mr. Johns' pages are extremely interesting. The gradual disappearance of that listless discontent which often characterizes the untrained blind must be worth watching. The new-comer, hitherto accustomed perhaps to one small room, is introduced into a rambling building, stretching over nearly two acres of ground. For the first few days he has to depend on a teacher's, a fellow-pupil's, hand, for all the guidance he wants. In a month or so, however, all this will be altered, and he will "find his way

from the dining-room to the basket-shop, and down that shop 150 yards long, just to the very sight of his own box." In this shop there are some fifty boys and men, all talking or humming tunes as they work, and constantly moving from one part of the room to another. But in spite of this constant noise, a boy who wants to ask his teacher about some detail of his work knows if he has left the room, and rises, without hesitation, the instant the door opens for his return, though numbers of people may have passed in during the interval. After working-hours on a wet winter's day, the shop is filled with boys, walking round it in couples, talking or singing uproariously. "Every two minutes some boy darts out from the crowd, or rushes in to join it, but in neither does he jostle friend or foe." Another shop serves after six, P.M. as a club-room for the first twenty boys in the school, where they play chess or draughts, emboss letters to their friends, or listen to a teacher who has volunteered to read aloud to them, the latter of course being an especial treat, from the scarcity of books in their own character. These, and a very few other, passing notices are all that Mr. Johns gives us. It is to be hoped that when he next writes on a subject which he might so easily make his own, he will supply this defect; and, instead of the additional biographies which he promises, give us more details derived from his own experiences among living blind people. There may be smaller and less proficient schools, which would be glad to profit by the history of St. George's Fields; and nothing is so likely to lead to the multiplication of such undertakings as the publicity given to the success which has attended one of them.

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From The Saturday Review.

## FRANCE.

It is perhaps more than a mere fanciful guess to conjecture that this year will mark, in more than one way, an epoch in the history of the Second Empire. It is the year of the badly patched-up peace with Prussia and the decisive failure of the Mexican expedition on the one hand, and it is the year of the Exhibition on the other hand. The things are more connected than may be apparent at first sight. On both sides there is a certain amount of success and a

certain amount of failure. Both show what the EMPEROR can do, and what he cannot do. Both fix in some measure the character of his reign. Possibly hereafter the Empire may take a new colouring. There may be reverses, great disasters, an angry people to conciliate, a despairing people to encourage. But at present the Second Empire is successful, and yet its success is not extreme. It is a mixed and imperfect success, like most successes in the world. Things are different from what they were a few years ago, when the world, or at any rate France, believed that the EMPEROR was an enthroned Fate, and that France was the arbitress of the world. At one point of his reign the EMPEROR may be said to have attained the height of what his subjects call a mad success. He was the one person in Europe of whom all Europe thought and talked. Even Europe did not suffice as a sphere for his genius. He was to make Egypt his washpot, and to cast his shoe over Cochin China. Every thing seemed to conspire to favour him. The civil war broke out in the United States, and the opportunity offered itself for an enormous and unexpected development of French influence in America. The genius of the Tuileries had his foot on the four quarters of the world. If a moment were to be fixed at which the first wild success of the Second Empire reached its height, it would perhaps be difficult to make a better choice than to point to the time when the Mexican expedition had been fairly undertaken, and before the insurrection in Poland had gained head. It was this insurrection that first showed there were affairs which the EMPEROR found were too great for him. There was something he could not do. In face of the ill-concealed hostility of Germany, and the enormous difficulty of grappling with Russia on Russian soil, he recoiled. France pushed him on, but he would not run the risk. Then came the Danish affair, then the humiliating intervention of the United States in the Mexican quarrel. It began to be evident that the Empire had entered on its second stage. It was successful, but not so very, so outrageously, successful. The EMPEROR wished to enjoy what he had got rather than to get any thing more. He began to watch events rather than to guide them. At first he was thought to be pursuing a masterly policy of inaction. Then it dawned upon Europe that he was inactive, not because he was keeping back his strength in order to make a great effort, but because he did not know what to do, and wished to do

nothing, if only it was possible for him to do nothing for long. France accepted the change with good-humour, and was content that the EMPEROR should himself enjoy repose, and let his subjects make money. This second period, the period of moderate success and moderate glory, has now reached its culminating point. It may not pass away at present, but it is not probable that any of the years to come will show its real character more fully.

Politically, also, the character of the Empire in its second stage has been shown conspicuously this year. The end of the Mexican expedition was a great blow to the EMPEROR, but it was also in one way a great triumph to him. It showed that a single disaster could not shake his power or lessen his hold over the nation. France acknowledged that the expedition was a great mistake; but it did not think ill of the EMPEROR for having made it. That the EMPEROR had really sought the glory of France was recognised, and also that he had been guided by motives some of which were very creditable to him and to the nation in whose name he acted. It may be doubted whether the Mexican expedition has done the EMPEROR any permanent and irreparable harm; and it is very creditable to France that she should bear so little grudge against a ruler for having led her into so sad a scrape. The French do not feel the humiliation of having had to retire at the bidding of the Americans. They think that the whole thing was an outlandish mysterious sort of affair which happened in regions where France had nothing to do, and where she could not possibly show her strength. Nor is there, so far as appears on the surface, any increased wish for liberty in France. The French people are profoundly indifferent to the debates in the French Chamber. They do not even care about the Budget. They do not mind money being spent so long as their own incomes keep good, and they think no one is so likely to help to make them good as the EMPEROR. The EMPEROR promised certain concessions to the friends of liberty some months ago; but he has altered his mind, and does not carry out his promise. No one cares very much which course he takes. It is for him to look out and judge which course will be the most profitable for him and for France. If any thing may be said confidently of a country which has so often taken Europe by surprise, it may be now said of France with confidence that there is not any chance whatever of a movement against the EMPEROR or the Empire arising from a desire for

more liberty. Nor has the EMPEROR lost any of his hold on the classes which really support him. He is as sure of the army, of the peasants, and of the lovers of a profitable peace as he ever was. The present position of the Empire, politically speaking, is that of a decisive success, although the EMPEROR has lately met with too many rebuffs to make it possible to say that his success is unalloyed. The one single thing that France asks of him is that he should continue to be moderately successful. There are things that touch France to the quick, and as to these things France demands that her wishes shall be satisfied. At present, it must be owned, France is not satisfied with the conclusion of the affair of Luxembourg. There are perhaps hardly a dozen men in Paris who believe that the war threatened a few weeks ago is any thing more than adjourned. France is uneasy because it is not quite clear that she came out of the quarrel with a manifest and satisfactory triumph. It is this feeling which may before long put an end to the second period of the French Empire. We may believe that, if he finds the country bent on war, the EMPEROR will let it have its way; and if war comes, the reign of a mild and moderate success must necessarily come to an end.

The Paris Exhibition is an excellent type of the Empire in its second stage. It shows how many resources France has in herself, and how much of the world is willing to acknowledge her influence and minister to her pleasure. The Empire has two great sides — its industrial side and its political side. It has done very much for the industry of France. It has spent money very freely, but there is no sign that it has spent it badly. Any one who travels by any route between England and Paris may see how much France is advancing; how many new good buildings there are, not only in towns, but in villages; and how much the cultivation of the soil is improving. All the great towns have been not so much improved as rebuilt. Street after street, boulevard after boulevard, is made in Paris, and yet building does not appear to be overdone. It is said that the Paris workmen are employed because the Government does not dare to let them be without employment. There may or may not be truth in this, but that which the Paris workman produces does not appear to be overdone. A Government can order buildings to be erected; but it cannot order that, when erected, they shall be let to good tenants, or sold at a handsome price. In Paris house-rent is still dear, and a house,

even in a quiet situation, costs its purchaser what would be reckoned a good round sum in England. This triumphant progress of French industry is well represented in the Exhibition. No one who passes through its numerous circles can help feeling that there is in the France of the present day a prodigious activity. In art, in the production of ornaments, in the construction of machinery, French genius is, if not great, yet at least abundant, lively, and forcible. The French pictures, for example, are not wonderful; but they are large and numerous, and of a very even excellence. They are not so odd or so ambitious as the English pictures in the adjacent department, but they are much more free from faults, and seem the product of a country which can produce easily and abundantly artists who are perfectly well contented with themselves, and have good reason to be so. Then France has managed to get a wonderful variety of contributions from other nations, and the greatest personages in Europe have been persuaded to come to see the show. The Exhibition is, therefore, in one sense, successful; but no one can think it very successful. Even in Paris it is a little despised. It reduces Exhibitions to their ultimate expression. It is a very big shop, not very entertaining to look at, wearisome to go through, and annoying in the obtrusiveness of its advertisements. This huge shop is placed in a sort of glorified Cremorne. That which the mob, which comes to be instructed, cares most to stay for, is supplied in abundance. There is a vast amount of eating and drinking, and there is an infinity of little booths into which wanderers may peep, and see, according to their fancy, stuffed cows, or Belgian pictures, or live fish, or artillery. The prevailing impression that the Exhibition leaves is that of a comic mediocrity. We may hope that it will be the end of Exhibitions, now that it is found that to be very instructive they must be ugly, and that to be very attractive they must be silly. If only the jobbers will let us alone, the arts and sciences may be trusted henceforth to go on advancing in a quiet and sensible way.

From the Saturday Review, 3 Aug.

#### RUMORS OF WAR.

THE *Moniteur* has managed, by half a century of lying under the orders of every possible kind of Government, to establish

such a reputation that it is only believed when the news it gives is bad news. If it chose to say that the relations of France with Prussia are so bad that war must ensue in a month's time, every one would be sure it was right, for the mere publication of such an article would be in itself a cause of war. But when the *Moniteur* tries to re-assure the public, the effect is not to re-assure any one, but to set every one wondering what is the object that the Government has in view. It may be to blind the world, it may be to gain favour at impending elections, it may even be to tell the truth. But no one can be sure which interpretation is the right one. The *Moniteur* this week has issued one of these re-assuring manifestoes, and the Bourse, out of compliment to the Government and in order that so important a document might not seem destitute of all effect, kindly acknowledged its issue by registering a temporary advance of about twenty centimes. That was the money value of the probability that the *Moniteur* meant what it said. But although no announcement that the *Moniteur* could make would dispel the prevailing uneasiness, yet what the *Moniteur* said was probably true. The gist of the article was, that there is nothing in the diplomatic relations of France and Prussia which need lead to a rupture; and this is no more than the truth. There is no cause of quarrel between the two nations. There are grievances which, if France and Prussia were only looking out for something to fight about, might easily be made serious enough; but, so long as peace is desired, these grievances can be kept in a very small compass. The Prussian diplomatists accuse the French of intriguing in the South German States, to prevent their acceptance of a commercial alliance with Prussia. As these intrigues, even if they existed, have been unsuccessful, the Prussians may easily pardon them, unless they are in a very warlike frame of mind. On the other hand, the French complain of the way in which the Prussians are treating the Danes. By the Treaty of Nikolsburg, Prussia undertook to hand over North Schleswig to Denmark if a popular vote showed that the transfer was really desired by the inhabitants of the locality. Prussia has hitherto refused to carry out this part of her agreement. In the first place, she cannot make up her mind what territory was referred to in the stipulation. She lays it down as a preliminary axiom that it could not possibly have been meant to include any position of the faintest strategi-

cal use to Prussia, and to carry out this view requires some very nice geographical manœuvring. In the next place, she is filled with a tenderness for the minority in North Schleswig which would win the admiration of Lord CAIRNS. The majority, being Danes, will vote for the annexation to Denmark, but what is to become of the German minority? They must be protected, and Denmark must agree in the most explicit and binding way to protect them. It is obvious that France can make this affair of North Schleswig as trivial or as important as she pleases. She can either say that the engagement of Prussia is with Austria, not with France, and that Prussia is quite right to protect Germany; or she can say that Prussia virtually contracted with France, through whom the provisions of Nikolsburg were arranged, and that Prussia is trying to get a perpetual right of intervening in Danish affairs. If peace is desired, Schleswig may be looked at in a very peaceable way; although it would be the ground of a very pretty quarrel if either party really wished to fight.

There is also in the general situation of European politics much to make the continuance of peace probable. The Emperor of the FRENCH may be believed when he declares that he does not want war, for war would make him exchange a position of easy comfort for a position of difficulty and hazard. He is also capable of taking large views of politics, and probably there is no one in France who surpasses him in the power of looking at the consolidation of Germany from a German point of view. As he has taken the trouble to declare in the *Moniteur*, he would lose the sympathy of the democratic party in Europe if he set himself to baffle the wishes and hopes of the German people without a very clear and unimpeachable ground of war. Count BISMARCK has also enough on his hands to employ him, and if he can but keep what he has got without fighting to retain it, he will really win the greatest victory he could achieve. France, again, must see in the present position of Italian affairs a strong reason for preserving peace at present. The everlasting Roman question threatens once more to obtrude itself, and it is with the greatest difficulty that the Italian Government can repress the revolutionary zeal of those who wish to make Rome at once Italian. Things at Rome cannot go on quietly. It was arranged that the POPE should be left alone, and should have a force of his own. He got a force of his own recruited from the French army; but it was

the old story over again. His soldiers would not stay in his army. It was a service of which they got rapidly sick, and then what was to be done? A French General was instructed, as the *Moniteur* tells us, "to inquire into the causes which had led to desertions from the Antibes Legion;" and he was reported to have told the POPE's troops, that it was not only wrong, but dangerous, to run away from the POPE's army, because they really still remained French soldiers. To this the Italian Government naturally replied that, if this was the case, the French intervention was not over. So long as peace endures, small difficulties of this sort may be surmounted; but if war once broke out nothing could prevent the Italians from seizing on Rome. If France wished for the aid of Italy, the object must be effected with the connivance of France, and this would plunge the EMPEROR into a vast amount of internal difficulties. Or else France must interfere to prevent the abolition of the temporal power, and, even if an open rupture with Italy were avoided, a portion of the French army large enough to cause a very serious blank in the forces necessary to combat Prussia must be detached to overawe Italy. It is true that, to preserve the temporal power and to take vengeance on Italy, Austria might possibly be willing to side with France; but if we are to pursue speculation into such remote possibilities, we must go on to say that Russia would probably see in an alliance with Prussia the best means of having her own way in the East. A general European war might easily arise out of a quarrel between Prussia and France, but then this probability is of all things that which would make these two Powers least disposed to let loose the waters of strife.

If, then, there is no diplomatic quarrel between France and Prussia, if the rulers of neither nation wish for war, if France has in Italy a special inducement to keep the peace, and if the horrors and dangers of a general European war threaten to issue out of any collision, how does it happen that every one in France and Prussia talks of war, and thinks of war, and prepares for war? That France is making considerable military preparations seems as well established as any fact can be that a despotic Government tries to conceal, and Count BISMARCK has warned the Prussians that they must expect to have to defend by the sword what they have gained by the sword. Both in Germany and in France trade is virtually at a standstill.

Vast sums are being accumulated in the banks, with the avowed object of having them in readiness when war makes loans necessary, and when operations on a gigantic scale will bring rich harvests to capitalists. Those who know the facts best are most positive in thinking that war will break out before long. The reason is, that the two nations have a longing for war. They may be kept back by prudence and the thought of consequences, and by the caution of their rulers; but they long to fight. The Germans think that the French are trying to meddle in what are purely German affairs, and that it is much better to nip their arrogant pretensions in the bud than to let France dictate what Germany shall and what it shall not do. The French think that the Prussians, by an audacious and tyrannical use of military force, are establishing a Power that will certainly rival France, and possibly throw her into the shade. The violent speech of Baron DUPIN went very little, if at all, beyond the ordinary feelings and expressions of Frenchmen towards Prussia. They think they are being tricked, with their eyes open, out of their pre-eminence in Europe. They might, they imagine, stop the whole mischief if they would but act at once; but Prussia goes on undisturbed, works hard and fast, and will soon be able to set France at defiance. This it is that irritates the French so much — they feel the opportunity of acting profitably is slipping away from them. When these are the feelings of the two nations, it is not wonderful that the journals not directly under the control of the respective Governments should use very bitter language, and find occasion for invective and reproach in every act of the Government and people they detest. Nor is it wonderful that great military preparations should be going on in a time of so much agitation and disquiet. Both the EMPEROR and Count BISMARCK know that the one thing their countrymen would not pardon in them is that war should break out, and find them unprepared. The bitterness of feeling therefore creates these military preparations; and each nation, as it feels itself better prepared, feels itself safer in the indulgence of bitterness of feeling. The best chance of peace continuing lies in the very continuance of peace. The mere fact that war does not begin will do something to calm down angry passions, and make the French accustomed to and tolerant of Prussian aggrandizement. If peace can endure for one year more, it may endure for ten.

From the Spectator 3d of August.

## THE LAST DEFEAT OF ROME.

ANOTHER and a terrible blow has this week fallen upon the Papacy, a blow which will affect its authority more directly than the series of reverses which have followed the great defeat at Sadowa. Since that battle, Venetia has been liberated, and the last hope of regaining power in Italy finally swept away. The Polish Church has been virtually released from Papal authority, the Clerical party has been utterly overthrown in Mexico, Church property has been sequestrated throughout Italy, and Ultramontanism has been expelled from the kingdom of Hungary. The Concordat, which had been octroyed there while the Hapsburgs were absolute, required the sanction of the Diet, and with the revival of constitutional life it silently disappeared. In less than twelve months, the Papacy has lost the control of three great kingdoms, a province nearly as large as a kingdom, and property which in Italy, Mexico, and Poland, must be worth at the very least a hundred millions sterling, and might twenty years hence have been valued at thrice that sum. It is a frightful list of misfortunes, yet we doubt if the whole together will be so bitterly felt in Rome as the decision of the 26th July, when the Austrian Reichsrath, by a vote of 130 to 24, solemnly decreed that the Concordat should cease to exist. To do Rome justice, there is one thing which, even in her decay, she values more than territory, or revenue, or her temporal place, and that is her spiritual sway, the chance of realizing that ideal of heaven on earth which she has hunted for twelve centuries but never found, or found only for brief periods and over small portions of the earth's surface. Paraguay was like it for a few years, the Tyrol is like it now; but Paraguay is lost, and the Tyrol is but a mountain province. A great and stately kingdom, within which there is no spiritual dissent, and can therefore be no spiritual harshness; in which the Church, being invested with all rights, can show herself careless of all privileges; in which Bishops, receiving abundantly both of respect and cash, need exact nothing — this is the true Roman ideal. Protestants are apt to talk and write as if Rome loved persecution for its own sake, tyranny for some gratification in being tyrannical, as if any human being, Pope or secularist, King or trader, ever wanted to encounter the trouble persecution involves. Rome does not wish to make a hell, but a heaven, on earth. Kings

must, of course, obey her counsel, else were the things of this life elevated above those of the next; Bishops must control education or souls may be tempted to perdition; priests must revise literature, or immortal beings may suffer for their immortality; nuns must control hospitals, or the sick may die unshriven, and souls be tortured with the infamous belief that charity can exist without true rectitude of faith. Legislation must be limited by the Canon, for how can the mundane regulate the divine? Church property must not be taxed, lest ye should steal from the Lord the means of evil; priests must be exempt from the law, lest earthly hands should, without the special warranty of the Church, desecrate the Lord's anointed. But these propositions granted, heartily granted, granted as they are in the Tyrol, where the population rose a few months since in holy insurrection, shocked at the idea of tolerating Protestant worship, Rome is not a persecuting or even a tyrannical power. She does not object to nobles being luxurious or peasants happy, detests slavery, condemns cruelty, utterly refuses to recognize any inequality of any kind among those for whom she holds the keys of Heaven. She simply presses on to her ideal, and if vain men interpose human obstacles, if she has to clear her road by slaughter, or abolish evil by making a solitude, theirs, not hers, is the sin and the responsibility. She had nearly reached, as it seemed, her goal in Austria. After three centuries of contest, after seeing one-third of Germany depopulated in vain, after tragedies innumerable and unavailing, she at length found an Emperor willing, it might be through grace, it might be through policy, to recognize her claims to the full. The Austrian Concordat, which became law on the 5th November, 1855, established throughout the Empire her ideal society. From the Emperor downwards, every person, institution, and thing in Austria was submitted to the Church, education was confided to her, worship was confined to her, every grand transaction of life — birth, marriage, burial — could be legalized only by her assent. The Bishop was the Providence of his diocese, the priest the Lar of his commune, every hospital was surrendered to nuns, every school to the fathers, every charity to an affiliated order. So perfect was the organization, that women died in the Lying-in Hospital of Vienna because none but nuns could attend them, and nuns held their pruderies more important than human life. Except to an obedient Catholic, civil life was a gloomy prison, but to an obedient

Catholic, not being pregnant, it was a land of pleasant probation, a path from which every stumbling-block had been removed, in which every one, however humble, travelled under escort. For eleven years the priests perfected their work, murmuring now and then at human perversity, but always advancing, until at last the Papacy could boast of one land in Europe where her dreams had become realities, one empire in which she reigned without the necessity of violence. Eleven years of peaceful rule, eleven years of Catholic education, eleven years during which a priest in every household possessed the authority of a father, and then came Sadowa, and then a free Parliament, and then — the entire fabric melted gently. The whole authority of the Church exercised unchecked for eleven years, had failed to convince a population originally Catholic that the Catholic ideal was endurable. In vain did the Government plead that the Concordat was a treaty, and beyond the range of parliamentary discussion. In vain did the Minister of Justice beg humbly for time to conciliate the Vatican. In vain did the Tyrolese and Slovacks, faithful servants of the Church, ignorant and innocent as cows, threaten secession and denounce infidels in Parliament; a perverse generation had made up its mind to prefer darkness to this intolerable glare of heavenly light, and by a majority of more than four-fifths, the representatives of the Austrian people, the most docile and Catholic race remaining in the world, a race two centuries behind Parisians, decreed that the Concordat should end. One German only voted for the Pope, and he voted only out of spite, because the resolutions took the gloss off a still stronger measure of his own. Education should be secular, come of souls what might; marriage should be a civil contract, sacrament or none; every confession should be free, whether to pray or proselytize, even if the Devil were the earliest schismatic. That a government should go wrong is what Rome expects, for at heart her confidence in earthly princes is but small, — had not Ferdinand of Naples been heard on one occasion to declare that the Holy Father was an impertinent nuisance? — but that a whole people uninfected by heresy, drilled for eleven years in implicit obedience, should declare canons unendurable, should abolish a treaty with the Pope, should recognize heretics as human beings! — Rome has rarely been so melancholy. And truly it is a great blow. If there was a place where Rome might hope for genuinely popular

support it was Austria, where heresy had been so sedulously extirpated, and where the population, unlike that of Prussia or England, has a natural proclivity towards Catholicism, is not stiff-necked, is not specially desirous of any right of private judgment, prefers, on the whole, to have its thinking done for it. Yet even Austria has found Ultramontanism too heavy a burden, and after trying it on conditions fixed by Rome itself for eleven years has shaken it from her neck. If Austrians could not bear it, who will? and if it is not borne by any one, if the Church is never to act except through spiritual weapons, never to protect its flock, or punish wolves, or pet its sheep-dogs, how is the ideal heaven on earth ever to be realized? Is the Kingdom of Heaven to be confined to the Tyrol and to Spain?

The vote, though not yet accepted by the Government, is, we imagine, irreversible. The Emperor, however carefully trained, has learned wisdom in a rough school, and though Royal, cannot now be much less enlightened than an average Viennese burgher. His Premier or Chancellor of the Empire is a Protestant, with no other idea of priests than that they are cheap policemen; his nobles, though Catholic, have the strong dislike of foreign and sacerdotal aggression aristocracies always display. The Council of Ten, before Protestantism was heard of, never could stand the Pope; and the English nobles before Luther, Catholic to the toes, urged Henry VII. to secularize the Church. The one hope of the Hapsburgs is to conciliate the people, and the people will not live the Roman ideal life. If it is forced on them — and Rome would not falter in the forcing — they will take the final step, and place themselves, at any risk to their souls, under the House of Hohenzollern, so heretical but so patriotic, so deeply excommunicated but so just, so certain to be damned in the next world, but so certain also to succeed in this. The dread of such a calamity awes the Kaiser, and may even awe the Pope, but we do not think it will. It is believed both at Vienna and Rome that the Society of Jesus is opposing to the demand for a withdrawal of the Concordat the ancient weapon of Rome, indefinite delay. What is a year, a generation, a century, to Rome? Napoleon may be stirred up to fight Prussia, Bismarck may die, the Kaiser may repent, anything may occur if only there is time, and meanwhile the Colleges will consider affectionately the Emperor's demand. The Vatican, once wisest of Courts, smiles calmly over the wisdom

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which secular politicians have long since abandoned as unwise, the policy of *laissez-faire*, and sits quietly, unaware that a yet heavier bolt is soon about to descend. The Kaiser was Hapsburg before he was Catholic, and within three years the vast possessions of the Church in Austria will have been seized to pay the interest due on debts owned mainly by heretics and Jews. With the Lutherans rising daily higher, Spanish America fallen or falling away, whole Catholic races asserting the right of private judgment upon Sacraments, a Mussulman Sovereign received by all Europe, an indifferentist Republic growing steadily into a terror to the world, Italian troops steadily drawing in towards St. Peter's itself, where half the Bishops of Christendom in conclave are declaring the Papacy divine, the Vatican must perceive that it is gazing into a somewhat hopeless world.

ORATION. — BY REV. A. L. STONE, D. D.

*Delivered at the Fourth Annual Meeting of the Associated Alumni of the Pacific Coast, held at Oakland, California, on the 5th June, 1867.*

*Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Alumni: —*

In the ordinary habit of our thought, we do not associate maternity with youth. A mother's welcome, while it breathes the cherishing tenderness which never grows old, has in it also, as we usually conceive it, something of the venerableness of age. All the more is this true, if we speak the word not in reference to the household tie, but as expressing the gentle providence of institutions which have molded and nurtured our intellectual life. But as we turn back this day from the manifold dusty paths our feet have been treading, to keep the annual tryst of our literary memories and fellowship, the genius of this scene, greeting us at her gateway, is so young and fair that it seems a liberty for bearded lips to offer filial salutations. Youthful vows were a more appropriate tribute to this girlish matron than the sentiment of veneration. Here are no ancient academic shades, keeping in their whispering leaves, and telling to-day on the summer air, the memorial of classic generations. Our grove wears, indeed, the honors of many years, but the antiquity is of nature, not of humanity, much less of the lineage of student life.

We have a new college and a new State,



adventuring the future together. If here are no smooth-worn thresholds of halls of learning, here also around us are no moss-grown walls of empire. The youngest of these "*magistri artium*" is older than California as an American State, and thrice as old as the young mother dismissing him today with the laurels of her favor, to work out practically the horoscope of his destiny.

Let me keep hold of this association of civic and literary life, and detain you, for a while, upon this theme — *The relation of the College to the State*. While I use the term "State" in its fuller and more comprehensive meaning, the discussion will have its chief bearing upon the growth and fortunes of our own Pacific commonwealth. Certainly, unless all our hopes deceive us, unless the bright prophecies of our brief but rapid and almost miraculous progress speak with lying lips, unless the indomitable energy and enterprise of our American character fail this once, and on a theater so inspiring, there is before us, on these shores, a splendid and marvellous future. If we measure our coming advance only by the past, what a prodigious growth in all the fruits of a prospering and victorious civilization will not the next score of years display. Before we shall have exhausted the last third of this declining century, the waters of this Bay will be girded with one almost unbroken zone of population and wealth; around this serrated margin of twice a hundred miles, parted only by the seaward gate and the northern strait, village will stretch its hand to village, and town to town; the gardens of fair country seats will touch one another; yonder metropolis, crowned Queen of the Pacific, will be peer in her jewelled magnificence to any throned rival on this Western Continent; a hundred convoys of trade, travel and treasure will tread, with flashing feet, the length and breadth of this sunny harbor; from these mountain sides, tolerant of culture to the very summit, and on the twin rivers that drain our broad interior valley, will pour down agricultural supplies enough to fill the granaries of a nation; the marshy wastes of tule lands, redeemed from winter overflow and cleared of their reedy forests, will show the bloom of boundless garden-prairies; the torn ravines of mining regions will be built into picturesque and populous towns; iron tracks will stretch away through the interminable northern forests, making Oregon and Sitka our neighbors; between the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevadas, shaking the dust of the desert from his mane, the iron horse,

caparisoned in our farthest East, will thunder down these western slopes; the confluent streams of a world-wide immigration will pour in their floods of vigorous life; the peaceful ocean will empty through the ever-open Golden Gate the spoils of fleets freighted in China and the Indies; and the ceaseless enginery of our mints will coin from out our hills the shining currency of a wealth to whose copiousness God and nature alone can set bounds.

I know the American dialect is thought to have a large capacity for boastful periods, and this picture which I have sketched may seem to some colored with hues of dreamland. But only recite the sober record of facts which half the lifetime of a generation has chronicled amid these homes, and we have a more wondrous poem than I have sung for twice that range of future years. To this large coming development, we of the present stand in the relation of foster parents. We are architects and builders of this rising greatness. Not that in our indolence or neglect the august fabric will not go up, but that the strength of that fabric and the moral aspect of that greatness will depend upon the foundations thus early laid, and the aims and uses which the builders propose. The determinate influence of Educational Institutions upon the whole problem, we cannot, without underlying the just imputation of folly and crime, refuse to weigh. Our citizenship in the State, as well as our allegiance to letters, or in fewer words, our duty as patriot scholars, constrains the discussion to which we now advance.

1. We want the College in the new young life of the State, as a bond with the past. There is no such thing as a full and complete life for the individual or for the State, if that life does not join itself to the whole life of humanity. Much of the past will, indeed, empty itself in upon us without our consciousness. The rudest will inherit more generously than he knows of the treasures accumulated in by-gone ages. He is the child of a long line of progenitors, though he cannot name his ancestry. But in proportion as his ignorance isolates him from the results of the sum total of human progress, must his life be fragmentary and unendowed. He is a foundling, for whom there is waiting an heirship of riches and honors unrevealed to him, and by which, therefore, his poverty and obscurity will never be relieved.

By our circumstances and history, this same isolation characterized our early beginnings as a commonwealth. Our infancy

was that of a foundling. We were disconnected with the old. Laws, religions, hometies, and all the sweet and solemn voices of philosophy, faith and letters; were left behind when we were flung upon these western shores to struggle as we could out of anarchy and barbarism. Our social being was not the onflow of a stream holding in its deep and broad channel the tributaries of all past times and growths, but a solitary fountain, gushing single, fitful and turbid in the wilderness. We have to connect the issue of this fountain with that grand current bearing on its bosom and mingling in its waters the world's full life and thought. Deny to us, deny to any people, no matter what their origin and story, the record and knowledge of the past, the testimony of humanity's long empiric travail, and such connection remains impossible. How great the forfeiture! "When ancient opinions and rules of life are taken away," says Burke, "the loss cannot possibly be estimated. From that moment, we have no compass to govern us; nor can we know distinctly to what port to steer." Lost are the influence and example of the illustrious dead, the heroic deeds that kindle and feed the flame of valor and self-devotion, the quickening and instructive annals of history, the songs of the bards — stairways to the heaven of imagination — the warning voiced forth in the reiterated lessons of man's errors, frailties and passions; the teachings of philosophy wrestling with the great questions of truth and the soul, the painful but resolute steps of explorers and discoverers leading on the ages after them up the heights of science, the full intelligence of causes, natural and philosophic, seen at work in the present, but whose origin, nature, and alliances lie remote up the centuries; the slow but grand drama of the mute earth, proceeding under the twin ministry of two great magicians — fire and water — from her primal chaos to the fair completeness of her verdurous hills, her islanded deep, and her steadfast mountains, and the lengthening golden chain that makes us one in blood and sympathy, history and heritage, with the whole human family.

Would it be but a trifling bereavement of our modern civilization thus to orphan it from the maternity and nurture of the past? As well girule an oak, and expect its branches to bear up the same wealth of frondent and lusty life; as well cut off in mid-length that northern river that empties the great lakes, and expect its channel to bear on the same majestic stream to the sea.

But the guardianship and transmission of this dowry of the past are in the hands of the world's teachers as trustees for mankind. These treasures are locked up in the languages of dead empires, the systems of buried sages, the alcoves of old libraries, the laboratories of science. The halls of liberal culture open backward into these galleries of antiquity, and onward into the life of the present, giving to the exploring eye, beneath their arches, the long vista of the progress of the race.

What is our sacred trust for the future? What have we to transmit to those who come after us? A name only, and a clear field for adventure; or the entire riches which the ages have accumulated, and for which the generations which have gone down to the dust have wrought through the heat of great harvest days?

We ask no unreasoning homage for the wisdom of the elders; but a little more reverence for antiquity will not hurt us in our personal and national development. It is needed as a corrective of that flippant self-sufficiency that dashes with arrogance our confident American energy, and of that smattering of universal knowledge that conceives it has nothing to learn. The spirit of the true scholar is the spirit of humility, and the reverent inquirer after truth finds that —

"Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,  
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks."

2. We want the College, again, in alliance with the life of the State, for the security and honour of republican principles. We believe in a Government not of despotic force, nor of kings enthroned "*jure divino*," nor of a privileged class, of better blood and clay and larger political rights than the mass of the governed; but of equal laws, framed by the popular will, expressing and guarding popular rights, and administered by representatives elected by popular suffrage. It is one of the commonplaces of political truths, that despotism can maintain itself only in the unreasoning debasement of its subjects. Ignorance and superstition are the twin pillars of all unequal and oppressive political systems.

These sayings are as familiar with us as household words; but they need continual and emphatic re-utterance. Against every form of unjust privilege and political absolutism, the one conquering and invincible champion is popular education. Light antagonizes force with a soft and silent but

resistless mastery. It debates the questions of privilege, it examines the foundations of caste; it sifts the theories of special and restricted rights; it illumines and dispels the illusions of kingcraft and tyranny, as the beams of morning the dark retiring shadows of night; it discovers the true sources of political power, and gives voice to the deathless instinct of humanity, pleading before in dumb murmurings for its inalienable endowments of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Education, especially where it is large and liberal, gives the broad mind and the catholic spirit, enlarges from all narrowness, emancipates from prejudice, and nurtures universal sympathies. This is the original force of the term *liberal* education, the fine and true philosophy shut up in language itself. Education is a liberator; it makes thought free, inquiry free, belief the child of light and full conviction, the whole manhood free. And in this disenthraling process it quickens in us the fraternal recognition of all other manhood. The close encircling barriers that isolate man from man, by the accidents of birth and place, of race and colour, are thrown down by this expansive force; and a large and just view of our common nature, as in origin, faculties and possibilities one, sweeps all who wear the image of God within the wide horizon and the tender bonds of the universal human family.

By such enlargement, we touch the deep, vital principle of genuine Republicanism — the true doctrine of political equality. That doctrine is the equality of man with man, as a creature of God — in all the powers of a reasoning mind and an immortal soul; an equality, which titles and purples, and political prescriptions and social interdicts, however they may overlay and obscure, cannot disturb. A republican equality thus discerned and understood will be fearless and consistent. It will outlaw all caste. It will suffer no brand of serfdom and villenage, and no shadow of such a brand to rest upon any forehead that covers a human brain. In due process of enfranchisement, it will crown with the full honors and immunities of citizenship all within the bounds of the State whom it calls its fellow men.

But the provision for liberal culture does not content itself with a mere proclamation of republican equality, however true in principle and noble as a testimony. It works out the practical elevation of the lowly. It lets down a ladder to the very lowest grade of social life, on which the humblest

aspirant may climb to the highest. In lands where aristocratic institutions order the social scale, as in England, the chief places of honour and emolument are awarded, as the rule, by interest, and birth, and titled precedence. With us the class is larger than with any other people, of those who are dependent upon self-help for all personal and professional success; and while our political theories say to the brown son of penury and toil, the child of the plowman and the artisan, "You are the peer of the heirs of wealth and station," our system of education offers to his hand the prizes which the slack fingers of effeminate fortune reach after in vain. The wealth of a nation's intellectual life is thus immeasurably increased, and she is served in her high places of trust and duty by the most vigorous of her sons. The succession of her great men and strong leaders is veined continually by fresh blood. There is no ruling class, keeping its overshadowing ascendancy long after it has become effete with indolence, luxury, and vice. New names and new families rise out of the stern schools of want and hardship, bringing up from such nurture men of bone and muscle for the charge of great enterprises, and the tasks of public life. The purest gems of mental brilliance, which had else kept their lusters hid in "dull imprisonment," are thus unearthed, wrought and polished, and set to shine with guiding splendour in the nation's coronet. Nor is this the triumph of plebeian weakness, the crowning of rudeness and rusticity, to the shame and discountenancing of elegance and courtliness. It is the promotion and the accrediting of the only worthy aristocracy, the peerage of intellect, the nobility of learning and thought, starred with the brilliants of wit, and ermined with the refinement of lettered culture.

And this issue guards our republican development from peril on another side. The wide diffusion of popular intelligence overthrows the supremacy of tyrannic force, but does it not create the ambitious demagogue, and lead to a war of factions and parties? Where the many are stimulated by uncontrolled aspirations, and the prizes of advancement, free to all, are the reward of the strongest and most resolute, what is to prevent that war of Titans in which the many shall contend with equal arms, as when Greek meets Greek, each for his own pre-eminence? And when it is found, (as it soon must be found in such a conflict) what force there is in combinations, what shall prevent the renewal of the strife, with

broader front and more formidable tactics, by those stronger spirits who will seize the truncheon of command, and march against their rivals with a partisan host at their heels? But this same intelligence gives authority to the calm counsels of reason, inspires just conceptions of the public good, connects that common welfare with the best hopes of all and of each, instructs the popular mind as to the horrors of anarchy, evolves the true nature and limitations as well as the proper beneficence of the social compact, and cuts short the career of selfish ambition, by a demand for what is just and equal for the commonwealth. The demagogue finds no leadership save with those whom he can deceive and beguile; and anarchy seeks its throne in Mexico, rather than under the shining heavens of the land of Washington.

Thus our Republicanism is not only conserved, but ennobled. Its institutes and laws are not the creatures of ignorance and prejudice, carrying on their front as they invite the scrutiny of mankind the confession of weakness, coarseness, and puerility. Self-government with us is the government of a nation of readers, a nation of thinkers, a nation of debaters, guided by the freest and fullest philosophic discussion of every great measure incorporated in its treaties, statutes and policies. Let the archives of courts and cabinets, kingly and imperial, the world over, be challenged for a code of public laws surpassing in dignity, purity and wisdom, the written scrolls and annual State papers of our Republican legislation. Thus do the security and honor of free principles go hand in hand under the reign of light and knowledge.

Nor need it be feared that this full and broad culture of letters will, in the supreme stress of some great crisis of danger, enervate the military arm, and train a race of citizens of too delicate a mold of spirit and muscle to defend the life of the Republic against the weapons of war. Those words of the Athenian Commander and Orator, words as instinct with martial ardor as with true homage to letters, we may repeat after him — "We are not enfeebled by philosophy." When the clarion sounded "to arms" in the nation's death-grapple with treason, the loyal ranks were filled, not with stolid and reluctant conscripts, but with thinking, reasoning volunteers, every man of whom saw and weighed for himself the grandeur of the stake for which the deadly game was played. Among all the strong-limbed youths that rose up at the call, there were none that gave a more ju-

bilant response than the dwellers in our peaceful Academic shades. They laid aside the toga of quiet study for the steel of the soldier's harness as though robing for a feast; and on the march, and around the camp-fires and at "the perilous edge" of the fight sang, till every heart was stirred and the heavens rung again, old battle chimes of freedom. They had caught from the storied dead the inspiration of the martyred patriots of all time, and self-devotion for the country's life was as honorable to them as when Curtius leaped, man and horse full armed, into the chasm of the Forum; and treason as infamous as when the great Roman orator thundered in the Senate against Catiline and his fellow conspirators. If we needed such confirmation to our faith and hope, we shall henceforth have no question concerning the alliance of letters with loyalty and valor, since the close of that great struggle that has hung the porches of our college halls with laurels of youthful valor, and thick-starred our catalogues of student life with the imperishable honors of youthful heroes, whose blood has crimsoned a hundred battle-fields for union and liberty.

3. Another office of the College in its influence upon the State will be to correct the tendency to materialism against which all new communities have to guard. That tendency is especially visible in our own local commonwealth. It is, perhaps, inseparable from the tasks first fronting the settlers on this coast; certainly a legitimate issue of the objects at first pursued. The explorers of a new country naturally find their material wants the most immediate and imperative. They must have food and fire, shelter and water, wharves and roads. If in addition to this necessity their crowning aims are low and material, it will be hard to impregnate their minds with lofty and ideal aspirations. They may display a wonderful diligence, but always with their eyes fixed upon the earth. Their industries, their hopes, their prizes, are of the earth, earthy. If one of them shout, "Eureka," it is not over some victory of science making its laboratory luminous with some precious secret wrested from nature's keeping, nor some fresh demonstration of philosophy establishing a truth for the faith of men; but only that his hand has clutched a lump of gold. Bring before such a mind a scheme to elevate the moral and intellectual life within him and around him, and you talk in riddles. "The future!" it only reaches, before him, to the next rainy season. "His children!" they are on the other side of

the mountains, waiting for him to come and empty his gold dust at their feet. "A Christian civilization!" all that he wants of it is law enough to guard his miner's tent for a year or two, and then the busy ravine where he digs may relapse into utter barbarism. He is indeed no miser. Show him a sick comrade—tell him of wounded and suffering soldiers, and famishing rebels—and he scatters his hoard with generous hand. But ask him to build institutions, and you get no audience, scarcely a comprehending intelligence. He is building his "pile," making haste to top up its pyramidal completeness and transfer it the distant spot he still calls "home." Shall we rise no higher than this fitful, fluctuating life of materialism, this ebb and flow of successful or unsuccessful immigration?

The very presence of an institution of learning suggests other nobler and more permanent than material interests. Its walls of mute masonry are lettered with proclamations visible from afar, that declare man's higher needs and more exalted capacities. There is an atmosphere around it that thrills through the flesh to the imprisoned soul. The dullest eye asks for what do those walls stand, who are the workers within, in what mines do they dig; and the strange utterances that float out from the quiet cells waken echoes in torpid breasts that give the consciousness of a life whose pulses are immortal. From the vantage of its dome, the outlook is wider and keener over the domain of man's being. The horizon broadens from the narrowness of the present and the material to the boundlessness of the spiritual, vital after the body is dust; and the cope that carried only the clouds lifts to take in the orbéd spheres of truth, the starry wonders of science, the great arch toward which the soul wings an endless flight.

The clasped books of knowledge have only to be seen to tempt curious fingers. Their very titles stimulate the desire for possession. Their pictured pages appeal to the æsthetic element, and it breaks through the crust of materialism. The sweet breath of the Ionian Isles wakes still and forever the sense of beauty. Art is wooed as a mistress. Temples rise in pillared majesty, statues leap forth from shapeless marble, and life looks and speaks from the canvas. Tuneful hands take the lyre, poets sing, and literature is born. Voices, whose accents can never die, sweep down the yellow current of the Tiber, and Right, Duty, Fidelity, Constancy, Law, brides of the storied river, lift, on the prow of their barge sailing ever

on, a scroll luminous with their names, demanding men's homage to their queenly rule.

The College is thus the Court of the Ideal. Its ministers serve the scepter of the unseen as though they saw the invisible. Its splendors are not jewels dug out of the earth, nor specimens of golden veins branching among the hills, but gems of ethereal luster which the seers have plucked from the heaven of God's thoughts, and brought down to shine for the guidance of human feet. Its edicts give laws to taste, establish methods for the reason, decree honors to intellectual triumphs, and declare the just rules of civil and social life—the codes of all right legislation in every department of human being.

Under its shadow, the mere material type of living is shamed and rebuked. The higher nobility of serving truth and right, and the growth of the soul, asserts itself without a question; and not material success and barbaric comfort, but spiritual culture, is seen and acknowledged to be the only worthy end of living.

4. Nor do we in this plea overlook the needs of practical life. We provide, in the most effectual manner, for those needs. The College trains the men of practical science who hold the secrets of all useful art, the most fruitful methods of every branch of industry. The time has been when the tillers of the soil preferred the lessons of mother wit and daily experience to all the wisdom of the books, and scouted the learning that wrought its field tasks and raised its crops only in the laboratory. But scientific farming has carried the day. We have had blunders enough of ignorance and self-sufficiency in working the peculiar wealth of our own State, and but a moiety of the legitimate proceeds of our industry is gathered as a practical result. The other moiety is drained off in the sluices of untutored negligence, or empty quackery; and if science itself has sometimes gone astray, or stood at fault before its problems, we have only in this fact a fresh demonstration of the need of more patient and exhaustive study. There was never an industry that more imperatively needed the conduct of exact science to make it safe and profitable than that of this people. If our aims were only practical in the grosser sense, mercenary and material, the shortest avenue to their attainment were through the porches of liberal learning.

The ideal leads the practical; men of thought go before men of action; the student is elder partner of the craftsman, fur-

nishing him his tools and supplying his models, and forever it is true that "where there is no vision, the people perish." A man with no visioned excellence before him, as yet unattained, is at the end of his growth, and has begun to decay. The same is true of communities and nations. All the triumphs of human progress, all the increments of practical growth, are in the inspiration of ideals. Pure intelligence is itself with us ultimately and intensely practical. Not merely in the sense that all work stands still if this mainspring be withdrawn; nor that life is so individualized with us men, laboring not in groups and associations under the intellectual headship of a superintendent, or like a gang of slaves beneath the eye and lash of an overseer, but each his own employer and master: I mean that intelligence has its own sphere of practical work, in which it is a day laborer, and of which the products are as solid and substantial, and as much a matter of common want, as ploughshares and reaping hooks. Need we catalogue these wants, in the supply of which intellectual culture comes into immediate contact with the getting of our daily bread? Why: we want engineers, and surveyors, and chemists, and assayers, and metallurgists, and machinists, and draughtsmen, and interpreters, and editors, and school teachers, and a host of fellow-laborers, and whole departments of professional scholars, whose day's work is of the brain more than of the hand, and all of whom are more nearly or more remotely pensioners upon science and liberal learning. I am almost ashamed to argue so narrowly and upon so low a scale; but the argument is pertinent to what we have all seen and felt of popular prejudice and misconception in our forming public sentiment. And you who are my auditors to-day will agree, without argument, that the noblest practical growth of the State, its truest wealth, and its fairest honor, are not only conditioned upon, but identical with, its highest intellectual advancement.

5. I have one more thought to suggest in the line of our theme: the relation of the College to the permanent and peaceful order of society. For itself, the College demands a settled public tranquillity. Study craves a quiet atmosphere. It must sit down to its work, if it is to work effectively; calm, patient, and secure. It seeks naturally the most sequestered scenes of nature for its bowers. The whispering grove, the bank of the murmuring river, the silent shade, the inclosed guarded quadrangle, rural towns, far from the rattling wheels of

commerce and trade, and the jar of machinery, are its immemorial retreats. Wake the tempest of commotion and change in the heavens over it; let the lightnings of political storms flash beneath its drooping eyelids, and the bolts and shouts of popular revolution crash in upon the absorbed and musing thought; let war blow his trumpet, and the fierce pulses of cannon shake the air, and the spell is fled, the charm is broken, the rapt devotee is dragged rudely back to the loud, clamorous present, and action, instead of study, is the call of the hour. What testimony was that which reached us from distracted Naples at the beginning of this present decade, when the guns of four great forts threatened its streets and dwellings? "Our colleges are comparatively abandoned, and our learned societies exist but in name." What testimony is that, within the decade, from our own rocking land? The Muses fled when the war eagle screamed; science deserted her laboratory for the armory and the bastion; the flood of patriotic ardor drowned out the monkish scholar from his cell; the halls of learning were depopulated; the young recluses sallied forth; the pen and the inkhorn were exchanged for the rifle and the cartridge-box; the student's cassock for the soldier's uniform; and the leaders in the world of letters for the leaders in arms and the field. For its own sake, therefore, the college favors peace and public composure, that its own morning and evening bells may ring clear on the quiet air. It is not an institution for nomadic tribes. It cannot pitch a tent at nightfall, and strike it with the next dawn. It must dig for foundations, and rear solid walls, and lift its steady domes with windows opening to the blue fields above and the blossoming constellations. It asks therefore for restful times, for the hush of all overturning tumults, and seeks to insure settled civil order and the steadfastness of the State.

And what it asks, it helps to give. Where popular intelligence is diffused, revolutionary ideas may be started, but they have to be canvassed. When the demagogue encounters the schoolmaster, his arts are powerless. When priestcraft meets the spelling book and the Testament, its glozing addresses are silenced. In an enlightened community, each individual feels competent to ask questions and try issues. If he be called upon to join a revolutionary faction, his reply is, "Let's look at that." The appeal must be to his reason, not to his passions. He has learned to read, and the ability to read is a demand which creates its supply.

All public measures are put on trial before this wide public tribunal. This reader uses his eyes, and every novel idea of the day is his by nightfall, and he has a judgment upon it. His stock of ideas and judgments, as to public and general economies and policies, grows by continual accessions, and becomes a privy council which he can summon to a session upon every question of doubtful advantage and expediency.

But let it still be remembered that the amount and scope of popular intelligence depend upon the higher institutions of learning among a people. It is the standard in every department of life and manners that determines all beneath. Our judgments of what is comparative are governed by our conception of the superlative. What is high in the presence of great mountains? What is deep when we are sounding the ocean? The College not only systematizes popular education, but sustains it; nay, stimulates and elevates, drawing up the general level toward its own crested summits. They are the great glaciers, and the domed snows of the upper Alpine heights, that keep the valley streams so full and cool; and our Colleges are the primal fountains whence flow so far and wide in this land the streams of knowledge for the people.

It would be a grand omission in this argument, if we failed to remark that the element of light alone is insufficient to establish and insure public tranquillity. One other element must be added. Light and Love must be in partnership for this work. Light without Love is but archangel ruined — the baleful flame of a mighty but malign intellect. Love without Light is blind, and may do the work of Hate. Love to prompt, Light to guide — these together do their work well, and make it permanent and abiding. Associate them in human enterprises, and they are strong as God is strong. Light and Love come into bridal union in the Christian College. The intellectual element, of course, is present. But Minerva rules not here alone. It is the pre-eminent distinction of the Colleges of our land, that they embody so much of the moral and the Christian element. They were not the creatures of State action and endowment. They were founded by pious men who cut the inscription deep over their portals, "*Christo et Ecclesie.*" Through them run, for the thirst of ardent and acquisitive natures, not only the streams from classic springs, but the waters of

"Siloa's brook that flowed  
Fast by the oracle of God."

They are pervaded in a wonderful degree with the beneficent and evangelizing spirit. They stand in closest connection with the ministry of divine truth. They utter not as partisans and agitators, but as commissioned prophets, the sacredness of universal law guarding universal right. They strike thus at the root of all evil, and sow the seeds of all righteous reform. The work of reform may indeed seem to be a disturbing instead of a tranquillizing work, but it tends wisely and directly to abiding peace and solid security. For wrong is an element always of weakness and change, and nothing is settled permanently, under the reign of God, until it is settled right.

So do our Colleges league the State with the ultimate issues of human progress, and with the immovable steadfastness of the throne supreme. They shine as shine the stars of night, not mere revelations of far off, upper spheres, but as lamps of guidance to wanderers in the desert and on the sea. They shine as shines the sun by day, not to display his own royal magnificence, but to bless the waving corn and blushing orchards, to ripen golden harvests, and keep alive the cheerful hum of honest human industry.

Brothers and Fellow-Students: Were we to spend this Festival day simply in the exchange of fraternal greetings, we might doubtless make its hours pleasant in passing, and fragrant in memory. But the pressure of a peculiar and sacred obligation rests upon us. By our double fealty to letters and the State, we owe a debt to the cause of liberal learning. Let us not part from this scene and from one another, without giving and taking pledges to meet this claim to its full discharge.

We are "The Associated Alumni of the Pacific Coast," gathered from many and widely separated beginnings of youthful life and chambers of study. Beloved and venerable to each is the name of that cherishing mother far away, who calls us still her sons. But we are not to-day so much sons of Harvard, or Yale, or of any of the honored sister-band of Eastern Colleges, as we are by our new local designation Resident Alumni of the Pacific Coast.

To whom shall this College of California look for the love and duty of foster-children, if not to us? Who shall feel her bondage to want, and pay the ransom price of her redemption, if not we? Can she underlie the degradation of such a chain, and we keep our honor untarnished? In all her affliction shall not we be afflicted? What shall we answer?

Shall we say that this age and this land

are too young and new for the prosperity of letters; that our first needs are material, and that institutions of learning must wait? But because of this newness of the present, it is the era of foundations. If we do not now dig deep and build strong, what shall become of the next age? We are fathers of the coming generation — that is, educators — and we must take care that our children rise up and call us blessed.

Shall we say that this is an age of action, too busy for literature and the still life of study and thought? But never was there an age so crowded with thought, emotion, sentiment, purpose, ideas, and utterance as the present; and never one that called so solemnly for teachers of right thought, true ideas, noble purpose, and wise and temperate speech. Our actors are thinkers, orators, poets, philosophers, inventors, discoverers, and men of science. Action with us has a living tongue in the press, an echo in the books by our fireside, an immortal chronicle in history. It cannot, therefore, be dissociated from schools and mental life.

Shall we say that the men of the time can only be stirred to enthusiasm about works which they can complete themselves — the full consummation of which they can look upon and rejoice over — that they may be made willing to sow for splendid harvests, if they may be permitted to reap and bind and garner with their own hands; but that to plow for others to sow, or to sow for other hands to reap, requires a more thoughtful and patient ambition than the masses possess? But who then shall feel the ardor of such a distant but noble hope, and wait with far-seeing sagacity and faith for such a crowning as the world's benefactors? Are we also unequal to this investment in the future? Shall we have nothing germinating in this spring time for the autumn of human advancement, because we ourselves may not live to see harvest days?

I summon you, brothers in letters and fellow patriots, to turn the sentiment with which this hour finds our hearts aglow into a holy purpose; that for the sake of all the high interests of the Commonwealth, with whose honor and whose story our lives now are blended, we will take each in his sphere, and with whatever of personal influence and personal means he can devote, the fortunes of this young College of the State as a sacred charge; henceforth upon our hearts; and God make her the mother of coming and countless generations of strong workers for human good and the divine glory!

From the Saturday Review.

THE PENNS AND PENINGTONS.\*

THIS is an attempt to create interest in some of the early leaders of the Society of Friends, by exhibiting a sketch of their domestic and personal history in connexion with their public proceedings. Mrs. Webb writes as an admirer and eulogist, and she is one among the many proofs that the hagiographical instinct is not confined to any religious body. She proceeds in an easy and not unpleasant strain, in amusing unconsciousness of the looseness of her large statements and the audacity of her assumptions. The Friends have always shown a tendency to make up for their abstinence from physical force by indulging in strong language about their opponents; and the general *doucereux* character of Mrs. Webb's style is only only corrected by little spiteful flings, whenever a chance offers, against the "clergy" and the "Established Church." The justice of them is a matter not worth troubling about, either to her or her readers. Persecution is a bad thing in itself to those who suffer it, and perhaps not less so to those who inflict it; but it is unquestionably a very convenient thing to the descendants and representatives of the persecuted, when the persecution is over. This is the reflection which comes of itself into the mind when we read an account such as Mrs. Webb has given of the lives and troubles of some of the early Quakers. The persecutions they went through have encouraged her to conceive the design of making them objects of sympathy and interest to an age which is really quite as much out of sympathy with them as with their persecutors. The Friends' religion, as a distinctive system of what claims to be exclusive truth, is said to be doing little more than just holding its own at present. But if its adherents and advocates can hardly hope to attract very much attention to their doctrines, they can say with truth that they are the children of fathers whose lives, at any rate, had a source of interest which keeps fresh for ages — that is, they suffered for what they believed. They are perfectly justified in bringing the fact to our notice; what the fact may be worth is another matter, and depends on considerations outside itself; but it is a feather in the cap of any sect which has undergone persecution, and no one can find fault with them for making the most of that,

\* *The Penns and Peningtons of the Seventeenth Century.* By Maria Webb. London: Killo. 1867.



as of any other advantage. But the greatness of the advantage is brought home to us when it stands nearly alone. The picture which Mrs. Webb gives of these early Quakers has, as all accounts drawn from contemporary records are likely to have, a certain amount of curious detail; but, except to a very limited number of sympathizing readers, the only reason which suggests itself for the book having been written is that there is a good deal in it of suffering for conscience's sake. The characters, with the exception perhaps of William Penn, are those of good, earnest, religious people, but in no respect better or more striking than might be selected with perfect fairness from the biographies of any other of the religious parties of the time. To whatever real indications of individual peculiarities present themselves the writer seems blind, as she proceeds in her gentle sugar-and-water style of praise, not noticing what, if she saw them, she would probably think defects, though to less indulgent or partial readers they seem the most real disclosures given of the man's or woman's true self.

Everybody has heard of the persecutions of the early Quakers, and most people nowadays feel great indignation and disgust at them. The Quakers differed from the other sects who were persecuted under the Commonwealth and under Charles II. in this, that they made no claim to bring forward a rival system, either to the sects or to the Church, challenging the submission and adherence of the State. With the Presbyterians and Independents it was a war *à outrance* between one another, and between them and the Church; they had all along avowed the plan of destroying and rooting out the Church, to force their own platform on the nation instead, and they both gave strong proof of their purposes. But the Quakers made no such pretension. They denounced the Church, indeed, without mercy, and as violently as anybody else did; but they denounced the rest of the Dissenters just as vehemently, for incorrigible formalists and blind dogmatists. And they only asked for liberty of conscience, and to be let alone to think as they pleased, and hold their meetings, which had nothing political or dangerous about them. Then they were unresisting sufferers. Their tongues went fast, and it is not difficult to understand the almost unendurable provocation given by their quiet self-conceit and impertinence; but no one ever feared that they could be tempted into violence or retaliation. Persecuting and im-

prisoning them was like persecuting and imprisoning women; and the contrast was ever present between the force and often the brutality on one side, and the notorious determination on the other to submit to any amount of insult and ill-usage without resenting it. They were people who tempted all the coarse and tyrannical and insolent men who possessed power in towns and counties to prey upon so much defenceless and quiet eccentricity, to vent their contempt or wreak their revenge on religionists who meant every word and every act of their lives to be a rebuke to vice and profaneness, and who besides held it as a first principle not to be afraid of speaking their minds. The persecutions of the seventeenth century were all brutal, whether of the Church party against the Dissenters, or of the Non-conformists, when they had the power, against the Church. But, of all the persecutions, those against the Quakers were the most wanton and inexcusable.

There is not a word to be said for them; but the question may still be asked, and is certainly suggested by Mrs. Webb's book, what was the cause in which they were endured? Why were they undergone, and what brought them down in such violence on the Quakers? For the Quakers undoubtedly challenged the law, and pointedly courted the intolerance of the Government. Well, say their admirers, it was for their religious opinions; for their greater spirituality of religion, for their purer and simpler appreciation of the real meaning and purpose of Scripture, which led them to put aside all forms and traditions. They only wanted peaceably, each man for himself and with his few friends, to follow their way of pure devotion; and they were punished for it. This is, of course, implied in such eulogies as Mrs. Webb writes. But this was not all, for such spirituality as Mrs. Webb sets before us, as characteristic of the subjects of her book, was not confined to the Quakers; language just as high and spiritual could be quoted from contemporary Presbyterians and Independents, from Church writers, from Roman Catholic writers. Baxter and Jeremy Taylor surely had as lofty ideas about the religious life as the Quakers. The Quakers could have been high and spiritual without persecution. Of course their nonconformity involved persecution; but what we want to learn was the real thing for which persecution was worth while enduring, and which made it an inevitable alternative. And we learn that, in Mrs. Webb's view, the great and sacred principle which hallowed the sufferings of

the Quakers, as it made them necessary for the improvement of the world, was their devotion to truth and truthfulness. We must respect people who are persecuted for nonconformity; but at the same time we may think that they suffered in a mistaken cause, and from an exaggerated notion of what they were to protest about. Mere suffering even for conscience' sake may be wise or may be foolish, however honest; and it is always important, in judging of the sufferers, to consider whether they were wise or foolish. But the Quakers were at the bottom, we are told, sufferers for truthfulness. Mrs. Webb is strong on this point; for instance:—

An enlightened conscience, pointing in the Gospel to the words of the Lord Jesus himself, made it clear to him that the Friends were right in maintaining that the follower of Christ must live a life of truthfulness—must make it the great object of his life to be true to God, true to his fellow-men, and true to the convictions of his own conscience in all things; that God required from His children, and would help them to maintain, truth in heart, in word, and in deed; and that no one who is not governed by the spirit of truth and truthfulness is pleasing to God and serving Him aright.

What, then, was this truthfulness? What was it as a cause, independently of the manfulness and fortitude of the sufferers, which gave their sufferings dignity and value? How did they show this lofty truthfulness? Now we mean no disrespect to the early Quakers. They were many of them excellent and even noble men, who raised their voice, in spite of mockery and ill-usage, against the hollowness and wickedness round them. But their sufferings are recalled to shed lustre on a particular sect, and they are said to have been especially the confessors of truthfulness. In what, then, did their truthfulness especially consist. "Then came the pinch in the application of strict truthfulness" to common life. There can be no doubt that there are plenty of occasions for a trying "application of strict truthfulness;" but what was it with Thomas Elwood and his associates? We are merely repeating what we find in Mrs. Webb's extracts, that the momentous "pinch" and test of truthfulness appears in them to have been the great hat question. The first occasion by which Elwood was tried was in a hat difficulty, and he triumphs in his firmness about it, as if he had thus given the decisive proof of his faith:—

The ceremonious uncovering of the head and

the bowing of the knee were seriously regarded by the Friends as marks of veneration that should not be offered to any mortal, but should be considered as due to God alone, and observed in prayerful approaches to Him. We cannot wonder that, viewing these observances in this light, no earthly consideration could induce them to comply with these fashionable usages. Elwood thus describes meeting with some of his former acquaintances after he had made that change, on an occasion when sent by his father to Oxford, with a message to his brother magistrates who sat on the bench during the Sessions:—"I went directly to the hall where the Sessions were held, and had been but a very little while there before a knot of my old acquaintances, espousing me, came to me. One of these was a scholar in his gown, another a surgeon of that city (Oxford), both my school-fellows and fellow-boarders at Thame school, and the third a country gentleman with whom I had been long familiar. When they were come up to me, they all saluted me after the usual manner, putting off their hats and bowing, saying, 'Your humble servant, sir,' expecting, no doubt, in return the same from me. But when they saw me stand still, not moving my cap nor bowing my knee in a way of congee to them, they were amazed, and looked first one on another again for awhile, without a word speaking. At length the surgeon, a brisk young man, who stood nearest to me, clapping his hand in a familiar way on my shoulder, and smiling on me, said, 'What, Tom, a Quaker?' to which I readily and cheerfully answered, 'Yes, a Quaker.' And as the words passed out of my mouth, I felt joy springing in my heart, for I rejoiced that I had not been drawn by them into any compliance, and that I had strength and boldness given me to confess myself to be one of that despised people."

And the hat is forever coming up in his account of his difficulties. In those days, says Mrs. Webb, men generally wore their hats indoors; and as Thomas Elwood would not take off his hat to his father,

Young Elwood had not only hats and caps taken from him one after another, till all he possessed were gone, but also every means of procuring others. To this his father had recourse in order to put it out of his power ever to appear covered in his presence when he found that other and most cruel treatment which he had recourse to was unavailing. But do or say what he would to his son he found him immovable in this, though he still acted towards him with filial deference in every thing but what appeared to him as encroaching on the honour due to God.

Some friends, the Peningtons, come to see the Elwoods:—

They tarried with us all night, and much

discourse they had with my father, both about the principles of truth in general, and in relation to me in particular, which I was not privy to; but one thing which I afterwards heard of was this: when my father and we were at their house some months before, Mary Penington, in some discourse there, had told him how hardly her husband's father, Alderman Penington, had dealt with him about his hat, which my father, little then thinking that it would, and so soon too, be his own case, did very much censure the Alderman for. He spared not liberally to blame him for it, wondering that so wise a man as he was should take notice of so trivial a thing as the taking off or keeping on of a hat.

It is arranged that Thomas Elwood is to go away from home with the Peningtons; but, just at starting, the hat comes in again to embarrass matters:—

We were come to the coach side before this was concluded on, and I was ready to step in, when one of my sisters privately put my father in mind that I had no hat on. That somewhat startled him, for he did not think it fit I should go from home so far, and stay abroad, without a hat, wherefore he whispered her to fetch me a hat, and he entertained them with some discourse in the mean time. But as soon as he saw the hat coming he would not stay till it came, lest I should put it on before him; therefore, breaking off the discourse, he abruptly took his leave of them.

And the oddest indication of feeling amongst those early sectaries is that keeping on their hat was a sufficient testimony, though all the rest of the dress might be as fashionable as ever. When William Penn had declared himself a Quaker,

The whole family was dismayed at the intelligence, and the young man was forthwith recalled by the disappointed father. He promptly obeyed the summons, presenting himself as soon as possible before his parents in London. At first they were a little cheered on noticing no particular change in his manners or dress, except in not uncovering his head when he addressed them. He continued to wear the fashionable cavalier costume; the long curls, the plume, and the rapier were still in their wonted places, as were the rings and other gold ornaments. No thought had as yet been directed by him to these customary decorations; but in after-times they were all laid aside for what was more simple, though not for any style of dress peculiarly distinguishing the Quakers from other strictly religious people of those times.

And so again, in a letter of William Penn to his father, announcing his imprisonment,

and claiming his part with those who live godly in Christ Jesus, the one point which comes uppermost is the perpetual hat:—

My dear Father, — This comes by the hand of one who can best allay the trouble it brings. As true as ever Paul said it, such as live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. So, for no other reason, am I at present a sufferer. Yesterday I was taken by a band of soldiers, with one Captain Meade, and in the evening carried before the mayor; he proceeded against me according to the ancient law; he told me I should have my hat pulled off, for all I was Admiral Penn's son. I told him I desired to be in common with others, and sought no refuge from the common usage. I discoursed with him about the hat; but he avoided it. Because I did not readily answer him as to my name, William, when he asked me in order to a mitimus, he bid his clerk write one for Bridewell, and there would he see me whipped himself, for all I was Penn's son that starved the seamen.

Persecution is a bad thing; but when the cause of "truthfulness" is reduced to questions of hats, paying tithes, and saying *thou* and *thee*, though we may abhor the persecution, we must protest in the name of common sense against making heroes of the persecuted. It is a bad and dangerous precedent.

But if their admirers will not insist on our regarding these early Quakers as persons who rose above every one else in wisdom, truthfulness, or sanctity, we may find in them much to respect and not a little to like. Among other things, there is a grave humour discernible in some of them, which shows itself sometimes in narratives not unworthy of Defoe or Fielding. Thomas Elwood, Milton's reader — who with the self-satisfaction characteristic both of the man and his set, all the more amusing from the specimens of his poetical talent given here, records how he sat in judgment on *Paradise Lost*, and gives himself credit for having put the idea of *Paradise Regained* into the poet's mind — could certainly tell a good story with effect. He relates how, riding in the Commonwealth times on a Sunday from Reading to Chalfont, to attend a Quaker's meeting, he was stopped at Maidenhead, and taken before the "Warden," to answer for the offence of travelling on the Sabbath:—

He asked why I travelled on that day. I told him I did not know it would give offence to ride or to walk on that day, so long as I did not drive any carriage or horses laden with burthens. "Why," said he, "if your business

was urgent, did you not take a pass from the Mayor of Reading?" "Because," I replied, "I did not know nor think I should have needed one." "Well," said he, "I will not talk with you now — it is time to go to church — but I will examine you further anon;" and turning to the constable, "Have him to an inn, and bring him before me after dinner."

The naming of an inn put me in mind that such public-houses were places of expense, and I knew I had no money to defray it, wherefore I said to the warden, "Before thou sendest me to an inn, which may occasion some expense, I think it needful to acquaint thee that I have no money." At that the warden stared, and turning quickly upon me said, "How, no money? How can that be? You don't look like a man that has no money." "However I look," said I, "I tell thee the truth, that I have no money, and I tell it to forewarn thee that thou mayst not bring any charge upon the town." "I wonder," said he, "what art you have got that you can travel without money; you can do more, I assure you, than I can."

I making no answer, he went on and said, "Well, well, but if you have no money, you have a good horse under you, and we can distraint him for the charge." "But," said I, "the horse is not mine." "No! but you have a good coat on your back, and I hope that is your own." "But it is not," said I, "for I borrowed both the horse and the great coat." With that the warden, holding up his hands and smiling, said, "Bless me! I never met with such a man as you before! What? were you set out by the parish?" Then, turning to the constable, he said, "Have him to the Greyhound, and bid the people be civil to him." Accordingly to the Greyhound I was led, my horse put up, and I put into a large room, and some account given of me, I suppose, to the people of the house.

After dinner, he is brought again before the Warden, who threatens him with the stocks, and lectures him on the Fourth Commandment; and then he goes on to describe how his own answer about the seventh day sets the local authorities by the ears, and under this diversion he is let off: —

Then putting on a countenance of the greatest gravity, he said, "But, young man, I would have you know that you have not only broken the law of the land, but also the law of God; and therefore you ought to ask of Him forgiveness, for you have highly offended Him." "That," said I, "I would most willingly do, if I were sensible I had offended Him by breaking any law of his!" "Why," said he, "do you question that?" "Yes, truly," said I, "for I do not know of any law of God that doth forbid me to ride on this day." "No, that is strange! Where, I wonder, were you bred? You can read, can't you?" "Yes," said I,

"that I can." "Don't you then read," said he, "the commandment, *Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work; but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord, in it thou shalt not do any work.*" "Yes," I replied, "I have read it often, and remember it well. But that command was given to the Jews, not to Christians; and this is not that day; their Sabbath was the seventh day, but this is the first day of the week." "How is it," said he, "you know the days of the week no better? You need to be better taught."

Here the younger constable, whose name was Cherry, interposing, said, "Mr. Warden, the gentleman is right as to that, for this is the first day of the week, not the seventh." This the old warden took in dudgeon, and looking severely on the constable, said, "What! do you take upon you to teach me? I'll have you know I'll not be taught by you." "As you please for that, sir," said the constable, "but I am sure you are mistaken on this point; for Saturday was the seventh day, and you know yesterday was Saturday."

This made the warden hot and testy, and put him so out of patience that I feared it would have come to a downright quarrel betwixt them, for both were confident, and neither would yield. And so earnestly were they engaged in the contest, that there was no room for me to put in a word between them. At length the old man, having talked himself out of wind, stood still awhile, as it were to take breath, and then bethinking of me he turned and said, "You are discharged, and may take your liberty." "But," said I, "I desire my horse may be discharged too, else I know not how to go." "Aye, aye," said he, "you shall have your horse," and turning to the other constable, who had not offended him, he said, "Go, see that his horse be delivered to him."

The latter part of the volume is devoted to William Penn. It is composed in the same tone of indiscriminate praise, which is just as unsatisfactory in relating the life of a Quaker as it is in the pages of the excellent Alban Butler. Mr. Hepworth Dixon's highly-coloured panegyric, though largely drawn upon by Mrs. Webb, is not enough for her. Mr. Dixon, she complains, overlooks the special influences of Quaker principles and society in Penn's large-minded and benevolent legislation for his colony. But Mrs. Webb leaves us much as we were as to a satisfactory and fair judgment of William Penn. What is obvious, even in her account, is the combination of keen, shrewd, good sense with romantic aspirations and designs, of an ambition and scheming temper and strong desires for personal importance with real benevolence and the genuine wish to promote human improvement, and of a despotic love of command with an overflow in his letters of

gushing sensibility and devotional unction. After all, his extremely intimate relations with James II. are not sufficiently accounted for, in the case of a religionist of William Penn's type and opinions, by the fact of the Duke of York having been the friend of Penn's father, the admiral. Lord Macaulay may have been ill-natured, but the connection is not creditable to Penn's professed simplicity of religion; and we find nothing fresh to explain it. Altogether, Penn's connexions and acquaintances out of his own sect are remarkable. Mrs. Webb prints a correspondence between him and Tillotson, from which it appears that Tillotson had some suspicions, perfectly ill-grounded ones, of the Protestantism of a man who kept such different company. She also prints a curious expostulation from Penn to Algernon Sidney, referred to, but not quoted, by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, which is worth quoting, as showing both the manner in which the two men had worked together, and also the character which Penn had, rightly or wrongly, for being a man who must have his own way:—

13th October, 1681.

There are many things make a man's life uneasy in the world, which are great abates to the pleasure of living, but scarcely one equal to that of the unkindness or injustice of friends.

I have been asked by several since I came last to town if Colonel Sidney and I were fallen out, and when I denied it and laughed at it, they told me I was mistaken, and, to convince me, stated that he had used me very ill to several persons if not companies, saying, "I had a good country, but the basest laws in the world, not to be endured or lived under; and that the Turk was not more absolute than I." This made me remember the discourse we had together at my house about me drawing constitutions, not as proposals, but as if fixed to the hand; and as my act to which the rest were to comply, if they would be concerned with me. I could not but call to mind that the objections were presently complied with, both by my verbal denial of all such constructions as the words might bear, as if they were imposed and not yet free from debate. And also that I took my pen and immediately altered the terms, so that they corresponded (and I truly thought more properly) with thy sense. Upon this thou didst draw a draft as to the frame of government, gave it to me to read, and we discoursed it with considerable argument. It was afterwards called for back by thee to finish and polish; and I suspended proceedings in the business ever since.

I met with this sort of language in the mouths of several: I shall not believe it; 'twere not well in me to an enemy, less to a friend. But if it be true, I shall be sorry we ever were

so well acquainted, or that I have given so much occasion, to them that hate us, to laugh at me for more true friendship and steady kindness than I have been guilty of to any man I know living. It becomes not my pretensions to the things of another life to be much in pain about the uncertainties of this. Be it as it will, I am yet worthy of a line.

Thy real friend, WILLIAM PENN.

From the Economist. 3 Aug.

#### THE PRESENT INFLUENCE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS ON THE MONEY MARKET.

THE want of nerve in Lombard Street is quite enough without foreign addition; but it is unquestionable that there is such an addition. People are troubled about the state of foreign affairs. There are rumors which the *Moniteur* contradicts; but, perhaps, the contradiction rather gives importance to their currency than diminishes their belief. The addition of uncertain international circumstances is most important when in the money market at home every thing is distrustful.

We can say nothing to remove this uncertainty; on the contrary, we think it a proper and legitimate state of mind. Great changes have lately been made in Europe, and greater still are creeping on. Italy was made into a nation a few years ago; North Germany was last year made into one. The pressing difficulty is how, in what manner, to what extent, is South to be added to North Germany? Italy is not, perhaps, of the first magnitude; but North Germany especially, with its possibilities and appendages, is of the very first magnitude. For many years (and especially since the beginning of the empire), France has been not only the greatest nation on the continent, but *by far* the greatest nation. Whatever "the French do" has been taken as a capital fact to be regretted or applauded as may be, but above all things to be thought of at any rate. This was exactly the state of Europe which, by elaborate policy and treaty, the Congress of Vienna wished to prevent. The Congress, by raising Austria, Prussia, and Russia, into a kind of half-believed rank, wanted to make a counterpoise to France,—wanted to make her, in a word, one among many powers, not the most considerable among all powers. But now this almost imaginary aim is come true. If Germany becomes one, as Italy is one, France is but one of many of

several great countries; she becomes a considerable member of a mixed body, — not a person predominant over that body.

The question before Europe is— Will France, and will her Emperor, endure this descent? M. Thiers said in counting up the evils of the Mexican expedition, that it hampered the power of France during the war of Sadowa, — which is as much as to say that if so many French troops had not been in Mexico, France might have gone to war to prevent Germany being one. If so, it is the best justification the Mexican expedition will ever receive. But the question remains— Will a nation which has long been used to so high a position, which so much delights in and prizes that position, submit quietly, and without a struggle, to what really is a loss of power and a degradation?

The same difficulty presses on the Emperor which presses on France, and in a form singularly peculiar. He has in substance said to France and Europe — “No doubt I am a dictator; no doubt I repress and stifle individual freedom; no doubt I send clever men to Cayenne; no doubt I repress individual thought; no doubt I restrict the freedom of the Press; no doubt I hate newspapers; but I repay France for this. I give France a great foreign position.” What is he to say when by inevitable causes, and partly by the very principles of nationality which he invoked and advocated when half Europe was against it, this great position, and France are obliged to go down in the scale of nations?

We do not wish to over-state any thing on so serious a matter of business; but it would be very dangerous not to see what is. A great change has occurred of late in Europe affecting a susceptible nation and a self-made monarch; and day by day we should watch that change to see what will probably be produced by it, and what will not.

The question of cremation is being agitated again in Paris. Great apprehensions, it appears, are entertained that the proposed new cemetery at Portoise, though of the great extent of 2,125 acres, will exercise a baneful effect on the health of Paris. The plan originated by Dr. Caffé, of that city, of burning the dead by means of an apparatus to which he has given the name of sarcophebe, appears to be favorably entertained. By its adoption, the ashes of the deceased might be easily preserved.

## THE SONG OF A TAILOR—NOT ON STRIKE.

My life is dull, my lot is low,  
A tailor — sitting on a board —  
I urge a hot goose to and fro  
O'er seams of fustian, seams of cord.

I had a dream in early days,  
Ere cramped about the heart and knees, —  
The youthful longing for the bays  
That heroes bring across the seas.

But poverty — in scornful mood —  
Upraised a haggard face and said,  
“Go! Take this needle, work for food,  
Thy fate is spun of wincey thread.”

When now I wish for great renown,  
A “ragged regiment” me assails;  
The ghosts of future jackets frown  
From out paternal swallow-tails.

Sleep brings me dreams of cannon-balls,  
And hostile garments rolled in blood:  
With morn I wake to troops of smalls —  
Stained by a peaceful country's mud.

Sometimes a thought across me comes,  
In busy labours of the night, —  
That I do hear the roll of drums —  
Loud clarions clam'rous for the fight.

Then my swift lance despises rest,  
Fierce through the ragged breach I whirl,  
This hand hath made a crimson vest,  
And pinked the doublet of an Earl.

O'er lifeless limbs I hotly press,  
O'er soulless bodies — cut and torn, —  
I see the ranked battalion's “dress,”  
Gods! It will be an awful morn.

A page ascends the death-heaped stair, —  
“Ho! Doth thy Mistress tidings send?  
What! Tokens from my lady fair?”  
“No! Mr. THOMPSON'S coat to mend.”

Oh! heedless, heedless 'prentice boy,  
The errand you too quickly ran.  
One hour — I feel the warrior's joy,  
The next — a fraction of a man!

Yet, wherefore should I thus regret  
A blood-stained wreath — a shroudless  
grave;  
Men's hearts are not so narrow yet,  
But they may think a tailor brave.

I have a friend who loves me well,  
There is a maiden holds me dear;  
Away regret! Renown farewell!  
I have a worthier consort here.

— Punch.

## A LEAP IN THE DARK.

A FINE horse, a fine rider, — and first of the steed —  
 Caucasian Arab, they say, by his breed —  
 Limbs lithe, light, and lissome; with sinew to spare,  
 And though past mark of mouth, not a single white hair:  
 Yet his coat seems to change, as 'tis viewed in the light,  
 Now, a dull Oxford mixture, now dark, and now bright.  
 Till what its true colour, 'twas puzzle to say,  
 Till they found a new name for it — Vivian Grey —  
 His temper, you'd say, that a quieter horse  
 Never played in a paddock, or walked o'er a course,  
 But for all he's so quiet, a look in his eye,  
 Warns 'gainst trusting one's ribs his fine fetlocks too nigh.  
 And if ever a horse had a will of his own,  
 One is fixed in that flesh, and was bred in that bone:  
 Ere you cross this dark horse, let him look ne'er so nice,  
 See you've muscles like whip-cord, a hand like a vice,  
 Or the horse you'll soon find with the bit in his teeth,  
 And the rider, where riders should *not* be, beneath.  
 And he who backs *this* horse, for field, course, or park,  
 Ten to one, finds he's taken — a LEAP IN THE DARK.

And what of his rider, the lady in blue?  
 There are fears and forebodings, BRITANNIA, for you!  
 Though in front of the field 'twas your glory to show,  
 Time was when your steed by *your* will had to go:  
 When though riding your fastest, you still, as you led,  
 Kept a hand on your horse, and a watch well ahead;  
 Never rushed at your fences, your mark over-shot,  
 Nor galloped o'er ground where 'twas wiser to trot:  
 When, if strange to a country, you stuck to a guide  
 Who knew it, — nor scorned by direction to ride:

When if a big jump, or a blind, crossed your course,  
 You noted the ground ere you lifted your horse;  
 If the lie of the land hinted danger beyond —  
 Old quarry, or chalk-pit, sunk road-way, or pond —  
 When your horse would have taken the fence in his stride,  
 You pulled him together, and turned him *aside*,  
 And the chance of a fall and a fracture to baulk,  
 To the *terra incognita* went at a walk —  
 Too brave to heed sneerers' or scoffers' remark,  
 And too wise to hazard a LEAP IN THE DARK

Those fashions you've changed, and those rules you've thrown by;  
 With no hand on your reins, across country you fly;  
 Curb and snaffle hang loose, and your horse has his head,  
 And as once you steered *him*, now he steers *you*, instead;  
 Takes a line of his own, you reckon nought where or how;  
 Let him trot over pasture, and gallop o'er plough?  
 Let him shy the old ways, well-known gaps, ancient rides,  
 Leave your skirt on the thorns, smash your knees, bruise your sides,  
 In his rush betwixt gateposts too straight to pass through,  
 At stone walls he can't leap, gates you cannot undo;  
 Till at last, when your head you have lost in the run,  
 When your eyesight is failing, your strength fairly done,  
 When your line shaped at random, the guide-posts unread,  
 You know not an inch of the country ahead.  
 He goes by BRIGHT and GLADSTONE, HUGHES, FAWCETT, and MILL,  
 At a thundering gallop, tearing with you down hill,  
 In his stride takes the fence that, big, bushy, and black,  
 Throws up its thick sprays, and sharp thorns in your track,  
 And over it skims, like a lad in a lark,  
 And — who knows what will come of this LEAP IN THE DARK?

— *Punch*, 3 Aug.





## AUTUMN POEMS.

## I. — A STORM.

It came up as a cloud with purple breast,  
Sailing on, slow and silent, from the west ;  
Heaven's light upon its blue peaks seemed to  
rest.

My garden plot lay bathed in sunny ease ;  
No thunder growled above, only a breeze  
Stirred with low fitful gusts the chestnut trees.

I cannot speak of how the storm came down,  
Or how my fairy land turned sere and brown,  
Seeming to shiver 'neath the tempest's frown.

Where are my roses now ? my blooming pinks ?  
My asters and sweet jessamine ? Methinks  
Each fibre, like my heart, of sorrow drinks.

I thought for every danger to prepare,  
I feared no biting frost nor wintry air ;  
Now all my summer hopes seem buried there.

I will bind up my roses, dripping wet ;  
Perhaps this cruel storm I may forget,  
Perchance some tiny bud may blossom yet.

But while I bend the steaming earth above,  
Hark ! what glad notes break forth from yonder  
grove,  
As though my birds had learned new songs of  
love !

And lo ! as I raise up the tendrils wet,  
On every rain-washed leaf pure gems are set —  
Diamonds, and emeralds, as a coronet.

Oh ! what is this ? Such beauty from despair !  
Such balmy perfumes filling all the air !  
Such liquid notes ! Such jewels passing fair !

O weak heart ! was thy faith so soon o'ercast,  
Thy trust all scattered by one summer blast ?  
Before thy tears are dry the storm has passed.

Raise then thy altar, as one did of old,  
When the first rainbow of God's mercies told :  
Does not that same hand the sky-fountains hold ?

Yea ! as I bow my head in thankful shame,  
I do confess His mercies are the same :  
I answer humbly, Glory to His name !

## II. — THE VOICES OF THE WIND.

The wind has a new sound ;  
Not the soft whisper of the early Spring,  
Ere crimped and silky leaves have opened quite,  
When gummy sheaths lie thickly on the ground,  
And greens are tender in the dawning light.

Not Summer's full-voiced tone,  
Through the thick bowers where brooding birds  
may hide,  
When, lying with closed eyes, we seem to hear,  
As on some pebbly shore, the ocean tide —  
A solemn sound of strength, but not of fear.

Nor is it Winter's gale,  
Which beats against our casement with a power  
As strange to this soft gnat as its fierce rain  
To the descending dew of April shower —  
A cry at whose deep breath the child grows  
pale.

The sound is none of these.  
It has its own voice, this bright August day :  
A rustling cadence, as of passing wings,  
And leaves, now growing golden on the spray ;  
Their fading life lends crispness to the breeze.

Hast thou a word for me,  
With thy soft, ceaseless passing to and fro,  
Which soothes me, and yet saddens me to hear ?  
If thou hast aught to teach me, let me know.  
If thou hast comfort, tell what it may be.

Our life has seasons too.  
The gay voice of our Spring-time knows no  
fear ;  
The gentle laughter of our children peals  
Like soft May breezes ; and we love to hear  
The cooing of our babes — song ever new.

Our Summer note is strong.  
The confidence of manhood speaks aloud.  
It has to teach and counsel ; and its tone  
Must have a tender firmness in its song ;  
Not tremble into tears, nor idly moan.

Winter we all must know ;  
But we would pray for silence in that hour,  
That a diviner Spirit may control  
Our passion notes — the tempests of the soul,  
The wailing and the murmuring of woe.

O Autumn ! what of thee ?  
Be chastened tenderness thy guiding breath ;  
Knowledge of storm and sunshine temper thee,  
Patience subdue thee, calm love comfort thee,  
And Faith lend sweetness to thy psalm of death.

— *Sunday Magazine*.

ELPIS.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF GOVERNOR WINTHROP.\*

THE story of the foundation of our American Colonies will always have a deep interest for Englishmen. Let our cousins over the water say and think of us what they will, it will never be without cordial sympathy that we in the old country trace the fortunes of those who went out from among us—our own flesh and blood; a sympathy which no subsequent quarrels or estrangements can destroy.

Even the bitter anger felt by a large section in the mother-country at the rebellion of our colonists, and the unwillingness to grant them independence, had its origin in a jealous affection. We could not bear that our children should repudiate what we held to be a natural bond of allegiance. Just as many a parent now resents with jealous heart-burnings the day when son or daughter, grown to mature estate, claim to think and decide for themselves, whether in the matter of marriage or of some other weighty question of life; just as they sometimes try to draw the cords of filial duty tight, till they snap on the sudden, and leave child and parent severed far apart,—so it was with England and her grown-up sons over the sea. The feeling may not have been wise or reasonable in the one case more than in the other, but it was natural and genuine in both; and no one can read the records of those days fairly without confessing that it was so. Even those who hold the conduct of the mother-country to have been arbitrary and unreasonable, should remember that so it is also in the case of all these family disruptions; however bitter may sometimes be the fruits, the root they spring from is not altogether evil: they are but the outgrowth of the jealousy which, somehow or other, intertwines itself with our best natural affections.

The early settlements on the coast of New England were planted by men who termed themselves, very justly, nothing more than "adventurers;" they professed no higher object than trading and fishing, and all of them resulted more or less in failure. "They were like the habitations of the foolish" (says an old Puritan chronicler, quoting Job), "cursed before they had taken root." The leading spirits

among these early pioneers were men of considerable enterprise, but little principle; they treated the native inhabitants with treachery and cruelty, and suffered themselves in return. But soon there came a new influx of colonists of a very different character. The congregation of Puritan separatists who had emigrated from the north of England to Holland eleven years before, under Johnson, Robinson, and other leaders, had found little encouragement there beyond a safe refuge and liberty of opinion. The artisan life of Amsterdam and Leyden did not suit their former habits: they longed for a freer range and more pastoral occupations. There seemed some risk, too, of that "Independent" Church, for which they had given up so much, declining in strictness of principles as well as in numbers, owing to the constant intermarriage of its younger members with the Dutch. So, in 1620, a band of some hundred and twenty (did they remember as an omen the number of the names of the disciples before Pentecost?) set sail in the *Mayflower*, with the parting blessing of their old pastor, Robinson—grown too old now to shift his tents again. They landed on the well-known Plymouth Rock, and founded the town of New Plymouth. Few as they were, and slow as was the increase of the colony for some time, they soon found themselves too many for unity. In less than five years one of their ministers, Blackstone, found Independency at New Plymouth by no means independent enough for his taste: he "had left England," he said, "because he could not abide the Lord Bishops, but still less could he abide the Lord Brethren." He withdrew, and settled himself at Shawmut, now known as Boston. Roger Conant, for some similar reason, separated himself also with a few followers, and planted a branch colony at Cape Anne; but so great were the sufferings of these last seceders, that, though reinforced by Endicott, who was sent out from England as "Governor" with a small body of new emigrants, they had made up their minds to return, not to New Plymouth, but to England, in the teeth of Prelacy and its persecutions. But friends and sympathisers in the old country rallied round them, persuaded them to hold on a while, and obtained from the King, not without cost and trouble, the first charter of "The Company of Massachusetts Bay," with power to elect their own governor, make their own laws, and hold their own opinions. Armed with these privileges, some three hundred and fifty new

\* *Life and Letters of John Winthrop, Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Company at their Emigration to New England.* By Robert C. Winthrop. Boston (U. S.) 1864-66.

emigrants set sail in six armed vessels for the new plantation, which they found in sad case; but, nothing daunted, they set to work to build two clusters of huts which they called towns, and, to show their loyalty as well as their faith, named them Charles-town and Salem.

These last emigrants came chiefly from Dorsetshire and Lincolnshire, and most of them left England for conscience' sake. Their leaders were divines of the English Church who had been "silenced" by the Court of High Commission. Some of the class of adventurers had wished to join them; but their company was declined. They would shake themselves free, they said, of "those bestial, yea diabolical sort," who had already ruined so many hopeful plantations. Some of the disappointed aspirants used equally strong expressions on their part. Captain John Smith, a man of great energy and enterprise, who had taken an active part in the earlier settlement of Virginia, and had assumed the high-sounding titles of "Governor of Virginia and Admiral of New England," offered his services to this new expedition, as he had to the earlier voyagers in the *Mayflower*—but in vain; he speaks of them as "an absolute crew, only of the elect, holding all but such as themselves to be reprobate"—all ready to rule, but none to obey, and determined to be "lords and kings of themselves." There was some unpleasant truth in the accusations on both sides; but the solemn fast with which the emigrants inaugurated their voyage, the daily expositions and the Sunday catechisings which took place on board their ships, awed even the sailors into reverence for men who were so plainly in earnest.

Their first winter in the new country was a terrible one. Eighty of their number died. But they bore it bravely, and sent home, as many an emigrant has since, accounts more cheering than strictly truthful. This and other causes turned the eyes of many in England to the new field of enterprise across the Atlantic. A large body at home were growing more and more dissatisfied with the arbitrary proceedings in Church and State. The Massachusetts Bay Company projected the transfer of its charter, corporation, and government to the colony itself; and a knot of men of some position and estate in the eastern counties, of a higher class than had hitherto joined the adventure, was meditating a new embarkation.

The leading spirit, in this which may be called the second Puritan emigration, was

John Winthrop, whose remarkable "Life and Letters," recently published in America by one of his descendants, now lie before us. To him, it is evident even from the admissions of his rivals, his fellow-adventurers mainly looked for strength and counsel in their enterprise. The chief public events of his life, so far as the history of the colony is concerned, are embodied in the record which he drew up himself—"The History of New England from 1630 to 1649,"—and which was published, from the original manuscripts, early in the present century. Many of his letters have also been printed at different times. But he was a man who well deserved a special record. The details of his personal and family life have a double interest: they not only illustrate a critical period of our English history, civil and religious, but they help us to a thorough comprehension of one who must be regarded as, in a very large measure, the founder of the great American nation. He is one of the best, as he is one of the strongest types of the men to whom New England owes her real greatness. If we are inclined to find fault with his present biographer, it is that he has assumed somewhat too familiar an acquaintance, at least so far as his English readers are concerned, with the collateral history of the eventful times of which he writes. Eventful as they were for England, they were more vitally eventful for America; and no doubt the biography of the *Pilgrim Fathers* is a household tale in most homes in Boston. Yet even for readers so sympathising and well informed, we think the interest of these volumes would have been heightened by further incidental notices of those with whom Winthrop was so closely associated—whose lives, it may be said, were a part of his own. For readers on our side of the Atlantic, this biography absolutely requires such illustration; and we must take leave here to fill up the sketch, which we gladly borrow from Mr. Robert Winthrop's pages, out of some of those materials which, abundant as they are, may probably be more familiar to his countrymen than to ours.

John Winthrop was the only son of Adam Winthrop of Groton House, near Sudbury; one of the old Suffolk country squires, a justice of the peace for his county, with a moderate estate and a roomy old manor-house, where good old English hospitality was liberally but unostentatiously dispensed; where the judge and the barristers on circuit, and the brother magistrate at sessions-time, and the rector or his sub-

stitute on Sundays, sat down alike to the early dinner — *dapes inemptas* — where the capon or turkey and short-legged down mutton was bred on the manor farm, and the pike (“three-quarters of a yarde longe, *ut puta*,” notes the master of the feast) came fresh from the manor pond. Occasionally a present of half a buck would come in from some grander neighbour, as Sir Thomas Savage of Melford, a place still so famous for the quality of its venison, that the present French Emperor sent for some of the breed to stock one of his own parks. These Winthrops were connected by marriage with the Lord Burnell (of Acton Burnell), the Mildmays, the Fownes, and other ancient families in their own and other counties. They were patrons also of the Rectory of Groton, and stanch friends of the Reformed Church. Both Adam Winthrop and his son John were great encouragers of preaching — the latter, indeed, could on occasion preach himself; and not content with such supply as they found at their parish church, would attend at the neighbouring churches of Boxford and Edwardston (there were Thursday preachings as well as Sunday), whenever any divine of note was to be heard there. It is a noteworthy sign of the times that Adam the father records in a curious journal which he kept, that in these three small churches he heard no less than thirty-three different preachers (whose names he gives) within the space of one year. This constant interchange of pulpits among the Puritan divines may partly account for the inordinate length of their sermons; for it would have been almost impossible for a man to supply his own parishioners with that amount of fresh matter Sunday after Sunday. Most of these discourses, however, seem to have been written ones; for he notes, evidently as something out of the usual course, “This daye Mr. Grice preached at Boxford *ex improviso*.”

In this old manor-house of Groton, John Winthrop was born in January 1587 (8). His education was liberal. We do not learn where he was at school; but at the age of fourteen he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge. He left after two years of residence, taking no degree. Whether this premature removal was the consequence of a serious illness which he had while at college, or whether it was in contemplation of some other responsibilities which, as we shall presently see, he was about to take upon himself thus early, is not clear. But his university training was by no means wasted. It is plain from his subsequent

correspondence with his son, when the latter in his turn went to college, that he was no mean proficient in writing Latin; and the formal syllogisms which occur now and then in documents of his composition go far to prove that in those days the Cambridge men did not despise logic so much as their successors are reputed to do.

More than once in his after-life, he set himself to record his religious thoughts and feelings, the struggles of his conscience, and his spiritual progress and decline. His biographer says of these memoranda what is most probably true enough, that they were “plainly intended for no eye but his own.” The same is said, and perhaps with equal truth, of all such religious diaries. But, whatever the wish or intentions of the writer they are usually frustrated, if he be a person of any mark, by the inevitable course of events; and unless he has the strength of mind to destroy them before his death, they fall into the hands of friends whose love and admiration are sometimes greater than their judgment, and so find their way inevitably into the pages of a printed memoir, where it is presumed their author would least have wished to see them. In a private record of this character, which he calls his ‘*Experientia*,’ jotted down at a somewhat later period of his life, John Winthrop speaks of himself as having been, in his early youth, “very lowly disposed, inclining unto and attempting (so far as my heart enabled me) all kinds of wickedness except swearing and scorning religion, which I had no temptation unto in regard of my education.” So again a little farther on he describes himself as “still very wild and dissolute.” The interpretation which his present biographer puts upon these and some similar expressions is almost certainly the true one.

“His language must undoubtedly be taken with some grains of allowance for the peculiar phraseology and forms of expression which belonged to the times in which it was written, and also for that spirit of unsparing self-examination and self-accusation which was characteristic of all the Puritan leaders. . . . As, in his mature manhood, in his wilderness retreat, and from that lofty eminence of personal purity and piety on which he had now planted himself, he looked back over the course of his life, and found so little to reproach himself with except the follies and frailties of childhood, he seems to have been impelled to magnify every youthful peccadillo to the full measure of a deadly sin, in order that there might be something on which to exercise the cherished graces of confession, humiliation, and self-abasement. It may be, however, that he really was as wild a lad as

his words would seem to imply, and that the corruptions of his youth weighed heavily upon his conscience in later years."

We make bold to acquit John Winthrop of any such charge, in spite of the highly-coloured evidence which he has borne here against himself. 'A catalogue of Sinnes,' which he makes at another period, is happily locked up in a cipher said to be unintelligible, and which we trust may remain so; and we could have been well content — in spite of one or two striking passages — if the whole of his religious experience had been left in the same concealment. These morbid self-dissections are repulsive to most minds, and can be healthful to none.

However, when he was little more than seventeen, John Winthrop, with the full consent of his friends, was married to an heiress, the daughter of John Forth, of Great Stambridge, in Essex — a fact sufficient to account for his short stay at Cambridge. At eighteen he was a father, and, what may seem more remarkable, a justice of the peace. After the simple and patriarchal fashion of the time, he continued to reside partly in the manor-house — his father resigning to him much of the management of the family estate, and even the lordship of the manor — and partly with his wife's father at Stambridge. At twenty-eight he was a widower, with four surviving children. Of his life during these years there is little record; but an entry among his 'Experiences' shows us that, like most English country gentlemen, he was fond of field-sports, but had some scruples of conscience about indulgence in them.

"1611, Dec. 15. — Findinge by much examination that ordinary shootinge in a gunne, etc., could not stande with a good conscience in myselfe, as first, For that it is simply prohibited by the lawe of the lande, uppon this grounde amongst others, that it spoiles more of the creatures then it getts: 2. It procures offence unto manye: 3. It wastes great store of tyme: 4. It toyles a man's bodye over muche: 5. It endangers a man's life, etc.: 6. It brings no profite, all things considered: 7. It hazards more of a man's estate by the penaltie of it then a man would willingly parte with: 8. It brings a man of worth and godliness into some contempt: lastly, For mine owne parte, I have ever binne crosst in usinge it, for when I have gone about it, not without some woundes of conscience, and have taken muche paynes and hazarded my healtche, I have gotten sometimes a very little, but most commonlye nothing at all, towards my cost and laboure:

"Therefore I have resolved and covenanted with the Lorde to give over altogether shoot-

inge at the creeke; and for killing of birds etc., either to leave that altogether, or els to use it bothe verye seldome and very secretly. God (if He please) can give me fowle by some other meanes; but if He will not, yet, in that it is His will who loves me, it is sufficient to uphold my resolution."

John Winthrop was an excellent man, though a bad shot, and we have no intention of judging him by these odd scruples of conscience. It is easier to appreciate the honesty with which he clinches his arguments against shooting, by the consideration that the result of his "paynes" in that way was "most commonly nothing at all," than the peculiar form of piety which makes "a covenant with the Lorde" to follow a profane and unedifying sport "very secretly." But such was the distorted spiritual vision of the men of that peculiar school; we may afford to smile at their weaknesses, as they might at some of ours; but to refuse on that account to recognise their many noble qualities, would be to show a narrow-mindedness on our own part far less excusable than theirs.

Winthrop soon married again. His second wife was Thomasine Clopton, one of the famous Cloptons of Castleins, a country-house near Groton. In a year and a day after their marriage she died in childbirth, and left him again a widower. He has left an account of her last hours, which, though disfigured in many places (as we venture to think) by the peculiar phraseology of his religious school, is yet full of simple earnestness and pathos. The concluding passage, in which he sums up her character, is wholly admirable.

"She was a woman wise, modest, loving, and patient of injuries; but her innocent and harmless life was of most observation. She was truly religious, and industrious therein; plain-hearted, and free from guile, and very humble-minded; never so addicted to any outward things (to my judgment) but that she could bring her affections to stoop to God's will in them. She was sparing in outward show of zeal, &c., but her constant love to good Christians, and the best things, with her reverent and careful attendance of God's ordinances, both public and private, with her care for avoiding of evil herself and reproving it in others, did plainly show that truth and the love of God did lie at the heart. Her loving and tender regard of my children was such as might well become a natural mother: for her carriage towards myself, it was so amiable and observant as I am not able to express; it had this only inconvenience, that it made me delight too much in her to enjoy her long."

A blank space in his little volume of memoranda, in which no entry seems to have been made for some weeks at least, marks the void in his life made by this second bereavement. He fell for a while into a state of apathy and despondency. But he was too energetic and too conscientious to allow the blow to break him down utterly. After two years he married a third time — Margaret, daughter of Sir John Tindal of Maplestead, who had not long before been assassinated by a man who was disappointed by one of his decisions as a Master in Chancery. It seems to have been a wise and prudent choice; and there was no disparity of age, for Margaret Tindal was but four years younger than her husband. The courtship was after the grave and formal fashion of the times; but their affection was mutual and sincere, and seemed to grow with their married years.

Winthrop was at this time practising the law, and attending the courts both in London and on circuit. He had chambers in the Temple, was employed occasionally in the drafts of bills for Parliament, and had a considerable practice amongst clients of some distinction. A few years afterwards he obtained the office of "Attorney to the Court of Wards and Liveries" — an institution of Henry VIII., the jurisdiction of which extended over widows, wards, and lunatics. His residence in London separated him a good deal from his wife, but their correspondence was regular and affectionate. She was continually sending him up country delicacies from the manor — turkeys, capons, runlets of cider, and cheeses, often with deprecatory apologies for their not being so excellent as she could wish; and he in return chooses silk and "trymings" for her dress, and sends presents of oranges for herself, and a little tobacco for her mother, Lady Tindal. Tobacco was one of the indulgences (possibly one of the sins) to which John Winthrop himself confessed; and no doubt he and his excellent mother-in-law smoked many a pipe of it together by the hall fireside at Groton Manor, though it was rather an expensive luxury. Here is a letter of his from the country to his eldest son, now keeping his law terms at the Inner Temple: —

"We want a little tobacco. I had very good, for seven shillings a-pound, at a grocer's by Holborn Bridge. There be two shops together. It was at that which is farthest from the bridge, towards the Conduit. If you tell him it is for him that bought half a pound of Verina and a pound of Virginia of him last

term, he will use you well. Send me half a pound of Virginia."

Indeed he confesses that he had "fallen into a bondage" to this seductive weed; and a year later, in consequence of a dangerous illness from malignant fever, he "gave it clean over." The prevalence of the habit of smoking was a snare to the consciences of these excellent Puritans both in Old and New England. By the early laws of Massachusetts, tobacco was strictly prohibited; but the habit was too strong for law, and the most respectable magistrates and ministers continued to enjoy their pipes: most of them, like Winthrop with his gun, "very secretly," yet not so secretly but that great scandal was caused to the Church thereby. Heretics, Quakers, and witches, they had made short work with; but tobacco beat them: it was too strong a measure, even under that strong government, to hang a man for smoking — not to say that it would have been inconvenient for a rising colony to hang half their community. So, after much grave and anxious debating of the question, a resolution was passed, in their quaint wording, that "tobacco should be set at liberty;" and any one who has chanced to observe a modern New Englander's habits in the use of it, will admit that this "liberty" is at present very considerable.

But we must return to John Winthrop and his wife Margaret. The deep love and affection they bore each other is very pleasant to read of. The stern gravity which marked the writer from his earliest years melts into tender playfulness when he takes his pen in hand for her. She received her love-letters — real love-letters — after marriage, a privilege which few wives enjoy. The husband's letters from his London chambers are very different productions from those which the suitor wrote "to his dearest friend Mrs Margaret Tyndal." If it is fair to judge from the two specimens which have been preserved, these were of the most discreet and coldest pattern. Admirable advice — especially in the delicate matter of dress; solemn hints that, though he "will meddle with no particulars," he hopes his future wife will "content" him by dressing plainly; but as for the "love" they contain, they might (but for a passing adaptation of Solomon's Songs) have been read aloud to a company of the most inveterate spinsters. His letters, indeed, have always a religious tone: it was the abiding habit of his mind, sometimes overwrought, but always earnest and sincere; but they

have an abundant seasoning of that human affection which—we gladly learn from indisputable authority—is the reflex of a higher love. The very terms of endearment, varied letter after letter, are an index to the feeling which could hardly satisfy itself in common words. "My sweet wife"—"Most deare and lovinge wife"—"Mine owne sweet self"—are only some out of the many forms of loving address with which his letters begin. For her, the Puritan husband could almost find it in his heart to adopt that vain and idolatrous show of reverence for saints' days, against which he would surely have said "anathema" to the parson of Groton. Writing to his Margaret on the 14th of February, he says, in a little loving postscript, "Thou must be my Valentine, for none hath challenged me." Even when "straightened in time," he says "I would not let a week passe without letting thee heare from me;" a resolution, the virtue of which must not be measured by these days of penny postage. He had to send his letters by such private hands as he could hear of, and hunt out with some pains and difficulty; such as "neighbour Cole" and "goodman Newton." Nor were such bearers always trustworthy. His son Forth (named after his mother) was rash enough, when at Cambridge, to trust a letter home to the hands of a volunteer postman instead of sending it by the regular Cambridge carrier, old Hobson\* (who meets us again unexpectedly in these pages), and the letter never got delivered at all.

It is difficult, out of these many love-letters, to choose one as a specimen. This at least is of the briefest:—

"My sweet Wife, — I blesse the Lorde for His continued blessings upon thee and our familie; and I thanke thee for thy kinde lettres: But I knowe not what to saye for myselfe: I should mende and growe a better husband, haveinge the helpe and example of so good a wife, but I growe still worse. I was wonte heretofore, when I was longe absent, to make some supplye with volumes of lettres; but I can scarce afforde thee a few lines: Well, there is no helpe but by enlarginge thy patience, and strengtheninge thy good opinion of him who loves thee as his owne soule, and should count it his greatest affliction to live without thee; but because thou art so deare to him, he must choose rather to leave thee: for a tyme than to enjoye thee: I am sorrye I must

\* It can be hardly necessary to remind our readers of "Hobson's Choice" or of Milton's epitaphs on the trusty old carrier. Mr. R. Winthrop calculates that Hobson must have been now eighty-three years old — still in full work.

still prolonge thy expectation, for I cannot come forth of London till Tuesday at soonest. The Lord blesse and keepe thee and all ours, and sende us a joyfull meetinge. So I kisse my sweet wife, and rest thy faithfull Husband,

"JOHN WINTHROP.

"Thy syder was so well liked that we must needs have more as soon as thou canst.  
"Nov. 26, 1624."

Well might Margaret write in reply, "I am wel persuaded of thy love, and can see it in a few lines as in a whole volem." Her spelling is of the most impromptu kind, even for those days, when Government "standards" (or any other standard in such matters) were unknown, and every man and woman fought for their own hand in the way of orthograghy; but John Winthrop had surely never the heart to criticise it. She writes the following at a time when he has cut his hand:—

"Lovinge and most deare Husband, — Now in this solytary and uncomfortable time of your longe absence, I have no other meanes to shew my love but in these poore fruts of my pen, with which I am not able to expresse my love as I desire, but I shall endeavor allwaies to make my duty knowne to you in some measure though not answearable to your deserts and love. Although it pleaseth God to part us for a time, I hope He will bringe us to gether againe, and so provide that we may not be often asunder, if it may be for our good and His glory; and now I thinke longe to heare of thee and of your safe cominge to London. I will not looke for any longe letters this terme because I pittie your poore hande; if I had it heere I would make more of it than ever I did, and bynde it up very softly for fear of hurting it."

He had a serious illness, once, in his town chambers; and then, and only then, the wife is disobedient. In spite of his charge "not to think of coming up," she sets out with only the escort of her maid Amy on a winter's journey to London. The only omission on her part of which her husband makes even a semblance of complaint is curiously feminine: "Thy sweet letters (*without date*), how welcome they were to me I cannot expresse." But in truth such letters are of no date; the affection which breathes through them has no characteristics of past or present. There needs the less apology for having lingered over the pages which record it.

Of Winthrop's sons, the elder, John, had tried the law, as we have seen. Either it did not suit his taste, or he made no way in it. He seems to have been a restless spirit.

He now joined the fleet under the Duke of Buckingham, and went out in the *Due Repulse* to the relief of Rochelle. Some words of parting advice which his father wrote to him have a right noble tone, in spite of what may seem a tinge of fatalism. The true Puritan could fight as well as pray.

"Be not rash, upon ostentation of valour, to adventure yourself to unnecessary dangers; but if you be lawfully called, let it appear that you hold your life for Him who gave it you, and will preserve it unto the farthest period of His own holy decree. For you may be resolved that, while you keep in your way, all the cannons or enemies in the world shall not be able to shorten your days one minute.

The son soon returned, liking the sea perhaps no better than the law; and it was in this erratic member of the family that the longing for emigration first showed itself. He had at one time a wish to join Endicott's expedition to New England, already mentioned. He did not go, though his father rather encouraged it than otherwise; but there is no evidence that the elder Winthrop felt any personal interest in these earlier emigrations, or had any thought at this time of being possibly led himself in the same direction. John Winthrop, the younger, contented himself for the present with a foreign tour, which extended as far as Constantinople.

It is in some letters of the next year that we find Winthrop first entertaining the idea of expatriation. But the materials for his biography at this point seem to be far more scanty than at some less interesting periods of his life. We can only learn that he was no longer "Attorney of the Court of Wards." Perhaps he resigned it from dislike of the work; more probably, as his biographer suggests, "his opposition to the course of Government at this period, and his manifest sympathy with those who were suffering under its unjust exactions and prescriptions, may have cost him his place." The expressions in his letters favour this conclusion. "I think," he says in one, "mine office is gone;" in another, "Mine office is gone, and my chambers both." He writes to his wife:—

"My occasions are such as thou must have patience till the ende of next weeke, though I shall strive to shorten it, if possible I may; and after that I hope we shall never parte so long againe, till we parte for a better meetinge in heaven. But where we shall spend the rest of our short tyme I knowe not; the Lord, I

trust, will direct us in mercye: my comfort is, that thou art willinge to be my companion in what place or condition soevere, in weale or in woe."

The reasons which induced Winthrop and his fellow-adventurers to quit their native country for the then almost unknown shores of America may be best given in his own words. It does not appear that, in the case of this particular body of emigrants, the most considerable of all, it was any actual persecution for conscience' sake which impelled them to it. Partly they had a desire "to carry the gospel into those parts of the world, to help on the coming of the fullness of the gentiles, and to raise up a bulwark against the kingdom of Antichrist which the Jesuits laboured to rear in those parts." They thought, too, that "evil times were coming," and that "the Church had no place left to flie unto but into the wilderness." But partly also they were led, like modern emigrants, by the hope of bettering their fortunes; and it is curious to find them complaining, in those early days, of difficulties in the old country which we are apt to look upon as of much more modern development—the pressure of an increasing population, so that "the land grows weary of her inhabitants;" the growing extravagance of living. "so as no man's estate almost will suffice to keep sail with his equals;" the "unsupportable charge" of a liberal education for their children, and "the deceitful and unrighteous course" of all "arts and trades," so that "it is almost impossible for a good and upright man to maintain his charge and live comfortably in any of them." But for the antique turn of the sentences, we might readily imagine that in these 'Reasons,' drawn up by John Winthrop, more than two hundred years ago, 'for justifying the Undertakers of the intended Plantation in New England,' we were reading the arguments advanced by a modern English gentleman with a large family and small estate for emigrating to Australia.

That the difficulty of keeping up his position in his native country, with a large and increasing family, was one of the most weighty inducements which led John Winthrop to turn his thoughts to New England, is evident from another paper found in his own handwriting, and which his descendant has now printed for the first time. It is called 'Particular Considerations in the Case of J. W.'

"1. It has come to that issue that (in all



probability) the welfare of the plantation depends upon his going, for divers of the chief undertakers (upon whom the rest depend) will not go without him.

"2. He acknowledges a satisfactory calling, &c.

"3. Though his means be sufficient for a comfortable subsistence in a private condition here, yet the one-half of them being disposed to his three elder sons, who are now of age, he cannot live in the same place and calling with that which remains; his charge being still as great as before, when his means were double; and so if he should refuse this opportunity, the talent which God hath bestowed upon him for public service were like to be buried."

There is evidence besides, from his own letters, that, to meet his increasing family charges, he had borrowed money from relatives, which he had some difficulty in paying. There was a prodigal, too, even in that well-ordered family. The third son, Henry, had gone out, not in very edifying company, to seek his fortune as a tobacco-planter in Barbadoes ("Barbatus," his mother with much originality, spells it), and was always writing home for supplies, and promising to send large returns, which never came; so that at length the father is compelled to write to the effect that he neither will nor can do more for him; "I owe more already than I am able to pay without sale of my land."

Winthrop's motives for emigration, therefore, were of a much more mixed character than either his past or present biographers seem willing to allow. But none of them were at all to his discredit; and the high estimation in which his character was held by those who knew him best, is evidenced not only by the unwillingness which he mentions of the "chief undertakers" to go without him, but by the fact that he was chosen by them unanimously first Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Company, now to be transferred to New England.

The chief names among those who were associated with him in this enterprise were Sir Richard Saltonstall, who took over with him three sons and two daughters, Isaac Johnson, John Humphrey (chosen first Deputy-Governor), and Thomas Dudley. All of them were men of some local influence and position. Johnson had married the Lady Arbella Clinton, and Humphrey the Lady Susan, daughters of the Earl of Lincoln, who both accompanied their husbands, undeterred by the discomforts of such a voyage or the hardships of a settler's life. Winthrop had no such pleasant companionship. His wife was expecting her

confinement, and it was arranged that she should follow next spring, when she and her infant might be fit to cross the sea. He had reason afterwards to rejoice in an arrangement which was at the time a severe trial to the affection of both. His three younger sons, Henry, Adam, and Stephen, were to be of the company; and he was so fortunate as to persuade his friend and neighbor, William Gager, "a right godly man and skilful chyrurgeon," of whom he is informed that the country practice in the Suffolk villages does not "afford such sufficient and comfortable employment as his gifts do require," to give the new colony the benefit of his skill.

Winthrop spent his last Christmas in England at the old manor-house with his wife and family in 1629. There it was, most likely, that the parting scene took place which Hubbard has recorded, when, "at a solemn feast amongst many friends, a little before their last farewell, finding his bowels yearn within him, instead of drinking to them, by breaking into a flood of tears himself, he set them all a-weeping with Paul's friends, while they thought of seeing the faces of each other no more in the land of the living." In the following March he embarked with his party at Southampton. There were seven hundred of them in all; and quite a little fleet — no less than eleven ships — had been provided for their transportation. But only four were ready to sail at the time appointed, and Winthrop would not wait. Of these four vessels, the Admiral, of 350 tons, carrying twenty-eight guns and fifty-two men, was named the 'Arbella,' in compliment to Johnson's noble and beautiful wife, the acknowledged heroine of the expedition. The former name of this vessel had been the Eagle, and our present author's American sentiment so far overrides his chivalry that he actually regrets the change. It is the only instance of bad taste in his volumes. Our own admiration for the "bird of freedom" certainly does not carry us so far. The ships were detained by adverse winds at Cowes, and again off Yarmouth; and during this delay Winthrop again and again wrote parting letters to his wife. They have been well worth preserving: we can only find room for a part of one of them: it is dated "From aboard the Arbella, riding at the Cowes, March 28, 1630."

"And now, my sweet soul, I must once again take my last farewell of thee in Old England. It goeth very near to my heart to leave thee; but I know to whom I have committed

thee — even to Him who loves thee much better than any husband can, who hath taken account of the hairs of thy head, and puts all thy tears in His bottle, who can and (if it be for His glory) will bring us together again with peace and comfort. Oh, how it refresheth my heart to think that I shall yet again see thy sweet face in the land of the living! that lovely countenance that I have so much delighted in, and beheld with so great content! I have hitherto been so taken up with business as I could seldom look back to my former happiness; but now, when I shall be at some leisure, I shall not avoid the remembrance of thee, nor the grief for thy absence. Thou hast thy share with me; but I hope the course we have agreed upon will be some ease to us both. Mondays and Fridays, at five of the clock at night, we shall meet in spirit till we meet in person. Yet if all these hopes should fail, blessed be our God that we are assured we shall meet one day, if not as husband and wife, yet in a better condition. Let that stay and comfort thine heart. Neither can the sea drown thy husband, nor enemies destroy, nor any adversity deprive thee of thy husband and children. Therefore I will only take thee now and my sweet children in mine arms, kiss and embrace you all, and so leave you with God. Farewell, farewell. I bless you all in the name of the Lord Jesus."

Another letter of farewell, written to his dear friend Sir William Spring, one of the members for the county, is expressed in almost passionate terms of affection. The fervid apostrophe at the end, in Winthrop's favourite language of the 'Canticles,' has an eloquence of its own: —

"But I must leave you all: our farewells usually are pleasant passages, mine must be sorrowful. This addition of 'forever' is a sad close, yet there is some comfort in it — bitter pills help to procure sound health. God will have it thus, and, blessed be His holy name, let Him be pleased to lift up the light of His countenance upon us, and we have enough. We shall meet in heaven, and while we live our prayers and affections shall hold an intercourse of friendship, and represent us often with the idea of each other's countenance.

"Now Thou, the Hope of Israel, and the sure hope of all that come to Thee, knit the hearts of Thy servants to Thyself in faith and purity! Draw us with the sweetness of Thine odours, that we may run after Thee; allure us, and speak kindly to Thy servants, that Thou mayest possess us as Thine own in the kindness of youth and the love of marriage; seal us up by that Holy Spirit of promise, that we may not fear to trust in Thee; carry us into Thy garden, that we may eat and be filled with those pleasures which the world knows not; let us hear that sweet voice of Thine, 'My love, my dove, my undefiled;' spread Thy skirt over us, and cover our deformity; make

us sick with Thy love; let us sleep in Thine arms, and awake in Thy kingdom. The souls of Thy servants, thus united to Thee, make as one in the bonds of brotherly affection; let not distance weaken it, nor time waste it, nor changes dissolve it, nor self-love cast it out."

One more letter of joint farewell the governor and his company wrote "from Yarmouth, aboard the Arbella." It was to "their brethren in and of the Church of England," whom they were leaving in the body for ever, but from whom assuredly they never thought to be severed in the spirit. It is a noble letter, which should be read entire in Mr. Winthrop's pages, for to mutilate it is scarcely justifiable; but its tone may be judged of from the following passages: —

"We desire you would be pleased to take notice of the principles and body of our company, as those who esteem it our honor to call the Church of England, from whence we rise, our dear mother; and cannot part from our native country, where she specially resideth, without much sadness of heart and many tears in our eyes, ever acknowledging that such part and hope as we have obtained in the common salvation we have received in her bosom, and sucked it from her breasts.

"We leave it, therefore, not as loathing that milk wherewith we were nourished there; but, blessing God for the parentage and education, as members of the same body shall always rejoice in her good, and unfeignedly grieve for any sorrow that shall ever betide her; and while we have breath, sincerely desire and endeavour the continuance and abundance of her welfare, with the enlargement of her bounds in the kingdom of Christ Jesus."

The actual writer is unknown; but it seems to bear evident traces of Winthrop's style.

The voyage was not without its discomforts and even dangers. Our biographer has condensed it into a couple of pages — not judiciously, as we think, since there are other portions of these two volumes which might much more reasonably have been curtailed. Hubbard, in his quaint and amusing narrative, gives us far more of its details. The Talbot, in addition to the ordinary sufferings, had the smallpox on board, and lost some of her crew. Owing to the stormy weather, very many of the cattle, of which each ship carried a considerable number, died from bruises and broken limbs; but Hubbard consoles himself with the reflection, that even "if Jacob himself had been there" to look after them, he could not have helped it.\*

\* W. Hubbard's 'Narrative' (Massachus. Hist. Soc. Collections, 2d Ser. vol. v.)

The *Arbella* was the first ship to make land. On the seventy-second day there came to the worn voyagers "a smell of the shore, like the smell of a garden," and four days afterwards they landed at Salem. Winthrop notes in his journal that the captain and the gentlemen of the company supped ashore, "with a good venison pasty and good beer," while the humbler emigrants wandered along the shore of Cape Anne, and refreshed themselves with "store of fine strawberries." The *Talbot* soon followed her consort, and in her arrived young Henry Winthrop. The wanderer had found his last resting-place: the very day he set his foot on the new continent, he was drowned in swimming a river. "A sprightly and hopeful young gentleman," Hubbard calls him — there was good in him, perhaps, after all. He was but twenty-two, was just married, and his young widow bore him a daughter at Groton Manor while he was on his voyage out. Eleven ships, the whole of the first detachment, had arrived safe by the end of July; and six more, carrying a new reinforcement, straggled in before the close of that year.

It has been said that the colony had suffered severely the winter before this new immigration. They were, in fact, almost starving when the *Arbella* arrived. Hardship and trouble were for some time the lot of the new settlers also. Want of proper food and warm shelter — all which their previous habits of life had made necessary to them even more than to their predecessors — began to tell upon them at once. The comparatively cheerful letters which the Governor writes home to Groton Manor give very little idea of the real misery of the new settlement. He was carrying out to the uttermost the motto which he had adopted as the anagram of his name (Iohanes Winthrop) — "I hope" wins a throne." They had an unhealthy autumn, and the deaths were many. One of the first victims was Lady *Arbella* Johnson; she died little more than a month after her arrival. Very little has been recorded of her, though evidently there was much to tell; but the brief Puritan chronicles melt into poetry when they speak of her death. "She came" (says Hubbard) "from a paradise of pleasure into a wilderness of want: she had not counted the cost, and it proved too strong a temptation \* for her." More emphatic, though shorter, is Cotton Mather's tribute, "She took New England on her way to heaven." In another month her husband followed her. The colony had almost as

\* *i. e.* "trial."

great a loss in "good Mr. Higginson," who had cheered and encouraged his people through the miseries of the winter before, and Gager, their "chirurgion." Two hundred in all had died by the end of the year. A great scarcity followed during winter and early spring, and there were no supplies from England. Still Winthrop lost neither heart nor hope, and his letters to his wife (who had got safely through her trouble, and given him another little daughter) are full of cheer for the future. He did not tell her the worst: how they had been forced to live chiefly upon clams and mussels — food abhorrent to an inland Englishman — and nuts and acorns; and how, even in his own household, "the last batch of bread was in the oven," or, in Mather's version of the story, the Governor himself was giving away "the last handful of meal in the barrel to a poor man distressed by the wolf at the door," and a special day had been appointed for public fasting and prayer, when the topmasts of the *Lyon*, despatched by the provident Governor six months before to Bristol for provisions, were seen in the offing, and a general Thanksgiving-day — the first of those commemorations — was proclaimed by an order in council instead of a fast.

Some of the colonists lost heart, apparently, and went home again. Among them was Sir Richard Saltonstall, with his two daughters and one of his sons. His departure was a great discouragement, but the Governor took it with his usual cheerfulness. He entertained the party at his house the night before, and "gave them three drakes at their setting sail."<sup>o</sup>

But Margaret Winthrop never flinched from her resolution to join her husband. She was to have the escort not only of her eldest son, but of John Wilson, pastor of the new church at Boston, who had returned to England to bring out his wife. Mrs. Wilson, however, would not go. "I marvel" (writes Margaret to her husband) "what mettle she is made of." It was in the dark days of November 1631 when the good ship *Lyon* came in again as the herald of joy, and, after twenty months' separation, Winthrop and his family were once more reunited. Not without a fresh sorrow; for though the mother bore the passage bravely, the little daughter had died on board a week

\* Most of our readers probably know the distinction between *ducks* and *drakes* — the latter being small pieces of ordnance. But Mr. R. Winthrop informs us that the original transcribers of his ancestor's journal did not, and that in the first edition of Winthrop's "History of New England, it stands thus — "The Governour gave them three *ducks* at their setting sail."

after they set sail. The voyagers were received with hearty rejoicings, proof sufficient of the estimation in which the Governor was held. "The captains, with their companies in arms, entertained them with a guard, and divers vollies of shot and three drakes;" and the people brought in, from all the country round, goodwill offerings in the shape of fat venison, kids, geese, ducks (real ducks), and partridges. The day week after, Winthrop notes in his journal —

"We kept a day of thanksgiving at Boston."

Margaret Winthrop was never parted again from her husband, but for a few days, till her death, fifteen years afterwards. Of her life in the New World we know almost nothing; two or three of her letters (she had no need to write many) have been preserved, and breathe still the same loving and hopeful spirit. She died at Boston, after two days' illness, of some kind of epidemic which had all the characteristics of influenza; "a woman of singular virtue, prudence, modesty, and piety, and specially beloved and honoured of all the country." The testimony is her husband's; but no reader of these volumes will think that he said too much.

Let us confess that we turn with no great relish from these domestic pictures to the religious and political questions which vexed the new settlement. The volumes before us treat of these matters at some length, as was necessary to complete the biography of a man who had so much to do with them; but our readers will excuse us if we touch them very lightly. The narrowness, the exclusiveness, the bitter controversial spirit which cropped out in these New England Puritans (how different from their farewell letter!) are not pleasant things to remember in the case of men whose characters, in many respects, we cannot but admire and honour. The moment they begin to say to us — if not in so many words, yet by implication in their acts and language — "We are not as other men are," our admiration ceases as our sympathies must, and an involuntary antagonism begins to assert itself. It is just so long as they are as other men are, or profess to be, in the kindly intercourse of life, its duties, its affections, and its charities, and so long as their religious fervour only throws over these a brighter glow, that we can study their acts and words with interest.

They went from England in search of a religious Utopia — to establish a Christian polity in which all should be of one heart

and of one mind. It would be needless to say, even to those who knew nothing of their subsequent history, that they did not find it. They took pains, we must conclude, to carry with them in their company none but such as they had proved and knew. Yet, while they lay wind-bound at Cowes, during the solemn fast which they held preparatory to their voyage, two of their party broached and drank "a rundlet of strong waters" belonging to the common stock. Hardly had they landed in their new settlement, than Winthrop has occasion to write, "I think here are some persons who never showed so much wickedness in England as they have done here." Some among the company were indeed little better than wolves in sheep's clothing. There was one Sir Stephen Gardiner, a "Knight of the Holy Sepulchre" ("himself a whited sepulchre," as old Hubbard remarks parenthetically), who had joined them under pretext of being tired of the world, and who abused the facilities of a retired locality to lead an immoral life, which was a great scandal to the community. Detected and denounced, he for some time defied the Governor to apprehend him, and was captured at last by the native Indians, after a most gallant defence, worthy of his real or assumed knighthood. He was at once sent back to England as a prisoner in the Lyon. The love of money crept in even among those whose religion was of the sternest type, and whose morals were irreproachable. In the very time of scarcity the Deputy-Governor himself, Thomas Dudley, was publicly accused of selling corn to the poorer settlers on usurious terms. "Hard dealing," Winthrop notes with sorrow, was common among them." It is a very sad thing," he writes at a subsequent date, "to see how little of a public spirit appeared in the country, and of self-love too much."

Yet the laws of the new colony were of the sternest Old Testament type: the milder code of the mother country they had repudiated as unfaithful to the divine model. The "Blue Laws of Massachusetts," as they are commonly quoted, were no doubt merely the satirical jest of an enemy. It is not true that it was solemnly enacted that "no woman should kiss her child on Sabbath or fasting-day;" that "no man should run or walk on the Sabbath-day, except reverently to and from meeting;" or that no woman should "make mince-pies." But in the actual code — "The Model of Moses his Judicials" — "drawn up out of the Scriptures by that godly, grave, and judicious divine, Mr John Cotton," the severity of some of the enact-

ments is startling. Not only is death the penalty affixed to witchcraft and heresy ("for a heretic is no less than an idolater"), but the same punishment is awarded to blasphemy, rebellion against parents, and "profaning the Lord's Day in a careless and scornful neglect thereof;" while "rash and profane cursing and swearing" is to be punished with "branding with a hot iron, or boring through the tongue." We may presume that this sanguinary code was modified in practice so far as the lesser offences were concerned; but its merciless carrying out in the cases of heresy and witchcraft is notorious matter of history. No Star Chamber or Court of High Commission ever dealt more largely in persecution than the men whose watchword was religious liberty. One of their ablest writers has defended their conduct in this respect by saying that "liberty of conscience" does not mean "liberty to blaspheme." But he forgets that this argument might have been urged with equal force and with equal sincerity by Pole or Bonner.

The minor legislation as to dress and deportment, however arbitrary, was at least in most instances harmless and well meant. Tobacco, as we have already said, was speedily "set at liberty." Long hair was for some time forbidden to men, on the ground of apostolical censure. But as Governor Hutchinson shrewdly remarks in his 'History of New England,' it was strange that amongst those who looked so literally to the Jewish laws for precedents, the text in Leviticus, "Ye shall not round the corners of your heads," was never brought up on the other side. The "vain custom" of drinking healths was forbidden ("though divers and even godly persons were very loath to part with it"), for sundry grounds assigned; as that it "occasioned much waste of wine and beer," and that "to employ the creature out of its natural use is a way of vanity." The use of veils, as might be supposed from the sex whom the question concerned, was matter of longer and more serious debate. Governor Endicott and others were strong upon the point of the women's wearing them; and the custom was very generally adopted until Mr. Cotton preached a sermon at Boston, in which he pointed out that their use in Scripture was confined to virgins on the one hand, or women like Tamar on the other; and thereby exhorted the married women to leave them off inasmuch as he supposed they neither made pretence to the first character, nor cared to be mistaken for the other.

Whereupon, says Hubbard — who is a very good story-teller for a Puritan — "they who before thought it shame to be seen in public without a veil, were ashamed ever after to be covered with them."

The most serious controversies, on points of doctrine, which from time to time disturb the community, would be much more wearisome and not more profitable to follow. Of many of them it might be said, as Winthrop himself says of one question of grave dispute between Cotton and Wilson, that, "no man could tell, except some few who knew the bottom of the matter, where any difference was." His wise spirit, even then, loathed these religious enmities. He notes again in his journal — "Every occasion increased the contention, and caused great alienation of minds; and it began to be as common here to distinguish between men by being under a Covenant of Grace or a Covenant of Works, as in other countries between Protestants and Papists."

The election to the office of governor was annual, and for the first four years Winthrop was re-elected without opposition. The honesty and ability of his administration were fully recognized. Yet he had his enemies from the first. Thomas Dudley, the Deputy-Governor, had held an influential position in England as steward to the Earl of Lincoln's estates, was a much older man than Winthrop, and was jealous of his supremacy. There were others to whom his strict and stern rule was disagreeable. Among the scattered settlements along the bay, which were all now to be absorbed under the one central government, was one which bore the name of Mount Wollaston, from one of its earlier settlers. The principal man there, however, was Thomas Morton, a clever and reckless adventurer, who had been an attorney of no very good character. The Puritan ways were not his ways; and in defiance he had renamed the place "Merry Mount," and set up there the abomination of a maypole, which Endicott, the governor of Salem, had to go over with a strong party and cut down. If that had been Morton's chief offense, we at least might have forgiven him; but he had been living a wild and reckless life, and discrediting the general cause of the English settlers, not only by his character, but by incurring the dread and hostility of the Indians, amongst whom he had on one occasion fired "hailshot" without any provocation, out of the merest wantonness. Winthrop was determined to rid the colony of him, as he had of Gardiner. He put him in

irons, and sent him home in the first ship whose captain could be persuaded to take him. Some refused.

" Captain Brock, master of a ship called the Gift, which was to return that month, might have had the honor to carry Morton back to England, but he confessed that he was not gifted that way, nor his ship neither, for such a purpose; as not willing to trouble himself nor his country with such vagabonds, from which they had been happily freed some years before." \*

The captain of the Handmaid was less scrupulous, and in her Morton was sent home, blaspheming and indignant. He appealed in conjunction with Gardiner, to King Charles against "King Winthrop," as he called him, but apparently with little effect. He was obliged to satisfy his revenge with the publication of a scurrilous book, which he entitled 'The New-England Canaan.' Its style, as may be guessed, is that kind of travesty which the adoption by the Puritans of Scriptural idioms makes so easy and so tempting — a fact which is really one of the strongest objections to their practice in this respect.

Another person, though of a very different character, who caused a serious division in the colony on religious grounds, was Roger Williams. He was not one of Winthrop's original band of emigrants, but joined them the following year. And so violent were his prejudices that he refused to enter the congregation at Boston, "because they would not make a public confession of their repentance for having held communion with the churches of England while they lived there." He retired to Salem, where he was chosen minister, and for some time, his learning, his eloquence, and "his lovely carriage," gained him considerable popularity. But his views became at last so utterly fanatical that the authorities could bear no longer with him. He had persuaded Endicott the Governor to cut the cross out of the royal colors, as a rank emblem of idolatry, which nearly caused a popular riot; for loyalty was by no means wanting in the colony, and some of the militia refused to be trained under the mutilated flag. At last he proceeded to the length of declaring all the churches and congregations in New England to be antichristian; upon which he was sentenced to banishment by the General Court of Massachusetts ("that great and honored Idol-general which men had set up," he calls it), and would have been shipped off,

like others, to England, if he could have been caught. But he took refuge among the Indians — or, as he preferred to express it, "was fed by ravens in the wilderness" — and became afterwards the founder of the colony on Rhode Island.

But the greatest disturber of the peace of the new church at Boston, after all, was a woman, a Lincolnshire lady of good family — Mrs. Hutchinson — who claimed special revelations from heaven, and proclaimed, like Williams, that all their teachers were in darkness, and that the existing church was Antichrist. She held meetings of her own sex on Sunday, which thinned the orthodox churches considerably. A synod of elders was held in consequence, at which the two first resolutions passed ran as follows:—

"1. That though women might meet (some few together) to pray and edify one another, yet such a set assembly (as was then in practice at Boston), where sixty or more did meet every week, and one women (in a prophetic way, by resolving questions of doctrine and expounding Scripture) took upon her the whole exercise, was agreed to be disorderly and without rule.

"2. Though a private member might ask a question publicly, after sermon, for information, yet this ought to be very wisely and sparingly done, and that with leave of the elders: but questions of reference (then in use), whereby the doctrines delivered were reprov'd and the elders reproach'd, and that with bitterness, etc., was utterly condemned."

Such was the Nemesis of that "Liberty of Prophesying" which these earnest men held to be the first principle of a Christian church, and to maintain which they had become voluntary exiles.

Winthrop lived in the colony nineteen years; his popularity, like that of most popular heroes, had its ebb and flow; he had some enemies, as all men in high station must have; but the honor and respect of his fellow-citizens, of all but the baser sort, never failed him. Twelve times he was elected Governor; and perhaps it was little more than the natural jealousy of seeming to lodge the chief power too exclusively in the hands of one man, that led to the occasional substitution of a rival, such as Dudley or Henry Vane. He died, like his wife, of some kind of epidemic fever. During his last illness "the whole church fasted as well as prayed with him;" and so, adds Cotton Mather, "having, like Judah, first left his counsel and his blessing with his children, gathered by his bedside, and, like David served his generation by the will of

\* Hubbard.

God, he gave up the ghost and fell asleep on March 26th, 1649." He had grown less stern and more tolerant as he grew old. It is recorded that in these last days, Dudley, then Deputy-Governor, came to his sick chamber to obtain his signature to an order for the banishment of some heterodox offender; the dying Governor refused, with the words, "I have done too much of that work already."

Mr Winthrop has quoted largely — not too largely — from the many eulogies which American writers, both contemporary and modern, have passed upon his great ancestor. We most content ourselves with one, brief and emphatic, spoken by Josiah Quincy — "Had Boston, like Rome, a consecrated calendar, there is no name better entitled than that of Winthrop to be registered as its patron saint."

Two Grotons — one in Massachusetts and one in Connecticut — commemorate in New England the name of the old English country seat. Of that, however, we are sorry to learn from this biography, "not one stone is left upon another," though an old mulberry-tree still marks the garden-plot. We feel that we have done Mr. R. Winthrop scant justice in not giving our readers some fuller specimen of his own very pleasant style. Let us make such amends as we still may by quoting the following account of his pilgrimage to the home of his ancestors :—

"The Groton of Suffolk county, in old England, has by no means yet lost its local habitation or its ancient landmarks. I was there on Sunday, and went to the parish church in which the Winthrops worshipped before they went to America. The grand old service of prayer and praise, in which they had united so long within the same sanctuary, had just commenced when I entered; and I could almost imagine, as I joined in the responses, that the venerable walls gave back an echo of welcome as to a not unrecognized voice. Everything concurred in awakening the memory of those who had gone before me, — the pulpit from which they had listened to preachers of their own presentation, the font at which so many of them had been baptised, the chancel around which they had knelt to receive the bread of life. There, on the crowning pane of the altar window, was the same 'Sursum Corda' which must have lifted their hearts in many an hour of trial and trouble. There, in the humble vestry, was the old parish register, the second entry on whose time-stained leaves gave the date of the death of the head of the family, in 1562. There, too, was the tomb in which the father, the grandfather, and possibly the great-grandfather, of the first emigrant to New England had been

successively buried. It still bore the family name and arms; and, by a striking coincidence, it had just been repaired, — almost as if in anticipation of the arrival of one who might be presumed to take a peculiar interest in its condition."

Mr Winthrop seems almost to apologise for the warm interest and honest pride with which, though "six entire generations have intervened," he traces the fortunes of his forefathers. He says :—

"At such a distance of time, and in this republican atmosphere, by no means favorable to the growth of family pride, I trust my sincerity will not be questioned when I say, with another and an older poet,

"Et genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,  
Vix ea nostra voco."

It has been said that there is great virtue in a "but." If either the Roman poet or his American admirer could be closely cross-examined, they might perhaps admit there was also great virtue in a "viz." We will not be so uncourteous as to question for a moment the sincerity of Mr. Winthrop's profession of this republican faith; but we gladly accept from him this careful record of his noble ancestor as one more proof how often, in others matters as well as religion, men are better than their creeds.

#### LINES BY A COMPETITION WALLER.

Go, happy Rose !  
Thank him that's made a Knight of thee  
For feasts and shows,  
The year our Princess crossed the sea,  
So long ago as sixty-three.

By gown and mace,  
'Twas well thou chose the Tory side :  
For had in place  
Those Whigs continued to abide,  
Thou must have unbeknighted died.

Short is the fame  
Of Lord Mayors from the chair retired :  
Bless DERBY'S name,  
Who gives thee what thou hast desired,  
By Common Councilmen admired.

Then strive to see  
The right side of the SPEAKER'S chair,  
Once more M.P. ;  
And nightly prove how wise, though rare,  
It is to Knight an Ex-Lord Mayor.

— Punch.

## PART VIII.

## CHAPTER XXIII. — ALL FOR LOVE.

It was almost dark when Jack reached Swayne's Cottages, and there was no light in Mrs. Preston's window to indicate her presence. The only bit of illumination there was in the dim dewy twilight road, was a gleam from old Betty's perennial fire, which shone out as she opened the door to watch the passage of the dogcart just then returning from Ridley, where it ought to have carried Mr. John to dinner. The dogcart was just returning home, in an innocent, unconscious way; but how much had happened in the interval! the thought made Jack's head whirl a little and made him half-smile; only half-smile—for such a momentous crisis is not amusing. He had not had time to think whether not he was rapturously happy, as a young lover ought to be; on the whole, it was a very serious business. There were a thousand things to think of, such as take the laughter out of a man; yet he did smile as it occurred to him in what an ordinary commonplace sort of way the dogcart and the mare and the groom had been jogging back along the dusty roads, while he had been so weightily engaged; and how all those people had been calmly dining at Ridley—were dining now, no doubt—and mentally criticising the dishes, and making feeble dinner table-talk, while he had been settling his fate; in less time than they could have got half through their dinner—in less time than even the bay mare could devour the way between the two houses! Jack felt slightly giddy as he thought of it, and his face grew serious again under his smile. The cottage door stood innocently open; there was nobody and nothing between him and his business; he had not even to knock, to be opened to by a curious indifferent servant, as would have been the case in another kind of house. The little passage was quite dark, but there was another gleam of firelight from the kitchen, where Mr. Swayne sat patient with his rheumatism, and even Mrs. Preston's door was ajar. Out of the soft darkness without, into the closer darkness within, Jack stepped with a beating heart. This was not the pleasant part of it; this was not like the sudden delight of meeting Pamela—the sudden passion of laying hold on her and claiming her as his own. He stopped in the dark passage, where he had scarcely room to turn, and drew breath a little. He felt within himself that if Mrs. Preston in her black cap and her black gown fell into his arms and saluted him as her son, that he would not be so deeply gratified as perhaps he ought to have been. Pamela was one thing, but her mother was quite another. If mothers, and fathers too for that matter, could but be done away with when their daughters are old enough to marry, what a great deal of trouble it would spare in this world! But that was not to be thought of. He had come to do it, and it had

to be done. While he stood taking breath and collecting himself, Mr. Swayne, feeling that the step which had crossed his threshold was not his wife's step, called out to the intruder, "Who are you?" cried the master of the house; "you wait till my missis comes and finds you there; she don't hold with no tramp; and I see her a-coming round the corner," he continued, in tones in which exultation had triumphed over fright. No tramp could have been more moved by the words than was Jack. He resisted the passing impulse he had to stride into the kitchen and strangle Mr. Swayne in passing; and then, with one knock by way of preface, he went in without further introduction into the parlour where Mrs. Preston was alone.

It was almost quite dark—dark with that bewildering summer darkness which is more confusing than positive night. Something got up hastily from the sofa at the sight of him, and gave a little suppressed shriek of alarm. "Don't be alarmed—it is only I, Mrs. Preston," said Jack. He made a step forward and looked at her, as probably she too was looking at him; but they could not see each other, and it was no comfort to Pamela's mother to be told by Jack Brownlow, that it was only I. "Has anything happened?" she cried; "what is it? what is it? oh my child!—for God's sake whoever you are, tell me what it is."

"There is nothing the matter with her," said Jack, steadily. "I am John Brownlow, and I have come to speak to you; that is what it is."

"John Brownlow," said Mrs. Preston, in consternation—and then her tone changed. "I am sorry I did not know you," she said; "but if you have any business with me, sir, I can soon get a light."

"Indeed I have the most serious business," said Jack—it was in his mind to say that he would prefer being without a light; but there would have been something too familiar and undignified for the occasion in such a speech as that.

"Wait a moment," and she hastened out, leaving him in the dark parlour by himself. Of course he knew that it was only a pretext—he knew as well as if she had told him that she had gone to establish a watch for Pamela to prevent her from coming in while he was there; and this time he laughed outright. She might have done it an hour ago, fast enough; but now to keep Pamela from him was more than all the fathers and mothers in the world could do. He laughed at the vain precaution. It was not that he had lost all sense of prudence, or that he was not aware how foolish a thing in many respects he was doing; but notwithstanding, he laughed at the idea that anything, stone walls and iron bars, or admonitions, or parental orders, could keep her from him. It might be very idiotic—and no doubt it was; but if anybody dreamt for a moment that he could be made to give her up! or that she could be wrested out of his grasp now that he had possession of her—Any deluded individual who might



entertain such a notion could certainly know nothing of Jack.

Mrs. Preston was absent for some minutes, and before she came back there had been a soft rustle in the passage, a subdued sound of voices, in one of which, rapidly suppressed and put a stop to, Jack could discern Mrs. Swayne's voluble tones. He smiled to himself in the darkness as he stood and waited; he knew what was going on as well as if he had been outside and had seen it all. Pamela was being smuggled into the house, being put somewhere out of his way. Probably her mother was making an attempt to conceal from her even the fact that he was there, and at this purely futile attempt Jack again laughed in his heart; then in his impatience he strode to the window, and looked out at the gates which were indistinctly visible opposite, and the gleam of Betty's fire, which was now apparent only through her window. That was the way it would have been natural for him to go, not this — there lay his home, wealthy, luxurious, pleasant, with freedom in it, and everything that misintended most at once to his comfort and his ambition; and yet it was not there he had gone, but into this shabby little dingy parlour, to put his life and all his pleasure in life, and his prospects, and everything for which he most cared, at the disposal, not of Pamela, but of her mother. He felt that it was hard. As for her, the little darling! to have taken her in his arms and carried her off and built a nest for her would not have been hard — but that it should all rest upon the decision of her mother! Jack felt at the moment that it was a hard thing that there should be mothers standing thus in the young people's way. It might be very unamiable on his part, but that was unquestionably his feeling; and, indeed, for one second, so terrible did the prospect appear to him that, the idea of taking offence and running away did once cross his mind. If they chose to leave him alone like this, waiting, what could they expect? He put his hand upon the handle of the door, and then withdrew it as if it had burnt him. A minute after Mrs. Preston came back. She carried in her hand a candle which threw a bright light upon her worn face, with the black eyes, black hair, black cap, and black dress close round her throat which so much increased the gauntness of her general appearance. This time her eyes, though they were old, were very bright — bright with anxiety and alarm — so bright that for the moment they were like Pamela's. She came in and set down her candle on the table, where it shed a strange little pale inquisitive light, as if, like Jack, it was looking round, half dazzled by the change out of complete darkness, at the unfamiliar place; and then she drew down the blind. When she had done this she came to the table near which Jack was standing. "Mr. Brownlow, you want to speak to me?" she said.

"Yes," said Jack. Though his forefathers had been Brownlows of Masterton for generations, which ought to have given him self-possession if anything could, and though he had

been brought up at a public school, which was still more to the purpose, this simple question took away the power of speech from him as completely as if he had been the merest clown. He had not felt the least difficulty about what he was going to say but all at once to say anything at all seemed impossible.

"Then tell me what it is," said Mrs. Preston, sitting down in the black old-fashioned high backed easy-chair. Her heart was melting to him more and more every moment, the sight of his confusion being sweet to her eyes; but of course he did not know this — neither, it is to be feared, would Jack have very much cared.

"Yes," he said again; the fact was — I — wanted to speak to you — about your daughter. I suppose this sort of thing is always, an awkward business. I have seen her with — with my sister, you know — we couldn't help seeing each other; and the fact is, we've — we've grown fond of each other without knowing it: that is about the state of the case."

"Fond of each other?" said Mrs. Preston, faltering. "Mr. Brownlow, I don't think that is how you ought to speak. You mean you have grown fond of Pamela. I am very very sorry; but Heaven forbid that my poor girl!"

"I mean what I say," said Jack, sturdily — "we've grown fond of each other. If you ask her she will tell you the same. We were *not* thinking of anything of the kind — it came upon us unawares. I tell you the whole truth, that you may not wonder at me coming so unprepared. I don't come to you as a fellow might that had planned it all out and turned it over in his mind, and could tell you how much he had a-year and what he could settle on his wife, and all that. I tell you frankly the truth, Mrs. Preston. We were not thinking of anything of the kind; but now, you see we have both of us found it out."

"I don't understand you," said the astonished mother; "what have you found out?"

"We've found out just what I've been telling you," said Jack — "that we're fond of each other. You may say I should have told you first; but the truth was, I never had the opportunity — not that I would have been sure to have taken advantage of it if I had. We went on without knowing what we were doing, and then it came upon us all at once."

He sat down abruptly as he said this, in an abstracted way; and he sighed. *He* had found it out, there could be no doubt of that; and he did not hide from himself that this discovery was a very serious one. It filled his mind with a great many thoughts. He was no longer in a position to go on amusing himself without any thought of the future. Jack was but mortal, and it is quite possible he might have done so had it been in his power. But it was not in his power, and his aspect, when he dropped into the chair, and looked into the vacant air before him and sighed, was rather that of a man looking anxiously into the future — a future that was certain — than of a lover waiting for the sentence which (metaphorically) is one of life

or death; and Mrs. Preston, little experienced in such matters, and much agitated by the information so suddenly conveyed to her, did not know what to think. She bent forward and looked at him with an eagerness which he never perceived. She clasped her hands tightly together, and gazed as if she would read his heart; and then what could she say? He was not asking anything from her—he was only intimating to her an unquestionable fact.

"But, Mr. Brownlow," she said at last, tremulously, "I think—I hope you may be mistaken. My Pamela is very young—and so are you—very young for a man. I hope you have made a mistake. At your age it doesn't matter so much."

"Don't it, though?" said Jack, with a flash in his eyes. "I can't say to you that's our business, for I know, of course, that a girl ought to consult her mother. But don't let us discuss that, please. A fact can't be discussed, you know. It's either true or it's false—and we certainly are the only ones who can know."

Then there was another pause, during which Jack strayed off again into calculations about the future—that unforeseen future which had leapt into existence for him only about an hour ago. He had sat down on the other side of the table, and was gazing into the blank hearth as if some enlightenment might have been found there. As for Mrs. Preston, her amazement and agitation were such that it cost her a great effort to compose herself and not to give way.

"Is this all you have to say to me?" she said at last, with trembling lips.

Then Jack roused himself up. Suddenly it occurred to him that the poor woman whom he had been so far from admiring was behaving to him with a generosity and delicacy very different from his conduct to her; and the blood rushed to his face at the thought.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I have already explained to you why it is that I come in such an unprepared way. I met her to-night. Upon my life I did not lay any trap for her. I was awfully cut up about not seeing her; but we met quite by accident. And the fact was, when we met we couldn't help showing that we understood each other. After that it was my first duty," said Jack, with a thrill of conscious grandeur, "to come to you."

"But do you mean to say," said Mrs. Preston wringing her hands, "that my Pamela?—Sir, she is only a child. She could not have understood you. She may like you in a way"—

"She likes me as I like her," said Jack stoutly. "It's no use struggling against it. It is no use arguing about it. You may think her a child, but she is not a child; and I can't do without her, Mrs. Preston. I hope you haven't any dislike to me. If you have," said Jack, warming up, "I will do any thing a man can do to please you; but you couldn't have the heart to make her unhappy, and come between her and me."

"I make her unhappy?" said Mrs. Preston,

with a gasp. She who had no hope or desire in the world but Pamela's happiness! "But I don't even see how it came about. I—I don't understand you. I don't even know what you want of me."

"What I want?" said Jack, turning round upon her with wondering eyes—"what could I want but one thing? I want Pamela—that's very clear. Good heavens, you are not going to be ill, are you? Shall I call somebody? I know it's awfully sudden," said the young fellow ruefully. Nobody could be more sensible of that than he was. He got up in his dismay and went to a side-table where there stood a carafe of water, and brought her some. It was the first act of human fellowship, as it were, that had passed between the two, and somehow it brought them together. Mrs. Preston took the water with that strange half-sacramental feeling with which a soul in extremity receives the refreshment which brings it back to life. Was it her friend, her son, or her enemy that thus ministered to her? Oh! if she could only have seen into his heart! She had no interest in the world but Pamela, and now the matter in hand was the decision for good or for evil of Pamela's fate.

"I am better, thank you," she said faintly. "I am not very strong, and it startled me. Sit down, Mr. Brownlow, and let us talk it over. I knew this was what it would have come to if it had gone on; but I have been talking a great deal to my child, and keeping her under my eye"—

"Yes," said Jack, with some indignation, "keeping her out of my way. I knew you were doing that."

"It was the only thing I could do," said Mrs. Preston. "I did try to find another means, but it did not succeed. When I asked you what you wanted of me, I was not doubting your honour. But things are not so easy as you young people think. Your father never will consent."

"I don't think things are easy," said Jack. "I see they are as crooked and hard as possible. I don't pretend to think it's all plain sailing. I believe he won't consent. It might have been all very well to consider that three months ago, but you see we never thought of it then. We must just do without his consent now."

"And there is more than that," said Mrs. Preston. "It would not be right for him to consent, nor for me either. If you only found it out so suddenly, how can you be sure of your own mind, Mr. John—and you so young? I don't say any thing of my own child. I don't mean to say in my heart that I think you too grand for her. I know if ever there was a lady born it's—; but that's not the question," she continued, nervously wringing her hands again. "If she was a princess, she's been brought up different from you. I did think once there might have been a way of getting over that; but I know better now; and you're very young; and from what you say," said Pamela's

mother, who, after all, was a woman, a little romantic and very proud, "I don't think you're one that would be content to give up every thing for love."

Jack had been listening calmly enough, not making much in his own mind of her objections; but the last words did strike home. He started, and he felt in his heart a certain puncture, as if the needle in Mrs. Preston's work, which lay on the table, had gone into him. This at least was true. He looked at her with a certain defiance, and yet with respect. "For love — no," said Jack, half fiercely, stirred, like a mere male creature as he was, by the prick of opposition; and then a softening came over his eyes, and a gleam came into them, which, even by the light of the one pale candle, made itself apparent; "but for Pamela — yes. I'll tell you one thing, Mrs. Preston," he added quickly, "I should not call it giving up. I don't mean to give up. As for my father, I don't see what he has to do with it. I can work for my wife as well as any other fellow could. If I were to say it didn't matter, you might mistrust me; but when a man knows it does matter," said Jack, again warming with his subject, "when a man sees it's serious, and not a thing to be done without thinking, you can surely rely upon him more than if he went at it blindly? I think so at least."

So saying, Jack stopped, feeling a little sore and *incompris*. If he had made a fool of himself, no doubt the woman would have believed in him; but because he saw the gravity of what he was about to do, and felt its importance, a kind of doubt was in his hearer's heart. "They not only expect a man to be foolish; but they expect him to forget his own nature," Jack said to himself, which certainly was hard.

"I don't mistrust you," said Mrs. Preston, but her voice faltered, and did not quite carry out her words; "only, you know, Mr. John, you are very young. Pamela is very young, but you are even younger than she is, — I mean, you know, because you are a man; and how can you tell that you know your own mind? It was only to-day that you found it out, and to-morrow you might find something else out" —

Here she stopped half frightened, for Jack had risen up, and was looking at her over the light of the candle, looking pale and somewhat threatening. He was not in a sentimental attitude, neither was there any thing about him that breathed the tender romance for which in her heart Mrs. Preston sighed, and without which it cost her an effort to believe in his sincerity. He was standing with his hands thrust down to the bottom of his pockets, his brows a little knitted, his face pale, his expression worried and impatient. "What is the use of beginning over and over again?" said Jack. "Do you think I could have found out like this a thing that hadn't been in existence for months and months? Why, the first time I saw you in Hobson's cart — the time I carried

her in out of the snow," — When he had got this length, he walked away to the window and stood looking out, though the blind was down, with his back turned upon her — "with her little red cloak, and her pretty hair," said Jack, with a curious sound which would not bear classification. It might have been a laugh, or a sob, or a snort — and it was neither; anyhow, it expressed the emotion within him better than half a hundred fine speeches. "And you don't believe in me after all that!" he said, coming back again and looking at her once more over the light of the candle. Perhaps it was something in Jack's eyes, either light or moisture, it would be difficult to tell which, that overpowered Mrs. Preston, for the poor woman faltered, and began to cry.

"I do believe in you," she said. "I do — and I love you for saying it; but oh, Mr. John, what am I to do? I can't let you ruin yourself with your father. I can't encourage you when I know what it will cost you; and then, my own child" —

"That's it," said Jack, drawing his chair over to her side of the table, with his first attempt at diplomacy — "that's what we've got to think of. It doesn't matter for a fellow like me. If I got disappointed and cut up, I should have to bear it; but as for Pamela, you know — dear little soul! You may think it strange, but," said Jack, with a little affected laugh, full of that supreme vanity and self-satisfaction with which a man recognises such a fact, "she is fond of me; and if she were disappointed and put out, you know — why, it might make her ill — it might do her no end of harm — it might — Seriously, you know," said Jack, looking in Mrs. Preston's face, and giving another and another hitch to his chair. Though her sense of humour was not lively, she dried her eyes and looked at him with a little bewilderment, wondering was he really in earnest? did he mean it? or what did he mean?

"She is very young," said Mrs. Preston; "no doubt it would do her harm; but I should be there to nurse her — and — and — she is so young."

"It might kill her," said Jack, impressively; "and then whom would you have to blame? Not my father, for he has nothing to do with it; but yourself, Mrs. Preston — that's how it would be. Just look at what a little delicate darling she is — a little bit of a thing that one could carry away in one's arms," he went on, growing more and more animated — "a little face like a flower; and after the bad illness she had. I would not take such a responsibility for any thing in the world," he added, with severe and indignant virtue. As for poor Mrs. Preston, she did not know what to do. She wrung her hands; she looked at him beseechingly, begging him with her eyes to cease. Every feature of the picture came home to her with a much deeper force than it did to her mentor. Jack no more believed in any danger to Pamela than he did in his own ultimate rejection; but the

poor mother beheld her daughter pining, dying, breaking her heart, and trembled to her very soul.

"Oh, Mr. John," she cried, with tears, "don't break my heart! What am I to do? If I must either ruin you with your father" —

"Or kill your child," said Jack, looking at her solemnly till his victim shuddered. "Your child is more to you than my father; besides." said the young man, unbending a little, "it would not ruin me with my father. He might be angry. He might make himself disagreeable; but he's not a muf to bear malice. My father," continued Jack, with emphasis, feeling that he owed his parent some reparation, and doing it magnificently when he was about it "is as true a gentleman as I know. He's not the man to ruin a fellow. You think of Pamela, and never mind me."

But it took a long time and much reiteration to convince Mrs. Preston. "If I could but see Mr. Brownlow I could tell him something that would perhaps soften his heart," she said; but this was far from being a pleasant suggestion to Jack. He put it down summarily, not even asking in his youthful impatience what the something was. He had no desire to know. He did not want his father's heart to be softened. In short, being as yet unaccustomed to the idea, he did not feel any particular delight in the thought of presenting Pamela's mother to the world as belonging to himself. And yet this same talk had made a wonderful difference in his feeling towards Pamela's mother. The thought of the explanation he had to make to her was repugnant to him when he came in. He had all but run away from it when he was left to wait alone. And now, in less than an hour, it seemed so natural to enter into every thing. Even if she had bestowed a maternal embrace upon him, Jack did not feel as if he would have resisted; but she gave him no motherly kiss. She was still half frightened at him, half disposed to believe that to get rid of him would be the best thing; and Jack had no mind to be got rid of. Neither of them could have told very exactly what was the understanding, upon which they parted. There was an understanding that was certain — an arrangement, tacit, inexpressible, which, however, was not hostile. He was not permitted in so many words to come again; but neither was he sent away. When he had the assurance to ask to see Pamela before he left, Mrs. Preston went nervously through the passage before him and opened the door, opening up the house and their discussion as she did so, to the big outside world and wakeful sky, with all its stars, which seemed to stoop and look in. Poor little Pamela was in the room up-stairs, speechless, motionless, holding her breath, fixed as it were to the window, from which she must see him go out, hearing the indistinct hum of voices underneath, and wondering what her mother was saying to him. When the parlour door opened, her heart leaped up in her breast. She could hear his voice, and distinguish, as she thought, every tone of it; but

she could not hear, what he said. For an instant it occurred to her too that she might be called down-stairs. But then the next moment the outer door opened, a breath of fresh air stole into the house, and she knew he was dismissed. How had he been dismissed? For the moment? for the night? or for ever? The window was open to which Pamela clung in the darkness, and she could hear his step going out. And as he went he spoke out loud enough to be heard up-stairs, to be heard by anybody on the road, and almost for that matter to be heard at Betty's cottage. "If I must not see her," he said, "give her my dear love." What did it mean. Was his dear love his last message of farewell? or was it only the first public indication that she belonged to him? Pamela sank down on her knees by the window, noiseless, with her heart beating so in her ears that she felt as if he must hear it outside. The whole room, the whole house, the whole air, seemed to her full of that throbbing. His dear love! It seemed to come in to her with the fresh air — to drop down upon her from the big stars as they leant out of heaven and looked down; and yet she could not tell if it meant death or life. And Mrs. Preston was not young, and could not fly, but came so slowly, so slowly up the creaking wooden stair.

Poor Mrs. Preston went slowly, not only because of her age, but because of her burden of thoughts. She could not have told any one whether she was very happy or deadly sad. Her heart was not fluttering in her ears like Pamela, but beating out hard throbs of excitement. He was good, he was true; her heart accepted him. Perhaps he was the friend she had so much longed for, who would guard Pamela when she was gone. At present, however, she was not gone; and yet her sceptre was passing away out of her hands, and her crown from her head. Anyhow, for good or for evil, this meant change; the sweet sceptre of love, the crown of natural authority and duty, such as are the glory of a woman who is a mother, were passing away from her. She did not grudge it. She would not have grudged life, nor any thing dearer than life, for Pamela; but she felt that there was change coming: and it made her sick — sick and cold and shivering, as if she was going to have a fever. She would have been glad to have had wings and flown to carry joy to her child; but she could not go fast for the burden and heaviness of her thoughts.

Meanwhile Jack crossed the road briskly, and went up the avenue under the big soft lambent stars. If it was at him in his character of lover that they were looking, they might have saved themselves the trouble, for he took no notice whatever of these sentimental spectators. He went home, not in a lingering meditative way, but like a man who has made up his mind. He had no sort of doubt or disquietude for his part about the acceptance of his love. He knew that Pamela was his, though her mother would not let him see her. He knew he should

see her, and that she belonged to him, and nobody on earth could come between them. He had known all this from the first moment when the simple little girl had told him that life was hard; and as for her mother or his father, Jack did not in his mind make much account of the opposition of these venerable personages — such being his nature. What remained now was to clear a way into the future, to dig out a passage, and make it as smooth as possible for these tremulous little feet. Such were the thoughts he was busy with as he went home — not even musing about his little love. He had mused about her often enough before. Now his practical nature resumed the sway. How a household could be kept up, when it should be established, by what means it was to be provided, was the subject of Jack's thoughts. He went straight to the point without any circumlocution. As it was to be done, it would be best to be done quickly. And he did not disguise from himself the change it would make. He knew well enough that he could not live as he had lived in his father's house. He would have to go into lodgings, or to a little house; have one or two indifferent servants — perhaps a "child-wife" — perhaps a resident mother-in-law. All this Jack calmly faced and foresaw. It could not come on him unawares, for he considered the chances, and saw that all these things were possible. There are people who will think the worse of him for this; but it was not Jack's fault — it was his constitution. He might be foolish like his neighbours on one point, but on all other points he was sane. He did not expect that Pamela, if he translated her at once into a house of her own, should be able to govern him and it on the spot by natural intuition. He knew there would be, as he himself expressed it, many "hitches" in the establishment, and he knew that he would have to give up a great many indulgences. This was why he took no notice of the stars, and even knitted his brows as he walked on. The romantic part of the matter was over. It was now pure reality, and that of the most serious kind, that he had in hand.

CHAPTER XXIV. — A NEW CONSPIRATOR.

"I DON'T say as you're to take my advice," said Mrs. Swayne. "I'm not one as puts myself forward to give advice where it ain't wanted. Ask any one as knows. You as is Church-folks, if I was you, I'd send for the Rector; or speak to your friends. There ain't one living creature with a morsel of sense as won't say to you just what I'm saying now."

"Oh please go away — please go away," said Pamela, who was standing with crimson cheeks between Mrs. Preston and her would-be counsellor; "don't you see manna is ill?"

"She'll be a deal worse afore all's done, if she don't listen in time; and you too, Miss Pamela, for all so angry as you are," said Mrs. Swayne. "It ain't nothing to me. If you

like it, it don't do me no harm; contrairways, it's my interest to keep you quiet here, for you're good lodgers — I don't deny it — and ain't folks as give trouble. But I was once a pretty lass myself," she added with a sigh; "and I knows what it is."

Pamela turned with unfeigned amazement and gazed upon the big figure that stood in the doorway. Once a pretty lass herself! Was this what pretty lasses came to? Mrs. Swayne, however, did not pause to inquire what were the thoughts that were passing through the girl's mind; she took a step or two farther into the room, nearer the sofa on which Mrs. Preston lay. She was possessed with that missionary zeal for other people's service, that determination to do as much as lay in her power to keep her neighbours from having their own way, or to make them very uncomfortable in the enjoyment of the luxury, which is so common a development of virtue. Her conscience was weighted with her responsibility; when she had warned them what they were coming to, then at least she would have delivered her own soul.

"I don't want to make myself disagreeable," said Mrs. Swayne; "it ain't my way; but, Mrs. Preston, if you go on having folks about, it's right you should hear what them as knows thinks of it. I ain't a-blaming you. You've lived in foreign parts, and you're that silly about your child that you can't a-bear to cross her. I'm one as can make allowance for that. But I just ask you what can the likes of that young fellow want here? He don't come for no good. Poor folks has a deal of things to put up with in this world, and women-folks most of all. I don't make no doubt Miss Pamela is pleased to have a gentleman a-dancing after her. I don't know one on us as wouldn't be pleased; but them as has respect for their character and for their peace o' mind" —

"Mrs. Swayne, you must not speak like this to me," said Mrs. Preston feebly, from the sofa. "I have a bad headache, and I can't argue with you; but you may be sure, though I don't say much, that I know how to take care of my own child. No, Pamela dear, don't cry; and you'll please not to say another word to me on this subject — not another word, or I shall have to go away."

"To go away!" said Mrs. Swayne, crimson with indignation. But this sudden impulse of self-defence in so mild a creature struck her dumb. "Go away! — and welcome to!" she added; but her consternation was such that she could say no more. She stood in the middle of the little dark parlour, in a partial trance of astonishment. Public opinion itself had been defied in her person. "When it comes to what it's sure to come to, then you'll remember as I warned you," she said, and rushed forth from the room, closing the door with a clang which made poor Mrs. Preston jump on her sofa. Her visit left a sense of trouble and dismay on both their minds, for they were not superior women, nor sufficiently strong-minded

to laugh at such a monitor. Pamela threw herself down on her knees by her mother's side and cried — not because of Mrs. Swayne, but because the fright and the novelty overwhelmed her, not to speak of the lively anger and disgust and impatience of her youth.

"Oh mamma, if we had only some friends!" said Pamela; "everybody except us seems to have friends. Had I never any uncles nor any thing? It is hard to be left just you and me in the world."

"You had brothers once," said Mrs. Preston, with a sigh. Then there was a pause, for poor Pamela knew and could not help knowing that her brothers, had they been living, would not have improved her position now. She kept kneeling by her mother's side, but though there was no change in her position, her heart went away from her involuntarily — went away to think that the time perhaps had come when she would never more want a friend, — when somebody would always be at hand to advise her what to do, and when no such complications could arise. She kept the gravity, even sadness of her aspect, with the innocent hypocrisy which is possible at her age; but her little heart went out like a bird into the sunny world outside. A passing tremor might cross her, ghosts might glide for a moment across the way; but it was only for a moment, and she knew they were only ghosts. Her mother was in a very different case. Mrs. Preston had a headache, partly because of the shock of last night, partly because a headache was to her, as to so many women, a kind of little feminine chapel, into which she could retire to gain time when she had any thing on her mind. The course of individual history stops when those headaches come on, and the subject of them has a blessed moment to think. Nothing could be done, nothing could be said, till Mrs. Preston's head was better. It was but a small matter had it been searched to its depths; but it was enough to arrest the wheels of fate.

"Pamela," she said, after a while, "we must be doubly wise because we have no friends. I can't ask anybody's advice, as Mrs. Swayne told me to do. I am not going to open up our private affairs to strangers; but we must be wise. I think we must go away."

"Go away!" said Pamela, looking up with a face of despair — "away! Mamma, you don't think of — of — *him* as she does? You know what he is. Go away! and perhaps never see him again. Oh mamma!"

"I did not mean that," said Mrs. Preston; "but we can't stop here, and live at his father's very door, and have him coming under their eyes to vex them. No, my darling; that would be cruel, and it would not be wise."

"Do you think they will mind so very much?" said Pamela, looking wistfully in her mother's face. "What should I do if they hated me? Miss Brownlow, you know — Sara — she always wanted me to call her Sara — she would never turn against me. I know her too well for that."

"She has not been here for a long time," said Mrs. Preston; "you have not noticed it, but I have, Pamela. She has never come since that day her father spoke to you. There is a great difference, my darling, between the sister's little friend and the brother's betrothed."

"Mamma, you seem to know all about those wretched things," cried Pamela, impulsively. "Why did you never tell me before? I never, never would have spoken to him — if I had known."

"How was I to know, Pamela?" said Mrs. Preston. "It appears you did not know yourselves. And then, when you told me what Mr. Brownlow said, I thought I might find you a friend. I think yet, if I could but see him; but when I spoke last night of seeing Mr. Brownlow, *he* would not hear of it. It is very hard to know what to do."

Then there ensued another pause — a long pause, during which the mother, engaged with many thoughts, did not look at her child. Pamela, too, was thinking; she had taken her mother's long thin hand into her own, and was smoothing it softly with her soft fingers; her head was bent over it, her eyes cast down; now and then a sudden heaving, as of a sob about to come, moved her pretty shoulders. And her voice was very tuneless and rigid when she spoke. "Mamma," she said, "speak to me honestly, once for all. Ought I to give it all up? I don't mean to say it would be easy. I never knew a — a — any one before — never anybody was like *that* to me. You don't know — oh, you don't know how he can talk, mamma. And then it was not like any thing new — it felt natural, as if we had always belonged to each other. I know it's no use talking. Tell me, mamma, once for all, would it really be better for him and — everybody, if I were to give him quite up?"

Pamela held herself upright and rigid as she asked the question. She held her mother's hand fast, and kept stroking it in an intermittent way. When she had finished she gave her an appealing look — a look which did not ask advice. It was not advice she wanted, poor child: she wanted to be told to do what she longed to do — to be assured that that was the best; therefore she looked not like a creature wavering between two opinions, but like a culprit at the bar, awaiting her sentence. As for Mrs. Preston, she only shook her head.

"It would not do any good," she said. "You might give him up over and over, but you would never get him to give you up, Pamela. He is that sort of a young man; he would not have taken a refusal from me. It would be of no use, my dear."

"Are you sure? — are you quite sure?" cried Pamela, throwing her arms round her mother's neck, and giving her a shower of kisses. "Oh you dear, dear mamma. Are you sure you are quite sure?"

"You are kissing me for his sake," said Mrs. Preston, with a little pang; and then she smiled at herself. "I never was jealous be-

fore," she said. "I don't mean to be jealous. No, he will never give in, Pamela; we shall have to make the best of it; and perhaps," she continued, after a pause, "perhaps this was the friend I was always praying for to take care of my child before I die."

"Oh, mamma," said Pamela, "how can you talk of dying at such a time as this? when, perhaps, we're going to have — every thing we want in the world; when, perhaps, we are going to be — as happy as the day is long!" she said, once more kissing the worn old face which lay turned towards her, in a kind of sweet enthusiasm. The one looked so young, and the other so old; the one so sure of life and happiness, the other so nearly done with both. Mrs. Preston took the kiss and the clasp, and smiled at her radiant child; and then she closed her eyes, and retreated into her headache. She was not going to have every thing she wanted in the world, or to be as happy as the day was long; so she retreated and took to her handy domestic little malady. The child could not conceive that there were still a thousand things to be thought over, and difficulties without number to be overcome.

As for Pamela, she sprang to her feet lightly, and went off to make the precious cup of tea which is good for every feminine trouble. As she went she fell into song, not knowing it. She was as near dancing as decorum would permit. She went into the kitchen where Mr. Swayne was, and cheered him up more effectually than if he had been well for a week. She made him laugh, though he was in low spirits. She promised him that he should be quite well in three months. "Ready to dance if there was any thing to dance at," was what Pamela said.

"At your wedding. Miss Pamela," said poor Swayne, with his shrill little chuckle. And Pamela too laughed with a laugh that was like a song. She stood by the fire while the kettle boiled, with the firelight glimmering in her pretty eyes, and reddening her white forehead under the rings of her hair. Should she have to boil the kettle, to spread the homely table for *him*? or would he take her to Browns, or some other such house, and make her a great little lady like Sara? On the whole Pamela thought she would like the first best. She made the tea before the bright fire in such perfection as it never was made at Browns, and poured it out hot and fragrant, like one who knew what she was about. But the tea was not so great a cordial as the sight of her own face. She had come clear out of all her perplexities. There was no longer even a call upon that anxious faculty for self-sacrifice which belongs to youth. In short, self-sacrifice would do no good — the idol would simply decline to receive the costly offering. It was in his hands, and nothing that she could do would make any difference. Perhaps, if Pamela had been a self-asserting young woman, her pride would have suffered from this thought; but she was

only a little girl of seventeen, and it made her as light as a bird. No dreadful responsibility rested on her soft shoulders — no awful question of what was best remained for her to consider. What use could there be in giving up when he would not be given up? What end would it serve to refuse a man who would not take a refusal? She had made her tragic little effort in all sincerity, and it had come to the sweetest and most complete failure. And now her part had been done, and no further perplexity could overwhelm her. So she thought, flitting out and in upon a hundred errands, and thinking tenderly in her heart that her mother's headache and serious looks and grave way of looking at every thing was not so much because there was any thing serious in the emergency, as because the dear mother was old — a fault of nature, not of circumstances, to be mended by love and smiles, and a manner of tender services on the part of the happy creature who was young.

When Mrs. Swayne left the parlour in the manner which we have already related, she rushed out, partly to be relieved of her wrath, partly to pour her prophecies of evil into the ears of the other Cassandra on the other side of the road, old Betty of the Gates. The old woman was sitting before her fire when her neighbour went in upon her. To be sure it was summer, but Betty's fire was eternal, and burned without intermission on the sacred hearth. She was mending one of her gowns, and had a whole bundle of bits of coloured print — "patches," for which some of the little girls in Miss Brownlow's school would have given their ears — spread out upon the table before her. Bits of all Betty's old gowns were there. It was a parti-coloured historical record of her life, from the gay calicoes of her youth down to the sober browns and olives of declining years. With such a gay centre the little room looked very bright. There was a geranium in the window, ruby and emerald. There were all manner of pretty confused cross-lights from the open door and the latticed window in the other corner and the bright fire; and the little old face in its white cap was as brown and as red as a winter apple. Mrs. Swayne was a different sort of person. She came in, filling the room with shadows, and put herself away in a big elbow-chair, with blue-and-white cushions, which was Betty's winter throne, but now stood pushed into a corner out of reach of the fire. She uttered a sigh which blew away some of the patches on the table, and swayed the ruby blossoms of the big geranium. "Well," she said, "I've done my best — I can say I've done my best. If the worst comes to the worst, there's none as can blame me."

"What is it? — what is it, Mrs. Swayne?" said Betty eagerly, dropping her work, "though I've something as tells me it's about that poor child and our Mr. John."

"I wash my hands of them," said the visitor, doing so in a moist and demonstrative way. "I've done all as an honest woman can do.

Speak o' mothers! — mothers is a pack o' fools. I'd think o' that child's interest if it was me. I'd think what was best for her character, and for keeping her out o' mischief. As for cryin', and that sort, they all cry — it don't do them no harm. If you or me had set our hearts on marryin' the first gentleman as ever was civil, what would ha' become of us? Oh the fools as some folks is! It's enough to send a woman with a bit of sense out o' her mind."

"Marryin'?" said Betty, with a little shriek; "you don't mean to say as they've gone as far as that."

"If they don't go further afore all's done, it'll be a wonder to me," said Mrs. Swayne; "things is always like that. I don't mean to take no particular credit to myself; but if she had been mine, I'd have done my best for her — that's one thing as I can say. She'd not have got into no trouble if she had been mine. I'd have watched her night and day. I know what the gentlemen is. But that's allays the way with Providence. A woman like me as has a bit of experience has none to be the better of it; and the likes of an old stupid as don't know her right hand from her left, it's her as has the children. I'd have settled all that different if it had been me. Last night as ever was, I found the two in the open road — in the road, I give you my word. It's over all the parish by this, as sure as sure; and after that what does my gentleman do but come to the house as bold as brass. It turns a body sick — that's what it does; but you might as well preach to a stone wall as make 'em hear reason; and that's what you call a mother! much a poor girl's the better of a mother like that."

"All mothers is not the same," said Betty, who held that rank herself. "For one as don't know her duty, there's dozens and dozens" —

"Don't speak to me," said Mrs. Swayne, "I know 'em — as stuck up as if it was any virtue in them, and a shuttin' their ears to every one as gives them good advice. Oh, if that girl was but mine! I'd keep her as snug as if she was in a box, I would. No'er a gentleman should get a chance of so much as a look at her. It's ten times worse when a girl is pretty; but, thank heaven, I know what the gentlemen is."

"But if he comed to the house, he must have made some excuse," said Betty. "I see him. He come by himself, as if it was to see your good gentleman, Mrs. Swayne. Knowing as Miss Pamela was out, I don't deny as that was my thought. And he must have made some excuse."

"Oh, they find excuses ready enough — don't you be afeared," said Mrs. Swayne; "they're plenty ready with their tongues, and don't stick at what they promise neither. It's all as innocent as innocent if you was to believe them; and them as believes comes to their ruin. I tell you it's their ruin — that and no less; but I may speak till I'm hoarse," said

Cassandra, with melancholy emphasis — nobody pays no attention to me."

"You must have knowed a deal of them to be so earnest," said old Betty, with the deepest interest in her eyes.

"I was a pretty lass myself," said Mrs. Swayne; and then she paused; "but you're not to think as I ever give in to them. I wasn't that sort; and I had folks as looked after me. I don't say as Swayne is much to look at, after all as was in my power; but if Miss Pamela don't mind, she'll be real thankful afore she's half my age to take up with a deal worse than Swayne; and that's my last word, if I was never to draw a breath more."

"Husht!" said Betty. "Don't take on like that. There's somebody a-coming. Husht! It's just like as if it was a child of your own."

"And so I feel," said Mrs. Swayne; "worse luck for her, poor lass. If she was mine" —

"Husht!" said Betty again; and then the approaching steps which they had heard for the last minute reached the threshold, and a woman presented herself at the door. She was not a woman that either of them knew. She was old, very tall, very thin, and very dusty with walking. "I'm most dead with tiredness. May I come in and rest a bit?" she said. She had a pair of keen black eyes, which gleamed out below her poke bonnet, and took in every thing, and did not look excessively tired; but her scanty black gown was white with dust. Old Betty, for her own part, did not admire the stranger's looks; but she consented to let her come in, "manners" forbidding any inhospitality, and placed her a chair as near as possible to the door.

"I come like a stranger," said the woman, "but I'm not to call a stranger neither. I'm Nancy as lives with old Mrs. Fennell, them young folks' grandmamma. I had summat to do nigh here, and I thought as I'd like to see the place. It's a fine place for one as was nothing but an attorney once. I allays wonder if they're good folks to live under, such folks as these."

"So you're Nancy!" said the old woman of the lodge. "I've heard tell of you. I heard of you along of Stevens as you recommended here. I haven't got nothing to say against the masters; they're well and well enough; Miss Sara, she's hasty, but she's a good heart."

"She don't show it to her own flesh and blood," said Nancy significantly. "Is this lady one as lives about here?"

Then it was explained to the stranger who Mrs. Swayne was. "Mr. Swayne built them cottages," said Betty; "they're his own, and as nice a well-furnished house and as comfortable; and his good lady ain't one of them that wastes or wants. She has a lodger in the front parlor, and keeps 'em as nice as it's a picture to see, and as respected in the whole parish" —

"Don't you go on a-praising me before my face," said Mrs. Swayne, modestly; "we're



folks as are neither rich nor poor, and can give our neighbours a hand by times and times. You're a stranger as is well seen, or you wouldn't be curious about Swayne and me."

"I'm a stranger sure enough," said Nancy. "We're poor relations, that's what we are; and the likes of us is not wanted here. If I was them I'd take more notice o' my own flesh and blood, and one as can serve them yet, like *she* can. It ain't what you call a desirable place," said Nancy; "she's awful aggravating sometimes, like the most of old women; but all the same they're her children's children, and I'd allays let that count if it was me."

"That's old Mrs. Fennell?" said Betty; "she never was here as I can think on but once. Miss Sara isn't one that can stand being interfered with; but they sends her an immensity of game, and vegetables, and flowers, and such things, and I've always heard as the master gives her an allowance. I don't see as she's any reason to complain."

"A woman as knows as much as she does," said Nancy, solemnly, "she ought to be better looked to;" and then she changed her tone. "I've walked all this long way, and I have got to get back again, and she'll be as cross as cross if I'm long. And I don't suppose there's no omnibus or nothing going my way. If it was but a cart."

"There's a carrier's cart," said Betty; "but Mrs. Swayne could tell you most about that. Her two lodgers come in it, and Mrs. Preston, that time she had something to do in Masterton."

"Who is Mrs. Preston?" said Nancy quickly. "I've heard o' that name. And I've heard in Masterton of some one as came in a carrier's cart. If I might make so bold, who is she? Is she your lodger? I once knew some folks of that name in my young days, and I'd like to hear."

"Oh yes, she's my lodger," said Mrs. Swayne, "and a terrible trouble to me. I'd just been a-grumbling to Betty when you came in. She and that poor thing Pamela, they lay on my mind so heavy, I don't know what to do. You might give old Mrs. Fennell a hint to speak to Mr. John. He's a-running after that girl, he is, till it turns one sick; and a poor silly woman of a mother as won't see no harm in it. If the old lady was to hear in a sort of a side way like, she might give Mr. John a talking to. Not as I have much confidence in his mending. Gentlemen never does."

"Oh," said Nancy, with a strange gleam of her dark eyes, "so she's got a daughter! and it was her as came into Masterton in the carrier's cart? I just wanted to know. Maybe you could tell me what kind of a looking woman she was. There was one as I knew once in my young days."

"She ain't unlike yourself," said Mrs. Swayne, with greater brevity than usual; and she turned and began to investigate Nancy with a closeness for which she was not prepared. Another gleam shot from the stranger's black

eyes as she listened. It even brought a tinge of colour to her grey cheek, and though she restrained herself with the utmost care, there was unquestionably a certain excitement in her. Mrs. Swayne's eyes were keen, but they were not used to read mysteries. A certain sense of something to find out oppressed her senses; but, notwithstanding her curiosity, she had not an idea what secret there could be.

"If it's the same person, it's years and years since I saw her last," said Nancy; "and so she's got a daughter! I shouldn't think it could be a very young daughter if it's hers; she should be as old as me. And it was her as came into Masterton in the carrier's cart! Well, well! what droll things does happen to be sure."

"I don't know what's droll about that," said Mrs. Swayne; "but I don't know nought about her. She's always been quiet and genteel as a lodger — always till this business came on about Mr. John. But I'd be glad to know where her friends was, if she's got any friends. She's as old as you, or older, and, not to say any thing as is unpleasant — it's an awful thing to think of — what if folks should go and die in your house, and you not know their friends?"

"If it's that you're thinking of, she's got no friends," said Nancy, with a vehemence that seemed unnatural and uncalled-for to her companions — "none as I know of nowheres — but maybe me. And it isn't much as I could do. She's a woman as has been awful plundered and wronged in her time. Mr. John! oh, I'd just like to hear what it is about Mr. John. If that was to come after all, I tell you it would call down fire from heaven."

"Goodness gracious me!" said Mrs. Swayne, "what does the woman mean?" And Betty too uttered a quavering exclamation, and they both drew their chairs closer to the separated seat, quite apart from the dais of intimacy and friendship, upon which the dusty stranger had been permitted to rest.

Nancy, however, had recollected herself. "Mean?" she said with a look of innocence; "oh, I didn't mean nothing; but that I've a kind of spite — I don't deny it — at them grand Brownlows, that don't take no notice to speak of of their own flesh and blood. That's all as I mean. I ain't got no time to-day, but if you'll say as Nancy Christian sends her compliments and wants badly to see Mrs. Preston, and is coming soon again, I'll be as obliged as ever I can be. If it's her, she'll think on who Nancy Christian was; and if it ain't her, it don't make much matter," she continued, with a sigh. She said these last words very slowly, looking at neither of her companions, fixing her eyes upon the door of Swayne's cottage, at which Pamela had appeared. The sun came in at Betty's door and dazzled the stranger's eyes, and it was not easy for her at first to see Pamela, who stood in the shade. The girl had looked out for no particular reason, only because she was passing that way; and as she stood giving a glance up and a glance down the

road — a glance which was not wistful, but full of a sweet confidence — Nancy kept staring at her, blinking her eyes to escape the sunshine. "Is that the girl?" she said, a little hoarsely. And then all the three looked out and gazed at Pamela in her tender beauty. Pamela saw them also. It did not occur to her whose the third head might be, nor did she care very much. She felt sure they were discussing her, shaking their heads over her imprudence; but Pamela at the moment was too happy to be angry. She said, "Poor old things," to herself. They were poor old things; they had not the blood dancing in their veins as she had; they had not light little feet that flew over the paths, nor light hearts that leaped in their breasts, poor old souls. She waved her hand to them half kindly, half saucily, and disappeared again like a living bit of sunshine into the house which lay so obstinately in the shade. As for Nancy, she was moved in some wonderful way by this sight. She trembled when the girl made that half-mocking, half-sweet salutation; the tears came to her eyes. "She could never have a child so young," she muttered half to herself, and then gazed and gazed as if she had seen a ghost. When Pamela disappeared she rose up and shook the dust, not from her feet, but from her skirts, outside old Betty's door. "I've only a minute," said Nancy, "but if I could but set eyes on the mother I could tell if it was her I used to know."

"I left her lyin' down wi' a bad headache," said Mrs. Swayne. "If you like you can go and take a look through the parlour window; or I'll ask if she's better. Them sort of folks that have little to do gets headaches terrible easy. Of an afternoon when their dinner's over, what has the likes of them to take up their time? They takes a sleep on my sofa, or they takes a walk, and a headache comes natural-like when folks has all that time on their hands. Come across and look in at the window. It's low, and if your eyes are good you can just see her where she lays."

Nancy followed her new companion across the road. As she went out of the gates she gave a glance up through the avenue, and made as though she would have shaken her fist at the great house. "If you but knew!" Nancy said to herself. But they did not know, and the sunshine lay as peacefully across the pretty stretch of road as if there had been no dangers there. The old woman crossed over to Mrs. Swayne's cottage, and went into the little square of garden where Pamela sometimes watered the flowers. Nancy stooped over the one monthly rose and plucked a bit of the homely lads'-love in the corner which flourished best of all, and then she drew very close to the window and looked in. It was an alarming sight to the people within. Mrs. Preston had got a second cup of tea, and raised herself up on her pillow to swallow it, when all at once this grey visage, not unlike her own, surrounded with black much like her own dress, looked in upon her, a stranger, and yet somehow wear-

ing a half-familiar aspect. As for Pamela, there was something awful to her in the vision. She turned round to her mother in a fright to compare the two faces. She was not consciously superstitious, but yet dim thoughts of a wraith, a double, a solemn messenger of doom, were in her mind. She had heard of such things. "Go and see who it is," said Mrs. Preston; and Pamela rushed out, not feeling sure that the strange apparition might not have vanished. But it had not vanished. Nancy stood at the door, and when she was looked into in the open daylight she was not so dreadfully like Mrs. Preston's wraith.

"Good day, Miss," said Nancy; "I thought as maybe I might have had a few words with your mother. If she's the person I take her for, I used to know her long long ago; and I've a deal that's very serious to say."

"You frightened us dreadfully looking in at the window," said Pamela. "And mamma has such a bad headache; she has been a good deal — worried. Would you mind coming back another time? — or is it any thing I can say?"

"There's something coming down the road," said Nancy; "and I am tired and can't walk back. If it's the carrier I'll have to go, Miss. And I can't say the half nor the quarter to you. Is it the carrier? Then I'll have to go. Tell her it was one as knew her when we was both young — knew her right well, and all her ways — knew her mother. And I've a deal to say; and my name's Nancy Christian, if she should ask. If she's the woman I take her for, she'll know my name."

"And you'll come back? — will you be sure to come back?" asked Pamela, carelessly, yet with a girl's eagerness for every thing like change and news. The cart had stopped by this time, and Mrs. Swayne had brought forth a chair to aid the stranger in her ascent. The place was roused by the event. Old Betty stood at her cottage, and Swayne had hobbled out from the kitchen, and even Mrs. Preston, forgetting the headache, had stolen to the window, and peeped out through the small venetian blind which covered the lower part of it to look at and wonder who the figure belonged to which had so strange a likeness to herself. Amid all these spectators Nancy mounted, slowly shaking out once more the dust from her skirts.

"I'll be late, and she'll give me an awful talking to," she said. "No; I can't stop to-day. But I'll come again — oh yes, I'll come again." She kept looking back as long as she was in sight, peeping round the hood of the wagon, searching them through and through with her anxious gaze; whilst all the bystanders looked on surprised. What had she to do with them? And then her looks, and her dress, and her black eager eyes, were so like Mrs. Preston's. Her face bore a very doubtful, uncertain look as she was thus borne solemnly away. "I couldn't know her after such a long time; and I don't see as she could have had a child so young," was what Nancy was saying

to herself, shaking her head and then re-assuring herself. This visit made a sensation which most diverted public attention from Mr. John; and when Nancy's message was repeated to Mrs. Preston, it was received with an immediate recognition which increased the excitement. "Nancy Christian!" Mrs. Preston repeated all the evening long. She could think of nothing else. It made her head so much worse that she had to go to bed, where Pamela watched her to the exclusion of every other interest. This was Nancy's first visit. She did not mean, even had she had time, to proceed to anything more important that day.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## HOW SARA REGARDED THE NOTE IN HER BROTHER'S EYE.

A FEW days after these events, caprice or curiosity led Sara to Swayne's cottage. She had very much given up going there — why, she could scarcely have explained. In reality she knew nothing about the relationship between her brother and her friend; but either that, unknown to herself, had exercised some kind of magnetic repulsion upon her, or her own pre-occupation had withdrawn Sara from any special approach to her little favourite. She would have said she was as fond of her as ever; but in fact she did not want Pamela as she had wanted her. And the consequence was that they had been much longer apart than either of them, occupied with their own concerns, had been aware. The motive which drew Sara thither after so long an interval was about as mysterious as that which kept her away. She went, but did not know why; perhaps from some impulse of those secret threads of fate which are ever being drawn unconsciously to us into another and another combination; perhaps simply from a girlish yearning towards the pleasant companion of whom for a time she had made so much. Mrs. Preston had not recovered when Sara went to see her daughter — she was still lying on the sofa with one of her nervous attacks, Pamela said — though the fact was that neither mother nor daughter understood what kind of attack it was. Anxiety and excitement and uncertainty had worn poor Mrs. Preston out; and then her headache was so handy — it saved her from making any decision — it excused her to herself for not settling immediately what she ought to do. She was not able to move, and she was thankful for it. She could not undergo the fatigue of finding some other place to live in, of giving Mr. John his final answer. To be sure he knew and she knew that his final answer had been given — that there could be no doubt about it; but still every practical conclusion was postponed by the attack, and in this point of view it was the most fortunate thing which could have occurred.

Things were thus with them when Sara, af-

ter a long absence, one day suddenly lighted down upon the shady house in the glory of her summer attire, like a white dove lying into the bosom of the clouds. Perhaps it would be wrong to say that Pamela in her black frock stood no chance in the presence of her visitor; but it is certain that when Miss Brownlow came floating in with her light dress, and her bright ribbons and her shining hair, every thing about her gleaming with a certain reflection from the sunshine, Pamela and her mother could neither of them look at anything else. She dazzled them, and yet drew their eyes to her, as light itself draws everybody's eyes. Pamela shrank a little from her friend's side with a painful humility, asking herself whether it was possible that this bright creature should ever be her sister; while even Mrs. Preston, though she had all a mother's admiration for her own child, could not but feel her heart sink as she thought how this splendid princess would ever tolerate so inferior an alliance. This consciousness in their minds made an immediate estrangement between them. Sara was condescending, and she felt she was condescending, and hated herself; and as for the mother and daughter, they were constrained and stricken dumb by the secret in their hearts. And thus there rose a silent offence on both sides. On hers, because they were so cold and distant; on theirs, because it seemed to them that she had come with the intention of being affable and kind to them, they who could no longer accept patronage. The mother lay on the sofa in the dark corner, and Sara sat on the chair in the window, and between the two points Pamela went straying, ashamed of herself, trying to smooth over her own secret irritation and discontent, trying to keep the peace between the others, and yet at the same time wishing and longing that her once welcome friend would leave them to themselves. The circumstances of their intercourse were changed, and the intercourse itself had to be organized anew. Thus the visit might have passed over, leaving only an impression of pain on their minds, but for an accident which set the matter in a clearer light. Pamela had been seated at the window with her work before Sara entered, and underneath the linen she had been stitching lay an envelope directed to her by Jack Brownlow. Jack had not seen his little love for one entire day, and naturally he had written her a little letter, which was as foolish as if he had not been so sensible a young man. It was only the envelope which lay thus on the table under Pamela's work. Its enclosure was laid up in quite another sanctuary, but the address was there, unquestionably in Jack's hand. It lay the other way from Sara's eyes, tantalising her with the well-known writing. She tried hard — without betraying herself, in the intervals of the conversation — to read the name on it upside down, and her suspicion had not, as may be supposed, an enlivening effect upon the conversation. Then she stooped and pretended to look at Pamela's work; then she

gave the provoking envelope a little stealthy touch with the end of her parasol. Perhaps scrupulous honour would have forbidden these little attempts to discover the secret; but when a sister perceives her brother's handwriting on the work-table of her friend, it is hard to resist the inclination to make sure in the first place that it is his, in the second place to whom it is addressed. This was all that Sara was guilty of. She would not have peeped into the note for a kingdom; but she did want to know whom it was written to. Perhaps it was only some old scrap of paper, some passing word about mendings or fittings to Mr. Swayne. Perhaps — and then Sara gave the envelope stealthily that little poke with her parasol.

A few minutes after she got up to go: her complexion had heightened suddenly in the strangest way, her eyes had taken a certain rigid look, which meant excitement and wrath. "Will you come out with me a little way? I want to speak to you," she said, as Pamela went with her to the door. It was very different from those old beseeching, tender, undeniable invitations which the one had been in the habit of giving to the other; but there was something in it which constrained Pamela, though she trembled to her very heart, to obey. She did not know any thing about the envelope; she had forgotten it — forgotten that she had left it there, and had not perceived Sara's stealthy exertions to secure a sight of it. But nevertheless she knew there was something coming. She took down her little black hat, trembling, and stole out, a dark little figure, beside Sara, stately in her light flowing draperies. They did not say a word to each other as they crossed the road and entered at the gates and passed Betty's cottage. Betty came to the door and looked after them with a curiosity so great that she was tempted to follow and creep under the bushes, and listen; but Sara said nothing to betray herself as long as they were within the range of old Betty's eye. When they had got to the chestnut-trees, to that spot where Mr. Brownlow had come upon his son and his son's love, and where there was a possibility of escaping from the observation of spectators at the gate, Sara's composure gave way. All at once she seized Pamela's arm, who turned round to her with her lips apart and her heart struggling up into her mouth with terror. "Jack has been writing to you," said Sara; "tell me what it has been about."

"What it has been about!" said Pamela, with a cry. The poor little girl was so taken by surprise that all her self-possession forsook her. Her knees trembled, her heart beat, fluttering wildly in her ears; she sank down on the grass in her confusion, and covered her face with her hands. "Oh, Miss Brownlow!" was all that she was able to say.

"That is no answer," said Sara, with all her natural vehemence. "Pamela, get up, and answer me like a sensible creature. I don't mean to say it is your fault. A man might write to you and you might not be to blame. Tell me

only what it means. What did he write to you about?"

Then Pamela bethought herself that she too had a certain dignity to preserve; not her own so much as that which belonged to her in right of her betrothed. She got up hastily, blushing scarlet, and though she did not meet Sara's angry questioning eyes, she turned her downcast face towards her with a certain steadfastness. "It is not any harm," she said, softly, "and, Miss Brownlow, you are no — no — older than me."

"I am two years older than you," said Sara, "and I know the world, and you don't; and I am his sister. Oh, you foolish little thing! don't you know it is wicked? If you had told me, I never never would have let him trouble you. I never thought Jack would have done any thing so dreadful. It's because you don't know."

"Mamma knows," said Pamela, with a certain self-assertion; and then her courage once more failed her. "I tried to stop him," she said, with the tears coming to her eyes, "and so did mamma. But I could not force him; not when he — he — would not. What I think of," cried Pamela, "is him, not myself; but if he won't, what *can* I do?"

"If he won't what?" said Sara, in her amazement and wrath.

But Pamela could make no answer; half with the bitterness of it, half with the sweetness of it, her heart was full. It was hard to be questioned and taken to task thus by her own friend; but it was sweet to know that what she could do was nothing, that her efforts had been vain, that *he* would not give up. All this produced such a confusion in her that she could not say another word. She turned away, and once more covered her face with her hand; not that she was at all miserable — or if indeed it was a kind of misery, misery itself is sometimes sweet.

As for Sara, she blazed upon her little companion with an indignation which was splendid to behold. "Your mamma knows," she said, "and permits it! Oh, Pamela! that I should have been so fond of you, and that you should treat me like this!"

"I am not treating you badly — it is you," said Pamela, with a sob which she could not restrain, "who are cruel to me."

"If you think so, we had better part," said Sara, with tragic grandeur. "We had better part, and forget that we ever knew each other. I could have borne any thing from you but being false. Oh, Pamela! how could you do it? To be treacherous to me who have always loved you, and to correspond with Jack!"

"I — don't — correspond — with Jack," cried Pamela, the words being wrung out of her; and then she stopped short, and dried her eyes, and grew red, and looked Sara in the face. It was true, and yet it was false; and the consciousness of this falsehood in the spirit made her cheeks burn, and yet startled her into composure. She stood upright for the first time,

and eyed her questioner, but it was with the self-possession not of innocence but of guilt.

"I am very glad to hear it," said Sara — "very glad; but you let him write to you. And when I see his handwriting on your table what am I to think? I will speak to him about it to-night; I will not have him tease you. Pamela, if you will trust in me, I will bring you through it safe. Surely it would be better for you to have me for a friend than Jack?"

Poor Pamela's eyes sank to the ground as this question was addressed to her. Her blush, which had begun to fade, returned with double violence. Such a torrent of crimson rushed to her face and throat that even Sara took note of it. Pamela could not tell a lie — not another lie, as she said to herself in her heart; for the fact was she did prefer Jack — preferred him infinitely and beyond all question; and such being the case, could not so much as look at her questioner, much less breathe a word of assent. Sara marked the silence, the overwhelming blush, the look which suddenly fell beneath her own, with the consternation of utter astonishment. In that moment a renewed storm of indignation swept over her. She stamped her foot upon the grass in the impatience of her thoughts.

"You prefer Jack," she cried, in horror — "you prefer Jack! Oh, heaven! but in that case," she added, gathering up her long dress in her arms, and turning away with a grandeur of disdain which made an end of Pamela, "it is evident that we had better part. I do not know that there is any thing more I can say. I have thought more of you than I ought to have done," said Sara, making a few steps forward and then turning half round with the air of an injured princess; "but now it is better that we should part."

With this she waved her hand and turned away. It was in her heart to have turned and gone back five-and-twenty times before she reached the straight line of the avenue from which they had strayed. Before she got to the first laurel in the shrubberies, her heart had given her fifty pricks on the subject of her cruelty; but Sara was not actually so moved by these admonitions as to go back. As for Pamela, she stood for a long time where her friend had left her, motionless under the chestnut-trees, with tears dropping slowly from her downcast eyes, and a speechless yet sweet anguish in her heart. Her mother had been right. The sister's little friend, and the brother's betrothed, were two different things. This was how she was to be received by those who were nearest in the world to him; and yet he was a man, and his own master; all she could do was in vain, and he could not be forced to give up. Pamela stood still until his sister's light steps began to sound on the gravel; and when it was evident the parting had been final, and that Sara did not mean to come back, the poor child relieved her bosom by a long sob, and then went home very humbly by the broad sunny avenue. She went and poured her troubles

into her mother's bosom, which naturally was so much the worse for Mrs. Preston's headache. It was very hard to bear, and yet there was one thing which gave a little comfort; Jack was his own master, and giving him up, as everybody else adjured her to do, would be a thing entirely without effect.

The dinner-table at Brownlows was very grave that night. Mr Brownlow, it is true was much as usual, and so was Jack; they were very much as they always were, notwithstanding that very grave complications surrounded the footsteps of both. But as for Sara, her aspect was solemnity itself; she spoke in monosyllables only; she ate little, and that little in a pathetic way; when her father or her brother addressed her she took out her finest manners and extinguished them. Altogether she was a very imposing and majestic sight; and after a few attempts at ordinary conversation, the two gentlemen, feeling themselves very trifling and insignificant personages indeed, gave in, and struggled no longer against an influence which was too much for them. There was something, too, in her manner — something imperceptible to Mr. Brownlow, perceptible only to Jack — which made it clear to the latter that it was on his account his sister was so profoundly disturbed. He said "Pshaw!" to himself at first, and tried to think himself quite indifferent; but the fact was he was not indifferent. When she left the room at last, Jack had no heart for a chat with his father over the claret. He too felt his secret on his mind, and became uncomfortable when he was drawn at all into a confidential attitude; and to-day, in addition to this, there was in his heart a prick of alarm. Did Sara know? was that what she meant? Jack knew very well that sooner or later everybody must know; but at the present moment a mingled sense of shame and pride and independence kept him silent. Even supposing it was the most prudent marriage he could make, why should a fellow go and tell everybody like a girl? It might be well enough for a girl to do it — a girl had to get everybody's consent and ask everybody's advice, whereas he required neither advice nor consent. And so he had not felt himself called upon to say any thing about it; but it is nervous work, when you have a secret on your mind, to be left alone with your nearest relative, the person who has the best right to know, and who in a way possesses your natural confidence, and has done nothing to forfeit it. So Jack escaped five minutes after Sara, and hastened to the drawing-room, looking for her. Perhaps she had expected it — at all events she was there waiting for him still as solemn, pathetic, and important as it is possible to conceive. She had some work in her hands, which of itself was highly significant. Jack went up to her, and she looked at him, but took no further notice. After that one glance she looked down again, and went on with her work — things were too serious for speech.

"What's the matter?" said Jack. "Why

are you making such a tragedy-queen of yourself? What has everybody done? My opinion is you have frightened my father to death."

"I should be very sorry if I had frightened papa," said Sara meekly; and then she broke forth with vehemence, "Oh, how can you, Jack? Don't you feel ashamed to look me in the face?"

"I ashamed to look you in the face?" cried Jack, in utter bewilderment; and he retired a step, but yet stared at her with the most straightforward stare. His eyes did not fall under the scrutiny of hers, but gradually as he looked there began to steal up among his whiskers an increasing heat. He grew red though there was no visible cause for it. "I should like to know what I have done," he said, with an affected laugh. "Anyhow, you take high ground."

"I couldn't take too high ground," said Sara, solemnly. "Oh, Jack! how could you think of meddling with that innocent little thing? To see her about so pretty and sweet as she was, and then to go and worry her and tease her to death!"

"Worry and tease—whom?" cried Jack, in amaze. This was certainly not the accusation he expected to hear.

"As if you did not know whom I mean!" said his sister. "Wasn't it throwing themselves on our kindness when they came here? And to make her that she dares not walk about or come out anywhere—to tease her with letters even! I think you are the last man in the world from whom I should have expected that."

Jack had taken to bite his nails, not well knowing what else to do. But he made no direct reply even to the solemnity of this appeal. A flush of anger sprang up over his face, and yet he was amused.

"Has she been complaining to you?" he said.

"Complaining," said Sara. "Poor little thing! No, indeed. She never said a word. I found it out all by myself."

"Then I advise you to keep it all to yourself," said her brother, "she don't want you to interfere, nor I either. We can manage our own affairs; and I think, Sara," he added, with an almost equal grandeur, "if I were you I would not notice the mote in my brother's eye till I had looked after the beam in my own."

The beam in her own! what did he mean? But Jack went off in a lofty way, contenting himself with this Parthian arrow, and declining to explain. The insinuation, however, disturbed Sara. What was the beam in her own? Somehow, while she was puzzling about it, a vision of young Powys crossed her mind, papa's friend, who began to come so often. When she thought of that, she smiled at her brother's delusion. Poor Jack! he did not know that it was in discharge of her most sacred duty that she was civil to Powys. She had been very civil to him. She had taken his part against

Jack's own refined rudeness, and delivered him even from the perplexed affabilities of her father, though he was her father's friend. Both Mr. Brownlow and Jack were pre-occupied, and Sara had been the only one to entertain the stranger. And she had done it so as to make the entertainment very amusing and pleasant to herself. But what had that to do with a beam in her eye? She had made a vow, and she was performing her vow. And he was her father's friend; and if all other arguments should be exhausted, still the case was no parallel to that of Pamela. He was not a poor man dwelling at the gate. He was a fairy prince, whom some enchantment had transformed into his present shape. The case was utterly different. Thus it was with a certain magnificent superiority over her brother's weakness that Sara smiled to herself at his delusion. And yet she was grieved to think that he should take refuge in such a delusion, and did not show any symptom of real sorrow for his own sin.

Jack had hardly gone when Mr. Brownlow came up-stairs. And he too asked Sara why it was that she sat apart in such a melancholy majesty. When he had heard the cause, he was more disturbed than either of his children had been. Sara had supposed that Jack might be trifling with her poor little friend—she thought that he might carry the flirtation so far as to break poor Pamela's heart, perhaps. But Mr. Brownlow knew that there were sometimes consequences more serious than even the breaking of hearts. To be sure he judged, not with the awful severity of a woman, but with the leniency of a man of the world; but yet it seemed to him that worse things might happen to poor Pamela than an innocent heartbreak, and his soul was disturbed within him by the thought. He had warned his son, with all the gravity which the occasion required; but Jack was young, and no doubt the warning had been ineffectual. Mr. Brownlow was grieved to his soul; and, what was strange enough, it never occurred to him that his son could have behaved as he had done, like a Paladin. Jack's philosophy, which had so little effect upon himself, had deceived his father. Mr. Brownlow felt that Jack was not the man to sacrifice his position and prospects and ambitions to an early marriage, and the only alternative was one at which he shuddered. For the truth was, his eye had been much attracted by the bright little face at the gate. It recalled some other face to him—he could not recall whose face. He had thought she was like Sara at first, but it was not Sara. And to think of that fresh sweet blossoming creature all trodden down into dust and ruin! The thought made Mr. Brownlow's heart contract with positive pain. He went down into the avenue, and walked about there for hours waiting for his son. It must not be, he said to himself—it must not be! And all this time Jack, not knowing what was in store for him, was hearing over and over again, with much repetition, the story of the envelope and Sara's

visit, and was drying Pamela's tears, and laughing at her fright, and asking her gloriously what anybody could do to separate them?—what could anybody do? A girl might be subject to her parents; but who was there who could take away his free-will from a man? This was the scope of Jack's conversation, and it was very charming to his hearer. What could any one do against that magnificent force of

resolution? Of course his allowance might be taken from him; but he could work. They had it all their own way in Mrs. Swayne's parlour, though Mrs. Swayne herself did not hesitate to express her disapproval; but as yet Mr. John knew nothing about the anxious parent who walked up and down waiting for him on the other side of the gate.

From the Examiner.

*Memoir of William Edmondstoune Aytoun, D. C. L., Author of 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers,' &c. &c. By Theodore Martin. With an Appendix. William Blackwood and Son.*

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN, says the friend of kindred genius who has paid to him just honor in this Memoir, was descended from the scholar and poet Sir Robert Aytoun, of whom Ben Jonson was loved dearly, as he told Drummond of Hawthornden, and whom Hobbes of Malmesbury "made use of for an Aristarchus, when he made his epistle dedicatory for his translation of 'Thucydides.'" Burns took the idea of his 'Auld Lang Syne' from Sir Robert Aytoun's poem beginning

Should old acquaintance be forgot  
And never thought upon?

The father of William Edmondstoune Aytoun was Roger Aytoun, partner at Edinburgh in a leading firm of Writers to the Signet. Roger Aytoun was a cultivated man, a Whig, and a friend of Francis Jeffrey. He was married to a lady who had beauty, piety, and love of romance—a Jacobite who, when a girl, had seen Walter Scott in his boyhood, who delighted in the ballad poetry of Scotland, and transmitted her tastes to her only son.

William Edmondstoune Aytoun, born in June, 1813, was the only son of these parents; but he had two sisters, both of whom survive him, and to whom his friend Mr. Theodore Martin dedicates this Memoir.

Aytoun as a child was quick-witted, quick-tempered, and ready at fun. When ten or eleven years old he read with keen relish Scott's novels, and was glad to lay hold of the 'Devil on Two Sticks,' or 'Humphrey Clinker.' As a schoolboy he was full of animal spirits, too bright to be among the dunces, but only getting enough Latin and Greek to enable him to keep a fair place among schoolboys. His livelier sense of Latin and its literature, as something real and enjoyable, he got at the Edinburgh University from Professor Pillans. He advanced less in Greek, though drawn especially to Homer. He wrote much verse; serious verse in the manner of Pope and Dryden, ballads and squibs after his own lively fashion. He delighted also in field sports, and relished joyously the intercourse with friends. It was at college that Mr. Theodore Martin, also a student, but a few years Aytoun's junior, first saw his friend, cleverly upsetting with an effective unpremeditated speech the effect of the forced oratory of leaders in a students' meeting. That was in 1832, when Aytoun's age was seventeen, and in the same year his sympathy with the cause of the Poles led to his publishing 'Poland, Homer, and other Poems.'

In the following year Aytoun, came to London, and spent several months in the chambers of a busy solicitor and parliamentary agent. He satisfied himself that there would not be a career for him as barrister in London, and spent the next winter at Aschaffenburg for acquisition of the German language and a study of its literature under Professor J. E. Merkel. There he translated the first part of *Faust* into English verse, and he wished to publish the

translation. At the same time, while urging his disinclination and unfitness against his father's wish that he should be a Writer to the Signet, he indicated the Chair of Belles Lettres in the University as a suitable object of ambition, for which he might fit himself by literary studies. Aytoun's translation of *Faust* never was published. When he returned to Edinburgh in April, 1834, he found no less than four new translations of *Faust*, either published or announced as in the press. Aytoun delighted also in the German fun and the bright poetical fancy of Tieck, and was stimulated by his contact with the German mind to much literary activity. But as Law seemed to be the only profession open to him, he passed the necessary examinations, was admitted in 1835 as Writer to the Signet, and worked in the chambers of his father's firm. But its business declined, and Aytoun resolved to try his fortune at the Scottish Bar, to which he was called in 1840. His known pursuit of literature did him no good with the solicitors. He had published in *Blackwood* translations from Uhland, and had translated the 22nd book of the 'Iliad' into English trochaics. In November, 1839, his poem of 'Hermitimus' had appeared in *Blackwood*; in May, 1840, he published, in *Blackwood*, translations from the Romaic; and in December, 1841, also in *Blackwood*, his poem of 'Blind Old Milton.' In 1840, also, his 'Life and Times of Richard the First' appeared in the series of the 'Family Library.' As a Barrister he did get, however, a moderate share of work, and did it well, especially criminal business, upon the Western Circuit.

By the wit, fun, and bright sense of literature which give long life to the caricatures of the Bon Gaultier Ballads, Mr. Theodore Martin first drew Aytoun to his side. Through Professor Forbes, Aytoun became at this time acquainted with Mr. Martin. The Bon Gaultier Ballads, which his new friend had begun to contribute to the magazines, tickled his fancy, and when he found that it was proposed to procure more he undertook to join in their production. "In this way," says his biographer, "a kind of Beaumont and Fletcher partnership commenced in a series of humorous papers, which appeared in *Tait's* and *Fraser's Magazines* during the years 1842, 1843, and 1844. In these papers, in which we ran a tilt with all the recklessness of youthful spirits, against such of the tastes or follies of the day as presented an opening for ridicule or mirth, at the same time that we did not altogether lose sight of a purpose higher

than mere amusement, appeared the verses, with a few exceptions, which subsequently became popular, to a degree we then little contemplated, as the 'Bon Gaultier Ballads.'" The whimsical imitations in these ballads of the manner of many poets was far in advance of the mere fun of the 'Rejected Addresses.' It was possible only to men of high spirits with eager relish for literature and a living sense of it, who in sympathy with men of genius might feel, each for himself, 'Auch ich war in Arkadien geboren.' "It was precisely the poets whom we most admired," says Mr. Theodore Martin, "that we imitated the most frequently. Let no one parody a poet unless he loves him. He must first be penetrated by his spirit, and have steeped his ear in the music of his verse, before he can reflect these under a humorous aspect with success."

The sympathy between Aytoun and the friend to whom we are indebted for this sketch of his career could not fail to be close. They had the same wholesome vivacity of humour, based on the same keen relish of poetry that made them both almost or altogether poets, and the minds of both had an affinity for the best German literature. If they were not born to be great chiefs themselves in literature, they are foremost examples of the brightest literary class,—men wholesome and kindly, with true critical enjoyment of the excellence of others, which, perhaps, somewhat impedes full exercise of independent powers upon the realities that genius shapes to its own uses or the needs of men. How delightfully the minds of these two friends were attuned to each other we may gather from a note in which Mr. Martin speaks of the habit of working together that caused them to catch something of each other's manner. When they were revising their translations of the 'Poems and Ballads of Goethe' for the press in 1858, Aytoun wrote to his colleague: "On going over the poems I was very much struck by the occasional resemblance of our styles. There is one of yours, 'To My Mistress,' which I could almost have sworn to as mine from the peculiarity of the cadence, if I did not know it to be yours." But in pleasant differences lies much of the charm of friendship, and with the poetry in Aytoun's nature there had grown from his first lessons at his mother's knee a romantic cavalier attachment to the Stuarts; a historical faith which, says his friend, "was to him only less sacred than his religious creed." His Scottish attachment to the Stuarts, Mr. Martin tells us, "was so real that it col-



oured his views of the history of that dynasty and its followers to a degree which surprised those who knew how critical was his observation and how practical his judgment in all other matters. Touch this theme at any time, even when his flow of mirthful spirits was at his fullest, and his tremulous voice and quivering lip told how deeply-seated were his feelings in all that related to it. On any other point he would bear to be rallied, but not upon this." Nettled by Thackeray's just treatment of Mary Stuart in one of his 'Lectures on the Four Georges,' when those lectures were given at Edinburgh, Aytoun said to him with unwonted harshness, "Stick to your Jeames's, Thackeray! They are more in your line than the Georges." The knowledge of this feeling [in Aytoun will put some of the requisite heartiness into the reading of his best serious verse, the 'Lays of the Cavaliers.' The first of his ballads, which obtained for him the first success in serious verse, was the 'Burial March of Dundee,' which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for April, 1843. When he wrote it his father was dying, and his father died not many days before its publication. His father's death left Aytoun free, without home antagonism, to take his natural side as a party writer. He could only be a Conservative in politics. It is a rebuke to the narrowness of controversy that to this party belonged by nature and education so cultivated and fine-hearted a man as William Edmondstone Aytoun. We quote a part of his friend's recollection of his character:—

He was of too kindly and sympathetic a nature, perhaps, to shine as a wit: not only was his friend dearer to him than his jest, but he had that fine instinct of pain which suspends many a flash of humour or wit that might dazzle many, but must wound one. But there was a charm of humour about his talk which it would be hard to define. It was compounded mainly of pleasant exaggeration, playful allusion, unlooked-for turns of phrase, and strong mother-wit. It was always essentially the humour of a gentleman, without cynicism and without irreverence. Irresistible while you were under its influence, it rose so entirely out of the occasion, and was so coloured by the mood of the moment—it was so much, in short, a part of the man—that it would be as impossible to fix it upon paper as to perpetuate the gradation of light and colour,

When, rapt through many a rosy change,  
The twilight dies into the dark.

This was Aytoun in his lighter moods; but

under this bubbling joyousness of spirit was a well of gentleness and tender heart, of strong feeling and chivalrous enthusiasm, which found its way to the surface on just occasion, and on just occasion only. He had, moreover, a fine eye for nature, and a subtle sympathy with all her moods and aspects, which made his familiar talk, when face to face with her, peculiarly delightful. Then his heart would open out into a stream of eloquent fancies, and the humourist was lost for the time in the ardent enthusiasm of the poet. To women he was always tenderly courteous, and with children he was always happy, and they with him.

In few cases did Aytoun make a more effective use of his powers than in the earnest humour of his protest against the disastrous Railway Mania, entitled 'How we got up the Glenmutchkin Railway, and how we got out of it.'

In 1845 the removal of Professor Spalding to St. Andrew's left vacant the chair of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh. As a student in Germany he had named to his father this chair as an object of ambition. Literature was the work for which he was most fit. He had been toiling at the Bar with slow success, while gradually earning his good name among writers. The salary attached to the chair was only 100*l.*, and the annual income from fees did not exceed 130*l.* He obtained the chair, and raised the number of the students from thirty in 1846 to upwards of 150 in 1864. He had also before his appointment become, as a contributor, intimately connected with *Blackwood's Magazine*, and for many years after 1844 wrote for it almost monthly. In April, 1849, Aytoun was married to the youngest daughter of Professor Wilson, and it was only then that he ceased to reside with his mother and sisters. When Lord Derby came into office in 1852, a vacancy in the sheriffship of Orkney and Zetland enabled him to requite with that office Aytoun's political services. Aytoun punctually fulfilled his duties, and usually spent in the Orkneys a part of the summer months. In June, 1853, Professor Aytoun received from Oxford the honorary degree of D. C. L.

In May, 1854, there appeared in *Blackwood* Aytoun's sham criticism of an unpublished tragedy, 'Firmilian,' by Percy Jones. The criticism and the extracts were both from one hand, but they took in many of the critics, and Aytoun was led to crown his joke by publishing a complete tragedy of 'Firmilian,' in caricature of the spasmodic style. At the end of 1855, Aytoun began to write his 'Bothwell,' which was published

in the following year, and with which we are glad to find that he was never himself satisfied. Then, after a few months' rest from literary labor, he was hard at work again. In 1857, he prepared an edition of *Scottish Ballads*. In 1858, he was busy with his friend, Theodore Martin, upon a reprint of their translation of Goethe's ballads and minor poems which had appeared in *Blackwood* in 1843-44. In April, 1859, Aytoun's wife died, leaving him childless. "Night after night," says Mr. John Blackwood, "I used to call in upon him, and any thing more melancholy than our old Bright companion, sitting with his head leaning on his hands, cheerless and helpless, I never saw."

After this time, Aytoun's health broke. He began to publish in *Blackwood* his novel of 'Norman Sinclair,' diffuse and ill arranged, but full of good thought and covert personal reminiscence. He was sleepless and plagued with dyspepsia in which, as he painted its agonies, "a mutton chop becomes a fiery crab, rending the interior with its claws; and even rice pudding has the intorrible effrontery to become revived as a hedgehog." In 1861, he sought health at the baths of Homburg. In November of that year, his mother died, at the age of ninety. In 1862, he went again to Homburg. He had grown thinner, and there was hectic flush upon his cheek. After this time he wrote but little. He sought comfort in a second marriage in December, 1863, was happy in it, and improved in health till, in the winter of 1864, the old distressing symptoms recurred. Next year he tried summer quarters in Scotland; in June, 1865, he wrote a vigorous political article for *Blackwood*. But on the 4th of the next August he died, sinking so rapidly that his sisters, summoned by telegram from Edinburgh, did not arrive till some hours after his death. "We went straight to his room," writes one of them, "and there he lay like a statue, with a heavenly smile upon his lips, and the colour in his cheek. It did not look like death; and they had laid him out with bunches of his favourite white roses on his breast."

From the Spectator.

#### THE END OF THE STRUGGLE.

THE division of Thursday night, which established the principle that minorities have a right to local as well as to Imperial repre-

sentation, may yet prove a turning-point in the history of Great Britain. For the first time since 1832, the "speculative" politicians, the men, that is, who can think as well as vote, reason as well as feel, who want to build like architects, and not merely pile up excreta like coral insects, who believe that a representative chamber should be an organism, and not a powdery precipitate from electoral chemicals, have fairly defeated the "practical" politicians, fairly driven a new idea into the thickest-headed Philistines among mankind, the bourgeois democracy. It has been a hard fight and a long one, and it has often seemed so hopeless that the reasoners despaired. The aristocrats would not listen, the bourgeoisie could not understand if they did listen, the people would not care, wire-pullers like Mr. Disraeli perceived that the innovation threatened their trade, and orators like Mr. Bright, in the true spirit of political insolence, called the only proposal ever made for scientific representation the "spawn" of feeble and prejudiced minds. Still the "reasoners," and the "dreamers," and the "enthusiasts," and the "politicians of the writing-table" fought on, opposing argument to assertion, sarcasm to horse laughter, intellectual enthusiasm to brute anger, till they converted the Peers, convinced the representatives of the workmen, won over the great newspaper, — the *Times* actually became earnest, for the first time since the Crimean War, — and, finally, being aided by a casual concurrence of circumstances, compelled the mass of members to consent to justice as a temporary experiment. Of course the experiment is a small one, as English experiments, and indeed all fruitful experiments, usually are, but it is quite sufficient for a trial, which if it works as we believe it will work, will change the House of Commons from a chamber representing a numerical majority into one representing the whole nation — its brains as well as its stomach — and finally save us from the greatest of all our immediate dangers, the rule of a bourgeois democracy, irresistible as any democracy must be, and vulgar in thought, aspirations, and action as an Anglo-Saxon democracy tends always to become. With ten-pounders for arbiters Mr. Mill has beaten Mr. Bright, the architect the leveller, and the result of the long contest ought to encourage the fanatics, dreamers, enthusiasts, and other believers in the moral right of the brain to guide the hands, to persevere in their efforts to make the sovereign assembly a real microcosm of the nation, competent to reflect people who can abolish.

pauperism, as well as those who pay rates to keep paupers alive. After the vote of Thursday, we do not despair when redistribution is fairly on, and London obtains its fair share of members, of trying there Mr. Hare's plan, and so enabling the Metropolis to supplement the rank and file of the House by seating every celebrity whom less organized constituencies leave out. We have a lever in that project which we have not in this one, namely, the possibility of convincing the workmen that it is their direct interest that the experiment should be tried. Meanwhile, the work to be done is to show the minority in every borough and county how completely the new experiment protects them from disfranchisement, how vivid it may again make their political life, how direct it makes their connection with the Assembly which is supposed to represent all opinions, but which, on the bourgeois theory, ought to represent only those which have found place in the majority of heads. If the minority can only be thoroughly convinced at once of their power and their responsibility for its exercise, the first Householder Parliament may accept a really broad plan of redistribution, abolish all the little nests of corruption and petty prejudice, transfer nominal power to the places where actual power resides, without running the risk of producing a House filled with men as alike, as useless, and as powerful as cyphers after an arithmetical unit. Even if the minorities cannot accomplish this they may, if instructed, force on a most beneficial compromise, and by insisting on single seats and single votes — a plan to which even Mr. Bright seems disposed to yield — treble their own chance of representation.

For the rest, both Houses have, during the week, greatly improved the Bill. Lord Derby has been well enough to attend the Peers, and the absurd attempt to disfranchise the London workmen by raising the lodger qualification has been given up. Lord Cairns, who proposed that amendment, humbly confessed that he had made a blunder. He did not know, he said, he was sure; he thought the Commons had done one thing, and found on inquiry they had done another; and then the figure which he had taken for rental meant annual value, and then there was a difference, and so on, and so on through a quarter of an hour of a speech which reduced his audience to one of two alternatives. Either Lord Cairns knew nothing about the lodger franchise, in which case he had no business to touch it; or he did know, in which case

he is one of the weakest of politicians. The whole scene was most undignified, but still, the House of Lords rescinded their vote, and the Bill was greatly the better for their infirmity of purpose. They showed, as Mr. Disraeli said with his usual scorn of his fetishes, "adequate intelligence" to get out of an untenable position, and that is all which, perhaps, could be expected. On the other hand, the Commons have abolished voting-papers, which, in the present state of English intelligence, with tenants accustomed to obey their landlords, uneducated voters, and magistrates selected because they own land, would have half ruined the Bill. The alternative plan of collecting votes as we collect the census will not be listened to till members have paid their first election bills, and found them increased by exactly 300 per cent., and meanwhile, for one more Parliament every voter must declare his political opinions in the middle of a noisy, excited, and possibly half-drunk mob, who, the *Standard* coolly says, are sure to be Liberal, but who, Mr. Disraeli thinks, are sure to be Tory. Expense will very soon compel Parliament to abolish the present rude scheme of voting, and the Peers are not likely to quarrel with the Commons about a device which, if carried, would enable the freehold associations to manufacture Liberal county votes by the thousand, the Bill will next week be law, and on the 17th inst. Parliament will rise, having completed a single work — the dethronement of the Middle class.

Its last act has been to vote Mr. Disraeli another year of power. By a clause added at the last moment, in the event of a dissolution before January, 1869, the House of Commons is to be elected by the old constituency, and Mr. Disraeli has, therefore, only to threaten a dissolution to nullify the effect of his whole Bill. It is a very convenient arrangement, both for him and for the members, but from the day the Bill becomes law the Householders are masters, and they have only to signify to their members that this impudent little clause, which disfranchises two-thirds of the constituency for a whole year, must be repealed, and it will very quietly disappear. With a European war at hand the nation is not likely to be content with a dying Sovereign, and from the 17th the nation begins to rule.

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One of the results of the Sultan's visit to Western Europe will be the immediate foundation of a great military school at Stamboul, on the model of Sandhurst.

From the Spectator.

## MR. CARLYLE ON REFORM.

WE do not wonder that Mr. Carlyle's semi-delirious utterance, or rather scream, in this month's *Macmillan*, should have attracted much attention. Force is a reality, the rights of men are as important, in all eyes but those of the Creator, as the rights of men, and why should not the man who preaches the divinity of force obtain a hearing? He is listened to, and he ought to be, as much listened to as the man he must so bitterly hate, who dying beaten for beaten men who could not even thank him, murmured, "I see the best use God can put me to is to hang me," and so swept from earth the greatest iniquity the Almighty has ever tolerated upon it. Why not Thomas Carlyle, as well as John Brown? They are both exponents of truths, the greatest exponents of the greatest truths alive in our century, and although one be representative of the Devil's truth and the other of God's let us at least reject the one and accept the other consciously. Mr. Carlyle has something to say, and the half delirious, rhapsodical way in which he says it has very little to do with the matter, nothing if he is intelligible at all, and he is quite intelligible. He wants to say, if we understand him, and we understand him probably as well as the mass of those he addresses, that the recent movement of politics in England, notably the introduction of Household Suffrage, tends to impair force, to destroy leadership, to substitute the will of the most numerous for the will of the wisest and the strongest, to make society in fact more or less anarchical. The aristocracy, he says, over and over again, and by aristocracy he does not mean people with pedigrees only — though Thomas Carlyle being Scotch, and therefore admiring Mary Stuart and John Knox, feat to which mortal of any other nation is incompetent, he gives them the first chance — are destroyed by this Bill, or at least driven out of politics to their estates, there to use, as he suggests, their "power of banishment" to drill riflemen for rebellion. If that were true, it would be in our eyes at least, — who believe a man superior to the dust of which he is made, a nation something more than a congeries of individuals, a Church something besides a congregation of good and faithful men, — a serious charge to bring against the new Constitution of Great Britain. If it be true that the Householder Parliament is likely to select worse leaders and follow them less faithfully than the Ten-Pounder

Parliament, the change ratified this week stands condemned. An army which *ex necessitate rei* cannot produce a good officer, or producing will not follow him, is a bad army — it needs no Apostle of Force to tell Liberals that any more than Tories — but is that datum true of this particular reform? We doubt it very greatly. If experience can teach men anything, it is that the one virtue which can be predicated of masses of men is that they will elect strong leaders, men, it may be, with every vice except weakness, while small groups elect feeble men, men with every virtue except strength. The impression of politicians, we think an accurate one, has been that the tendency of popular leaders is to tyranny, to an overweening determination to be aristocrats in Mr. Carlyle's sense of that word. It was not the aristocracy who turned up John Knox, or Cromwell or the "lean indomitable man" Pitt, or Mirabeau, or St. Just, or the "bronze lips" which said "fire" at the right moment — spoiling human progress very much thereby — or the pale enigma, with a tendency to sea-green, who now rules France, or any one of the heroes Mr. Carlyle delights to extol. Nor was it the aristocracy who welcomed his last and worst pet, Frederick, who, after fighting for him for seven years on rye bread, and amid suffering almost like that of the defenders of Jerusalem, recognized that a leader in Israel, a great German among Germans, had arisen at last. Men very like the householders whom we have just enthroned raised all these men to power, or recognized them in power, and the fault of those leaders certainly was not weakness. We had thought that the special vice even of manhood suffrage was its tendency to believe in force, to prefer men like Jefferson, or Jackson, or Napoleon, men just after Mr. Carlyle's own heart, men who can, if needful, institute rather more rhythmic drill — phrase, by the way, for which we could pardon almost any aberration — than philosophical mankind quite approves. The two most absolutely popular elections of our day have resulted in Napoleon and Lincoln, men who may have had any amount of faults, but who certainly have not shown themselves disqualified by want of compelling power. Mr. Carlyle makes a good deal of Mr. Walpole's tears — rather unfairly, though we have no right to say so, for after all the man cried in the Continental, emotional way, which has nothing to do with weakness — but suppose Mr. Walpole weak, he was not the nominee of any mob, but of that refined aristocratic society which Mr.

Carlyle, under some momentary aberration, seems to prefer. Mob's nominee and favourite, on Second December, did not cry at all, but crooned over a fire saying only, "Let my orders be carried out;" and they were carried out, and people killed wholesale. The worst that can be said of the Householders is that they are a crowd, and the weakness of a crowd is to believe in the strong, not the weak; they shout it may be, for Barabbas, instead of Christ; but then is not Barabbas nearer Mr. Carlyle's ideal? He was not a weak person by any means, or given to letting people go their own way, but a violent brigand, erroneously supposed by the Jewish people to be of the Wallace stamp. Our fear, we confess, and it is at least as reasonable as Mr. Carlyle's, is, that we may be entering an era of Dictators, of persons who will order civilization to march on with an abruptness and violence which will destroy much of its good effect, but whom the householders will sustain most consistently and energetically when they are most violent. The evil tendency, if there is one, is not to Walpoles, but to Broadheads.

It is very possible — and we have a doubt, despite his writings whether it is not this which worries Mr. Carlyle — that leadership may, under our new society, pass away from the aristocracy of birth. We cannot see why it should, for the Bill once out of the way Lord Stanley or Lord Cranborne is quite as likely to rule England as any "demagogue;" and if we were running a President we would back the Foreign Secretary against anybody; but if it does, to whom will it pass away? Clearly to three or four classes of men, Parliamentary chiefs, aristocratic, or men of the people, as it may be, but at all events, strong men — Heaven help the mob if they invade Hyde Park with Mr. Bright, Lord Cranborne, or Mr. Forster as Home Secretary, and a clear law! — to Radical Generals, should we ever get any, and to great, bureaucrats, men who can really organize strong departments, as people say Mr. Scudamore and Sir C. Trevelyan can, and to Trades' Union Chiefs. Why will they not do, on Mr. Carlyle's theory, for aristocrats, for leaders with a tendency to make fools do wise things, to introduce, in his own language, the rhythmic drill which, though with very different objects, we admire as much as he does, — to guide the nation, in more strictly political language, into the course which will enable it to apply its strength rhythmically to the attainment of its ends?

Does the biographer of Cromwell and of

Knox really believe so exclusively in birth in a country where, as George II. said, there is only one gentleman (of heralds' making), — an unknown person called Lord Denbigh, — and where we believe there is not one family with a pedigree which is more than bourgeois on both sides. We beg his pardon for the suggestion, but if this is not the aristocracy, the claim to leadership he wants, what is he asking? Prominence? The new men will soon be as prominent as the old. Strength? They cannot be weaker anyhow than the six hundred persons labelled "noble," who have just surrendered the last relics of their power without a fight which would have frightened mice. The power of compulsion? Well, the new leaders will have irresistible physical force behind them, and if they do not use it they will be better than the majority of their kind. Was it weakness or strength, strength beyond human imagination, which *refused* the "legions of angels." To put the case into its most concrete and most brutal form, is conscription, the education of the whole people into a capacity to kill rhythmically, less or more likely because we are to have a Householder Parliament? The new electorate may not pass that particular law, but it can do it, and the ten-pounder constituency cannot, and the experience of mankind is that men who can do a thing, good or evil, are a good deal more likely to do it than men who cannot. If this Parliament does not compel a rhythmic action against the foreigner, ignorance, roughs, and other evils, a good deal stonger than most of us will approve, it will be very false to the usual course of genuinely popular assemblies. "Swarmery" may be a very evil thing, — though the swarming of animals, birds, insects, and other Heaven directed creatures always precedes departure from the unsuitable to the convenient place, — but at all events it helps to crush things in the way. Weakness is not the especial quality one would predicate of the sway of a crowd, the flow of a tide, the rush of a sand-storm, the march of a waterspout over the waves, and they are all strict analogues for that purblind but irresistible surge of opinion through which modern democracy acts; and it is democracy, if anything, which we have installed. Mr. Carlyle believes that in fifty years "the Church, all churches, and so-called religions, the Christian Religion itself, will have deliquessed into Liberty of Conscience, Progress of Opinion, Progress of Intellect, Philanthropic Movement, and other aqueous resolves of a badly scented character!" and all because fishermen, carpenters, and other mean individuals, are

to be heard in the world. Was it, then, an aristocracy which established the Christian Faith, or purified it when it had rotted, or believes it now ?

From the Intellectual Observer.

JAPAN, AND ITS CURRENCY.

BY JOSEPH NEWTON, H. M. MINT.

It is highly probable, if it be not morally certain, that, ere many years shall have passed away, the thick veil of mystery which has so long, and so effectually concealed from us an exact knowledge of the laws which govern, and the peculiar habits which distinguish the inhabitants of Japan, will be removed. Such a consummation we believe must result from the more enlightened, and, it may also be said, far more rational mode of conducting negotiations with the authorities of that strange empire of islands which now prevails. This country, indeed, is particularly fortunate at present in having as its chief representative at the Court of the Tycoon so able a diplomatist, and so dispassionate a man as Sir Rutherford Alcock. If it be true that —

“A wise physician skilled our woes to heal,  
Is more than armies for the public weal,”

it is equally certain that a talented and honest statesman may contribute largely to the promotion of the social and commercial intercourse, and the happiness of nations. In time past it has been too much the custom for ambassadors and others, while “dressed in a little brief authority,” to play very “fantastic tricks” indeed with those to whom they were accredited, and thus to create, or widen breaches instead of promoting peace and confidence. The fact, which is sustained by abundant evidence, has had the effect, in too many instances, of preventing instead of aiding the extension of commerce, and thereby arresting the progress of civilization and of Christianity itself.

The manner in which our intercommunication with the Japanese has been conducted during the last few years is happily not amenable to any such painful criticism. Confidence, it has been truly asserted, is a “plant of slow growth,” but it appears to be one in process of rapid cultivation between England and Japan, and we all

know the value of the production when fully matured. At this moment, there are in this country many intelligent young Japanese, some of them of noble birth, and destined for future legislators, under course of educating and training in Great Britain, whilst several of the vexatious restrictions which heretofore prevented the admission of Englishmen into Japan have disappeared. In short, a quiet and gradual, yet sure and steady revolution in these directions is going on, and its course is fraught with advantage to the peoples of both countries.

In the magnificent exhibition of fruits and flowers of the world's industrial gardens, now in full display at Paris, a considerable section is devoted to the exposition of articles from Japan. This forms, indeed, one of the most interesting portions of the wondrous show, and the ingenuity and originality manifested by the artists and workpeople who have prepared the articles are extraordinary. The fact of their transmitting so much valuable property to France, and taking so palpable an interest in the success of the gigantic undertaking, is in itself a strong proof that the Japanese are becoming fully alive to the advantages of international traffic; as it certainly proves that the councils of the Tycoon are not now under the influence of the old spirit of exclusiveness. Taking this, with other signs and portents of a similar character into account, there can be little danger in predicting that closer and far more familiar relations between the states of Europe generally and Japan will soon exist. Such a result cannot but be productive of good to all, and we hail its approach as a certain guarantee of increasing commercial prosperity, for this country especially.

If, however, there are externally to Japan, as it were, symptoms of an increasing intercourse such as has been indicated, there are corresponding symptoms within its own limits. To one of these latter it is proposed now to invite attention, namely, that of a proposed reformation of the metallic currency, which subject is under discussion by the Japanese Government. On matters of trade and currency which, as we so well know, have the most direct and vital bearing upon each other, the people of Japan have been instructed to some extent by the Dutch, with whom their trading transactions have hitherto been almost exclusively carried on. The information thus gained nevertheless was of a limited kind, and was probably sought for the purpose of meeting the internal wants of the country, and the consequence was the establishment of a sys-

tem of coinage by no means cosmopolitan in its application, but, on the contrary, most narrow and artificial. The coinage of Japan was, however, it must be admitted, carefully devised, from one point of view, for its especial object, and its arrangement, though presenting startling anomalies to those unaccustomed to it, was not ill adapted to the daily necessities of the native population. The treaty which was completed in 1858, conjointly between Great Britain, America, and Japan, and which, to a very limited degree, opened up commerce between the three countries, first induced the Japanese to take into earnest consideration the nature and peculiarities of their own metallic currency, and its adaptability or otherwise to the purposes of foreign trade. This consideration was a fact forced upon them by pressure of the strongest influence which it is said can operate upon traders in general — that of self-interest. To make this point more clear and intelligible, let us describe the coinage of Japan, as it was arranged at the period just cited.

The principal coins circulating anterior to 1858, were the gold *kobang*, and the gold *itzebu*, and the silver *itzebu*. The original *kobang* of gold was worth about 18s. 3½d., or 18s. 5d. British. The gold *itzebu* was worth one-third of the gold *kobang*, and the silver *itzebu* equalled in value 1s. 4d. English money. At the time of the partial opening up of foreign trading transactions, the *kobang* circulated in Japan at four *itzebuses*, although its European value was actually nearly fourteen *itzebuses*! The immediate consequence of this latter circumstance on the sharp traders of America and England, was to induce them to buy up all the *kobangs* that came in their way at the Japanese valuation. By this proceeding, which no doubt enlightened the poor natives, and revealed to them the truly commercial character of their new customers, the latter gained large sums of money. The lesson thus practically taught and forcibly illustrated, was speedily learnt by the Japanese, who set about purchasing the remaining *kobangs*. The result necessarily was a total disappearance of the *kobang* from the channels of general circulation.

At present, therefore, gold and silver *itzebuses* are the coins which mainly do duty as the circulating media of Japan. These are supplemented, however, by a silver coin known as the *itacune*, and which is equal in value to 12s. British. There are also in use among the humbler classes of the native population, subsidiary pieces of copper and of iron, and which are known individually

as the *sen*, or cash.\* Of these 376 are required to equal in value an English shilling. The obsolete *kobangs* were thin and oval-shaped discs of flattened gold, two inches in length, and 1¼ inches in width. Their weight averaged 200 English grains, and their almost universal degree of fineness was  $\frac{1}{1000}$ . The ornamentation of the *kobang* was of the most primitive and simple nature. A kind of scroll like a floreated design at the top, and at the bottom of the obverse, was supposed to represent the coat of arms of the *Dairi*. Characters stamped in immediately beneath the upper coat of arms indicated the exact weight and value of the coin and the date of its production. Above the lower coat of arms was the name of the Master of the Mint at which it was minted, and who thus guaranteed and made himself responsible for its genuineness.† In the centre of the reverse was the official mark of the Director-general of the gold and silver coinages, and not unfrequently the names also of private individuals were imprinted on the same side to demonstrate that the coin had passed through their balances and not been "found wanting."

The gold *itzebu*, or, in the more vulgar tongue, the "itjib," weighs about 60 English troy grains, and its degree of fineness is  $\frac{5600}{10000}$ . It is simply an oblong piece of gold plate metal, with rectangular ends admirably adapted for cutting holes in pockets. It is  $\frac{2}{3}$  of an inch in width, and ornamented by a coat of arms, characters exemplifying its weight and value, and other official marks of the director of coins. The *itacune* is an oval-ended plate of silver, three inches in length, 1½ inches in width, weighing 1160 English troy grains, and possessing a degree of fineness equal to  $\frac{800}{1000}$ . It is stamped with the Imperial arms, top and bottom, with declaration of current weight and value in the middle.

As has been stated, some of the consequences of the treaty were soon felt in a material sense. It was ascertained that one Mexican dollar was, approximately, equal in value to three *itzebuses*. Foreign merchants were therefore entitled to demand three *itzebuses* in exchange for a dollar, and as, by the provisions of the same treaty, permission was given for the free export of gold and silver, the gold coins could be obtained at the Mint price for the *itzebus* thus acquired, they were speedily bought up and

\* The coarsest specimens of mintage extant, are not equal to the Chinese "cash," illustrated at page 121, vol. iii. of "Intellectual Observer."

† An arrangement existing in this country in the days of the Saxon Heptarchy.

exported. Is it surprising that the Japanese soon complained that they were being robbed under the actual conditions of the treaty which thus legalized fraud? Sir Rutherford Alcock, who was a witness of these evils, strenuously endeavoured to remove, or at least to mitigate them. He advised that the Government of the Tycoon should remodel its own currency laws, and his suggestions were partially adopted. Had they been wholly acted upon, greater good would have resulted. Timidity and prejudice prevented this, and half measures, as usual, ended in disaster, or at any rate in failure.

Further counsel has been recently invoked from the English Government, and while we write, vigorous attempts are being made to effect a complete re-arrangement of the Japanese currency. It would be premature to adumbrate even the nature of the bases upon which the new system of currency will be placed, but it may be predicted with safety that decimalization will be one of them. At all events, it is undoubtedly true, that the experiences of the last few years have enlightened the minds of the ministers of the Tycoon in respect of the highly important matters of trade, currency, and coinage, and it is therefore more than probable that on these, as on other questions, ideas once reckoned as inadmissible, will be warmly entertained, if not willingly realized.

The currency system of Japan, during the isolation of that country for many centuries from the rest of the world, was constructed on principles and framed with views so entirely different from those adopted by other countries within the circle of general commerce, that it may well be regarded, like other institutions of that strange nation, as a puzzle. The Government was able to control the coinage as it pleased, and there were only two channels by which it was attainable — the Dutch and the Chinese establishment at Nagasaki. Now all this is changed, or in process of transformation, and American coins are in partial circulation throughout Japan.

It will not astonish us very much to learn that a new Imperial Mint, fitted with the best machinery and most complete apparatus which England can furnish, is ordered, or that such an establishment is actually in course of construction at Nagasaki. In this respect at least, Japan will presently be placed on an equal footing with America and the states of Europe. Who shall predict the future history of the mysterious nation in question, or guess even at the final extent of the moral, intellectual, and physical development of its people?

From the Spectator.

#### THE CRISIS IN ITALY.

PRIVATE accounts from Italy are by no means reassuring. For the first time since 1861 Liberal statesmen are beginning to doubt whether Italy is really made, or whether if it is made the existing constitutional régime can be preserved. It is believed in many quarters, and most believed by those who know most, that the financial difficulty is at last coming to a head, and that the Government may yet be compelled, or rather be induced, to adopt measures which must end in nearly universal dissatisfaction. Partly through the excessive parsimony of the Italians, partly through a system of collection so wasteful that the money received by the Treasury amounts to only 79 per cent. of the money paid by the people, the revenue falls short of the expenditure by at least eight millions sterling a year, and successive Ministries appear incompetent to establish an equilibrium. There are, of course, but two modes of securing that end — to reduce the expenditure one-third, or to increase taxation in the same proportion — and to both there are almost insuperable objections. Taxation in Italy is already high for a country with little external trade and not much accumulated wealth, and no tax not pressing directly upon the mass of the people can now be expected to draw. Unfortunately, almost any tax would be defeated by the economy of the Italians, who would go without anything, wine, for example, sooner than allow it to bear an increased proportion to their daily outlay; while the single tax which cannot be evaded — the tax on flour, to be levied at the mill — will, it is feared, if imposed, produce a general rising in the South, already deeply discontented, and perhaps involve a civil war in Sicily, where the Government is out of favour with every class of the population. Any other tax would cost more than it brought, and the Government is therefore driven back upon reductions, which must include at least one-third of its whole outlay. Three separate projects of this kind have been offered, and have failed, and Italians despondingly believe that the present one will share the same fate. The principle of the first, which was bold enough in all conscience, was to lay up or sell the fleet, reduce the Army to 100,000 men, and dismiss every placeman not indispensable to the administrative machine, but it was unpopular alike with Parliament and



the constituencies. The Parliament was afraid, and, indeed, is still afraid, that Italy with a weak army would be compelled to follow France too servilely, would lose all chance of Rome, would surrender the South to brigandage, and would in the end have to buy French assistance with new concessions of territory or alliances. The electors, sympathizing in these views, were, besides, annoyed with the threatened attack on the placemen, middle-class Italians hungering for appointments even more than middle-class Frenchman, who would always prefer 40*l.* and a uniform to 100*l.* and duty in a shop. The opportunity passed, and a second proposal was advocated by the Radicals to increase the Income-tax up to the necessary level, and extend it over the interest of the debt — a proposal received on all hands as a deliberate breach of faith with the public creditor. That creditor, as we shall shortly explain, is unusually powerful in Italy, and the project, not in itself unreasonable or unprecedented, was ultimately laid aside, though Rattazzi even now finds it needful to deny its existence about once a quarter. The third proposition, Sella's, was perhaps the most hopeful — to raise half the deficiency by a flour-tax, abolish the other half by reductions in the Navy, the Civil administration and the Civil List, and then with a clear balance-sheet and a revived credit, to meet any insurrection which might occur in consequence of taxation. The forced currency would at the same time be redeemed, and the floating debt diminished by a heavy tax on the landed property of the Church. This last proposal did not please the Parliament, which was opposed to any taxation of the Church — a tax presupposing a guaranteed right to the property taxed — but it sent up the funds, and might have passed, but for an unexpected obstacle. The King, who knows nothing of finance, and whose Civil List is burdened to an extraordinary extent, had been convinced that sweeping reductions were unnecessary, that they would involve excessive annoyance to himself and the *employés*, that the proposals for them were the result of bad government, and that it would be easier to change the Ministry than to accept them. He did so, and Rattazzi now finds himself face to face with the following facts. The forced currency must be redeemed, for the people, with whom economy is the tenderest point, are beginning to reject the paper money, even in payment for necessary stores, and the redemption will take nearly twenty millions. At the same time the

floating debt must be lightened, or the Treasury will be paralyzed in its daily operations, while it must also be increased by the whole amount of the annual deficit, for an ordinary loan could not be raised. Russia has just failed to raise one on most liberal terms. Reductions on any broad scale are impossible until the King gives way, and as yet he appears opposed to what he considers unnecessary sacrifices. To meet the emergency therefore, Rattazzi has nothing but a right, just conferred by Parliament, to sell a third of the property of the Church, which will, it is greatly to be feared, prove insufficient, though he is using it wisely enough. He proposes, we understand, to raise an internal loan, the bonds to bear interest, but to be available at par for the purchase of the Church lands as they are offered for sale. Repayment in full in land, instead of cash, is in fact guaranteed, and some twenty millions sterling may possibly be in this way raised, more especially if the Pope will sanction the arrangement. When that has been expended — and it will be gone at once if the paper money is withdrawn — the Government must either induce Victor Emanuel to consent to huge reductions, involving grave personal sacrifices, or must offer a composition to the national creditor, or, in the more definite way of putting it, must reduce interest from 5 per cent. to 3. This idea, which has been quietly discussed all through Italy, excites prodigious discontent, and would, it seems certain, if realized, finally turn the people against the Government. Of the two hundred millions of the debt, probably three-fourths is held in Italy, mainly by persons who have absolutely no other resource. There are few objects of investment, the loans have been national and popular, Italians are accustomed, when they have saved something, to live quietly on their rentes, and the mass of individual misery caused by repudiation or composition would, it is honestly believed, be sufficient to overturn the kingdom. Not a family would escape a blow of the severest kind. The people would probably rise, but if they did not the next Parliament would be universally Mazzinian, prepared for any revolutionary extremity. Even the possibility of such an act excites the public to frenzy, and all Rattazzi's solemn denials — made, we believe, in perfect good faith — are received with a deep suspicion.

So irritable is the public, so sullen the Army, so doubtful the Parliament, that there is, we are told, in the opinion of acute observers, danger to the throne itself.

The House of Savoy lost much at Custozza, it loses more by resistance to necessary reductions, most by the absurdly exaggerated rumours to which that resistance gives rise. If there were a House of Orleans in Italy the throne might fall in a popular outburst, and even as it is the danger is regarded as a menacing one. It is not that there is attack, so much as a total absence of hearty or determined support; not so much that there is hostility, as that there is a decay of loyalty. Any explosion directed against the throne would be a frightful misfortune for Italy, for the alternative is not a Republic which might be strong, but a federation which must be weak. The old traditions live among the people, the South is still unreconciled, Italy has had no grand victory to cement her unity, and, the House of Savoy dismissed, every province would begin asserting its autonomy. Fortunately, the ablest statesmen in Italy feel this till they will bear anything, any misconstruction, any personal sacrifice, rather than Italy shall quarrel with her elected dynasty; but there are limits to parliamentary patience; the party of action is increasing fast in every province, the relations with France are becoming strained, Parisian journals are talking of another "intervention" in Rome, and the one necessity for the King is to sanction, nay, order, a desperate attempt to restore the finances. It may be done even now, if he will but believe that Sella can do it, or will let him try, without believing it; but if he will not, if he trusts to advisers who misapprehend public feeling, if he will not throw himself entirely on his Parliament, which is willing to take extreme measures, the friends of the House of Savoy, among whom all Englishmen may be counted, will, for the first time in the past seven years, be alarmed for its destiny. Italians are like Frenchmen in this at least, that when they speak of the Government they are always thinking of the King.

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From the Examiner, 10 Aug.

#### THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

It appears that the arrangements for the visit of the Emperor and Empress of the French to the Emperor and Empress of Austria, immediately after the Napoleon *fête* on the 15th of August, have been completed. The interview between the two monarchs, who divide between them the

largest portion of the dominion of Charlemagne, is to take place in the town of Salzburg, the birthplace of the great middle-age hero. Professedly, the visit is one of sympathy and condolence with the Austrian Emperor on account of the fate of the ill-advised and ill-fated Maximilian; really, it is one of high political significance, in which matters of the deepest interest will be debated between the two Emperors with all the freedom which personal intercourse allows. The visits of the other Emperors and Kings to Paris were visits of form and courtesy, whereas that of the Austrian monarch was looked forward to as one of friendship and political meaning. The importance of the meeting is not diminished by the circumstance that it has not taken place in Paris in the first instance, but in Salzburg.

The Emperor Francis Joseph can hardly be supposed to receive his brother monarch with a genuine feeling of pleasure. Napoleon has been to him and his House the source of too many losses and sorrows to make his presence agreeable. Magenta and Solferino, Sadowa and Mexico must constantly recur to his mind in the presence of his Imperial visitor; and if situations were not stronger than feelings, it is highly improbable that Napoleon III. would ever be a guest at the Court of Francis Joseph. France and Austria, however, have now no object of contention to keep them divided and hostile. The kingdom of the Lombards, conquered by Charlemagne, remained for centuries the cause of enmity and war between his successors in the East and West, but that having been removed by the erection of the Kingdom of Italy, a common political interest would naturally draw France and Austria together without the accidental occurrence of a mutual calamity. It must be borne in mind that it was the timely interference of France which saved Vienna, and probably the Austrian Empire, after the battle of Sadowa. Count Bismarck would not have stopped short in his work of creating a United Germany if he had been allowed to deal with Austria alone. The result of French interference has been that German Unity has yet to be constituted. People talk as if the German nation was now a compact and united body, with Prussia at its head. But that is by no means the case, and when it is said that "the consolidation of German nationality is a material guarantee of European tranquillity," the very opposite view is much nearer the truth. The consolidation of German nationality can only be effected by the ab-

sorption of the South Germans and Austrian Germans. Can this be done without further conflict? Is Prussia contented with what she has won? Will Austria quietly resign to her rival the German territory which she has got before and behind the Danube? Will she abdicate Vienna and make Pesh the centre of a new Power in the East? These are the important questions that start up the moment it is alleged that "the consolidation of Germany is a material guarantee of European tranquillity." For ourselves, we have no belief that Austria will yield up her eight or nine millions of Germans to Prussia; and hence, the more strongly and urgently the feeling of nationality is pressed in Germany, the greater the danger to the tranquillity of Europe. The object of France is plain enough. That of Austria is not less so; but Austria is placed in a far more delicate position, for she can hardly take part with France in a war against Prussia without the appearance of making war against German Unity. The situation is an extremely critical one. The impulse of unity, stimulated and guided by a statesman of Count Bismarck's ability and unscrupulousness; the indisposition of France to see a United Germany, with one leg firmly planted on the French side of the Rhine; and the reluctance of Austria, the oldest representative of Germany, to lose her German provinces, creates a political danger in the centre of Europe, from which nothing but the most pacific disposition and the most moderate counsels can save us. Unhappily there are no signs of such dispositions and counsels. On the contrary, armaments are going on noiselessly, but ceaselessly. The sentiment of German nationality is stimulated by the perpetual demands and intermeddling of France — now in asking for compensation, now in endeavouring to obtain Luxemburg, now in interference in North Slesvig on behalf of Denmark; all which interference is adroitly made use of by Count Bismarck to strengthen his own power, and to show to Germany that Prussia is the defender of German rights and independence, and that she should be the standard-bearer of the future German Empire; whilst, on the Austrian side, all the great ability of Von Beust is directed to preparing Austria for the coming struggle, by making her secure and free at home. Napoleon, Bismarck, and Beust are the candidates for the three-cornered constituency created by recent events in the centre of Europe, and the electors, who can pronounce an independent judgment, will probably have to vote for some two. It

is absurd to think that the Emperors Napoleon and Francis Joseph are going to meet next week to shed unavailing tears over the corpse of Maximilian. They will most assuredly discuss the German and the European problem — not to speak of the East — which is every day more and more demanding a solution.

It is a consolation to believe that whether the issue be peace or war, the cause of liberty will gain. Except in France, it seems to be admitted that one of the most powerful of national agencies abroad is liberty at home. Austria, which was the last and firmest stronghold of despotism, has awakened from her long trance, and, under the guidance of a Protestant statesman, Catholic Austrians have demanded the abolition or revision of the Concordat, and the Government have made all subjects equal in the eye of the law. The free thought of Germany will make itself heard, in spite of the militaryism or Cæsarism, whether of Prussia or of Austria. The Italian Government has made alliance with the patriots of the Left, whose capital will be Rome; England has made a stride in Reform which has surprised and astounded even herself; and we have strong hopes that France, which should be first, and is last, in the race of liberty, may attain her true place in the field of Freedom, whatever may be the decision of her Emperor, in consultation with Francis Joseph of Austria.

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From the London Review, 10 Aug.

#### THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS AT SALZBURG.

AN event which, according to the news-mongering speculators of the Continent, must be pregnant with the most momentous political results, and which, in fact, may possess a certain political significance, is fixed to take place on the 16th of the present month. Napoleon III. and Francis Joseph meet, once more as at Villafranca, face to face. Since that famous interview in the hot summer of 1859, how many visible changes have been wrought in the European Commonwealth. — how many silent and all but unheeded revolutions have accomplished themselves. Austria, whose aggression had been daunted, but whose strength and even prestige had been hardly impaired by Solferino, has been stricken down helpless and despised by the terrible

ruin of Sadowa. And as the power of the Hapsburg House has waned, its old rivals, the House of Hohenzollern and the House of Savoy, have thriven by its fall. North Germany is united and free; Italy is united and free. The patient endurance of Hungarian patriotism has been rewarded by unwilling concession of that independence for which Deak and his brave followers so long and so unwaveringly struggled. Each of these changes would have sufficed to uproot the power of the firmest dynasty in Europe; all in fatal combination have reduced the Austrian monarchy to political nothingness. Yet it cannot be said that he who was in great part the author of these revolutions, and who certainly expected most to profit by them, has seen his anticipations realized. To diminish the Austrian influence by erecting on either side a confederation of small States hostile to the Hapsburgs, and therefore subservient to French dictation, — this was unquestionably what Napoleon III. had hoped both from the war of 1859 and the war of 1866. Every thing that he has intrigued for has failed. His Frankenstein-creations have raised up in Italy no despicable rival to his domination, and in Prussia a far more formidable and dangerous one. Outside of Europe, the ruin of the Southern Confederacy defeated all his political combinations and compelled him to a disastrous and shameful retreat from Mexico. To fill up the cup of his abasement, he has been doomed to see the Prince, whose throne he had, prided himself on having erected, die the death of a felon at the hands of those whom French proclamations had insulted as crushed and cowardly rebels; and yet the necessities of policy forbid him to think of vengeance. Contrary to his own hopes and the confident prophesies of his admirers, the lapse of years has been far from favourable to the prosperity of the Bonaparte dynasty. The strength of the Emperor Napoleon's position is less assured to-day than it was in 1859 or 1866. What it may be next year few would be rash enough to predict.

Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that many should be disposed to see in the approaching meeting of the Emperors the inception of a new political scheme designed to counterbalance the too rapid growth of Prussian and Italian unity, to defeat at once the equally dreaded ideas of Bismarck and Mazzini. But we are bound to recollect that there are other singularly weighty reasons why this interview should take place. It is no part of a newly adopted plan. Early in the year it was

understood that the Emperor Francis Joseph, like the Czar, the King of Prussia, and the Sultan, was to accept French hospitality, for the purpose of taking a part in the grand pageant of the Exposition. Nobody then pretended to look on this contemplated visit as in any way significant. Then came, first in vague and flying rumours, afterwards in crushing detail, the miserable story of Maximilian's fate. We need not speak of the bitter anguish which this news must have caused the Austrian Emperor. He had been more or less than human if he had not felt for an instant something like hate and loathing while he remembered that the reckless ambition of Napoleon had done to death his noble brother. On the other hand shame and sorrow and unavailing remorse cannot but have disturbed the French Emperor and made him unwilling to meet the brother of Maximilian. It was felt surely on either side as a relief, that the decencies of mourning interfered to prevent the Austrian Court from taking part in the gaieties of Paris. But when the first feelings of pain and bitterness had worn away, it seemed, no doubt, right that no opportunity should be given to calumny — too much disposed already to insist on the alienation of France from Austria, and to talk of expiation for Maximilian's blood — for further dangerous innuendoes. Austria had favoured equally with France the fatal project of a Mexican empire; Francis Joseph himself had fostered his brother's unhappy ambition. Therefore, all the guilt could not justly be laid at the door of Napoleon. And setting personal considerations aside, every political motive impelled both parties to seem, if not to be, united. Last year to French intervention the Austrian monarch owed his exemption from the crowning ignominy of being hustled from his own capital by the soldiers of Prussia: he may need the like aid again. As for France, for all her wily policy she stands now as isolated in Europe as we do; she will not, cannot, scorn the meanest or the least honourable alliance. Since, then, it was impossible for Francis Joseph to accept the hospitality of the Tuileries, Napoleon III. was invited to Salzburg. There, on the western border of his now straitened dominion, among the invigorating breezes and the sublime scenery of the northern spurs of the Tyrolean Alps, the head of the Hapsburgs is passing the melancholy retirement of his mourning; and there he, with his stately and beautiful Empress, is to receive in a few days the French Emperor and Empress. It is not ascertained whether

the Imperial guests will be accompanied by any prominent French statesman, but it is distinctly stated, and though once contradicted has been generally believed, that Baron von Beust will be at Salzburg during the three days of the French visit. This, if true, certainly gives a political complexion to an otherwise unimportant occurrence.

Under constitutional governments the personal movements of royal personages are little regarded. It is assumed that they seldom influence, even indirectly, the current of political events. But the politics of despotisms are essentially personal, and, except where the ruler is a man of inferior intellect, must largely depend on his individual wishes and opinions. We need say nothing of Napoleon III.; his political capacity and his disposition to keep it in exercise, are acknowledged by everybody. Francis Joseph is not remarkable for ability; but he is industrious and intelligent, and has too much of the obstinacy of his family to remain long contented with being the puppet of any Minister. Notwithstanding, therefore, that in contemplation the visit to Salzburg has no political character, we think it highly improbable that it will terminate without acquiring something of the kind. The Emperors will be sure to discuss, with more or less candour, their position with regard to the other great Powers, and the chances of the further aggrandisement of Russia, Prussia, or Italy. It may be that the vague reports of a Russo-Prussian alliance will be thought of sufficient importance to suggest the natural countermove to such a combination, namely, an alliance between Austria and France. Whether Baron von Beust, who, though reactionary, is thoroughly German, would favour such a scheme may be doubted. Its ultimate, if not its avowed, object could only be to defeat as far as possible, the ends which last year's war had all but secured for Prussia; to hinder, perhaps to undo, the unification of Germany; and, by separating Italy from the Northern alliance, to violate her politically and reduce her practically to the condition of a French viceroyalty. We would not attempt to predict that such plans as these have even a likelihood of being adopted by the Emperors, but it is too much to say that they have no chance of being considered. The tendency both of Napoleonic and of Austrian diplomacy has been favourable to tortuous intrigues and intricate combinations. But whether adopted or not, we have no hesitation in saying that, either to the in-

terest of the Bonapartes or the Hapsburg such an alliance as that hinted at could only be productive of ultimate misfortunes. To ally France with a cause predestined to ruin, and given over to internal and incurable maladies, would be for Napoleon the acme of political folly. From Austria, hampered by the independence and the suspicion of Hungary, he could rely on no valuable military support, while he would rekindle Italian jealousies, and cut off the moral aid that Liberalism, however unwillingly, has given to the general tenor of his foreign policy. For Francis Joseph the French alliance would be equally dangerous and equally useless. If it were worth anything, if it essayed to destroy German unity, so long desired, so hardly won, it would alienate from him every German heart. His hereditary States would seek by one impulse a refuge and a protection in the Confederation, of which Prussia is the head. He would be forced to look only for defence and shelter to his Hungarian kingdom, which loving Prussia little, loves France less, and might in the final disruption of the Austrian empire be tempted to cast aside the last vestige of foreign domination — the sovereignty of the Hapsburgs.

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From The Month (Roman Catholic).

#### LIFE IN THE LANDES.

If we look at a map of the south-western corner of France, we shall probably be struck by the appearance of the line of coast which runs up from the point near Bayonne at which the Adour enters the Bay of Biscay to that which marks the limit of the estuary or gulf of the Gironde, where the Garonne, having passed Bordeaux, empties itself into the sea. This line of coast, which extends, to speak roughly, for about two degrees, is perfectly straight, and apparently unbroken save by the deep indenture of the Bassin d'Arcachon, which, rather more than halfway along its course as we glance northwards, receives the waters of Legre, the most considerable, as it would seem, of the streams in the intervening tract, and which is also conspicuous on our map as having on its banks the only place in the whole district of sufficient importance to be marked by letters larger than the very smallest — La Tête de Buch. This desolate line, along which some kind map-

makers write *dunes de sable*, "sand hills," is more than a third of the whole western coast of France, and would occupy about the space between Plymouth and Portsmouth on our own shores. All along its range, our map shows us a succession of lakes or pools not far from the sea into which such streams as it thinks worthy of record, are seen to empty themselves, without reaching the sea beyond. Desolation seems to extend far inland, for our worthy hydrographer has set down no names of towns, and very few even of small villages, and he has marked the tract in which they occur as marshy and uncultivated. Of the two departments into which this part of France is divided, this desert seems to occupy a good third of the most northerly — the far-famed Gironde, and more than half of the more southerly, the Landes. The name of this latter, indeed, is given in a general way to the tract of which we speak, which is known as *Le Pays des Landes*.

A very interesting monograph on this apparently most uninviting country has lately been published in the *Correspondant*, by Dr. Ozanam — brother, we believe, to the founder of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. It is not our purpose at present to speak of all the topics so ably handled by Dr. Ozanam; we shall content ourselves with a few of the more prominent details. The size of the whole plain or plateau which goes by the name of Les Landes is about sixty leagues in length by twenty in breadth, where its breadth is greatest. The highest point in the whole is said not to be raised more than eighty metres above the sea-level; but there is a continuous backbone, as it were, along the whole length, which serves to shed the waters on one side towards the Bay of Biscay, on the other towards the Mediterranean. The aspect of the whole country is that of an ocean of sand — a small Sahara. It has its waves, frequently moved on by the strong western winds, changing the position of pools and marshes, and swallowing up habitations, and even small villages, in their perpetual shiftings. The sand is cast up by the sea at a rate which was calculated in the last century as of a million and a quarter of cubic metres every year. The winds have in the course of centuries driven it, as we have said, inland for twenty leagues or so. It rests, for the most part, on a curious sand-iron rock called *alioz*, which is found under it at the depth of about half a yard, except near the sea, where the sand is piled up sometimes to the height of a hundred yards. This *alioz*, though usually not

more than a few inches in thickness, is so firm and compact a rock as to be impervious to water, which is thus prevented from sinking into the soil below, and formed into endless shallow and shifting pools. The *alioz* also prevents the growth of any trees whose roots must go deep. The sandhills along the sea coast form the famous *dunes*. They extend as much as a league and a half in breadth all along the shore. The sand forms itself into mounds, the tops of which are blown to one side or to the other, according to the wind; but as the west wind seems to have it almost its own way along this part of the coast, the progress of the mass of sand is steadily eastwards. By comparing notes with ancient records, we are able to ascertain many instances of the disappearance of towns and villages under this sandy sea. Near the channel of Furnes there used to be seen the steeple of a church buried beneath the surface. Our Cornish readers will think at once of Perranzabuloe. In several places pine-trees are to be seen whose top branches alone are now above the sand, their trunks reaching sixty or eighty feet below it. At Mimizan a *dune* has swallowed up the church altogether. This place was once a port: it is now three or four miles from the sea. Other ports along the coast have disappeared altogether. In the fourteenth century the *dunes* turned the course of the Adour itself northwards for about twenty miles, and the port at its new mouth, Vieux Boucau, was of some note for four hundred years. In the seventeenth century Gaston de Foix cleared out the ancient mouth, and the river returned to it. Brémontier, whose name will be forever connected with the process of reclaiming this desolate tract, calculated, after long study, that the *dunes* advance on the land at the rate of about twenty yards a year. Taking this as his basis, and measuring their extent (in the last century), he found that they had been in motion for rather more than four thousand years. Deluc had obtained a like result by measuring the *dunes* of Holland. By calculating forwards, the startling conclusion has been obtained, that unless the sand is checked, it will reach Bourdeaux in two thousand years. The sand hills of Les Landes will then have joined those of L'Annis to the north of the Gironde, and these again will communicate with those of the coast of Finisterre, where they have gained as much as six leagues in two hundred years (near St. Pol de Léon). In time, perhaps, they may fill up the English Channel, and render useless the submarine railway between Calais and Dover.

Who live in the Landes? We shall mention presently some strange immigrants who have been attracted by the very desolation of the country: but it has its own thinly scattered and miserable population, and exposed to numberless privations and not a few diseases, and yet, like the Icelanders and even the Esquimaux, as fond of their native wilderness as if it were the richest and most genial country in the world. Habitations are found all over the tract, few and far between. The most characteristic classes of the inhabitants are those who live by extracting turpentine from the pines with which it is now attempted to clothe the face of the desert, and the shepherds who watch the flocks which browse upon the scanty herbage which springs up even upon the sand and around the marshes. These herdsfolk, indeed a great part of the population of all ages, sexes, and occupations, go about upon stilts, which save them from the trouble of plodding over the ever-sinking sand or floundering in the often concealed bog. The shepherds have a long balancing stick to aid them, and this they manage to fix so as to form a sort of tripod with their stilts, and thus sit and rest in mid-air. They can shuffle along as fast as a horse can trot: before the railway was made, they used to take the letters at the rate of three leagues an hour. Dr. Ozanam gives some curious details of the manners, customs, and traditions of this strange race, over which we cannot linger. It is curious that more than two centuries ago a proposal was made which might possibly, if accepted, have materially altered the face of the country as well as the character of its inhabitants. It is said when the Moors were expelled from Spain in 1610, they offered to come and colonise the Landes. Their numbers were not far short of a million, and it would, we suppose, have been quite impossible to throw so large a number of new inhabitants into so desolate a district without the certain result that a great portion of them would perish, or be forced from sheer necessity to seek for support from the neighbouring provinces. The offer was declined, unless they would become Christians, and this condition they of course refused. A smaller colony might perhaps have effected gradually a great change. The Moors had done a great deal for agriculture in Spain; and their ingenuity might have hit on a plan for reclaiming the desert of the Landes. This was reserved for two or three private persons in the latter half of the last century.

It appears that in 1776 two brothers,

Louis Matthieu and Guillaume Desbiez, conceived the idea that the *dunes* might be fixed and then reclaimed if they were planted. A few years later, Brémontier, an engineer, found out that the maritime pine might be made to grow in the sand, and he began the work as far as his means allowed him. This pine seems in old times to have flourished on these shores: its roots stretch themselves in such a way as to grasp whatever support is to be found in the soil. They are moreover furnished with a resinous juice which prevents them from being injured by water. The revolution and the subsequent troubles of France seem to have adjourned to the days of Louis Philippe any energetic action on the part of the Government to carry out the plan of Brémontier: since that time a good deal of money has been spent, with much success, and only lately the Emperor set the example, which has been followed by many persons of large property, of buying an estate for purposes of plantation. There can be little doubt that if the whole of the *dunes* along the coast could at once be clothed with forests of pine; the Landes would be easily reclaimed for cultivation. But a long time must elapse before this planting can be accomplished, and in the mean time the encroachments must continue wherever the barrier has not been erected. It will often happen also, that spots on which the future forest is rising may be overwhelmed by some shifting wave of sand. Thus the battle is full of difficulty, though there seems a good prospect of ultimate success. The trees nearest the sea are stunted and miserable: the second line, however, has a better chance than the first against the sweep of the west wind, and when rank behind rank has been raised for the distance of some hundreds of yards from the shore the pines begin to be fine and flourishing. Besides the protection which they afford to the country behind them, they are themselves valuable on account of the resin which is gathered from them, which, if a fair average be taken, brings in a profit of about fifty francs a year for two hundred trees. Dr. Ozanam gives a good account of the process of tapping the trees, as also of the manifold usefulness of the pines in other ways. It appears that when ground can be got for cultivation, Indian corn succeeds very well: but the fact that this is too uniformly the food of the peasants of the Landes seems to render certain diseases prevalent among them. This and other causes of physical misery will no doubt disappear in proportion as the work of re-

claiming goes on. It must be remembered that the sands are not the only enemies of civilization in the country. The swamps and pools, though swarming with fish, and covered by wild fowl to an extent to make the mouth of a sportsman water, generate many diseases, especially as the dwellings of the inhabitants are poor and unhealthy. We must not include in the general charge the great Bassin d'Arcachon, which communicates with the sea, forming a deep bay about eighty miles in circumference. Large vessels cannot navigate it, but it is famous for oysters, as well as for its baths, and Dr. Ozanam speaks of the fairly appearance of its five or six miles of *chalets*, surrounded by flower-gardens, with immense forests of pine in the background. There on the summit of a *dune* near the village of La Tête de Buch, stands the monument of Brémontier, the benefactor of the whole country round. But the pools and lakes of which we are speaking do not by any means usually communicate with the sea. The great problem is how to drain them. As they are at some considerable height above high-water mark, they might be drained into the sea, but for the continual shifting of the sand hills through which the channels would have to pass. It is thought that a better plan would be to connect them one with another by a navigable canal, which should empty itself into the Adour, and, indeed, follow in a great measure the former bed of that river before Gaston de Foix restored its ancient mouth. The pine-forests, as they increase in extent, are found to drain the neighbouring marshes. But more immediate help must be sought from artificial means, such as the canalisation and embankment of the marshes, and the frequent sinking of Artesian wells, some of no great depth, to serve the purpose, in fact, of perpendicular drains, others reaching down to sources of pure water which might thus find its way into the swamps and turn them into healthy lakes. The malignant fevers which are now so common among the Landais would thus be almost exterminated.

One of the most famous shrines in the south-west of France is on a spot where once was one of the marshes of the Landes. A herdsman, remarked one day that one of his cattle was plunged in a quagmire, and lowing loudly. He drove him out, but the next and the next day the animal went to the same spot, and attention was thus drawn to it. On digging out the place, an ancient statue of the Blessed Virgin was found. The marsh was drained, and a chapel erected to Notre Dame de Buglose.

LIVING AGE. VOL. VI. 200.

This sanctuary became a place of pilgrimage. In the sixteenth century, a humble family whose surname was De Paul, living at a village named Pouy, not far off, was increased by the birth of a child destined to become famous in the annals of the Church and of France. They gave him the name of Vincent. Vincent de Paul often visited our Lady of Buglose. The house of his family is still preserved, and an old tree now stands near it under which he used to sit and watch his father's sheep. Of course a house of the Lazarist Fathers stands near, and due honour is done to the birthplace of the best known of modern French Saints. His family still remains: some of its children are at the school kept by the Lazarist Fathers. His spirit of charity and simplicity, as we shall now see, has also lingered about the neighborhood, and given rise to one of the most beautiful features in the new state of the Landes.

About twenty years ago, a severe winter, an unusual and therefore trying calamity, weighed heavily upon the poor of Bayonne. Many poor children were orphaned or abandoned in the streets, and some of them attracted the charity of a good Vicar, the Abbé Cestac, who took them in as well as he could and got his sister to take charge of them. A deserted kitchen was the first asylum in which he placed them: after some time, the Maire gave up to him an old house in a cemetery, which no one would buy or rent on account of its position. When this was full, as he thought, the good Abbé was applied to by outcasts of another class. A poor woman who had led a life of sin came to beg him to take care of her. She had no wish but to do penance for her former misdeeds. He had nothing to offer her, but he remembered suddenly a trap-door in the ceiling of one of the rooms in his new house, and bethought him that there must be a loft above it. He got a ladder for forty sous, and there installed his penitent, who was soon joined by two or three more like herself. The good sister of the Abbé Cestac, who had before devoted herself to the children, now became the companion and directress of these Magdalenes. They lived a life of great mortification in their loft, which was not weather-tight, and their numbers soon increased. The work became known, and a pious gentleman of Bayonne built a house in the town to hold forty penitents, and presented it to the Abbé. But, just as he was about to enter on possession, he found himself checked. He had always been accustomed to an intense



devotion to our Blessed Lady, and to consider her as the Mother of his children and penitents. Suddenly he was possessed, he did not know or he did not say how, by the clear and inevitable conviction that the house in the town was not the place where his Mother wished her penitents to be placed. There was nothing for it but to thank his benefactor, and return him the keys of the house. What was now to be done? He was warned, in the same extraordinary manner, that he was not to ask any one for any assistance in money, and that he was not to receive any orphans or penitents for whom any payment was offered. They must go elsewhere. He had great faith in his "Mother," and he went on looking about him for a new place for his large family. One day he was visiting an old invalid gentleman a few miles from Bayonne, when his host asked him what was the matter? His look showed him to be occupied by some great care. The whole story soon came out, and the old gentleman informed him that there was a farm close by which no one seemed inclined to buy or take for hire, and which might be had for a mere nothing. But the "mere nothing" turned out on inquiry to be forty thousand francs: and the good priest turned away, wishing his friend good-morning. But the gentleman, who had not walked for months, insisted on taking him to the place. They strolled through the rooms, the Abbé taking little notice of any thing, till his eye fell on a picture of St. Mary Magdalene, which produced an immense impression on him. He immediately undertook to buy the house and land around it, and to sign the contract on the next Saturday. It was then Tuesday, and he had not a farthing of the purchase-money ready. After he had fixed the day, he hesitated, and felt himself interiorly reprimanded. On his return to Bayonne, he found his notary too ill to be seen; but he bade him confidently be well by the Saturday. The contract was signed — and the money came in.

The remainder of the history of the foundations of the Abbé Cestac, which lies before us in a paper chiefly taken down from his own lips, is of the same simple and touching character, reminding us of the prodigies which have so often taken place in the beginnings of great works of Christian charity. One of the rules laid down for him, to test his perfect and absolute confidence in our Blessed Lady's patronage of the work he had in hand, was, as we have seen, that he was not to ask for assistance in

the way of funds. This was extended so far, that when he made a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Buglose, — at which place he received great consolation, on finding the statue of our Blessed Lady placed between those of his two patrons, St. Vincent de Paul and St. Mary Magdalene, — he was told not even to pray to our Lady for the money which he wanted so much, as it was her business to provide it. Since the day when he made the venture of which we have just spoken, he has never wanted for money, although there have been times when his faith has seemed to be sorely tried. Once he was much beset by a creditor to whom he owed three hundred francs, and who actually threw himself in his way as he went from the sacristy to the altar to celebrate Mass. The money was brought to him in a mysterious manner by a lady who knocked abruptly at the door of his confessional, saying that she and her husband had promised five hundred francs for some charitable purpose if their prayers were heard for a special object, and that the object had now been attained. Another time, the Abbé Cestac was in great need of a larger sum — three thousand francs. He remembered that he knew an old lady at Biarritz, very rich and very charitable, and at that time on her death bed. He resolved to write to her, and beg the required sum. He wrote three letters, one after another, and each time found that what he had written was almost nonsense. Then he remembered the injunction, and gave up his plan of asking for the money. A fortnight later, the lady died. She had assembled her relations, and told them what she possessed, that she had not specified any particular object, but hoped that they would make a good use of the inheritance. One thing alone, she said, she wished to mention — she desired that, when she was dead, three thousand francs might be sent in secret to the Abbé Cestac.

The present state of the *œuvre* of this good priest seems to be as follows. It appears that even before the beginning of his Orphanage, he had projected an active Congregation of women, called *Servantes de Marie*, one of whose occupations is the education and training of the country poor.\*

\* The manner in which this work came to be taken up is striking, and is thus related by a late visitor: "A lady from Pau was very anxious that they should do so, and spoke to the Abbé about it. He answered that he would be glad that they should do so, but that a permission from government must be obtained first. The lady, who had some business of her own to do in Paris, said she would make it her special object to see and speak to the Minister of Public Instruction; and she

Of these his sister, already mentioned, was one. They have charge of the Orphanage, which is near Bayonne, besides their general work. The Congregation possesses several houses in different parts of France. The penitents were separated from the orphans, and placed on the farm obtained in the manner already mentioned. They do the farm and gardening work themselves, and make a great quantity of butter, which is sold in the neighbouring towns. Besides this means of support, they make a peculiar kind of white embroidery, and other beautiful needlework, which is sold on the spot, and has now become so famous that orders come to them for it from all parts of France. But the orphanage and the establishment of the *Servantes de Marie*, who guide the penitents, are not the only communities under the rule of the Abbé Cestac. A chance which led him to send two or three of his penitents to the help of a labourer who was dying in a cabin in the heart of the Landes, caused the foundation of another establishment.

We extract the account of this incident from a letter which has been placed at our disposal :

"One year in winter some of the penitents were gathering sticks blown over the sand from a neighboring pine-wood and also brought by the sea, when they heard some one moaning. They followed the sound, and found in a miserable cottage a poor old man very ill, and they immediately returned to their home and told the *Servantes de Marie* about him. Some of them went to see him, and took complete charge of him, nursing him and bringing him food. One day the old man said to the sister who came to see him : ' My good sister, would it not be much better for me, and also save you a great deal of trouble, if you would take me to your own home, instead of your coming backwards and forwards every day ? ' The sister repeated the old man's words to the ' Bon Père,' as they call the Abbé, and he said, ' Bien, qu'il vienne.' And so he was brought and taken care of. After some little time the old man said, ' Now you have taken such care of me, I am very comfortable and very grateful.

prayed that if only one of these two objects of her journey should succeed, it might be the one about the sisters teaching, and not her own. She did all she could to obtain the consent of government, but met with a decided refusal. Still she did not give up all hope, but wrote to the Abbé that she had not been able to succeed, and that he himself must come to Paris, and that she was sure he would succeed. The Abbé answered : ' Very well ; I have no objection to go to Paris for this cause ; but I must first get the Bishop's permission.' He therefore went to Bayonne, and got the Bishop's sanction. But just when he had every thing ready to start, the interior voice said to him, ' No you must not go.' He wrote directly to the kind lady who had taken such an interest in the question, to say that he could not come. She was very much displeased,

But you see I have a garden, in which I grow a number of things ; but I have not been able to cultivate it this year, and if nothing is put in it, nothing can be reaped. Could you not cultivate my garden ? ' So the sister went to the Bon Père, and told him the poor man's request, and again he said, ' Bien, cultivez son jardin.' So several penitents were sent to cultivate the little garden in the sandy desert. While there they were so struck by the utter silence and loneliness of the place, that they resolved to adopt that same spirit, and work in perfect silence, raising their hearts to God and communing only with him. They felt so happy, that they wished never to abandon this life ; but the *Servante de Marie* who had the charge of them said, ' Dear children, this is very delightful ; but remember we are not acting under obedience ; we must ask our Bon Père's permission.' They told the Abbé what they had been doing, and how happy they felt in that solitude and silence. He was very much struck by their account, and gave them leave to live on in that way, and to construct themselves huts of straw and wood for each one to live by herself. He did, however, order them to speak to each other on Sundays ; he thought the perpetual silence might be a too great strain upon them. So for some time they went on speaking on Sundays ; but they then came to the Abbé and implored him to let their silence be perpetual, except at confession, when reciting their office, and when spoken to by a *Servante de Marie*. And so it is going on now. We were there the other morning before eight o'clock ; the only sounds to be heard were the rolling and splashing of the waves and the singing of the nightingales."

The penitents were associated to a community of Bernardines — female Trappists, who live a life of perfect solitude and prayer. They built themselves a row of huts of reed, with no floor but the sand, each large enough for a bed and a stool, and with no light but through the door. A chapel rather larger, but of the same materials, completed the establishment. The Bernardines, who now number about fifty, have at this moment nine or ten of Abbé Cestac's penitents among them : the rest have found their vocation in the usual way. After some years

and even angry with him, and reproached him bitterly with the failure of the whole scheme. She wrote a very angry letter on the subject to her husband at Pau, and addressed the letter simply, ' Mons. —, Pau.' Pau, by chance, was written so that it was taken for Paris. The letter was at last taken to the general bureau for dead letters and opened. The director, seeing of what it treated, sent it to the Minister of Public Instruction. He read and re-read the letter, and was so struck by its contents, that he enclosed it to the writer, telling her that he well knew the letter was not intended for him, and that for all that he could not help reading it over again ; and that he was now ready to grant her request, and to sanction the teaching of poor schools by the *Servantes de Marie*."

the rickety dwellings they had constructed were given up, as the inmates suffered much from rheumatism and chest complaints. Their huts and chapel\* are now built of brick, and have wooden floors: the refectory in which they meet for meals retains its floor of sand. They work at gardening and field-labor when they are strong enough: others spend their time in the embroidery just now mentioned. The aggregate numbers of the members of all these communities amounts to about five hundred.

Thus, in more senses than one, old times are returning in the Pays des Landes. The pine was formerly cultivated along the coast, and no doubt gave protection to the towns and villages which used to exist in what is now a desert. The spirit of the humble shepherd boy, Vincent de Paul, is working still, not only in his own spiritual children, but in the patient development of new works of piety and charity set on foot by simple servants of God of a character kindred to his. And the desert is once more blossoming as the rose, in the highest sense of that fruitful prophecy, not only in the advance made by material civilisation on its wastes, but in the holy lives and ceaseless prayers of solitaries and penitents, like those who in earlier centuries made the deserts of Egypt the glory and the bulwark of the Christian Church.

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From the London Review, 10 Aug.

#### SHOOTING NIAGARA.

THERE are few men who have reached thirty years of life, who cannot look back with pleasure upon the time when they first

\*The chapel has one great ornament—a very touching statue of our Lady of Sorrows, to whom it is dedicated. There is a curious story about this statue. “Some fifteen years ago a nun, who had been Superioress of a convent in Spain, was expelled from that country, as so many religious have been. She came to Biarritz to spend a few days in a sort of retreat at the refuge. She was so delighted with all she had seen, that she said to the Abbé on leaving, ‘I will send you a statue of the Blessed Virgin.’ And some time after there arrived an enormous case containing this beautiful statue. It was so large that they had no proper place to put it. So I think it was kept in the box for three years. The Abbe was most anxious to thank the nun who had sent him the statue: but he did not even know in what country she was; he only knew her name in religion. About that time the Abbé had to go to Madrid to found a house of Servantes de Marie. He was driving about the town, when seeing a large building he had not noticed before, he asked the driver what it was, and he named a convent of the same order to which the nun had belonged who had

read the writings of Mr. Carlyle. To the young—to those just entering upon life, which stretched before them with its vast expanse, a peculiar charm was felt in Mr. Carlyle’s writings. The gleams of humour, the snatches of eloquence, the passionate earnestness of the preacher, stirred vague feelings. But Mr. Carlyle’s writings have done even more than this. He has raised up a transcendental school. Its most prominent disciples are Mr. Froude, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Kingsley, and the author of “Guy Livingstone.” Mr. Froude’s Henry VIII would probably never have existed had not Mr. Carlyle’s Cromwell been already painted. Mr. Ruskin’s views on political economy are taken straight from the pages of the denouncer of Bentham. Mr. Kingsley’s “Hereward” is a Carlyleian ideal, while Mr. Lawrence marks the decadence of Carlyleism in its worst and most material form. Mr. Carlyle has certainly made his mark upon the literature of the day. It is quite true that his worshippers are men of a weak, poetical kind of mind. In spite of all Mr. Froude’s vague declamations about his hero, in spite of Mr. Ruskin’s political economy, in spite of Mr. Kingsley’s giant muscles, the laws of evidence are not altered,—Adam Smith is not displaced, and the biceps muscle is not considered as a proof of honor and integrity. On the other hand, however, Mr. Carlyle has found himself more and more in direct antagonism with the practice of the day. Whilst he and his followers have been preaching transcendentalism, the world has been acting more and more upon utilitarian principles. Whilst he has been advocating Toryism, the world has been accepting Liberalism. The more he and his followers have preached idealism, the faster has an exactly opposite school risen.

And proportionately as these changes of

given him the statue. He told the man to stop; got out, and asked if he could see the Superioress of the house. After some little time he was admitted, and at once entered on the subject, and asked the Superioress if she could tell him where such a nun now was, naming the one who had visited the Refuge; and he told her the story of the statue. The Superioress looked at him with so much astonishment and curiosity that he said, ‘But, Rev. Mother, what are you looking so at me for?’ ‘So it is you who have our statue—our beloved statue of the Blessed Virgin.’ And then she told him how one day this nun, who was the Mother-General, came to her in haste, and said, ‘Dear Mother, I have come to ask a great sacrifice of you.’ ‘We are ready to do with joy any thing you ask of us.’ ‘I want you to give me your statue of our Lady of the Seven Dolours, which I mean to send to some other place.’ ‘Of course we consented, and gave it; but it was the greatest sacrifice she could have asked of us. That statue was our delight; in all our troubles we fed to it; and now you have got it.’”

opinion have taken place, so have Mr. Carlyle's utterances become wilder and more spasmodic. Each new book that he has published has still more and more shown a mind undisciplined—has revealed more and more and more in growing ugliness the results of unbridled license. Of late years he has taken no pains to conceal his contempt for the great body of his fellow-creatures. He has couched his thoughts, too, in a jargon which reminds us more of the language of Browning's Spanish monk than of anybody else:—

"Blasted lay that rose-acacia  
We're so proud of. Hy, Zy, Hine!  
'St! there's vespers. Plenà gratià.  
Ave Virgo! Gr-r-r you swine!"

And "Gr-r-r you swine!" has for the last twenty years been Mr. Carlyle's burden. He has not hesitated in his "Frederick the Great" to denounce this fair earth as "a rotten dunghheap of a world." He proclaims in his discourses on the negro question, that there is only one remedy for man — "a collar round his neck, and a cartwhip over his back."

Knowing all this, we are not at all surprised at Mr. Carlyle's last utterance in *Macmillan's Magazine*, "Shooting Niagara: and After?" We should have been much surprised had it been anything different to what it is. The man who has consistently all his life admired the doctrine of Force, is not so much likely to be convinced of his error, as to raise a fresh scream at the spectacle of a great nation fast progressing to self-government. The man who latterly seems only to have felt any remorse when he remembered that white men cannot be sold and treated like slaves, is not likely to be touched by the thought of enfranchisement. The moral decrepitude of Mr. Carlyle's later writings has prevented us from even hoping that any such change could take place. Mr. Carlyle's latest utterance is nothing more than an echo of what he has said twenty times before. There are thoughts in his "Shooting Niagara" which correspond nearly word for word with others in his "Discourse on the Nigger Question." And yet it would be unjust to say there is nothing new. The very first sentence shows us that there is a new hero yet to take his place in the Carlyleian Walhalla. Mr. Carlyle begins his paper with — "There probably never was since the Heptarchy ended, or almost since it began, so hugely critical an epoch in the history of England as this, . . . in which with no Norman invasion now ahead, to lay hold of it, to

bridle and regulate it for us, and guide it into higher and wider regions, the question of utter death or of nobler life for the poor Country was so uncertain." Here is a chance for the Froudes and the Kingsleys. William the Bastard, as he called himself, is now to be whitewashed. The man who plundered our fathers, who strove to his utmost to extirpate our language, because he could not understand it,—the man who made killing a red deer of greater importance than killing a fellow-creature, is to be the new saint in the English hagiology. This, however, by the way. It is with the main question that we are most interested. And here we are not quite without some guidance whether utter death or a nobler new life is reserved for England. The trade of prophecy is rather dangerous. Mr. Carlyle, however, cannot object if we judge his present prophecy by his previous performances in the same line. We have some recollection of the dismal vaticinations which he uttered seventeen years ago in his "Latter Day Pamphlets." Not one of them, however, has come true. Anarchy has not yet overtaken us, and England still pays her dividends. The nation has gone on its own way. The remedies of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets" were unregarded, and its prophecies are still unfulfilled. We must therefore be pardoned if we refuse to be credulous both as to Mr. Carlyle's prophecies and remedies, especially when we discover that they are exactly the same kind which he offered us nearly twenty years ago. We become weary, too, with having the same tale told us, especially when all practice negatives its truth. Bitter invectives against "self-government," caustic homilies upon liberty of conscience, loud tirades against Free-trade and Bentham, can now only be looked upon as literary curiosities. The words fall upon us meaningless. They are full of sound and fury, but signify nothing. To read such sentences in "Shooting Niagara" as "the fool of a world," "the Almighty Maker has appointed the nigger to be a servant," "servantship must become a contract of permanency," simply creates a smile. Our answer is not given by words, but by an appeal to facts. The world is certainly not so foolish as it was. Even in the short lifetime of a single man much improvement is visible. Much to soothe man's sorrow, much to increase his joys, has been wrought even within Mr. Carlyle's own memory. Since the first Reform Bill passed, England may almost said to be another and a better land. We are no optimists. We know too well by the very condition of

things that life must have is shadows as well at its sunshine. Speaking broadly, however, we affirm that the condition of all men has improved during the present half-century. Justice, however much it may miscarry, is administered more fairly than ever it has been. The hand of charity — not indiscriminate, but thoughtful — has never been so open. Museums, reading-rooms, mechanics' institutes, and hospitals have been built for the poor. Gardens are thrown open to the public. New schools are daily being opened, and lectures given. The material requirements and pleasures of life are cheaper and better than they ever have been. The poor are better clothed and better fed than at any other period of our English history. Science, too, has wrought no less benefits than trade. The middle classes can now take their holiday, and visit the Continent, and the artisan by excursion trains can leave the workshop, and see something of his own land. There is, of course, a dark side to all this. Material wealth brings with it new dangers. The workman may spend his wages in drink and vice, and the servant-girl deck herself out in sham jewellery. But the darker side is daily becoming less dark, whilst the brighter side grows more bright. If Mr. Carlye will see only the shadow, we cannot help it. We ourselves prefer to look at the substance. As for Mr. Carlye's remedies, they have already been tried. There was a day when both black and white men were slaves. The experiment, however, of feudalism is over. No return to it is now possible. In vain Mr. Carlye may preach his homilies. It is neither in his nor in any man's power to reverse the present order of things. He might have done much good, but instead, he has preferred to do what little harm was possible. He has made, as we have said, some mark on the literature of the day, but none on the real work of the age. He has sat still in his study and cursed progress, whilst others have borne the heat and burden of the day. But the fault, perhaps, after all lies in Mr. Carlye's peculiar temperament. He is too much in a hurry to reach the Golden Age. Because he cannot find it ready made, he will manufacture Utopia. We, on the other hand, believe that all good comes slowly. Nothing which is done quickly is worth much. It is a long cry to Loch Awe. Because man is not suddenly transformed into an angel, we do not despair. There is a reverse to the "Nemo repente fuit turpissimus." A man's lifetime is but a short period in the history of the world. Stand on the shore for a moment, and you cannot

tell whether the waters gain or lose. We commit the task of improvement to time, which is more powerful than the brief three-score and ten years of man. And as to the moral of Mr. Carlye's paper, we say emphatically this — it is better that Niagara should plunge over the falls headlong, than that it should be dammed up with artificial barriers; for in the one case it reaches its natural channel, but in the other it would only burst its bounds and destroy all within its reach.

From the Saturday Review.

### THREE ENGLISH STATESMEN.\*

WHILE Mr. Goldwin Smith's new volume is too historical to satisfy the ardent politician, and too political to add much to history, it is, as we might expect from its author, a work which neither historian nor politician can safely afford to neglect. For the first, indeed, there is the masterly sketch of Cromwell, of which we shall have more to say hereafter. But, besides this, there shine throughout the book those nobler moral qualities which still, as of old, raise their possessor high above the sentiment of Mr. Froude or the "middle-class philistinism" (if we may borrow Mr. Arnold's phrase) of Lord Macaulay. It is a merit never greater than in our own days when an historian can steer his way across themes such as those which Mr. Goldwin Smith treats of here without swerving into a hero-worship that ends in imperialism, or a blind horror of revolutions that sinks into a conservatism of fear. It is hardly less a merit that, from beginning to end of these lectures, there is none of that moral cowardice which is sapping nowadays, in many who claim the name of Liberals, all vivid enthusiasm for what a true Liberalism holds dear. Religion, freedom, a faith in England and in Englishmen, are still enthusiasms with Mr. Goldwin Smith. For the politician, however, there is a topic of somewhat more novelty than this; for, on their political side, these lectures reflect the sentiments of a class of thinkers on statesmanship whose views, familiar as they may be in a purely literary sense, have never yet found formal expression in Parliament. They can hardly be excluded now. Whatever else Reform may effect, it is almost certain that it will

\* *Three English Statesmen: Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt; a Course of Lectures on the Political History of England.* By Goldwin Smith. London: Macmillan & Co. 1867.

sweep into St. Stephen's, if not Mr. Goldwin Smith, at any rate many whose thoughts are his thoughts. Whoever the men may be they will bring their special questions into Parliament with them—questions very different from those which have hitherto penetrated into the presence of the Speaker. Parliament will have to discuss, and England herself through Parliament, will have to discuss, not merely the reversal of our foreign policy in East and West alike, or the reduction of our forces, or the destruction of the aristocratic character of our army, but questions which as yet statesmen have been able to poo-poo, while the mere stirring of them will be certain to send shuddering and bitterness through the land—namely, the best means of dispensing with party government, the abolition of a State Church and an hereditary Peerage, the compatibility of an hereditary Sovereign with free institutions. We are, of course, far from expressing any opinion here upon points such as these; but these lectures, considered simply as expressions of the political thought of a man who is, after all, but the type of a class of thinkers that Reform is fated to bring into practical contact with politics, are quite enough to prove that political problems of a wholly new and far deeper sort than of old are destined to force themselves on the attention of English statesmen.

It is perhaps to the consciousness of this aspect of the policy which he advocates that we owe the selection of the three particular statesmen who form the subjects of Mr. Goldwin Smith's addresses. The choice may indeed have been simply an accidental one, for it is a characteristic of our history that, differ as one period may in form from another the differences are slight in face of the real identity; so that, as a string on which to hang political observations which shall at once be true of the past and applicable to the present, one statesman's life is pretty nearly as good as another's. But certainly, if the title of Mr. Goldwin Smith's book ran, as it might not inappropriately have done, "English Statesmen face to face with a Revolution," we can conceive no better instances of the type of statesmanship which guides or which drifts than the characters of Pym and of the younger Pitt. Pym is, worthily enough, the lecturer's ideal of an English statesman. Not that much is added here to the known facts of his life, or to the impressions which Mr. Forster's researches gave us long ago of the man; but his very name points the moral which runs throughout the book:—"Let us never glorify revolution; statesmanship

is the art of avoiding it, and of making progress at once continuous and calm." But Pym did more than this; he impressed a continuity and calm on the very Revolution itself. So long as the great statesman lived, the most radical changes were linked together by one consistent policy into unity with the traditional progress and liberty of the English people. His lavish reference to precedent, his abstinence from new principles, were so many bridges of gold over which the general opinion of the bulk of men about him passed without a shock from one state of things to another. In one point only did Pym avowedly pour a new spirit into the politics of his time, and we regret that this lecture passes so lightly over what, after all, was the distinguishing feature of his policy. The ideal notion of a religious commonwealth, of a State bound together by its common loyalty to a divine law, however Royalists jeered at it and Fifth-Monarchy men perverted it in after years, was laid down by Pym as the basis of his statesmanship with incomparable clearness and eloquence. The noblest State paper we know is the letter—undoubtedly of Pym's composition—which was addressed by the Parliament to the garrison and citizens of Hull at the very outset of the war. With Charles already demanding at the gates "the keys of his own town," Pym points out that the true voice of the King is to be heard only as expressed in the voice of his Parliament, and that true loyalty lies in obedience, not to the King alone, but to that law which is at once the judgment of the King and the estates of the realm. But from the law of the land he does not scruple to pass at once to a higher law which to his eyes was guiding both King and people; "remember that ye are called into great things" is the text of an appeal to their consciousness of a right above all mere constitutional precedent which would, no doubt, be sneered down as theoretical by doctrinaires, but which turned out to be practical enough in the hands of the most practical of English statesmen. It is just this poetic, this creative side of Pym's genius, in the appreciation of which we think the lecture most deficient; but his purely constitutional side is exhibited with a rare ability, and the sketch concludes with a description of Pym's end, the simple grandeur of whose pathos is well worthy of its theme:—

Work tells upon the sensitive organization of men of genius. Pym had been working, as the preacher of his funeral sermon tells us, from

three in the morning till evening, and from evening again till midnight. He must have borne a crushing weight of anxiety besides. The loathsome fables invented by the royalists are not needed to account for the failure of his health. He met his end, if we may trust the report of his friends, with perfect calmness. At the last, we are told, he fell into a swoon, and when he recovered his consciousness, seeing his friends weeping round him, he told them that he had looked death in the face, and therefore feared not the worst he could do: added some words of religious hope and comfort, and, while a minister was praying with him, quietly slept with God. Funeral sermons are not history. No character is flawless, least of all the characters of men who lead in violent times. But if the cause of English liberty was a good cause, Pym's conscience, so far as we can see, might well bid him turn calmly to his rest.

It was just the want of this ideal and creative side, as it seems to us, which so completely unfitted the mind of the younger Pitt for dealing with the great Revolution which burst suddenly on him in the midst of his political career. We are far indeed from thinking that Mr. Goldwin Smith has done Pitt justice in denying him all creative faculty, and painting him rather as a clever administrator, successful in sunny weather, but wrecked easily enough in a storm. His failure was surely attributable, not to the want of a distinct conception of politics, but to the narrowness, the "strictly practical" character, of the conception he had formed. One can hardly deny that Pitt was a creative statesman in a measure; that he created middle-class government; that his economic reforms, his new type of political character, his conception of a new policy of peace, differing from Walpole's in being an international policy, all tended to this result. The very fault of Pitt indeed in his statesmanship appears to have been this predominance of the originative faculty. His policy derived both its strength and its weakness from being his own, from being strangely ahead of the thoughts either of his followers or his foes. Even as a peace-Minister his failures showed the gulf between the leader and the men he led; it was in vain that he advocated Parliamentary Reform, Roman Catholic Emancipation, the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, the commutation of tithes-payments in Ireland. Where he did succeed, it was sometimes—as in his origination of colonial independence through the Parliament of Canada—simply owing to the mere ignorance of his contemporaries as to his drift. It was this singular severance from the current facts of the politics

about him that wrecked his career in the great struggle with the Revolution. His mind was of the philosophic class; it could look with a remarkable prescience into the future, supposing that that future moved in a groove similar to the groove in which the present was moving. It was the leap of the world out of its groove that made the prescience of Pitt useless. His old conception of politics was rudely upset, and events followed too fast to give him time for the reflection which was needful to form a new one. Every mail brought a fresh revolution, and every revolution fresh complications and crushing administrative work. A lesser man would have done better, as on his death the Hawkesburys and Castlereaghs did do better; for if affairs are to be conducted without a policy they can be conducted only by the mere administrator, the man of ready shifts and fertile in expedients, who can at any rate fence deftly enough to gain time till the revolution is spent. And so Pitt died broken-hearted, and Waterloo crowned Lord Liverpool with its laurel-wreath.

Of the two sketches from the Great Rebellion, Mr. Goldwin Smith has evidently thrown all his affection and real admiration into that of Pym, but he has thrown his power into Cromwell. The greatness of his subject lifts him in this one lecture wholly out of the region of contemporary politics. We have left ourselves no space to comment on the remarkable sketch of the Protector's policy which is given here; we can only point out the clearness with which his conception of constitutional rule is shown to have been exhibited in the famous Instrument of Government under whose condition, he accepted the office of Lord Protector. According to this provisional constitution—a scheme of Cromwell's own making—the elective ruler shared his power with a permanent Council of State, chosen by the successive section of the Parliament, the existing Council, and the Protector. In the intervals between one meeting of Parliament and another, the power even over the army was to be shared between the two. But Parliament must be convoked every three years, or immediately on any apprehension of war, and in it alone, thus convoked, all power of legislation and taxation is vested. "The organic legislation of Cromwell's time may still," says Mr. Goldwin Smith, "deserve the consideration of constitutional reformers if the nation should ever desire to emancipate itself from the government of party." Not less remarkable is the light

which the lecture throws on the peculiar grandeur of Cromwell's toleration. "To save free conscience" was a desire not less passionate in the lowest Independent trooper than in the Lord Protector. What was simply his own was that, while bound as tightly as they in the thraldom of dogmatic exclusiveness, his theories yielded at a touch to the instinct of tolerance, even in cases where his Ironsides were as bitter as Melvill or Laud. He protected the Quaker, he freed the Socinian, he strove for the re-admission of the Jews, he put an end to the persecution of Roman Catholic priests. "It was in this matter of freedom of conscience," sums up the lecturer, "that the man was most before his age." With a final quotation, however, we must part from the one picture of the Protector before which we can stand, reverent of a greatness seldom seen among men, but not brutalized into hero-worship:—

To whatever age they belong [the lecturer says], the greatest, the most godlike of men are men, not Gods. They are the offspring, though the highest offspring, of their age; they would be nothing without their fellow men. Did Cromwell escape the intoxication of power which has turned the brain of other favourites of fortune, and bear himself always as one who held the government as a trust from God? It was because he was one of a religious people. Did he amidst the temptations of arbitrary rule preserve his reverence for law, and his design to reign under it? It was because he was one of a law-loving people. Did he in spite of fearful provocations show on the whole remarkable humanity? It was because he was one of a brave and humane people. A somewhat larger share of the common qualities—this, and this alone it was which, circumstances calling him to a great trust, had raised him above his fellows. The impulse which lent vigour and splendour to his government came from a great movement, not from a single man. The Protectorate with all its glories was not the conception of a lonely intellect, but the revolutionary energy of a mighty nation concentrated in a single chief

We regret to notice this week the death of Mrs. Austin, probably the best translator from German into English ever known in literature. She had a faculty quite special to herself of making Germans talk as they do talk, and yet as they would have talked had they thought in English. She will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends, for whom for years she held a salon which in some years approached the best French examples. — *Spectator*.

From the *Spectator*.

DEAN RAMSAY ON SCOTTISH HUMOUR.\*

SOME people, were they told that a book had been written about the humour of the Scotch, would answer—in sublime forgetfulness of Sir Walter and of Robert Burns—"Scottish humour! There is no such thing as humour in Scotland." The feeling, we believe, that would prompt such a remark is shared by thousands of Englishmen, though they would not acknowledge it so broadly. For it is rather the fashion to consider Scotchmen as plodding beings—dull, good fellows—who work hard and drink whisky six days of the week, and on the seventh drink whisky and listen to discourses on predestination and justification by faith. But, in truth, the Scotch have a humour of their own, a humour eminently national; and, as Dean Ramsay says in the preface to the book which suggests our observations, the characteristic peculiarities of the Scottish people are indicated in a very marked manner by Scottish anecdotes. Scottish humour is far removed from the rich merriment of the Irish, from the genial satire of which we are so fond in England, from the brilliant epigrams of the French, and from the cruel, quiet wit with which an Italian will barb the arrows of his speech. Perhaps, its special characteristic is shrewdness. Sometimes a quick sense of humour induces shrewdness (indeed, the former is rarely possessed without the latter); but in the Scotch character, we are inclined to think, it is the shrewdness that induces the humour. A Scotchman is nothing, if not "canny."

The object of the Dean of Edinburgh's most popular work has not been to string together mere funny stories, or to collect amusing anecdotes. "The object of these pages," he says, "has been throughout to illustrate Scottish life and character by bringing forward those modes and forms of expression by which alone our national peculiarities can be illustrated and explained." Besides Scottish replies and expressions which are most characteristic—and which the Dean, with pardonable impartiality, considers "unique for dry humour"—he has entered upon the question of dialect and proverbs. He reminds us that some years back the Scottish tongue existed almost as a separate language; and he says it has a force and beauty of phrase-

\* *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*. By E. B. Ramsay, Dean of Edinburgh. Edmonston and Douglas. Fourteenth edition.



ology, considered merely as phraseology, peculiar to itself. He remarks, for example, that the Scottish dialects are peculiarly rich in terms of endearment, more so than the pure Anglican. Now, an Englishman would imagine that the "love," "dear," "darling," and "sweet" of his own mother tongue expressed quite as much as he would care to put into any words at all; but the Scotchman, being (if we are to believe Dean Ramsay) of a more gushing disposition, has recourse, in his moments of effusion, to "my dawtie," one who is *dawtied*, i.e., fondled or caressed; "my winsome;" "my wee thing;" and even "my winsome marrow," the last word signifying a dear companion, one of a pair closely allied to each other. There must, argues the Dean, be a stronger current of tenderness in a Scottish heart than we have been inclined to fancy, for such terms to exist. There could not be such terms, were the feelings they expressed unknown.

And yet, we would venture to remark, there must be a certain hardness in the Scotch character, even in *good* — Scotch character — for we are not talking of bad people — if all the Dean's stories are true, and we do not for an instant doubt their truth. It is well that the North Britons have those tender words before mentioned, as some set-off against the hardness of certain of their deeds. In his chapter on "Religious Feelings and Religious Observances," the industrious compiler of *Scottish Reminiscences* tells this story: — A lady of ancient Scottish family, accustomed to visit her poor dependents, called on an excellent woman to condole with her on the death of her nephew, with whom she had lived, and whose loss must have been severely felt by her. The lady remarked, "What a nice white cap you have got on, Margaret." "Indeed, mem, ay, sae it is; for ye sae the gude lad's winding-sheet was ower lang, and I cut aff as muckle as made twa bonny caps."

In his chapter on "Convivial Habits," we find the following, which is worse: — "At a prolonged drinking bout, at which the gentlemen of the country-side were present, one of the party remarked, "What gars the laird of Garskadden luk sae gash?" \* "Ou!" says his neighbour, the laird of Kilmardinny, "Garskadden's been wi' his Maker these twa hours; I saw him step awa, but I didna like to disturb gude company."

The national pride — justifiable, yet

\* Ghastly

amusing — is shown by a story of a conversation between an old Scotchman and an Englishman with a mania for everything Scotch. The conversation took place at a German bath — perhaps Ems, perhaps Hombourg — and the Englishman, who had been boasting of Bannockburn, and saying Burns was the greatest of all possible poets, took his leave with, "Well, Sir, next time we meet, I hope you will receive me as a real countryman." "Weel," said the old North Briton, "I'm jest thinking, my lad, ye're nae Scotchman; but I'll tell ye what ye are — ye're jest an improved Englishman."

Our last story shall be illustrative of the language of Scotland. It is drawn from the chapter in which Dean Ramsay has collected all sorts of tales of the dialect; and it affords an example of the prominence said to be given to vowels in Scotch discourse. The dialogue is between a shopman and a customer, and the conversation relates to a plaid hanging at the shop door: —

*Customer* (inquiring the material). — Oo? (wool?)

*Shopman*. — Ay, oo (yes, wool).

*Customer*. — A' oo? (all wool?)

*Shopman*. — Ay, a' oo (yes, all wool).

*Customer*. — A' ae oo? (all same wool?)

*Shopman*. — Ay, a' ae oo (yes, all the same wool).

— a little bit of dialogue that might form part of a *theatre impossible*; for it would be too much even for Mr. Clarke, of "Bonnie Fishwife" celebrity.

Perhaps we have said all that needs to be said about Dean Ramsay's amusing book. It is not a book on which we can generalize: it is not, even, in our opinion, a book to be read industriously; but rather to be taken up now and then, when a man wants to go to a printed page to get a harmless laugh. It is a perfect repertory of humorous anecdote, and it is as such that we prefer to regard it, rather than as a systematic exponent of Scottish character. As it is very amusing, very desultory, and quite unburdened with philosophic reflections, we are at no loss to account for the popularity it has already attained.

A writer in the London times, in condemning the expression "the Commons disagree to the amendment of the Lords," also attacks the phrase "different to" notwithstanding the fact

that it has been used by the best modern English writers. And this reminds the New York Times of a little story, as Mr. Lincoln might say:—

"Thackeray, perhaps the most consummate master of English of his day, was once talking with the poet Lowell (himself hardly, if at all, the inferior of Thackeray in that respect) with regard to 'Henry Esmond,' which the novelist had just finished. He challenged Mr. Lowell to find a single sentence or phrase in that book, which, so far as usage was concerned, a writer of Esmond's day would not have employed. Lowell promptly fastened upon 'different to,' and Thackeray was forced to own the slip into which modernized English had betrayed him."

The use of this phrase has not yet reached this country. — *Advertiser.*

From The Spectator 17 Aug.

#### THE MEETING AT SALZBURG.

THE subdued, and yet earnest and suspicious curiosity with which Europe is watching for the results of the conference of Salzburg between the Emperor and the French and the Kaiser, to come off, it is arranged, on Monday next, is unfortunately only too intelligible. Two such Conferences have occurred since Napoleon has mounted the throne of France, each has been followed by a great war, and this one, if it produces a war at all, will produce a greater one than any seen in Europe since 1815. The cycle has come round at last, and the heir to Richelieu's labours is compelled to see if he cannot undo Richelieu's greatest work. The Emperor of the French goes to Salzburg with his Foreign Secretary to see if it be not possible to find in Austria the firm and great ally whom, for the second time in his career, he so sorely needs. The rise of Prussia has suddenly, in less than a year, rendered Napoleon doubtful of his own unaided strength, and in all Europe there is only Austria whose alliance can be of any service to his immediate designs. The position of France is, for the moment, singularly isolated, and not so completely without danger as English publicists are apt to assume. The Emperor, even supposing that he contemplates no war on Prussia, is aware that a war may at any moment be forced on him by opinion — the French for example, would expect him to fight if Wurtemberg declared itself Prussian — and he must, to fight with reasonable safety, be sure of three things, — the quiescence of Italy, the neutrality of Spain, and the active friendship of some one of the great

Powers of Europe. His need for the neutrality of Italy goes, as his subjects say, without talking. Italy now commands 300,000 very efficient soldiers — Englishmen think them inefficient, but they are at least as good as Frenchmen outside the *corps d'élite* — in Savoy they would be in a friendly country, and even a serious menace from them would paralyze a third of the strength of France. Victor Emmanuel does not love the man who took his birth-place, and Italy would risk much for a certainty of Rome. Queen Isabella, again, is Bourbon, rules 17,000,000 of persons not friendly to France, can put 120,000 very excellent infantry in motion, and might if she chose compel Napoleon to keep 100,000 men within a hundred miles of the Pyrenees. It is said — we do not vouch for the statement, but we incline strongly to believe it — that she took the opportunity of the Luxemburg affair to demand terms for Rome, — not for Spain, but Spain is as eager for Rome as for herself, — which startled Napoleon more than any incident in that negotiation, and revived his enthusiasm for a *levée en masse*. At all events it is essential, in the judgment of M. Guizot as of Marshal Niel, that Spain, which is far nearer to France than Ireland to Great Britain, which has no foreign policy and an ultramontane bigot as sovereign, should be at least secure. And then, these points secured, Napoleon wants the alliance of one great power. The stakes to be played, if he challenges Prussia, are of frightful amount. It is by no means certain that France must win in such a contest, it is in truth exceedingly doubtful, and nothing less than success will justify the risk in French eyes. Granting, as we should grant freely, that France could never be conquered, that she could throw out by a convulsive effort any invader, or any coalition of invaders, that no statesman with the brain of Von Bismarck would ever ask from France territorial cessions, we must still perceive there is no certainty for Napoleon himself. France will not accept humiliation and Bonapartes together. The Emperor has his throne to think of as well as France, and to make his throne secure he must make victory nearly a certainty, or at least so probable that defeat will be only a proof of the uncertainty of war. He is searching, therefore, for an ally, and an ally worth having is very hard to find. The Russian Court, it seems clear, has finally refused his overtures. He cannot grant the one bribe which at St. Petersburg would cancel all engagements, — the possession of Constantinople, — and short of

that the Czar has more to fear from Frederick William, who could raise Poland with a wave of his hand, and send 30,000 fine Polish troops to lead the insurrection, than from any other potentate or power. Scandinavia is friendly, not to say coquettish, but modern war is on a scale too heavy for Scandinavia, which, despite all the speeches now uttering by enthusiastic Danes, could not occupy 50,000 Prussians, and would risk extinction or a Russian Protectorate in occupying them. She might shell Memel or Dantzic, but that would be of little more assistance in the war than tearing off a man's coat-tails in a set-to. The nationalities are of no use, for Posen cannot rise with both Berlin and St. Petersburg opposed, and Posen excepted Prussia is homogeneous. The minor German States have been sounded, and do not respond to the half-hesitating touch. Hanover is not keenly loyal, perhaps, but as against Frenchmen Hanover will give her last man. Davoust settled that for his master's nephew, and Napoleon knows too much to believe the assurances of the Duke of Cumberland. Hesse would be powerless even if the Grand Duke were more than tolerated, the Lower Chamber of Wurtemberg has just announced that it will fight, if fight must be, with and not against North Germany, and ultramontane Bavaria is slowly yielding to resistless attraction. Her statesmen know their own history too well to believe in France. There is no hope there or in Italy, where the Government has no money for a great war, claims Rome as the reward of mere neutrality, and is bitterly sensitive to French imperiousness. England, if friendly — and England's opinion is by no means certain — is not disposed, indeed, is not able, except under improbable provocation, to land battalions on the Continent, and in a war with Germany battalions may prove more useful than what we are pleased to call moral support. If Prussia had her fleet, England might be invaluable, but then that fleet is only one of the certainties of the future. There is no ally except Austria upon whom France can calculate, and it is to secure Austria that the Emperor Napoleon is gone to Salzburg with his Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Will he secure Austria? It is very difficult, it is nearly impossible, to answer a question which still depends mainly on the will of one singularly reserved and not overable man, but we should say he would not. It is possible that Napoleon may, as in Lombardy, enchant or captivate his interlocutor. If is possible, also, that he may offer such a

chance of glorious vengeance that the Kaiser, who is Hapsburg and Ultramontane, devoted to his dignity and his Church, both of which have suffered fearfully, may resolve to stake all upon one more throw to be master of all South Germany — that must be the bribe — or King of Hungary alone. This is possible, but all the probabilities are the other way. The Kaiser cannot have forgotten what France has inflicted on him, the loss of Italy, the loss of his brother, the rejection of his alliance after Sadowa. He is German at heart still, and though there is loyalty left in German Austria, it is by no means certain that it is strong enough to bear alliance with a foreigner, and a hated foreigner, for the sake of breaking up the now visible German unity. The Kaiser is King of Hungary, and it is by no means the interest of Hungary to re-unite herself to Germany, or to fight heartily against Prussia, who can offer her a protected autonomy, and who would have done it if the late war had lasted another month. The Kaiser is King of Bohemia, and Bohemia prefers the present state of affairs, under which she hopes, very irrationally, that an enclave of Germany, with a population of five millions, a German aristocracy, and a separate dialect, may become — something no Czech quite knows what. Doubtless amidst all this the troops would move as they were bid, and they are numerous and brave; but they could not get at France at once, and while a Prussian victory on French soil would excite in Vienna a fever of pro-German enthusiasm, a French victory on Prussian soil would cause an explosion of anti-Gallican hostility. The Kaiser, moreover, has an empty treasury, and though a suspension of interest on his bonds would relieve rather than injure his finances, it would destroy his last chance of German sympathy. Frankfurt hates Prussia, but it dearly loves dividends paid in cash on the day they are due. And, finally, there is no certainty that Russia will remain quiet if Austria moves; and if she does not, Austria will be compelled to post at least half her force in Galicia and the valley of the Danube, far away from the immediate scene of action. She cannot see her own provinces in rebellion, or the key of her house in Russian hands.

It is possible, we admit, but it is scarcely probable that the Kaiser, with his personal pride wounded by the fate of his brother, a fate due, when all is said, mainly to Napoleon, with his German subjects hesitating, his Hungarian subjects intent on autonomy, his Polish subjects looking at Russian bribes as if they thought them tempting, and his

army still without breech-loaders, will run the tremendous risk. The Hapsburgs have never been madmen, never unable to wait, seldom disposed for ventures in which the stake covered more than they could pay. Unless an evil destiny, as half Europe believes, is making sport of the House, its fortunes will not once more be placed on the green cloth. Much may depend on Baron von Beust, and Baron von Beust hates Prussia; but he is not a Hapsburg, not a Catholic, not a friend of France, and not an original, but only a criticizing genius. No man in Europe sees a coming collision more clearly, and no man in Europe is less likely to shut off the safety-valve, and trust to the momentum of his speed.

Napoleon will return, we conceive, with the alliance unmade, and then what will he do? Will he fight, or "crown the edifice," or gloomily await what fate may send, or turn upon smaller powers, or what? We doubt if there is a man in Europe, himself included, who can yet form a definite idea; but the balance of probabilities would still seem to be greatly in favor of war. It is but power to power, after all, for none of the reasons which would impel the Kaiser to reject an alliance with Paris would impel him to form one with Berlin. Napoleon might win, and then all is smooth for him; and if he loses, it is but giving away to the Revolution, after all. The real alternative is to grant liberty at once, and if there is a man in Europe to whom the *role* of constitutional sovereign must seem impossible it is Napoleon, who has accomplished so much by secrecy and surprise. His greatness and his weakness, his dreamy but still grand statemanship, and his fears for his personal ease and security, are alike opposed to concessions which would in his view terminate his authority. His is not the temper to play the *role* of King's cloak, not the intellect which can make itself master of a free Cabinet. He will probably fight, even if he is alone; but if he wins the Kaiser he will certainly fight, and that is why the meeting of Salzburg is watched with such intense anxiety.

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THE CHARACTER INSURANCE COMPANY. — "Do you believe in Phrenology?" Many to whom this question is put, reply, "I believe in the general principles, but not in the bumps." Are they right as to their belief in the general principles?

What is the brain? Of what use is the mass of delicately organized nervous matter which fills the head? That of mere stuffing?

Is it a substance no more important than so much fat? Has the brain any connexion with the mind? Does its development really in general vary with the varieties of mental character? Does the conformation of the brain, generally, indeed determine the shape of the head? Do those men whose heads most resemble the heads of apes, approach the nearest of all mankind to the lower animals? The nearer the heads of men ascend to the type of SHAKESPEARE'S head, do not men rise the higher in the scale of humanity? Are not our artists right when, whether instinctively or from observation, they draw a noble-minded man with a high head, and a villain with a villanous low one? Compare the heads of clergymen in general with those of criminals? Is there not a general difference between the clerical and criminal head? Look at the photographs in the shop-windows. Contrast the foreheads of men of eminent intellect with those of all the fools you meet. Do they not, for the most part, obviously differ?

Suppose Phrenology to be true no further than this, that it is possible to estimate the development of the brain in a general way, as it is in the same way to estimate that of the muscles, and so to judge of mental endowment or deficiency as of strength, relative or absolute, of the bodily frame,

This supposition forms the basis of a project for the establishment of a Character Insurance Company (Limited, of course).

It is proposed that the Directors of this Company shall be a Board of practical phrenologists, not one of whom shall ever have convicted himself of humbug by going about and lecturing to popular audiences on a matter of science. Their duty, in addition to transacting the Company's pecuniary business, shall consist in examining the heads of persons willing to submit to that scrutiny, and pay for it. They shall furnish each applicant with what to the best of their judgment is a correct account of his disposition and abilities, and shall also give him a certificate stating the class of heads which his own head belongs to.

Heads may, for practical purposes, be arranged in three divisions; the first consisting of heads whose conformation denotes moral and intellectual excellence, the second, of those whereof the proportions indicate average understanding and respectability; the heads of the third being such as are characteristic of the dangerous classes, and may be generalised under the common denomination of the criminal head.

If this Classification of heads could be made with so much as a rough approach to the truth, it would greatly avail to the present restoration of commercial confidence and the prevention of panics in future. Shareholders, resolving to intrust with the management of their affairs none but gentlemen possessing certificates of being gifted with first class heads, would at least very much diminish the chances of having their interests neglected and their money

squandered or embezzled. If they reposed confidence in men with second-class heads, they would know what they were about, they would take due precaution, demand sufficient security of their officers, and look sharp after them. Candidates for confidential employment marked in the third class of heads, would not be very likely to present their certificates.

The Character Insurance Company will tend to supply a want which is now severely felt; the want of employment for capital which has reduced the rate of interest to two per cent. It will furnish the public with the means of ascertaining, in some measure, whom they can depend upon; and will do something to prevent the recurrence of such a scandal as the financial smash of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway.

N. B. The author of this Prospectus has, for his own part, a head of the first-class — warranted A I; a development quite incompatible with receiving subscriptions, and bolting with the money. — *Punch*.

MINISTERING CHILDREN: A SEQUEL. By Maria Louisa Charlesworth. (Seeley.) — The feeling produced by reading this story is one that it is not easy to analyze or give an account of in the way of criticism. The work does not seem so much a story as a family history of our friends and neighbours. As soon as we are formally introduced to any of the characters we know them just as we know people in real life, neither more nor less; and if we do not see into their hearts, or understand the springs of their action, that never strikes us as otherwise than natural. All the children, for instance, are real children to us; and if we disapprove of any thing about them, we should send for their nurse, instead of finding fault with Miss Charlesworth. If any thing goes wrong in the story, she cannot help it. We have no right to complain of the registrar if a marriage or death has to be entered in the book. When the doctor reports a serious case of illness, we have no reason for being discontented with him. This, we say, is the effect produced by Miss Charlesworth's story; and it is no wonder that with this effect, her stories should be such general favourites. In the present one, the account of the blind man and his dog, of the rescue of a child from a mill stream by the dog, and the danger incurred by the preserver, of the conversion of the old nurse from a grumpy, discontented woman to an active benefactor, of the victory of the quiet governess over mother and children, will be read and reread in many families. It may be that we have been too long accustomed to stronger meat, or that Miss Charlesworth writes too purely for the young; but we confess that if we force ourselves to be critical, we must object a little to the universal rose-pink atmosphere of the story. But, as we said at the outset, we have no right to be critical, and on this occasion, at least, we are happy to abdicate our functions. — *Spectator*.

DR. JAMES JACKSON. — The time has not yet arrived for doing justice to the character and services of Dr. James Jackson. The first expressions of love and honor which follow him to his resting place, are only such as have been long on the lips of all who knew him, mingled with the natural regrets which seem almost selfish when we remember his age and its infirmities. The general verdict of his contemporaries among us would doubtless have been that he was the model practitioner of their generation. The voice of the profession would absurdly assign him the same position among the teachers of the art of healing.

He himself would have been so unwilling to be over-estimated that those who knew him best cannot help feeling as if they were restrained by the memory of his own serene and tempered judgment in using the terms which at once suggest themselves when speaking of his gifts and virtues. Yet an intelligence so lucid, a knowledge so practical, a skill so consummate, a devotion to his duties so entire, a spirit so cheerful, a benevolence so thoughtful, a character so truly balanced, a long life so filled with noble service can hardly be fairly spoken of without our seeming to use the rhetoric of eulogy. Keeping close to the truth, as known and acknowledged in the community where he has lived so long, we find that we have drawn what looks like an ideal portrait.

He would not have claimed for himself any extraordinary intellectual attributes, any more than he would have claimed any special merit for the style of those "Letters to a Young Physician" which were mentioned in these columns a day or two since among those writings by which "literature as well as science and history, gained much more than it would have gained by the arrival of fifty new knights sworn specially to 'letters.'" But sagacious observing instincts, well-adjusted reflecting powers, and practical energy to use them efficiently, are not often found in such large measure, so harmoniously blended. He was a child to learn, a father to teach, a brother to help.

We might perhaps find men in whom single qualities were more developed than any one for which he was distinguished; not easily a man whose outfit for the duties of life was more admirable, and who used all his faculties to greater advantage. He retained his power and his disposition to be useful into some of the last years of his protracted life. When mind and body alike felt the weight of infirmity, his tender affections still drew him to those he loved. There is a story that old men have been kept alive by transferring the fresh blood from young veins into their own. Many young hearts were tributary through nobler channels to his old age. It seemed as if the love of the second and third and fourth generations gave new light to his eye and fresh color to his cheek, as they gathered around him to look, to listen, to serve, to caress. It was a rare delight to meet in his own home this most beloved of old men, who seemed to have hoarded the sun-

shine of more than fourscore years to give it back in smiles to those whom he has now left in a world less bright since he is gone.

So passes from us the last of those three brothers whom many of us remember as honors to their several callings, types and patterns of the best class of American citizens. United in the dearest friendship while they lived, we may hope that they are at length reunited among the good and faithful servants who have entered into the joy of their Lord. As the last of them leaves us we seem to look upon them once more as when we used to see them together in their daily walk. Charles, grave, learned, judicial by nature, gentle, unselfish, modest, whom to have known is the most precious legacy of the past to many of the living; Patrick, great-hearted, impetuous, sanguine, constructive, executive, whose footprints were among the first along the opening track of New England's progress; and with them this teacher of teachers, this healer of the sick, this counsellor of the perplexed, this consoler of the sorrowful, this benefactor of the needy, whose sympathies were boundless as the day, and whose priceless labors extended through two-thirds of a century. With all gratitude for his beautiful and most useful life, feeling as we must, that he had filled the full measure of his usefulness, it is yet with sorrowing hearts that we strike from the roll of living men the revered and cherished name of JAMES JACKSON. — *Daily Advertiser*. H.

DR. JACKSON. — Our honored and venerable fellow-citizen, Dr. James Jackson, died in this city on Tuesday, having nearly completed his ninetieth year. He was the son of Hon. Jonathan Jackson of Newburyport and a brother of the late Judge Charles Jackson and Patrick T. Jackson. He was born in Newburyport, October 3, 1777, and graduated at Harvard College in 1796. Of the class of that year he was the last survivor. He was admitted to the Massachusetts Medical Society in 1802, and within three years from that date had won so prominent a position in his profession that he was appointed, in connection with Dr. John C. Warren, to compile a pharmacopœia for the society. In 1812 he became professor of the theory and practice of medicine in the Harvard Medical School, and held that place for twenty-four years. He was a physician to the Massachusetts General Hospital, of which he was one of the founders; and was several times elected to the presidency of the Massachusetts Medical Society. His contributions to medical literature were exceedingly valuable, and were noticed by medical societies at home and abroad with high commendation.

Dr. Jackson's great skill and quick sympathy gained for him in a remarkable degree the confidence and love of his patients, who were loth

to release him from their service even after his mental and physical powers had evidently begun to fail. Never of robust constitution, he enjoyed through life an equable health, which he maintained by his regular habits of living and by his cheerful and elastic temperament. About a year and a half ago his mental faculties suddenly failed, while his bodily health was still tolerably good. From that period all his powers gradually declined; but he has only been confined to his house since the beginning of last winter. He had no particular sickness, and suffered but little if any during this time, his death resulting rather from general exhaustion incident to old age, than from any assignable local disease. He leaves five children, numerous grandchildren, and several great-grandchildren.

We need not say that the news of his death will be received with a very sincere and wide spread sorrow. — *Boston Advertiser*, 29 August.

## MY LOVE AND I.

WE never spoke a word of love,  
We never named its name,  
As through the leafy wood, and down  
The shadowed path we came;  
And yet — and yet — I almost think,  
Although I can't tell why,  
His love is mine, and mine is his;  
We're ours — my love and I.

Here let me sit, and live in thought  
Those blissful hours again,  
And ere I hoard them in my heart  
Their sap and sweetness drain.  
The bluebells hung their fair young heads  
Beneath the bluer sky;  
We talked of trivial, common things, —  
We talked — my love and I.

And once — how well I know the spot —  
We stopped beside the brook,  
And saw the gurgling waters, as  
Their sunlit way they took.  
My eyes met his, the soul of love  
In that brief glance did lie,  
My eyelids drooped — we watched the stream  
Flow past — my love and I.

And now, I've nothing more to say;  
My heart won't let me tell  
The silent talk our spirits had,  
The charm that o'er us fell.  
I am not sure, but still I think,  
Although I can't tell why,  
His love is mine, and mine is his;  
We're ours — my love and I.

— *Argosy*.

## EUTHANASIA.

In darkest hour of God-forgetting peace,  
 In bitterest woe,  
 Rose the free spirit of awakened Greece  
 To strike one blow  
 For sacred Freedom ; in the tyrant's face  
 Blazed fierce, once more,  
 The wrath that erewhile swept the Persian's  
 trace  
 From the Attic shore.  
 Mid those most sacred hills and vales, — where  
 erst,  
 Ere men ruled men,  
 In arms of Gods the high Gods themselves were  
 nursed, —  
 Were born again  
 The godlike soul and godlike deed ; even we,  
 Earth's latest brood,  
 Unworthiest offspring of the brave and free,  
 The wise and good, —  
 We cannot choose but praise in words too weak,  
 Too cold, too low,  
 Those true men, whom death needed not to  
 seek  
 As friend or foe ;  
 Who nobly scorned the dead life of the slave,  
 Who rose alone,  
 Strong in the might of Right, to avenge and  
 save ;  
 On the altar stone  
 Of Freedom to lay down in sacrifice,  
 For others' weal,  
 Man's noblest offering, — Death's most worthy  
 prize —  
 Souls tried as steel.  
 We praise them ; — but our dissonant praise  
 must mar  
 The holy theme :  
 Their glory casts on our dark lives from far  
 One radiant gleam.  
 Through dark and weary years, through Free-  
 dom's Night,  
 When Hellas bowed  
 Under the Crescent's flame, when iron might,  
 In triumph loud,  
 Wasted the hallowed spots once consecrate  
 With Freemen's blood ;  
 When the Turk, victor at the Golden Gate,  
 Blood-sprinkled stood ;  
 Among the glens of Ida, the green glades,  
 Where Zeus was reared,  
 Where the stern king whose sentence awes the  
 shades  
 Living was feared :  
 Burned, fierce and fearless, Freedom's sacred  
 flame,  
 Unquenched and strong,  
 Glowed with diviner fire, Crete's ancient fame  
 That slept so long.  
 When Greece aroused her from her fettered  
 slumber,  
 And dared be free,  
 A shout of welcome from a voice of number  
 Pealed o'er the sea.  
 Now, once again in Europe's rearing,  
 When earth is shakened,

When the crushed Titan the piled mount de-  
 spising,  
 Rises to waken ;  
 When fair and fallen Italy, uplifted  
 By God's own hand,  
 Stands one and free ; when chains and thrones  
 are rifted  
 In every land ;  
 Think ye that those who fought for Greece,  
 their mother,  
 For Christ on Cross,  
 Vanquished and tortured can their soul's love  
 smother,  
 Forget their loss ?  
 They fought unaided, suffered unsubdued,  
 By Kings betrayed ;  
 Base tongues belied them, slander subtle and  
 lewd  
 Its foul plots laid.  
 But worsted thus, even thus their true hearts  
 quail not,  
 Their hope sublime  
 Patient and watchful, waits the hour that fails  
 not,  
 God's chosen time !

— *Spectator.*

E. D. J. W.

## IN THE CHOIR.

ON rolled the mighty melody, as though  
 A multitude passed by —  
 A sea of sound and sweetness ; here and there  
 A clear young voice pealed high :  
 A glory crept along the vaulted roof,  
 And tinged the old grey stone ;  
 The sunshine stole it from the windows where  
 The saints each stood alone.  
 Below knelt youth and beauty in their pride,  
 Fair as the flowers of June. —  
 How did that psalm of strife and agony  
 Chime with each young heart's tune !  
 And then the heavy oaken door swung back :  
 A woman entered in —  
 Wan in the face, and weary in her mien,  
 Her garments soiled and thin ;  
 And, like a blot upon a robe, she stood  
 Amid the gorgeous fane ;  
 And youth and beauty drew themselves apart,  
 And she went out again.  
 Still, where the pictured Twelve Apostles stood  
 The light came coloured fair ;  
 But yet methought those men of Galilee  
 Had scarce been welcome there !  
 — *Good Words.* ISABELLA FIVIE.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## AFTER THE RAIN.

BUT when the noiseless shower has ended,  
And the bright sky looks forth again,  
And fades the bow in Heaven bended,  
Wrought from the crystals of the rain,

The earth sands held in mute delight,  
And joyous with a silent mirth;  
Bride-like in tears, she seems to sight  
A new, rejuvenated earth.

A verdure bursts upon the leas,  
As verdure ne'er had been of yore;  
Those clumps of leafy-laden trees  
Look fuller-foliaged than before.

With keener, purer life, the air  
Your sense enthralled enamoured greets;  
Fraught with a thousand perfumes rare,  
Snatched from a thousand summer sweets.

And out of air and dewy ground  
Comes forth a wondrous moving calm;  
That unseen incense breathes around,  
And influences, dropping balm.

Quite steeped in the delicious sense  
Of new-born atmospheric life,  
The spirit, from a peace intense,  
Can give no thoughts to care and strife.

Then the clear ether palpitates,  
Beat by a myriad wings of gauze;  
Yet ever at a breath it waits  
As revelling in ecstatic pause.

Most soothing falls the drowsy hum,  
And dreamy murmur of the bees;  
Most musical, from far off, come  
Vague sounds that mellow on the breeze.

Now drowning them — from bush and briar,  
(A sweet collusion of sweet lays,)  
Bursts forth the untaught woodland choir  
In unpremeditated praise.

Oh, linnet! tell me, whence is born  
The subtle sweetness of your song?  
I hear you throble from your thorn,  
That thrilling chant — prolong, prolong!

Waft to me some didactic strain  
Through the cleft alleys of the wood;

Can man not learn your blessed refrain,  
And pour spontaneous gratitude?

— *St. James's Magazine.*

M. S.

## TO THE RITUALISTS.

O RECTORS too ritualistic,  
With albs and with chasubles fair,  
With monograms monkish and mystic,  
And incense that hangs on the air!  
What means this maniacal passion,  
As strange as the miracle plays,  
Say, is it a tribute to fashion,  
Supreme in these frivolous days?

We've sown the strong storm democratic,  
To reap the fierce whirlwind, perchance;  
You come with your stole and dalmatic  
To lead us another long dance.  
The Church, in a cranky condition,  
Is trembling at thoughts of a fight;  
And now we've a Royal Commission,  
To tell us who's wrong and who's right.

Say, how shall we choose 'mid the number —  
There's Low Church, and Broad Church, and  
High?

Serenely at sermons we slumber —  
Your modern discourses are dry.  
Supposing, instead of the quarrel,  
To settle what doctrines to teach,  
You gave up this gorgeous apparel,  
And found us some men who could preach?

There's virtue, no doubt, in a vestment,  
In changing the colour of stoles;  
But robes, as you know, were at best meant,  
To aid in the saving of souls.  
Go, speak to the dark populations,  
That linger in sadness and sin;  
Let England be first among nations,  
'The noblest of battles to win!

The people may stare and may wonder,  
Susceptible maids you enthrall,  
While fierce is the *Record's* small thunder,  
And cackle of Exeter Hall.  
Embroider the faldstool and hassock,  
And don't leave us thus in the lurch;  
But stick to plain surplice and Cassock —  
And keep to the Protestant Church.

— *Punch.*

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

A SPANISH AND A DANISH NOVEL.

THE most faultless of novelists was roused to so much indignation by the contempt which it was the fashion fifty years ago to bestow upon novels and romances, that departing from her ordinary position of a dispassionate narrator of the emotions and experiences of fictitious characters, she rushed into a sudden impetuosity on her own account and introduced into her story of *Northanger Abbey* a vigorous defence of the tribe to which she belonged. 'Let us not desert one another' she said. 'We are an injured body:'

From pride, ignorance, or fashion, our foes are almost as many as our readers, and while the abilities of the nine hundredth abridger of the History of England, or of the man who collects and publishes, in a volume, some dozen lines of Milton, Pope, and Prior, with a paper from the *Spectator*, and a chapter from Sterne, are eulogised by a thousand pens, there seems an almost general wish of decrying the capacity, and undervaluing the labour of the novelist, and of slighting the performances which have only genius, wit, and taste to recommend them. 'I am no novel reader.' 'I seldom look into novels.' 'It is really very well for a novel.' 'Do not imagine that I often read novels.' Such is the common cant, and 'What are you reading, Miss?' — 'Oh, it is only a novel!' replies the young lady, while she lays down her book with affected indifference, or momentary shame. It is only *Cecilia*, or *Cumilla*, or *Belinda*, or, in short, only some work in which the greatest powers of the mind are displayed, in which the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineation of its varieties, the liveliest effusions of wit and humour, are conveyed to the world in the best chosen language.

And the heroine of the work in which this passage occurs, is made to say of history —

I read it a little as a duty, but it tells me nothing which does not either vex or weary me. The quarrels of popes and kings, with wars or pestilences in every page; the men all so good for nothing, and hardly any women at all. . . . It is very tiresome, and yet I often think it odd that it should be so dull, for a great deal of it must be invention, and invention is what delights me in other books.

There is, in these strictures, some justice, though they are not wholly just. It is true that the best novels exhibit some of the highest powers of the human mind, and convey in an interesting form a knowledge of life and character in their outward shows, and of the interior mechanism of the heart;

granting the heart to be the seat of passion. It is true that such knowledge is more fruitful than the bare acquaintance with the dates of battles, or of deaths of kings, or of depositions of popes, but it is not true that most novels contain any such useful revelations. The larger number — and the quantity produced at the present time in England, is in the proportion of one for each day — contain little that is profitable to the reader. Bad grammar, bad morality, false sentiment, vapid dialogue, impossible incident, or none at all worthy of record, the poison and the bowl, with all manner of extravagance, or the tea table and the urn with all manner of insipidity, an absence of all truth and of all beauty: these are the characteristics, negative and positive, of the works which crowd the fashionable circulating library, and which the reader turns over listlessly, under that semblance of occupation to which honest idleness is much to be preferred. On the other hand, the history writing of the nineteenth century has assumed many of the qualities of the highest kinds of fiction. The bald manner of narrating facts which so wearied Catherine Morland, or the stilted style which vexed her, have almost disappeared. It is no longer thought necessary to tell the events of the past in a tone altogether different from that in which occurrences of the present day are related; the notion of the dignity of history, which was the essence of its dulness, is set aside; language is allowed to be natural, the familiar incidents of daily life are admitted occasionally into the record; nothing is excluded which can help to interpret the past to the present; and the pages of the historian are animated with pictures more vivid, plots more complete, and characters of more intricate interest than are to be found in any but the very greatest among works of fiction. Readers who remember the painful effort with which they struggled up the long hill, the Hill Difficulty in Russell's *Modern Europe*, or Coxe's *House of Austria*, the favourite school books of a less happy period, dragging at each remove a lengthening chain, can scarcely believe now, when they glide and float and skim easily along over pleasant waters, or canter briskly through flowery fields, or are carried in an easy lift to the mountain top, that they are engaged in the study of history; they survey a whole universe of wonder and variety through the powerful lens of their guide, they see vividly the long procession, the gay revelry, the pomp of war, the sacerdotal splendour, the soft love meeting, the cruel parting, the

vow, the betrayal, the struggle of ambition, the fall of power, the ecstasy of piety, the glory of martyrdom; — all that makes up the great passionate drama of human life is open to their view; and pausing over the page, with astonishment, they say, 'Why, this is as exciting as a novel!' It is only the first-rate historian who can tell things thus; but the general aim of history now is to bring the dead to life, and if all are not equally successful, not many fail entirely. History, once parched and shrivelled, is restored to warm and moving flesh and blood, like one colonel in About's famous story, who was laid by dried like a preserved vegetable for fifty years and given back again to the privilege of active existence by a reversal of the former process of desiccation. The best novel and the best history may stand side by side, and though the one deals with fact and the other with fiction, many of the same qualities may be developed by the writer of either genus. A really good and true novelist may do excellent service to the historian; for a faithful image of the domestic life, internal and external, of men and women, must assist the explanation of the course of public events in their general progress, and we may learn in this way details of custom, of sentiments, and of ways of thought in distant lands, which it would be difficult to obtain from any other source. No history of China yet written introduces us into the heart and habits of the people so efficiently as that original novel by a Chinese author of genius, called in its English version *The Chinese Cousins*. Let any one who wants to know something of the interior of Chinese society, without running the risk of paying for the knowledge by a cruel death, or torture and imprisonment, betake himself to the charming pages of that writer. By consulting the skilled novelist, we may spare ourselves much travelling, much danger and much expense. We may rise superior to the troublesome laws of time and space; we may one day dip down into the warm regions of the South, breathe the perfumes of its delicious air, stir our congealed blood with its glowing sun, and assimilate its fervours, till we sink into soft languor; and the next day, deprecating that seducing lassitude, we may transport ourselves to the hard North, to brace our nerves and stimulate our energies, and enter into a sphere of action where there is more of pleasantry and less of passion.

Not many countries, however, have been prolific in the production of that class of prose fiction representing the changing events

of domestic life which the word 'novel' is especially applied to. The French and English nations are the only rivals in this species of composition. Germany can hardly count half a dozen distinguished novelists; Italy cannot name more than two; Spain has only produced one; Sweden and Denmark between them may perhaps muster a dozen; but it must be added that the activity of these last named northern lands in this kind of literature is rapidly augmenting.

A recent translation of the most remarkable work of the one famous novelist of Spain, and another of one of the latest novels produced by a charming Danish writer, lead us to the present contemplation of Southern and Northern life, and the participation of such sympathies and forces, such complicated emotions and passions, such simple and pleasant sentiment, as the different phases of life represented in these volumes are made to evolve.

We are indebted to Miss Augusta Bethell for a translation from the Spanish into intelligible English, and this is a rare merit with translators now-a-days. They are content, for the most part, with very slovenly work; with a slender use of the English vocabulary, and with none at all of English grammar. They substitute English words for foreign ones only till they reach one which it is difficult to render, and then they insert the foreign; and as for English construction, it is not so much as attempted. This negligence has become common even in translations from French, the language most generally understood; and we find in works supposed to be rendered from that tongue into English, such phrases as: 'Madame has to me the air pale;' or, 'if madame will well mount on horse, madame will no doubt find herself better;' or, 'it is equal to me-go your train.' It would be difficult to find a limit to the rapidity with which such stuff as this may be produced, and in this style the supply makes an immediate answer to the demand. The publisher, who would rather have the thing quickly than well done, is satisfied with the assurance that the translation is idiomatic; but it is not idiomatic; if it were idiomatic, it would give equivalent English for the French phrase; as it is, the reader must know French before he can understand such English, and if he knows French, why should he read garbled English? If he does arrive at understanding in a manner what the writer intends to convey, the performance must still be revolting to his taste and his good sense. This breed of mongre

tongues ought to be resolutely put down; it ought to be exterminated by an unsparing criticism, for it is damaging to English literature, and familiarises ordinary readers and writers with the grossest errors of style. It is not only to be found in translations; it has crept into original compositions where the scene is laid in France. But if example is better than precept Miss Bethell's movement in the right direction will have more value than any amount of exclamation; and, therefore, we repeat that we feel deeply obliged to her for the perfect honesty with which she has bestowed upon us English coin current with the true ring, in exchange for that of the Spanish mintage. It is strange that so powerful a work as the *Gaviota* should have been so long in finding an English translator, for it was written eighteen years ago, and public attention was pointed to its singular merits by an article in the *Edinburgh Review* in the year 1861, which gave a general survey of the productions of Fernan Caballero, the name which the novelist assumed in writing for the press. The fact that novel writing was so uncommon in Spain, added to that shrinking from publicity which was once a feminine characteristic, induced the writer to keep her actual name carefully concealed, but by degrees her genius came to be recognised, and so did her identity.

We are indebted to the reviewer of the year 1861 for some details of her life. She is partly of German descent, her real name was Cecilia de Faber. Her father was a learned man; she was born in the year 1797, has been married three times, and is now a widow. Her earliest work was the *Familia de Alvarada*, written first in German and subsequently in Spanish, and it was submitted to the judgment of Washington Irving before it was published. The *Gaviota*, the subject of our present comments, was written in French as well as Spanish, and was produced some time afterwards. Perhaps no novel has ever exhibited national characteristics more vividly: the characteristics of men and women developed under a special order of circumstances, of religion, of government, and of climate, including their different influences upon the lower and the upper classes of society. The movement of the story takes the reader first into the peasant's home, in a small village on the Andalusian coast, and afterwards into the drawing-rooms of Seville, and leaves him desiring a more intimate acquaintance with the Spanish peasantry, and unwilling to form any with the Spanish aristocracy. The fashionable assemblies

to which we are introduced, are full of such nothingness as generally belongs to the circles of fashion, of empty gossipings, of uninteresting scandal, and of that most tiresome of all forms of dialogue which consists of repartee without wit: a continual exhibition of damp damaged fireworks, which feebly fizz and will never go off. On the other hand the groups of peasantry gathering together in the village of Villamar are full of originality, of imaginative simplicity, of fervent faith, of the belief in things unseen which lends the deepest interest to things seen, of warm affections, of keen perception and shrewd observation forcibly illustrated by racy proverbs; a proverbial philosophy from which Mr. Martin Tupper might do well to borrow, with a picturesque fancy which finds abundant illustration in the constant presence of fertility and beauty, and in a rich store of romantic legends, such as naturally accumulate among a people passionate and demonstrative, who are given to much talking and no reading, and depend upon the priesthood for all their learning. The author of the *Gaviota* can, with a few strokes of the pen, bring a whole village into existence, can show its active life and its still life with equal power, can transport you to its ardent atmosphere, to its glowing sky and hot blue sea. She can draw many varieties of human character without any apparent effort. She can represent the types of the brutal and the selfish, of the generous and the gentle, and the more mixed qualities of more ordinary people. She can do all this, but she cannot tell a story well. She cannot deal smoothly with the progress of events. She cannot easily unfold the consequences from the cause; her narration has a short uneasy motion, and it is at times confused where there is no necessary perplexity of plot.

The links are not joined together in her chain. She introduces every fresh incident with a start, with a 'once upon a time,' or 'one day it happened,' in the juvenile fairy tale style; like a driver who urges his horses with a series of jerks, never commanding an equal pace; or a singer who has not mastered the gliding transition from one passage to another, which is known among musicians as the *legato*. The plot of the *Gaviota* is not intricate, and would have a sufficient, if not a very powerful interest, supposing it were better handled.

In order to make our comments the better understood, we shall here give a short sketch of it.

A young German surgeon, named Stein, having served in the war at Navarre, is re-

turning by Estramadura, intending to embark for Cadiz, and thence to proceed to Germany, when in a vast plain abandoned to the breeding of wild cattle, he is attacked by a bull with only his faithful little dog to defend him. The dog is killed, but the diversion of the bull's wrath in his direction gives his master time to escape. He runs away. From the top of a hill, which he reaches in a state of great fatigue, he descries in the distance a building looking like a convent, and he resolves to make his way to it. He reaches it in a state of complete exhaustion, and sinks fainting on a stone bench near the door. This building is a dismantled monastery offered for sale but not sold, and it is occupied by a worthy labourer, named Manuel, with his mother, wife, and children, and one old friar Gabriel, the last remnant of the dispersed brotherhood, who filling the combined functions of father-confessor and gardener is piously cherished by these excellent people. They take pity on the feeble young German, whom they discover at their door, nurse him through a serious illness, and he is persuaded to make their home his own. In return for their hospitality he plays the flute to them and doctors them gratis. In his capacity of doctor he becomes acquainted with the old fisherman's daughter, whose name is Maria, but who is known in the village as Marisalada (witty Maria), or more commonly as the Gaviota, a nickname bestowed by the Andalusians on women with screaming voices and capricious tempers, Gaviota being the Spanish for sea gull.

The special and well earned hatred of Momo, Manuel's son, who is a malicious half wit, has affixed this appellation to her; but in spite of it, and in spite of all Momo's revelations concerning her, the German falls in love with his patient and teaches her to sing. A voice of extraordinary power and beauty charms the musical German, and he marries her. They have been married three years, when a certain Duke of Almanza, who is hunting in the neighbourhood, is seriously injured by a fall from his horse and calls in Stein's assistance. The Duke, on hearing the Gaviota sing, is resolved that she shall be prima donna at Seville, and accordingly, as soon as he recovers from his accident, she and her husband accompany him to that city, leaving the lonely fisherman in despair at the loss of his daughter, and the friendly family of Manuel grieving for the loss of Stein. The Gaviota in due time becomes the fashionable singer, and in that capacity, according to custom, turns heads and hearts

in all directions. She herself falls a prey to a strange base passion, base as her nature, for a bull-fighter. Her affections, never subdued before, are won by a matador who becomes the savage master of her fate. Stein, on discovering this state of things, departs for America, leaving a note of exhortation and farewell behind him, and soon afterwards he dies. The cruelty of the matador is equal to the deserts of the Gaviota, and if a bull had not killed him, he would probably have killed her. Her misery and degradation are complete; a fever destroys her vocal gift, and in desolation and poverty, she finally accepts the hand of the village barber, which she had in her better days rejected with scorn; and with her harsh temper and evil disposition she makes his life as unhappy as her own.

From this summary of the story it is evident that the element of the disagreeable prevails in it, for of the three principal characters, two are of a revolting brutality; the third is feeble to a point which entails a painful contempt, and they all come to a miserable end.

But they are set forth with an artistic skill and consistent purpose which justifies the author as an interpreter of nature, and the scenes in which they breathe and move are relieved by the brighter images of the peasant's home. It is in the sunny village of Villamar that we are disposed to linger, where the Tia Maria is present with her warm charity and self-denying love; where the good Dolores watches lovingly over her children; where the eccentric commandant of the ruined fort of St. Cristabel is both loved and laughed at; where strange and sometimes beautiful traditions stimulate the imagination; where a fervent piety is the moving principle of life; where friends are friendly; where kind words are true ones; where generosity sees no cause for boasting; and in short, where a true Christian spirit binds the community together. The discussion which takes place between Tia Maria and brother Gabriel on the probable condition in life of the young German, whom they are tending, gives a pleasant example of the simplicity and humour of the peasantry of Andalusia.

'When I folded up his coat and put it away, I only found a flute in his pocket; so he can't be a soldier.'

'He can't be a soldier,' echoed Gabriel.

'Suppose he were a smuggler?'

'He may be a smuggler,' said the good monk.

'Well, — no,' replied the old woman; 'for

to smuggle one must have stuffs or jewels, and he has neither one nor the other.'

'That's true; he can't be a smuggler,' agreed Gabriel.

'Let's see what the titles of his books say. Perhaps we shall find out his business from them,' proposed Maria.

The brother got up, took out his horn framed spectacles, put them on his nose, and taking the parcel of books to the window, inspected them for some time.

'Well, Brother Gabriel,' asked the old woman at last, 'have you forgotten how to read?'

'No; but I don't understand these characters. I think they're Hebrew.'

'Hebrew! Blessed Virgin! Suppose he should be a Jew!'

At this moment Stein, awaking from a long trance, opened his eyes and said in German, 'Gott! wo bin ich?' (God! where am I?)

The old woman sprang with one bound into the middle of the room. Gabriel dropped the books and stood as if petrified, with his eyes opened as wide as his spectacles.

'What language did he speak in?' asked Maria.

'It must have been Hebrew, like his books. Perhaps he is a Jew, as you suggested, Tia Maria.'

'God help us!' she cried; 'but stay! if he were a Jew, shouldn't we have seen his tail when we undressed him?'

'Tia Maria,' ventured the lay-brother, 'the prior said that the story about Jews having tails was a foolish superstition, and that they had nothing of the kind.'

'Brother Gabriel,' replied the old woman very gravely, 'since this blessed constitution everything is changed. This community that now governs instead of the king, wishes that nothing should remain as it used to be. That's why they won't allow Jews to wear tails now, though from the beginning of time they have had them, just like the devil. If the father prior says the contrary, it is because they force him to say so, just as they force him to say at mass "constitutional king,"'

'It may be so,' said the monk.

'He's not a Jew though,' continued Maria.

'More likely he is a Turk, or a Moor, shipwrecked on our coast.'

'A Moorish pirate,' replied the good brother. 'Very likely.'

'But then he would wear a turban and yellow slippers like the Moor I saw thirty years ago, when I was at Cadiz. He was called Seylan. How handsome he was! But his beauty went for nothing in my eyes, as he was not a Christian. Never mind, Jew, Turk, or Moor, we must do our best for him.'

'Jew or Christian, we must help him,' said Gabriel, and the two approached the bed. Stein was sitting up, looking about in astonishment at the objects which surrounded him.

Stein, whose ideas were gradually getting clearer, asked in Spanish, 'Where am I? Who are you?'

'This gentleman,' replied the old woman, 'is Brother Gabriel; I am Tia Maria, and we are both very much at your service.'

'Ah!' said Stein, 'may they whose names you bear, the Holy Archangel and the Blessed Virgin, health of the sick and consoler of the afflicted, bless and reward you for your goodness to me.'

'He speaks Spanish!' cried Maria joyfully, 'and he's a Christian! and he knows the litanies!!' And, unable to restrain her delight, she threw her arms round Stein and kissed him on the forehead.

Tia Maria, with her unquestioning faith, her unpretending self-abnegation, her compassionate love for the afflicted, her entire simplicity of heart, and her perfect charity, is worthy to take her place among the early Christians. She is ignorant, and credulous, and superstitious; but superstition takes a harmless shape with such a character; and this true-serving, hard working Spanish peasant seems not far removed from the highest source of inspiration. The humour of these people is sometimes at variance with their respect for sacred things, and the excellent Manuel sees no objection to an occasional ecclesiastical joke:

'Certainly,' said Manuel; 'it is quite right to pray for the dead. I recollect once seeing a brother of the Congregation of Souls standing at the door of the chapel, with a plate in his hand, begging for them, and saying, "Whoever will put a real into this plate will deliver a soul from purgatory." A wag came up, put in the coin, but then said, "Tell me, brother, do you believe that the soul is already out?" "There can be no doubt of it," replied the brother. "Then I'll take back my money," said the other; "for that soul won't be such a fool as to go in again!"'

'You may be quite sure, Don Federico,' said Maria, 'that my son will always find something to say, appropriate or inappropriate; a story, or a jest, or a pun, on every subject.'

At this moment Don Modesto entered the court, as stiff and grave as when he met Stein at the chapel, the only difference in his appearance being that he had now hanging from the end of his stick a large fish wrapped in cabbage-leaves.

'The commandant! the commandant! was the joyful cry from all present.

'Do you come from your citadel of St. Cristobal?' asked Manuel, after the first greetings were over, and Don Modesto had seated himself on the stone bench by Stein. 'You can join with my mother, who is such a good Christian, in praying to the saints to build up the walls of your fortress, the reverse of what Joshua did in respect of the walls of Jericho.'

Among the legends which enrich the pages of the *Gamota* there is one of exceeding beauty, which we propose to give at full length, with its pretty piece of introductory dialogue, which falls in harmoniously with it, as the symphony to a tender song:

'Is it wrong to cry?' asked the little girl of her grandmother.

'No, my child, on the contrary; the diadem of the Queen of the Angels is made of tears of compassion and repentance.'

'Momo,' said the shepherd, 'if you say another word to vex my godchild, I'll wring your neck like the cook did Medio Polito's.'

'See what a good thing it is to have a godfather,' said Momo to his little sister.

'It's not a bad thing sometimes to have a godchild,' replied Paca, proudly.

'Indeed!' said the shepherd, 'tell me why.'

Then Paca ran to her godfather, who took her on his knee, kissing her affectionately.

Turning her little head towards him, her eyes fixed on his face, she began the following story:

'Once upon a time, there was a poor man, so poor that he had not wherewith to clothe the eighth child, which the stork was about to bring him, nor to provide food for the seven he already had. One day he left his house, because it broke his heart to hear them crying and begging for bread. He walked on, not knowing where he was going; on, on through the whole day, till he found himself (where do you think, godfather?) well then, at the mouth of a robber's cave.

'The captain came out—he was very fierce—and shouted to him in a voice like thunder, "Who are you? What do you want?"

"Senor," said the poor man, throwing himself on his knees before him, "I am an unhappy creature who does no one any harm, and I have left my home that I may not hear my poor children crying for bread which I cannot give them."

'The captain took pity on him, fed him, and gave him a purse full of money and a horse.

"Go back," he said, "and when the stork brings you the other child, let me know, and I will be its godfather."

'Now, we are coming to it,' said the shepherd.

'Wait, wait!' cried Paca, 'and you'll see what's coming.'

'Then the man set out for his home, so joyful that his heart was ready to jump out of his mouth.

"How happy my children will be!" said he.

'When he arrived, he found that the stork had already brought the eighth child, who was in the bedroom with its mother. So he galloped back to the cave, told the bandit what had happened, and the latter promised to keep his word, and come to the church that night. He did so,

held the child at the font, and presented it with a bag full of gold. But the little one soon after died and was taken to heaven. St. Peter, who was standing at the gate, told him to enter; but he replied, "I will not enter, unless my godfather may come with me."

"And who is thy godfather?" asked the saint.

"A captain of brigands," replied the child.

"Then my son," continued St. Peter, "thou mayest enter but thy godfather may not."

'The child seated himself by the gate, very sad, leaning his head on his hand. The Virgin happened to pass by, and said to him,—

"My son, why dost thou not enter?"

'He answered that he did not wish to go in without his godfather, and that St. Peter said that it was impossible he could enter. And the child threw himself on his knees, crossed his little hands, and cried so bitterly that the Virgin, who is the mother of Pity, was touched by his sorrow. Putting a gold cup in his hand, she said,—

"Go seek thy godfather, and tell him to fill this cup with tears of contrition, and then he may enter into heaven with thee. Take these silver wings and fly away."

'The robber was lying asleep on a rock, with a gun in one hand and a dagger in the other. On awakening, he saw, seated on a lavender-bush in front of him a beautiful naked child, with silver wings shining in the sun, and a golden cup in his hand.

'The bandit rubbed his eyes, thinking he was still dreaming, but the child said,—

"No, don't fancy you are dreaming. I am your godson." And he told him all that had occurred.

'Then the brigand's heart opened like a pomegranate, and the tears poured in torrents from his eyes. His grief was so acute, and his repentance so sincere, that they pierced his heart like two swords, and he died.

'Then the child took the cup full of tears, and flew with the soul of his godfather to heaven, where they entered, and where, please God, we may all enter.

'And now, godfather,' concluded Paca, laying her little head on his shoulder, 'you see what a good thing it is to have godchildren.'

It would be easy to fill these pages with passages of beauty from the pleasant gatherings in the village of Villamar; but such an indulgence is not permitted to the critic. It is his business merely to direct attention to excellence, serving out with due economy an occasional sample, which is to excite desire, not to satisfy it; and so he must turn away now from that rich southern life in its free natural flow, to the more artificial atmosphere of the city; not, however, to rest long among the inanities of conventional drawing-room life, for there is little to be learned there; we will only glance in pass-

ing at the gossip of the card-table and at the witless nothings drawled out between the sippings of the coffee. The inanities of fashionable life in Seville are not very different from those of London or Paris, and exhibit little of national characteristics. This kind of life is imitative. The topics of discussion are much of the same here as there, and are called up and dismissed with much the same kind of indolent ease in the fashionable society of all countries. But the favourite entertainment of Seville is particular to the Spanish nation, is a portion of its inheritance from the Moors, and in the arena of the bull-fight we find the glitter and the ardour of the south, its passionate movement and its reckless cruelty. The author of the *Gaviota* has seen bull-fights, and has appreciated the picturesque details of their exhibition. She has also appreciated their barbarity; and she says of them:

The heroic and disinterested way in which the toreros assist and defend each other is the only redeeming point in these cruel, inhuman, immoral sports which are an anachronism in an age that prides itself upon its enlightenment.

It is well that such a sentiment should proceed from a true Spaniard; that custom should not be in all cases more powerful than nature, that the mere fact of frequently seeing it does not necessarily seal the eyes to iniquity, and that a tender woman has the strength strongly to denounce the favourite sport of her nation, and to recognise through all its pomp of circumstance its actual bare brutality, and its debasing influence upon those who throng to see it. It is in order to set forth distinctly the callous nature of the *Gaviota*, that the author brings her to the arena to fall as one of the many victims of the matador.

She sits gazing with intense interest at the proceedings:

The danger was becoming more and more imminent — the bull pressed upon the horse; the horse with his weight and convulsive struggles crushed the *picador* who lay powerless under these two enormous masses.

Then, light as some bird of brilliant plumage, calm as a child about to gather flowers, tranquil and smiling appeared a young man, covered with silver, shining like a star. He went up behind the bull, seized his tail with both hands, and though slightly made and delicate-looking, drew the ferocious beast towards him, as if he had been a lapdog. The bull, taken by surprise, turned round in a fury, and rushed upon his new adversary who, without turning his shoulder, avoided the first shock by stepping aside to the right. The bull charged him again, and

this time the young man escaped by a spring to the left, continuing this course until he was close to the barrier. There he disappeared from the eyes of the astonished animal and from the anxious gaze of the public, who, intoxicated with enthusiasm, made the air resound with thundering applause, moved, as one always is, by the sight of a man playing with death, without bravado or affectation, yet with perfect calmness. . . .

Meanwhile, they had lifted up the horse. The poor animal could not stand; he was so fearfully mangled that his intestines literally trailed on the ground. The *picador* had also risen and was struggling in the arms of the *chulos*, enraged at the bull, and with blind rashness, notwithstanding the shock of his fall, endeavouring, with all his might, to remount and continue the attack. It was impossible to dissuade him, and he again mounted the poor victim, plunging his spurs into its bleeding flanks.

'Señor,' said Stein, 'perhaps you may think me ridiculous, but I cannot possibly witness this spectacle any longer. Shall we go away, Maria?'

'No,' replied Maria, whose soul seemed to be concentrated in her eyes. 'Am I so very squeamish? Are you afraid I shall faint?'

'Well then,' said Stein, 'I'll come back for you when the course is over.' And he left the place.

Pepe Vera, the bull-fighter, kills the bull with a dexterity and cool intrepidity which are admirable in their way, and which excite prolonged shouts of applause from the spectators.

In the midst of this extravagant outbreak of passionate admiration, Pepe Vera quietly walked across the circus, saluting with his sword, right and left, in grateful acknowledgment; and this triumph, that more than one Roman emperor would have envied, seemed to excite in his breast neither pride nor surprise. . . . The Duke put a purse full of gold into Maria's hand; and she, wrapping it in her handkerchief, threw it into the arena. On Pepe Vera renewing his expressions of gratitude, his black eyes met those of the *Gaviota*. Wore a classical writer to describe this encounter of glances, he would say that Cupid had wounded those two hearts as deeply as Pepo had wounded the bull. We, who dare not number ourselves in that severe and intolerant school, will only say, that these two natures were formed to understand and sympathise with each other, and that they did so.

The *Gaviota* has now recognised the spell which is to bind her; and the reader sees her consigned to infamy; but he sees it with indifference: a woman without one womanly quality, unloving, ungrateful, unrefined, can excite nothing but disgust; the beauty and genius of a Mary Stuart hardly



succeed in rousing compassion for the sufferings of such a character, and the Gaviota's genius is not of a high order, and is not attended with any charm. She is merely a successful prima donna possessing a fine voice and free action, and however these qualities might affect the opera-goers of Seville, they leave us wholly untouched.

Those who chance to have read Hans Andersen's novels will be struck with the singular resemblance between the fate and disposition of the principal female personage in *Only a Fiddler*, and the development of character and circumstance which mark the career of the Gaviota. Although Hans Andersen's scenery is northern, although his characters are for the most part Danish, his heroine Naomi exhibits, no less than the Gaviota, the distinct southern type. She is a Jewess — a hot-blooded, cold-hearted Jewess; like the Gaviota, she is without feminine tenderness; and, like the Gaviota, her base affections are for the first time excited by the display of extraordinary physical force. A bull-fighter masters the Gaviota: a horse-rider conquers Naomi.

Let us compare the passages in either novel where the woman's fate is foretold. We will take Hans Andersen's first in order, because his novel claims the priority of date. It was published in the year 1837, and it was some ten years after this that the *Gaviota* first appeared in the sheets of the daily paper of Madrid called the *Espana*.

The scene we are introduced to is the equestrian circus at Copenhagen:

The trumpets pealed, the barriers were opened, and Ladislaf sprang into the circus on his proud black horse. He greeted like a lord his vassals.

As soon as he showed himself the handsome powerful young man had excited the interest of the whole mixed public, which was easily to be perceived by the general murmur of admiration. His whole attention however was turned upon the horse; now he flew in wild speed around the course, played with sharp swords in the air, and took the boldest leaps; he exhibited a boldness which terrified, whilst his suppleness and his elasticity gave to his exhibitions the appearance of the easiest play. People looked at him with the same tranquillity with which they see a bird floating over the deep; we know that the power of his pinions will not leave him. Naomi leaned herself over the front of the box, her eyes sparkled. That was the first man to whom she had looked up, whom she had admired in the feeling that he was in anything superior to her.

If the reader turns back to a passage previously quoted, he will observe that the

bull-fighter also is compared to a bird. Mariselada is described as pressing forward, and never taking her eyes off the matorador.

See how Pepe Vera can play with the bull. . . . The duke fixed his attention on Mariselada; since her arrival in the capital, this was the first time that he had noticed any emotion on her cold disdainful countenance. [Until this moment he had never seen her animated. Her coarse organization, too vulgar to admit the exquisite sentiment of admiration, had never deigned to admire or to interest itself in anything.] In order to make any impression on that hard metal it was necessary to make use of fire and hammer.

The horse-rider and the bull-fighter are equally cruel to their victims, whose sufferings are exhibited in scenes of considerable power and equally considerable resemblance.

We do not undertake to explain the similarity that strikes us: it is enough to indicate it. We can hardly suspect so strong a writer as Fernan Caballero of a direct plagiarism in the leading incident of her work: it sometimes happens that two authors are struck with some well known event of the time, and that in working from the same original, two artistic hands draw parallel lines. It may be so here; it is hardly a mere chance. Such a coincidence, if it be a coincidence, surpasses any that we know in art or nature, and reminds us of the well known Scotch story of the fisherman who hailed the stern of his own vessel through the fog, mistaking it for the prow of another:

'Who's your master?'

'Wully Wulson!'

'What's your name?'

'Cutleggit'sou.'

'Fra' what place are ye comin'?'

'Kirkauldy.'

'What? twa Wully Wulsons? and twa Cutleggit'sous, and baith fra' the wee toun o' Kirkauldy?'

One of the most powerful scenes of the *Gaviota* is that of the old fisherman's death-bed, calling for his daughter, who does not come. She is meanwhile acting to the plaudits of all Seville; but to do her justice, she does not know of her father's condition. The half wit Momo has been despatched by Tia Maria on the long journey from Villamar to Seville in search of Stein and his wife, and on arriving there has been directed to the theatre to find her. He has entered during the performance, at the most tragic moment, when the heroine is being

stabbed. Knowing nothing about dramatic representations, Momo has believed the fictitious action to be real, and returning to Villamar with all speed, has divulged to the Tia Maria with much amazement and terror that he has with his own eyes seen the Gaviota murdered! This imaginary event is concealed from the lonely fisherman as too terrible for his knowledge.

The old man is attended by the *cura* and some of the fraternity of the Holy Sacrament, and by the unfailing sympathy of the Tia Maria and Brother Gabriel. Outside the wretched cabin, a violent equinoctial storm is raging, which has carried off a portion of the roof.

On a small table was placed a crucifix, with lights and flowers.

The children, who were present, recited these verses, which they had learnt at the same time that they learnt to speak :

' Jesus Christ is nigh,  
I for Him would die,  
Who died for me.

' All the angels sing,  
All the people bow  
To the pitying King,  
Who is coming now

When the ceremony was concluded, no one remained with the invalid but the *cura*, Maria, and Brother Gabriel. Pedro lay perfectly quiet.

After some time he opened his eyes and said, ' She has not come ?'

' Pedro,' replied Maria, while down her wrinkled cheeks ran tears which the sick man could not see, it's very far from here to Madrid. She has written to say that she is on her way, and we shall soon see her.

Santalo relapsed into his state of lethargy. An hour later he recovered his senses, and, fixing his eyes on Maria, said, ' Maria, I have prayed to my divine Saviour, who has deigned to come to me, that he may pardon me, make *her* happy, and repay you all you have done for us.'

Then he fainted, and recovering again, opened his eyes, already glazed by death, and murmured, almost unintelligibly, —

' She has not come! His head fell back on the pillow, and in a firm loud voice, he cried, ' Misericordia, Senor

' Repeat the Creed, said the *cura*, taking the dying man's hands in his, and putting his mouth close to his ear, that words of faith, hope, and charity might reach his understanding in the midst of the rapidly increasing torpor of his senses.

Maria and Gabriel fell on their knees.

A calm and majestic silence reigned in that humble chamber where Death had now entered.

Outside, the storm was still raging with unbridled fury. Within all was repose and peace, for God deprives Death of all his terrors, when the soul is wafted to heaven with the cry of Misericordia! mid fervent hearts who repeat on earth, ' Misericordia! Misericordia!'

In one of Balzac's most forcible and most painful works, *Le Père Goriot*, which was published in the year 1835, a death-scene somewhat resembling this is shown to us. But Balzac is without pity: he will not spare his readers an inch of agony, and the filthy garret of the poor, deserted old man is not visited by the tender offices of religion. He is left to die in squalor and misery by his two daughters, who are both married to rich men, and both leading gay, profligate, Parisian lives. No kindly woman's hand is there; only two young medical students sit by the bedside, to shudder at the horror they are unable to relieve.

— Allez-vous mieux ? demanda l'étudiant en lui prenant la main.

— Oui, j'avais la tête serrée comme dans un étau, mais elle se dégage. Avez-vous vu mes filles ? Elles vont venir bientôt, elles accourront aussitôt qu'elles me sauront malade, elles m'ont tant soigné rue de la Jusienne ! . . . je crois les voir en ce moment telles qu'elles étaient rue de la Jusienne. Bonjour, papa, disaient-elles. Elles me caressaient gentiment. Nous déjeunions tous les matins ensemble, nous dînions, enfin j'étais père, je jouissais de mes enfants. Elles ne savaient rien du monde, elles m'aimaient bien. Oh ! je souffre, la tête me tire ; ah ! ah ! pardon, mes enfants, je souffre horriblement, et il faut que ce soit de la vraie douleur ; vous m'avez rendu bien cur au mal.

— Aucune de ses filles ne viendrait ! s'écria Rastignac, je vais écrire à toutes deux. — Aucune, répondit le vieillard, en se dressant sur son séant. Elles ont des affaires, elles dorment, elles ne viendront pas. Je le savais. Il faut mourir pour savoir ce que c'est que des enfants. Vous leur donnez la vie, ils vous donnent la mort. . . . J'ai soif, j'ai faim, le cœur me brûle, elles ne viendront pas rafraîchir, mon agonie, car je meurs, je le sens. Mais elles ne savent donc pas ce que c'est que de marcher sur le cadavre de son père ? Il y a un Dieu dans les cieux, il nous vengre malgré nous, nous autres pères. Oh elles viendront venez, mes chères venez encore me baiser, un dernier baiser, le viatique de votre père, qui priera Dieu pour vous, qui lui dira que vous avez été de bonnes filles, qui plaidera pour vous !

The old fisherman's love for the Gaviota was as passionate and as ill returned as this. The same bitter thought filled his last hours; but he had a gentle woman at his bedside, and holy men who invoked the peace of

God. Let us leave now the sad, strange events which follow in the course of tumultuous affections: let us turn away from the glare of the hot sun, which urges the blood too swiftly and strongly through the veins: let us seek the cool, crisp air, the bright serenity, and the pleasant stir of the Danish parsonage; where no passionate action takes place; where there is good fellowship, genial mirth, and an unending flow of humour.

The incidents of the northern novel, called *The Parsonage of Noddëbo*, are given in the form of a journal by the youngest of three brothers, who are opening their holiday time with the parson. The two elder brothers have made frequent visits there before: the youngest is introduced to Nobeddo for the first time. He has keen perceptions of character, and a light happy touch in describing it. The three brothers, the pastor, his wife, and his two charming daughters, are made known to us so well with a few strokes of his pen, that before we have read many pages, they seem to be our intimate friends. We share with them a gentle, joyous life, from which we would willingly extract scenes for our readers, but that our space will not allow it, and also because, from a work so short as this Danish story, and so complete in its construction, fragmentary selections are not to be desired. We will only venture upon the sketch of the two elder brothers, and the description of an impromptu dance at the parsonage, trusting that these passages may lead those who go through them to wish for a knowledge of the whole.

The Old Man is my eldest brother. His real name is Christopher, but I have christened him the Old Man. In the first place because he is a candidate of theology, and it appears to me that all candidates of theology have a certain old-fashioned manner about them. In the next place he is my tutor to be, for as yet I have not decided upon studying theology. Lastly, as the eldest of the family, he is the greatest authority at home. To him all matters of doubt are referred, and his decision is law. It is never changed. With regard to his disposition, I might almost believe that the old man is phlegmatic. It is possible, however, that I may be wronging him, for in many respects he is an enigma to me, whom I have never succeeded in quite making out. Corpus Juris is my second eldest brother, and is called Frederick; he is, as his nickname intimates, a lawyer, and he is a lawyer every inch of him, and herewith I have said all that can be brought forward in his praise as well as against him. He is decidedly choleric, there can be no doubt of this fact; '*Fiat justitia, percat mundus*,' that is his motto.

When I see his firm determined step, I fancy I behold the living image of Christian V. marching past me. The Old Man is twenty-four years of age, and Corpus Juris twenty-three. Last year they both passed their last University examination, and yet neither of them are betrothed.

Now comes that happy evening, with its dance and its moonlight — its gay humour and delicate sentiment.

'I say, shall we try a short dance now?' I asked Andrea Margrethé. 'No; it cannot be done, we shall wake my father.'

'But we can dance quite softly. Frederick, you dance with Emma, then I will take Andrea Margrethé. Christopher, you can sing "Ach, du lieber Augustin" for us, and we will waltz quite lightly. No one will hear us.'

'But quite softly,' begged Andrea Margrethé, not able to withstand the temptation. 'We will put out the lamp, and draw up the blinds, and then dance by moonlight.'

So saying, she put out the lamp, and drew up the blinds, allowing the light of the clear full moon to stream in upon us.

Then off Andrea Margrethé and I, and Emma and Corpus Juris set to waltz in the moonlight, while the Old Man sat upon the sofa, and grunted, 'Ach, du lieber Augustin,' totally out of tune.

'You are singing false, Christopher,' I cried. Now they all join in a chorus, 'Alles ist vock, vock, vock! But loud though we shouted the last 'vock,' there was a voice yonder at the door which roared it still louder. We turned round terrified. There stood the clergyman in his night apparel, nightcap and all, staring at us like a dead man risen from the grave.

'Ach, du lieber Augustin, alles est weg,' he cried, 'I may sing that sure enough; and Nicolai, as usual, is at the head of the mischief. So, you have put your lamp out into the bargain, that no one might see what evil deeds you are up to. . . . I really must request you, ladies and gentlemen, to betake yourselves to your beds. Good night to you all,' and so saying he disappeared.

But, truth to tell, there was not one among us — not even the Old Man — who was at all inclined to retire to rest. Corpus Juris had gone and placed himself at the open window to cool himself. The rest of us followed silently, and gazed out over the glorious wintry landscape, which stretched itself before us — a bluish white sheet of snow covered meadow and field.

Silence and peace reigned over everything, and formed a striking contrast to the noise we had lately been making. . . . It almost seemed to us as if there were a voice in the silence of night. For some time we all stood perfectly quiet; none of us cared to speak. At length Corpus Juris suddenly burst forth:

The quiet winter evening now  
Into the arms of night is gliding;

And our forgetting time. Hark how  
It seems in whispers to be chiding.  
Protect us all, oh silent night,  
While on his couch each is reposing!

Here the Old Man abruptly joined in:—

And, should the dreams of one be bright,  
Pray wake him not, but leave him dozing.

What was the meaning of this? I glanced from Andrea Margrèthé to Emmy, who were still standing in silence at the window, and to my surprise I perceived, notwithstanding the pale moonlight, which cast a bluish white spectre-like tinge over everything, that their cheeks were glowing with vivid blushes.

The author of this pretty scene knows how to lift daily life out of commonplace. A tender grace invests the forms of the parson's daughters; the young students follow their movements with a loving admiration, which we can easily understand; their father jests at them, and adores them; they are distinct in character, without any forced contrast; they return the love of the students with modest frankness; they each love the right man; they go through no fiery trials—no agonies, no heart-struggles, and yet they are interesting. They have no occasion to bathe their burning brows in the cool night air; nor to force their fingers through the tangles of their luxuriant hair; nor to clutch convulsively at the girdles of their dainty morning wrappers; nor to sit gazing into the dark, fathomless abyss of shadows; nor to do anything violent or ecstatic; and yet they are not dull. Their lives are varied by innocent fun, by cheerful useful activity; by pious works and thoughts; and their affections, with a subdued sweetness, soften and adorn the season of their youth.

An author who can play his instrument with so light a touch, has the power that genius gives; an author who can stir sympathy without one event more startling than the death of an old Cochin cock, has the rarest kind of skill—a skill which may recall the painful vein of Oliver Goldsmith, though it does not plagiarise it. Such pages as these may render back youth to the old and may enhance in youth all its best, purest, and happiest emotions. Nor are there wanting grave paternal thoughts, with a pastor's serious care for the welfare of his fold. True mirth and wisdom walk hand in hand. Our author parts from us with an exhortation to visit the actual parsonage, but we prefer travelling in his company to travelling without it. We protest that we take our flights abroad to the best advan-

tage, when we take them with the novelists: not hurrying from one railway station to another, hot and dusty; losing a carpet-bag here, to find it again there, with difficulty; anathematising sullen waiters, or inefficient provisions; lodging a complaint with the British legation against bad tea; staring, with weary eyes and aching head, at the statue of some old Roman emperor, the precise course of whose evil days on earth it is a fatigue to recall. Not doing any of these things, but penetrating into the heart of the mystery: joining in the social talk; learning the national habits; living among the people, with their feelings, their movements, their religion, interpreted to us; following a guide who is never noisy and obtrusive—always ready and instructive. This is the way of investigation that we prefer; and we conclude our contemplation of the works before us, grateful for our easy, interesting journeys through Spain and Denmark.

Mrs. Austin, a well-known translator from German and French authors, died on the 8th inst. at Weybridge, Surrey, in the seventy-fourth year of her age. It was she who translated Ranké's "History of the Popes"—a version highly praised by Macaulay in the *Edinburgh Review*, who there observed:—"Of the translation, we need only say that it is such as might be expected from the skill, the taste, and the scrupulous integrity of the accomplished lady who, as an interpreter between the mind of Germany and the mind of Britain, has already deserved so well of both countries." A fourth edition of this translation was published in the autumn of last year; and to this was prefixed a brief preface by Dean Milman, confirming the judgment of Macaulay. Sarah Austin was descended from the Taylors of Norwich, a literary family, and was the widow of Mr. John Austin, formerly a barrister on the Norfolk Circuit.

The death of a literary lady is also announced from America. Miss Catherine Maria Sedgwick expired on the 31st ult. at Roxbury, Massachusetts, in her seventy-ninth year. Her first book was published in 1822; it was called "A New-England Tale," and was succeeded two years later by "Redwood," which was reprinted here, and translated into French, Italian, and Swedish. Other works followed, chiefly stories, many of which had relation to American life; but she also published a book of travels in Europe, and a "Life of Joseph Curtis," a benevolent New Yorker. Her reputation was more American than European; yet she had a name in England also, and, if we recollect rightly, used to contribute, some thirty years ago, to the once popular "Annals" of the London publishers.—*London Review*.

## CHAPTER XXX.

## A COUNCIL OF THREE.

Messrs. Goldshed and Levi have a neat office in Leaden-street. As stockbrokers, strictly, they don't, I am told, do anything like so large a business as many of their brethren. Those brethren, for the most part, are not proud of them. Their business is of a somewhat contraband sort. They have been examined once or twice uncomfortably before Parliamentary Committees. They have been savagely handled by the great Mr. Hackle, the Parliamentary counsel. In the great insurance case of "The executors of Shakerly v. The Philanthropic Union Company," they were hideously mangled and eviscerated by Sergeant Bilhooke, whose powers are well known. They have been called "harpies," "ghouls," "Madagascar bats," "vermin," "wolves," and "mousing owls," and are nothing the worse of it. Some people think, on the contrary, rather the better, as it has helped to advertise them in their particular line, which is in a puffing, rigging, fishy, speculative, "queerish" business, at which moral stockbrokers turn up their eyes and noses, to the amusement of Messrs. Goldshed and Levi, who have — although the sober office in Leadenhall-street looks sometimes a little neglected — no end of valuable clients, of the particular kind whom they covet, and who frequent the other office in Wormwood-court, which looks so dirty, mean, and neglected, and yet is the real seat of power.

The "office" in Wormwood-court is an old-fashioned, narrow-fronted, dingy house. It stands apart, and keeps its own secrets, having an uninhabited warehouse at one side, and a shabby timber yard at the other. In front is a flagged court-yard, with dingy grass sprouting here and there, and lines of slimy moss, grimed with soot.

The gate is, I believe, never opened — I don't know that its hinges would work now. If you have private business with the firm on a wet day, you must jump out of your cab in the street, and run up through the side-door, through the rain, over the puddled flags, and by the famous log of mahogany which the Messrs. Goldshed and Levi and their predecessors have sold, in bill transactions, nearly six thousand distinct times, without ever losing sight of it.

In the street this day there stood a cab, at that door. Mr. Jos. Larkin, the Gylingden attorney, was in consultation with the

firm. They were sitting in "the office," the front room which you enter at your right from the hall. A high, old-fashioned chimney-piece cuts off the far angle of the room, obliquely. It is wainscoted in wood, in tiny square panels, except over the fireplace, where one great panel runs across, and up to the ceiling, with somebody's coat of arms carved in relief upon it. This woodwork has been painted white, long ago, but the tint has degenerated to a cream or buff colour, and a good washing would do it no harm. You can see the original oak where the hat-rack was removed, near the window, as also in those places where gentlemen have cut their names or initials.

The window is covered with dust and dirt, beaten by the rain into all sorts of patterns. A chastened light enters through this screen, and you can't see from without who is in the room.

People wonder why Messrs. Goldshed and Levi, with so well-appointed an office in Leadenhall-street will keep this private office in so beggarly a state; without a carpet, only a strip of nearly-obliterated oil-cloth on its dirty floor. Along the centre of the room extends a great old, battered, oblong mahogany quadrangle, full of drawers, with dingy brass handles, and having midway a sort of archway, like a bridge under a railway embankment, covered with oilcloth of an undistinguishable pattern, blotched with old stains of red ink and black, and dribblings of sealing-wax, curling up here and there dustily, where office-knives, in fiddling fingers, had scarred its skin. On top of this are two clumsy desks. Behind one sits the junior partner, on a high wooden stool, and behind the other, the senior, on a battered office chair, with one of its haircloth angles protruding, like the corner of a cocked hat, in front, dividing the short, thick legs of Mr. Goldshed, whose heels were planted on the rungs, bending his clumsy knees, and reminding one of the attitude in which an indifferent rider tries to keep his seat on a restive horse.

Goldshed is the senior in every sense. He is bald, he is fat, he is short. He has gems on his stumpy fingers, and golden chains, in loops and curves, across the old black velvet waistcoat, which is always wrinkled upward by the habit he has of thrusting his broad, short hands into his trousers pockets.

At the other side, leaning back in his chair, and offering, he flatters himself, a distinguished contrast to the vulgar persons

opposite, sat Mr. Jos Larkin, of the Lodge, Gylingden. His tall, bald head was thrown a little back: one arm, in its glossy black sleeve hung over the back of his chair, with his large red knuckles near the floor. His pink eyes wore their meek and dove-like expression; his mouth a little open, in repose; an air of resignation and beatitude, which, together with his well-known elegance, his long, lavender-tinted trousers, and ribbed silk waistcoat of the same favourite hue, presented a very perfect picture, in this vulgar Jewish setting, of a perfect Christian gentleman.

"If everything favours, Mr. Goldshed, Mr. Dingwell may be in town to-morrow evening. He sends for me immediately on his arrival, to my quarters, you understand, and I will send him on to you, and you to Mrs. Sarah Rumble's lodging."

"*Mish* Rumble," drawled Goldshed; "not married — a *girl*, *Mish*."

"Yes, *Mrs.* Rumble," continued Larkin, gently, "there is no harm in saying *Mrs.*; many ladies in a position of responsibility, prefer that style to *Miss*, for obvious reasons."

Here Goldshed, who was smiling lazily, winked at his junior, who returned that signal in safety, for Mr. Larkin, whose countenance was raised toward the ceiling, had closed his eyes. The chaste attorney's discretion amused them, for Miss Sarah Rumble was an industrious, careworn girl of two-and-fifty, taciturn, and with a brown pug face, and tresses somewhat silvery.

"We are told by the apostle," continued Mr. Larkin, musingly, "not only to avoid evil, but the appearance of evil. I forgot, however, our religions differ."

"Yash, yash, our religions differ," he says; "they differ, Levi, don't they?"

"Yash, they do," drawled that theologian.

"Yash, they do; we see our way to that," concluded Goldshed.

Larkin sighed.

There was a short silence here. Mr. Larkin opening his pink eyelids, and showing his small, light blue eyes, while he maintained his easy and gentlemanlike attitude.

The senior member of the firm looked down on his desk, thoughtfully, and picked at an old drop of sealing wax with his office knife, and whistled a few slow bars, and Mr. Levi, looking down also, scribbled the cipher of the firm nineteen times, with flourishes, on a piece of paper.

Mr. Goldshed worked his short thick knees and his heels a little uneasily; the

office chair was growing a little bit frisky, it seemed.

"Nishe shailing, Mr. Larkin, and oh, dear! a great lot of delicashy! What do you think?" said Mr. Goldshed, lifting up the office knife, with the edge toward the attorney, and letting it fall back two or three times, between his finger and thumb, dubiously. "The parties being swells, makesh it more delicate — ticklish — ticklish; do you sinsherey think it's all quite straight?"

"Of course, it's straight. I should hope, Mr. Goldshed, I have never advised any course that was not so," said Mr. Larkin, loftily.

"I don't mean religious — law bless you — I mean *safe*," said Mr. Goldshed, soothingly.

A little pink flush touched the tall, bald forehead of the attorney.

"Whatever is right, sir, is safe; and that, I think, can hardly be wrong — I *hope* not — by which all parties are benefited," said the attorney.

"All parties be da-a-amn — except our shelves, I'm thinking of myself — and Mr. Levi, here — and, of course, of you. Very much of you," he added, courteously.

Mr. Larkin acknowledged his care by a faint meek bow.

"They're swells," repeated Mr. Goldshed.

"He saysh they're swelsh," repeated Mr. Levi, whose grave look had something of the air of a bully in it, fixing his dark prominent eyes on Mr. Larkin, and turning his cheek that way a little, also. "There's a danger in handling a swell — in them matters especially."

"Suppose theresh a contempt?" said Mr. Goldshed, whose chair grew restive, and required management as he spoke.

He saysh a *contempt*," repeated Mr. Levi, "or shomething worse — by" —

"I'll guarantee you' for twopence. Mr. Levi; and pray consider me, and do not swear," urged Mr. Larkin.

"If you guarantee us, with a penalty," began Mr. Levi who chose to take him literally.

"I said *that* of course, Mr. Levi, by way of illustration, only; no one, of course dreams of guaranteeing another without a proper consideration. I should have hoped you *could* not have misunderstood me. I don't understand guarantees, it is a business I have never touched. I'm content, I hope with the emoluments of my profession, and what my landed property gives me. I only mean this — that there is no risk.

What do *we* know of Mr. Dingwell, that is not perfectly above board—perfectly? I challenge the world upon *that*. If anything should happen to fall through, *we*, surely, are not to blame. At the same time if you—looking at it with your experience—apprehend any risk, of course, I couldn't think of allowing you to go on. I can arrange, this evening, and not very far from this house, either."

As Mr. Larkin concluded, he made a feint of rising.

"Baah!" exclaimed Levi. "You don't think we want to back out of this transaction, Mr. Larkin? *no-o-oh!* That's not the trick of this offishe—is it gov'nor? He saysh *no*."

"No," echoed Goldshed.

"No, never—noways! you hear him!" reiterated Mr. Levi. "In for a penny, in for a pound—in for a shilling, in for a thousand. Baah!—No, never."

"No, noways—never!" reverberated Goldshed, in deep, metallic tones. "But, Levi, there, must look an inch or two before his nose—and sho must I—and sho, my very good friend, Mr. Larkin, must *you*—a bit before your nose. I don't see no great danger. We all know, the Honourable Arthur Verney is *dead*. We are *sure* of that—and all the rest is not worth the odd ha'pensh in that book," and he touched the mighty ledger lying by him, in which millions were entered. "The *rest* is Dingwell's affair."

"Just so, Mr. Goldshed," acquiesced Mr. Larkin. "We go together in that view."

"Da-a-am Dingwell!—what need *we* care for Dingwell?" tolled out Mr. Goldshed, with his ringing bass.

"Baah!—*da-a-am* him!" echoed the junior.

"Yes—a—quite as you say—but where's the good of imprecation? With *that* exception, I quite go with you. It's Dingwell's affair—not *ours*. *We*, of course, go straight—and *I* certainly have no reason to suspect Dingwell of anything crooked or unworthy."

"Oh, no—baah!—*nothing!*" said Levi.

"Nor I," added Goldshed.

"It'sh delicate—it *izh* delicate but very promising," said Mr. Goldshed, who was moistening a cigar in his great lips. "Very—*no-thing* cracked about it."

"No-thing crooked—*no!*" repeated Mr. Levi, shaking his glossy curls slowly. "But very delicate."

"Then, gentlemen, it's understood—I'm at liberty to assume—that Mr. Dingwell finds one or other of you here

whenever he calls after dark, and you'll arrange at once about the little payments." To which the firm having promptly assented, Mr. Larkin took his leave, and, being a client of consideration, was accompanied to the shabby door step by Mr. Levi, who, standing at the hall-door, with his hands in his pockets, nodded slyly to him across the flagged courtyard, into the cab window in a way which Mr. Jos Larkin of the Lodge thought by many degrees too familiar.

"Well—*there's a cove!*" said Mr. Levi, laughing lazily, and showing his long rows of ivory fangs, as he pointed over his shoulder with the point of his thumb, towards the street.

"Rum un! said Mr. Goldshed, laughing likewise, as he held his lighted cigar between his fingers."

And they laughed together tranquilly for a little, till, with a sudden access of gravity, Mr. Goldshed observed, with a little wag of his head

"He's da-a-am clever!"

"Yash-da-a-am clever!" echoed Levi.

"Not as much green as you'd put your finger on—I tell you—no muff—devilish good lay, as *you* shall see," continued Goldshed.

"Devilish good—no, no muff—nothing green," repeated Mr. Levi, lighting his cigar.

"Good head for speculation—might be a bit too clever, I'm thinking," and he winked gently at the governor.

"Believe you, my boy, if we'd let him—but we won't—will we?" drawled Mr. Goldshed, jocosely.

"Not if I knows it," said Mr. Levi, sitting on the table, with his feet on the stool, and smoking towards the wall.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

##### MR. DINGWELL ARRIVES.

MESSRS. Goldshed and Levi owned four houses in Rosemary-court, and Miss Sarah Rumble was their tenant. The court is dark, ancient, and grimy. Miss Rumble let lodgings, worked hard, led an anxious life, and subsisted on a remarkably light diet, and at the end of the year never had a shilling over. Her Jewish landlords used to pay her a visit now and then, to receive the rent, and see that everything was right. These visits she dreaded; they were grumbling and minatory, and enlivened by occasional oaths and curses. But though it was part of their system to keep their tenants on the alert by perpetual fault-

findings and menaces, they knew very well that they got every shilling the house brought in, that Miss Rumble lived on next to nothing, and never saved a shilling, and was, in fact, *their* underfed, overworked, and indefatigable slave.

With the uncomplaining and modest charity of the poor, Sarah Rumble maintained her little orphan niece and nephew by extra labour at needlework, and wonderful feats of domestic economy.

This waste of resources Mr. Levi grudged. He had never done complaining of it, and demonstrating that it could only be accomplished by her holding the house at too low a rent; how else could it be? Why was she to keep other people's brats at the expense of Messrs. Goldshed and Levi? What was the workhouse for? This perpetual pressure was a sore trouble to the poor woman, who had come to love the children as if they were her own; and after one of Mr. Levi's minatory visits she often lay awake sobbing, in the terror and yearnings of her unspeakable affection, while its unconscious objects lay fast asleep by her side.

From Mr. Levi, in his accustomed vein, Miss Rumble had received full instructions for the reception and entertainment of her new lodger, Mr. Dingwell. He could not say when he would arrive — neither the day nor the hour — and several days had already elapsed and no arrival had taken place. This evening she had gone down to "the shop," so designated, as if there had been but one in London, to lay out a shilling and seven pence very carefully, leaving her little niece and nephew in charge of the candle and the house, and spelling out their catechism for next day.

A tapping came to the door — not timid nor yet menacing — a sort of double-knock, delivered with a walking-cane; on the whole a sharp but gentleman-like summons to which the little company assembled there were unused. The children lifted their eyes from the book before them, and stared at the door without answering. It opened with a latch, which without more ado was raised, and a tall, white-haired gentleman, with a stoop and a very brown skin, looked in inquisitively, and said with a smile that was not pleasant, and a voice not loud but somehow harsh and cold —

"Mrs. or Miss Rumble hereabouts, my dears?"

"Miss Rumble; that's aunt please sir;" answered the little girl, slipping down from her chair and making a courtesy.

"Well *she's* the lady I want to speak

with my love, where is she?" said the gentleman, glancing round the homely chamber from under his white eyebrows with a pair of cold, light, restless eyes.

"She's — she's" — hesitated the child.

"Not in bed, I see; nor in the cupboard," (the cupboard door was open). "Is she up the chimney, my charming child?"

"No, sir, please; she's gone to Mrs. Chalk's for the bacon."

"Mrs. Chalk's for the bacon?" echoed the gentleman. "Very good! Excellent woman — excellent bacon I dare say. But how far away is it? — how soon shall we have your aunt back again?"

"Just round the corner, please, sir; aunt's never no time," answered the child. "Would you please call in again?"

"Charming young lady! — so accomplished! Who taught you your grammar? So polite — so *suspicious*. Do you know the meaning of that word, my dear?"

"No sir, please."

"And I'm vastly obliged for your invitation to call again, but I find your company much too agreeable to think of going away; so if you allow me — and do shut the door, my sweet child; many thanks — I'll do myself the honour to sit down, if I may venture, and continue to enjoy your agreeable conversation, till your aunt returns to favour us with her charming presence and — bacon."

The old gentleman was glancing from under his brows, from corner to corner of this homely chamber; an uneasy habit, not curiosity, and during his ceremonious speech he kept bowing and smiling, and set down a black leather bag that he had in his hand, on the deal table, together with his walking-cane, and pulled off his gloves and warmed his hands at the tiny bit of fire. When his back was toward them the children exchanged a glance, and the little boy looked frightened, and on the point of bursting into tears.

"*Hish!*" whispered the girl, alarmed, for she could not tell what effect the demonstration might have upon the stranger — "*quiet!*" — and she shook her finger in urgent warning at Jemie. "A very nice gent, as has money for auntie — *there!*"

So the tears that stood in Jemie's big eyes were not followed by an outcry, and the gentleman, with his hat and outside wrapper on, stood with his back to the little fire, looking, in his restless way, over the children's heads, with his white, cold eyes and the same smile. There was a dreamy idea haunting Lucy Maria's head that this gentleman was very like a white



animal she had seen at the Surrey Zoological Gardens when her uncle had treated her to that instructive show, the same sort of cruel grin, and the same restless oscillation before the bars of its cage.

"Hey! so she'll be back again?"—said he, recollecting the presence of the two children—"the excellent lady, your aunt I mean. Superb apartment this is, but it strikes me, hardly sufficiently *lighted*, hey? *One* half-penny candle, however brilliant, can hardly do justice to such a room; pretty taper—very pretty—isn't it? Such nice mutton fat! my dear young lady, and such a fine long snuff—like a chimney with a Quaker's hat on top of it—you don't see such fine things everywhere! And who's this young gentleman, who enjoys the distinction of being admitted to your salon—a page, or what?"

"It's Jemmie, sir; stand up and bow to the gentleman, Jemmie."

Jemmie slipped down on the floor, and made a very alarmed bow, with his great eyes staring deprecatingly in the visitor's face.

"I'm charmed to make your acquaintance. What grace and ease! It's perfectly charming! I'm too much honoured, Mr. Jemmie. And so exquisitely got up, too! There's only one little toilet refinement I would venture to recommend. The worthy lady, Mrs. Chalks, who contributes bacon to this house, and, I presume, candles—could, I dare say, also supply another luxury, with which you are not so well acquainted, called *soap*—one of the few perfectly safe cosmetics. Pray try it; you'll find it soluble in water. And, ho? reading too! What have you been reading out of that exquisite little volume?"

"Catechism, please sir," answered the little girl.

"Ho, Catechism? Delightful! What a wonderful people we English are!" The latter reflexion was made for his own entertainment, and he laughed over it in an under-tone. "Then your aunt teaches you the art of godliness? You've read about Babel, didn't you?—the accomplishment of getting up to heaven is so nice!"

"Sunday school, sir, please," said the girl.

"Oh, it's *there* you learn it? Well, I shall ask you only one question in your Catechism, and that's the first—what's your name?"

"Lucy Maria."

"Well, Lucy Maria and Mr. Jemmie, I trust your theological studies may render you at last as pious as I am. You know how death and sin came into the world, and

you know what they are. Sin is doing anything on earth that's pleasant, and death's the penalty of it. Did you ever see any one dead, my sweet child—not able to raise a finger or an eyelid? rather a fix, isn't it?—and screwed up in a stenching box to be eaten by worms—all alone, under ground? You'll be so, egad, and your friend, Jemmie, there, perhaps before me—though I'm an old boy. Younkers go off sometimes by the score. I've seen 'em trundled out in fever and plague, egad, lying in rows, like plucked chickens in a poulterer's shop. And they say you have scarlatina all about you *here*, now; bad complaint, you know, that kills the little children. You need not frighten yourselves though, because it *must* happen, sooner or later—die you *must*. It's the penalty, you know, because Eve once eat an apple."

"Yes, sir."

"Rather hard lines on us, isn't it? She eat an apple, and sin, and death, and colic—I never eat an apple in consequence—*colic* came into the world, and cider, as a consequence—the worst drink ever invented by the devil. And now go on and learn your Church Catechism thoroughly, and you'll both turn into angels. Upon my life, I think I see the feathers beginning to sprout from your shoulders already. You'll have wings, you know, if all goes right, and tails for anything I know."

The little boy looked into his face perplexed and frightened—the little girl, answering his haggard grin with an attempted smile, showed also bewilderment and dismay in her eyes. They were both longing for the return of their aunt.

Childish nature, which is only human nature without its scarf skin, is always afraid of irony. It is not its power, but its treachery that is dreadful—the guise of friendship hiding a baleful purpose underneath. One might fancy the seasoned denizens of Gehenna welcoming, complimenting, and instructing new-comers with these solemn derisions. How children delight in humor! how they wince and quail under irony! Be it ever so rudely fashioned and clumsily handled, still it is to them a terrible weapon. If children are to be either ridiculed or rebuked, let it be honestly, in direct terms. We should not scare them with this jocularly of devils.

Having thus amused himself with the children for a time, he unlocked his leather bag, took out two or three papers, ordered the little girl to snuff the candle, and pulled it across the table to the corner next himself, and, sitting close by, tried to read,

holding the letter almost in the flame, screwing his white eyebrows together, and shifting his position, and that of the candle also, with very little regard to the studious convenience of the children.

He gave it up. The red and smoky light tried his eyes too severely. So, not well pleased, he locked his letters up again.

"Cat's eyes—owls! How the devil they read by it passes my comprehension. Any more candles here—hey?" he demanded with a sudden sharpness that made the children start.

"Three, please sir."

"Get 'em."

"On the nail in the closet, please sir."

"Get 'em, d—n it!"

"Closet's locked, please sir. Aunt has the key."

"Ha!" he snarled, and looked at the children as if he would like to pick a quarrel with them.

"Does your aunt allow you to let the fire out on nights like this—hey? You're a charming young lady, *you*—and this young gentleman, in manners and appearance, everything the proudest aunt could desire; but I'm curious to know whether either one or other is of the slightest earthly use; and secondly, whether she keeps a birch-rod in that closet—hey?—and now and then *flogs* you—ha, ha, ha! The expense of the rod is trifling, the pain not worth mentioning, and soon over, but the moral effects are admirable, better and more durable—take my word for it—than all the catechisms in Paternoster-row."

The old gentleman seemed much tickled by his own pleasantries, and laughed viciously as he eyed the children.

"You did not tell me a fib, I hope, my dear, about your aunt? She's a long time about coming; and, I say, do put a little coal on the fire, will you?"

"Coal's locked up, please sir," said the child, who was growing more afraid of him every minute.

"Gad, it seems to me that worthy woman's afraid you'll carry off the bricks and plaster. Where's the poker? Chained to the wall, I suppose. Well, there's a complaint called kleptomania—it comes with a sort of irritation at the tips of the fingers, and I should not be surprised if you and your friend Jemie, there, had got it."

Jemie looked at his fingers' ends, and up in the gentleman's face, in anxious amazement.

"But there's a cure for it—essence of cane—and if that won't do, a capital charm—nine tails of a gray cat applied

under competent direction. Your aunt seems to understand that disorder—it begins with an itching in the fingers, and ends with a pain in the back—ha, ha, ha! You're a pair of theologians, and, if you've read John Bunyan, no doubt understand and enjoy allegory."

"Yes, sir, please, we will," answered poor Lucy Maria, in her perplexity.

"And we'll be very good friends, Miss Marie Louise, or whatever your name is, I've no doubt, provided you play me no tricks and do precisely whatever I bid you; and, upon my soul, if you don't, I'll take the devil out of my pocket and frighten you out of your wits, I will—ha, ha, ha!—so sure as you live, into *fits*!"

And the old gentleman, with an ugly smile on his thin lips, and a frown between his white eyebrows, fixed his glittering gaze on the child and wagged his head.

You may be sure she was relieved when, at that moment, she heard her aunt's well-known step on the lobby, and the latch clicked, the door opened, and Miss Rumble entered.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## MR. DINGWELL MAKES HIMSELF COMFORTABLE.

"AH!—*ho!* you are Miss Rumble—hey?" said the old gentleman, fixing a scrutinizing glance from under his white eyebrows upon Sally Rumble, who stood in the doorway, in wonder, not unmixed with alarm; for people who stand every hour in presence of Giant Want, with his sword at their throats, have lost their faith in fortune, and long ceased to expect a benevolent fairy in any stranger who may present himself dubiously, and anticipate rather an enemy. So, looking hard at the gentleman who stood before the little fire, with his hat on, and the light of the solitary dipt candle shining on his by no means pleasant countenance, she made him a little frightened courtesy, and acknowledged that she was Sally Rumble, though she could not tell what was to follow.

"I've been waiting; I come here to see you—pray, shut the door—from two gentlemen, Jews, whom you know—*friends*—don't be uneasy—*friends of mine, friends of yours*—Mr. Goldshed and Mr. Levi, the kindest, sweetest, sharpest fellows alive, and here's a note from them—you can read!"

"Read! Law bless you—yes, sir," answered Sally.

"Thanks for the blessing: read the note; it's only to tell you I'm the person they mentioned this morning, Mr. Dingwell. Are the rooms ready? You can make me comfortable—eh?"

"In a humble way, sir," she answered, with a courtesy.

"Yes, of course; I'm a humble fellow, and—I hear you're a sensible young lady. These little pitchers here, of course, have ears: I'll say all that's necessary as we go up: there's a fellow with a cab at the door; isn't there? Well, there's some little luggage of mine on it—we must get it up stairs; give him something to lend a hand; but first let me see my-rooms."

"Yes, sir," said Sally, with another courtesy. And Mr. Dingwell, taking up his bag and stick, followed her in silence, as with the dusky candle she led the way up the stairs.

She lighted a pair of candles in the drawing-room. There was some fire in the grate. The rooms looked better than he had expected: there were curtains, and an old Turkish carpet, and some shabby, and some handsome, pieces of furniture.

"It will do, it will do—ha, ha, ha! how like a pawnbroker's store it looks—no two things match in it; but it is not bad: those Jew fellows, of course, did it? All this stuff isn't yours?" said Mr. Dingwell.

"Law bless you, no sir," answered Sally, with a dismal smile and a shake of her head.

"Thanks again for your blessing. And the bed-room?" inquired he.

She pushed open the door.

"Capital looking-glass," said he, standing before his dressing-table—"cap-i-tal! if it weren't for that great seam across the middle—ha, ha, ha! funny effect, by Jove! Is it colder than usual, here?"

"No, sir, please; a nice evening."

"Develish nice, by Allah! I'm cold through and through my great coat. Will you, please, poke up that fire a little? Hey! what a grand bed we've got! what tassels and ropes! and, by Jove, carved angels or *Cupids*—I hope, *Cupids*—on the footboard!" he said, running the tip of his cane along the profile of one of them; "they must have got this at a wonderful bargain. Hey! I hope no one died in it, last week?"

"Oh, la! sir; Mr. Levi is a very piticker gentleman; he wouldn't for all he's worth."

"Oh! not he, I know; very particular."

Mr. Dingwell was holding the piece of damask curtain between his finger and

thumb, and she fancied was sniffing at it gently.

"Very particular, but I'm more so. We English are the dirtiest dog in the world. They ought to get the Turks to teach 'em to wash and be clean.' I travelled in the East once, for a commercial house, and know something of them. Can you make coffee?"

"Yes, sir, please."

"Very strong?"

"Yes, sir, sure."

"Very, mind. As strong as the devil it must be, and as clear as—as your conscience." He was getting out a tin case as he spoke. "Here it is. I got it in—I forget the name—a great place, near one of your bridges. I suppose it's as good as any to be had in this place. Of course it isn't *all* coffee. We must go to the *heathen* for that; but if they haven't ground up toasted skeletons, or any thing dirty in it, I'm content. I'm told you can't eat or drink a mouthful here without swallowing something you never bargained for. Everything is drugged. You d—d Christian cheats, you're an opprobrium to commerce and civilization; you're the greatest oafs on earth, with all your police and spies. Why it's only to *will* it, and you *don't*; you let it go on. We are assuredly a beastly people!"

"Sugar, please, sir?"

"No, thank you."

"Take milk, sir?"

"Heaven forbid! Milk, indeed! I tell you what, Mrs.—what's your name?—I tell you, if the Sultan had some of your great fellows—your grocers, and bakers, and dairymen, and brewers, egad!—out there, he'd have 'em on their ugly faces and bastinado their great feet into custard pudding! I've seen fellows—and d—d glad I *was* to see it, I can tell you—screaming like stuck pigs, and their eyes starting out of their heads, and their feet like bags of black currant jelly, ha, ha, ha!—for a devilish deal less. Now, you see, ma'am, I have high notions of honesty; and this tin case I'm going to give you will give me three small cups of coffee, as strong as I've described, six times over; do you understand?—six times three—eighteen;—*eighteen* small cups of coffee; and don't let those pretty little foxes' cubs, down stairs, meddle with it. Tell 'em I know what I'm about, and they'd better not, ha, ha, ha!—nor with any thing that belongs to me."

Miss Sarah Rumble was a good deal dismayed by the jubilant severity of Mr. Dingwell's morals. She would have been glad had he been of a less sharp and cruel

turn of pleasantry. Her heart was heavy, and she wished herself a happy deliverance, and had a vague alarm about the poor little children's falling under suspicion, and of all that might follow. But what could she do? Poverty is so powerless, and has so little time to weigh matters maturely, or to prepare for any change; its hands are always so full, and its stomach so empty, and its spirits so dull.

"I wish those d—d curtains were off the bed," and again they underwent the same disgusting process; "and the bed-clothes, egad! They purify nothing here. You know *nothing* about *them* either, of course? No;—but they would not like to kill me. No—that would not do. Knock their little game on the head, eh? I suppose it is all right. What's prevalent here now? What sort of— I mean what sort of *death*—fever, or small-pox, or scarlatina—eh? Much sickness going?"

"Nothink a'most, sir; a little measles among the children."

"No objection to that; it heads them down a bit, and does not trouble us. But what among the *grown* people?"

"Nothink to signify in the court here, for three months a'most."

"And *then*, ma'am, what *was* it, pray? Give those to your boy" (they were his boots); "let him rub 'em up, ma'am, he's not a bit too young to begin; and egad! he had better do 'em *well*, too;" and thrusting his feet into a great pair of slippers, he reverted to his question—"What sickness *was then*, ma'am, three months ago, here in this pleasant little prison-yard of a place—*hey?*"

"Fever, please, sir, at No. 4. Three took it, please: two of 'em went to hospital."

"And never walked out?"

"Don't know, indeed, sir—and one died, please, sir, in the court here, and he left three little children."

"I hope they're gone away?"

"Yes, sir, please."

"Well, that's a release. Rest his soul, he's dead! as our immortal bard, that says every thing so much better than any one else ever did, says; and rest our souls, *they're* gone with their vile noise. So your bill of mortality is not much to signify; and make that coffee—d'y'e see?—this moment, and let me have it as hot as—as the final abode of Dissenters and Catholics—I see you believe in the Church Catechism—immediately, if you please, to the next room."

So, with a courtesy, Sally Rumble tripped

from the room, with the coffee-case in her hand.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## THE LODGER AND HIS LANDLADY.

SALLY was beginning to conceive a great fear of her guest, and terror being the chief spring of activity, in a marvellously short time the coffee was made, and she, with Lucy Maria holding the candle behind her, knocking at what they called the drawing-room door. When, in obedience to his command, she entered, he was standing by the chimney-piece, gazing at her through an atmosphere almost hazy with tobacco smoke. He had got on his dressing-gown, which was pea-green, and a scarlet fez, and stood with his inquisitive smile and frown, and his long pipe a little removed from his lips.

"Oh, it's *you?* yes; no one—do you mind—except Mr. Larkin, or Mr. Levi, or Mr. Goldshed, ever comes in to me—always charmed to see *you* and *them*—but there ends my public; so, my dear lady, if any person should ask to see Mr. Dingwell, from New York in America, you'll simply say there's no such person here—yes—there's—no—*such*—*person*—*here*—upon my honour. And you're no true woman if you don't say so with pleasure—because it's a fib."

Sarah Rumble courtesied affirmatively.

"I forgot to give you this note, my letter of introduction. Here, ma'am, take it, and read it, if you can. It comes from those eminent harpies, the Messrs. Goldshed and Levi—your landlords, aren't they?"

Another courtesy from grave, dark-browed Miss Rumble acknowledged the fact.

"It is pleasant to be accredited by such gentlemen—good landlords, I dare say?"

"I've nothing to say against Mr. Levi; and I'm 'appy to say, sir, my rent's bin always paid up punctual," she said.

"Yes, just so—capital landlord! charming tenant! and I suspect if you didn't, they'd find a way to make you—eh? Your coffee is not so bad—you may make it next time just a degree stronger, bitter as wormwood and verjuice, please—black and bitter, ma'am, as English prejudice. It isn't badly made, however—no, it is *really good*. It isn't a common Christian virtue, making good coffee—the Mahometans have a knack of it, and you must be a bit of a genius, ma'am, for I think you'll make it very respectably by to-morrow evening, or at latest,

by next year. You shall do everything well for me, madam. The Dingwells were always d—d flighty, wicked, unreasonable people, ma'am, and you'll find me a regular Dingwell, and worse, madam. Look at me — don't I look like a vampire. I tell you, ma'am, I've been buried, and they would not let me rest in my grave, and they've called me up by their d—d incantations, and here I am, ma'am — an evoked spirit. I have not read that bit of paper. How do they introduce me — as Mr. Dingwell, or Mr. Dingwell's ghost? I'm wound up in a sort of way; but I'm deficient in blood, ma'am, and in heat. You'll have to keep the fire up always like *this*, Mrs. Rumble. You better mind, or you'll have me a bit too like a corpse to be pleasant. Egad! I frighten myself in the glass, ma'am. There is what they call transfusion of blood now, ma'am, and a very sensible thing it is. Pray don't you think so?"

"I do suppose what you say's correct, sir."

"When a fellow comes out of the grave, ma'am — that's sherry in that bottle; be kind enough to fill this glass — he's chilly, and he wants blood, Mrs. Rumble. A gallon, or so, transfused into my veins wouldn't hurt me. You can't make blood fast enough for the wear and tear of life, especially in a place like merry England, as the poets call it — and merry England is as damp all over as one of your charnel vaults under your dirty churches. Egad! it's enough to make a poor ghost like me turn vampire, and drain those rosy little brats of yours — ha, ha, ha! — your children, are they, Mrs. Rumble — eh?"

"No, sir, please — my brother's children."

"Your brother's — ho! He doesn't live here, I hope?"

"He's dead, sir."

"Dead — is he?"

"Five years last May, sir."

"Oh! that's good. And their mother?" — some more sherry, please."

"Dead about four years, poor thing! They're orphans, sir, please."

"Gad! I do please; it's a capital arrangement, ma'am, as they are here, and you mustn't let 'em among the children that swarm about places like this. Egad! ma'am, I've no fancy for scarlatina or small-pox, or any sort or description of your nursery maladies."

"They're very 'ealthy, sir, I thank you," said grave Sarah Rumble, a little mistaking Mr. Dingwell's drift.

"Very glad to hear it, ma'am."

"Very kind o' you, sir," said she with a courtesy.

"Kind, of course, yes, very kind," he echoed.

"Very 'ealthy, indeed, sir, I'm thankful to say."

"Well, yes, they do look well — for town brats, you know — plump and rosy — d — n 'em, little skins of red wine; egad! enough to make a fellow turn vampire, as I said. Give me a little more sherry — thank you, ma'am. Any place near here where they sell ice?"

"Yes, sir, there's Mr. Candy's hicc-store, in Love-lane, sir."

"You must arrange to get me a pound, or so, every day at twelve o'clock, broken up in lumps, like sugar, and keep it in a cold cellar; do you mind, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir, please."

"How old are you, ma'am? Well, no, you need not mind — hardly a fair question; a steady woman — a lady who has seen the world — something of it, hey?" said he; "so have I — I'm a steady old fellow, egad! — you must give me a latch-key, ma'am."

"Yes, sir."

"Some ten or twelve years will see us out; curious, thing life, ma'am, eh? ha, ha, ha! — Sparkling cup, ma'am, while it lasts — sometimes; pity the flask has so few glasses, and is flat so soon; isn't it so, ma'am?"

"I never drank wine, sir, but once."

"No! where was that?"

"At Mr. Snelly's wedding, twenty years since."

"Gad, you'd make a good Turk, ma'am. — don't mistake me — it's only they drink no wine. You've found life an up-hill business, then, hey?"

Mrs. Rumble sighed profoundly, shook her head, and said —

"I've 'ad my trials, sir."

"Ha, ha, ha! to be sure, why not; then you're a bit tired, I dare say; what do you think of death?"

"I wish I was ready, sir."

"An ugly fellow, hey? I don't like the smell of him, ma'am."

"We has our hopes, sir."

"Oh! sure and certain hope — yes, the resurrection, hey?"

"Yes, sir, there's only one thing troubles me — them poor little children; I wouldn't care how soon I went if they was able to do for themselves."

"They do that very early in London — girls especially; and you're giving them such an excellent training — Sunday school — eh — and Church Catechism, I see. The

righteous are never forsaken, my excellent mother used to tell me; and if the Catechism does not make little Miss what's-her-name righteous, I'm afraid the rosy little rogue has a spice of the devil in her."

"God forbid, sir."

"Amen, of course, I'm sure they're all right — I hope they are — for I'll whip 'em both; I give you fair warning, on my honour I will, if they give me the least trouble."

"I'll be very careful, sir, and keep them out of the way," said the alarmed Sarah Rumble.

"Oh! I don't care about that; let 'em run about, as long as they're good; I've no objection in life to children — quite the contrary — plump little rogues — I like 'em — only, egad! if they're naughty, I'll turn 'em up, mind."

Miss Rumble looked at him with as much alarm as if the threat had been to herself.

He was grinning at her in return, and nodded once or twice sharply.

"Yes, ma'am, lollypops and sugar-candy when they're good; but, egad! when they're naughty, ma'am, you'll hear 'em squalling."

Miss Rumble made an alarmed courtesy.

"'Gad, I forgot how cold this d — d town is. I say, you'll keep a fire in my bedroom, please; lay on enough to carry me through the night, do you mind?"

"Yes, sir."

"And poke this fire up, and put some more wood, or coal, on it; I don't expect to be ever warm again — in *this* world, eh? — ha, ha, ha! I remember our gardener, when we were boys, telling me a story of a preacher in a hard frost, telling his congregation that hell was a terribly cold place, lest if he described what good fires they kept there they'd all have been wishing to get into it. Did you ever know any one, ma'am, of my name, *Dingwell*, before, eh? Where were you born?"

"London, sir, please."

"Ho! Canterbury was *our* place; we were great people, the *Dingwells*, there once. My father failed, though — fortune of war — and I've seen all the world since; 'gad, I've met with queer people, ma'am, and one of those chances brings me here now. If I had not met the oddest fish I ever set my eyes on, in the most out-o'-the-way-place on earth, I should not have had the happiness of occupying this charming apartment at this moment, or of making your acquaintance, or that of your plump little Cupid and Psyche, down stairs. London, I suppose, is pretty much what it always was, where any fellow with plenty of money may have plenty of fun. Lots of

sin in London, ma'am, eh? Not quite so good as Vienna. But the needs and pleasures of all men, according to their degree, are wonderfully provided for; wherever money is there is a market — for the cabman's copper and the guineas of the gentleman he drives — everything for money, ma'am — bouquets, and smiles, and coffins, wooden or leaden, according to your relative fastidiousness. But things change very fast, ma'am. Look at this map; I should not know the town — a wilderness, egad! and no one to tell you where fun is to be found."

She gazed, rather frightened, at this leering, giggling old man, who stood with his shoulders against the chimney-piece, and his hands tumbling over his shillings in his pockets, and his sinister and weary face ever so little flushed with his sherry and his talk.

"Well, if you can give a poor devil a wrinkle of any sort — hey? — it will be a charity; but, egad! I'm as sleepy as the homilies," and he yawned direfully. "Do, like an angel, go and see to my room. I can scarcely keep my eyes open."

From the next room she heard him *st-yawning* in long-drawn yawns, and talking in snatches to himself over the fire, and when she came back he took the candle and said —

"Beaten, ma'am, fairly beaten to-night. Not quite what I was, though I'm good for something still; but an old fellow can't do without his sleep."

Mr. Dingwell's extraordinary communicativeness would have quite charmed her, had it not been in a faint way racy of corruption, and followed with a mocking echo of insult, which she caught, but could not accurately interpret. The old rascal was irrepressibly garrulous; but he was too sleepy to talk much more, and looked ruefully worn out.

He took the bed-room candle with a great yawn, and staggering, I am bound to say, only with sleep, he leaned for a moment against the doorway of his room, and said, in his grimmer vein —

"You'll bring me a cup of coffee, mind, at eight o'clock — *black*, no milk, no sugar — and a bit of dry toast, as thin as a knife and as hard as a tile; do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"And why the devil don't you say so? And, lest I should forget, Mr. Levi will be here to-morrow, at eleven, with another gentleman. Show them both up; and, I say, there are several things I'm particular about, and I'll put them on paper — egad! that's

the best way — to-morrow, and I'll post it up in my room, like a firman, and you had better attend to them, that's all;" and holding up his candle, as he stood in the doorway, he gazed round the bedroom and seemed satisfied, and shut the door sharply in her face, without turning about, or perhaps intending that rudeness, as she was executing her valedictory courtesies.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## IN WHICH MR. DINGWELL PUTS HIS HAND TO THE POKER.

AT eleven o'clock next morning, Mr. Dingwell was refreshed, and ready to receive his expected visitors. He had just finished a pipe as he heard their approaching steps upon the stairs, and Miss Sarah Rumble pushed open the door and permitted Mr. Levi and his friend to enter and announce themselves. Mr. Dingwell received them with a slight bow and a rather sarcastic smile.

Mr. Levi entered first, with his lazy smile showing his glittering fangs, and his fierce, cunning, prominent eyes swept the room, and rested on Mr. Dingwell. Putting down his hat on the middle of the narrow table, he stooped across, extending his lank arm and long hand toward the white-headed old man with the broad forehead and lean brown face, who happened to turn to the chimney-piece just then, to look for a paper, and so did not shake hands.

"And Mr. Larkin?" said Mr. Dingwell, with the same smile, as he turned about and saw that slim, bald, pink-eyed impersonation of Christianity over-topping the dark and glossy representative of the Mosaic dispensation.

"Sit down, pray — though — eh? — has my friend, Miss Rumble, left us chairs enough?" said Mr. Dingwell, looking from corner to corner.

"Quite ample; thanks, many thanks," answered Mr. Larkin, who chose, benignantly, to take this attention to himself. "Three chairs, yes, and three of us; pray, Mr. Dingwell, don't take any trouble."

"Oh! thank you; but I was not thinking of taking any trouble, only I should not like to be left without a chair. Miss Sarah Rumble, I dare say she's very virtuous, but she's not brilliant," he continued, as he approached. "There, for instance, her pot-house habits! She leaves my old hat on the centre of the table!" and with a sudden sweep of the ebony stem of his long pipe,

he knocked Mr. Levi's hat upon the floor, and kicked it into the far corner of the room.

"Da-a-am it; that's my hat!" said Mr. Levi, looking after it.

"So much the better for me," said Mr. Dingwell, with an agreeable smile and a nod.

"An error — quite a mistake," interposed Mr. Larkin, with officious politeness. "Shall I pick it up, Mr. Levi?"

"Leave it lay," said Mr. Levi, sulkily; "no use now. Its got it's allowance, I expect."

"Gentlemen, you'll not detain me longer than is necessary, if you please, because I hate business, on *principle*, as a Jew does ham — I beg pardon, Mr. Levi, I forgot for a moment — the greatest respect for your religion, but I do hate business as I hate an attorney, or the devil himself — 'Gad! there is my foot in it again: Mr. Larkin, no reflection, I assure you, on your excellent profession, which every one respects. But life's made up of hours: they're precious, and I don't want to spoil 'em."

"A great trust, sir, a great trust, Mr. Dingwell, is *time*. Ah, sir, how little we make of it, with eternity yawning at our feet, and retribution before us!"

"Our and us; you don't narrow it to your own profession, Mr. Larkin?"

"I speak of time, generally, Mr. Dingwell, and of eternity, and retribution, as applicable to all professions," said Mr. Larkin, sadly.

"I don't follow you, sir. Here's a paper, gentlemen, on which I have noted exactly what I can prove."

"Can I have it, Mr. Dingwell?" said the attorney, whose dove-like eyes for a moment contracted with a hungry, rat-like look.

"No, I think, *no*," said Mr. Dingwell, withdrawing it from the long red, fingers extended to catch the paper; Mr. Levi's fingers, at a more modest distance, were also extended, and also disappointed; "anything I write about myself I have a kind of feeling about it; I'd rather keep it, myself, or put it in the fire, than trouble the most artless Jew or religious attorney I know with the custody of it: so, if you just allow me, I'll read it; it's only half a dozen lines, and I don't care if you make a note of it, Mr. Larkin."

"Well," he resumed, after he had glanced through the paper, Mr. Larkin sitting expectant *arrectis auribus*, and with a pen in his fingers, "you may say that I, Mr. Dingwell, knew the late Honorable Arthur

Verney, otherwise Hakim Frank, otherwise Hakim Giaour, otherwise Mamhoud Ali Ben-Nezir, for five years and two months, and upwards — three days, I think, immediately preceding his death; for the latter four years very intimately. That I frequently procured him small loans of money, and saw him, one way or another, nearly every day of my life: that I was with him nearly twice a day during his last illness: that I was present when he expired, and was one of the three persons who saw him buried: and that I could point out his grave, if it were thought desirable to send out persons acquainted with his appearance, to disinter and identify the body."

"No need of that, I think," said Mr. Larkin, looking up and twiddling his eyeglass on his finger.

He glanced at Levi, who was listening intensely, and almost awfully, and, reading no sign in his face, he added: —

"However, I see no harm in making the note."

So on went Mr. Dingwell, holding a pair of gold glasses over his nose.

"I can perfectly identify him as the Hon. Arthur Verney, having transacted business for him respecting an annuity which was paid him by his family; written letters for him when his hand was affected; and read his letters for him when he was ill, which latter letters, together with a voluminous correspondence found in his box, and now in my possession, I can identify also as having been in his."

"I don't see any need, my dear Mr. Dingwell, of your mentioning your having written any letters for him; it has, in fact, no bearing that I can recognize upon the case. I should, in fact, apprehend complicating the case. You might find it difficult to specify, and we to produce, the particular letters referred to; so I should simply say you *read* them to him, at his desire, before he despatched them for England; that is, of course, assuming that you did so."

"Very good, sir; knock it out, and put that in; and I can prove that these letters, which can easily, I suppose, be identified by the writers of them in England, were in his possession, and that several of them I can recollect his having read to me on the day he received them. That's pretty nearly what strikes me — eh?"

"Yes, sir — certainly, Mr. Dingwell — most important; but surely he had a servant; had he not, my dear sir? — an attendant of some sort? they're to be had there for next to nothing, I think," hesitated Mr. Larkin.

"Certainly — so there was — yes; but he started for Egypt in a boat full of tiles, or onions, or something, a day or two after the Hakim was buried, and I'm afraid they'll find it rather hard to find him. I think he said Egypt, but I won't swear."

And Mr. Dingwell laughed, very much tickled, with intense sarcastic enjoyment; so much so that Mr. Larkin, though I have seldom before or since heard of his laughing, *did* suddenly laugh a short, explosive laugh, as he looked down on the table, and immediately looked very grave and sad, and pinked up to the very summit of his narrow bald head; and coughing a little, he said —

"Thank you, Mr. Dingwell; this will suffice very nicely for an outline, and I can consult with our adviser as to its particular sufficiency — is not that your impression, Mr. Levi?"

"You lawyer-chaps undustans that line of business best; I know no more about it than watch-making — only don't sbleep over it, for it's costing us a da-a-am lot of money," said Mr. Levi, rising with a long yawn and a stretch, and emphasizing it with a dismal oath; and shutting his great glaring eyes and shaking his head, as if he were being victimized at a pace which no capital could long stand.

"Certainly, Mr. Levi," said the attorney, "you quite take me with you there. We are all contributing, except, perhaps, our valued friend, Mr. Dingwell, our quota towards a very exhausting expense."

"Da-a-nd exhausting," interposed Mr. Levi.

"Well, pray allow me my own superlative," said the attorney, with religious grandeur. "I do say it is very exhausting; though we are all, I hope, *cheerfully* contributing —"

"D—n you; to be sure you are," said Mr. Dingwell, with an abrupt profanity that startled Mr. Larkin. "Because you all expect to make money by it; and I'm contributing my time, and trouble, and danger, egad! for precisely the same reason. And now, before you go — just a moment, if you please, as we are on the subject — who's Chancellor of the Exchequer here?"

"Who advances the necessary funds?" interpreted Mr. Larkin, with his politest smile.

"Yes," said the old man, with a sharp menacing nod. "Which of you two comes down, as you say, with the dust? Who pays the piper for this dance of yours, gentleman? — the Christian or the Jew? I've a word for the gentleman who holds the purse — or, as we Christians would say,



who carries the bag;" and he glanced from one to the other with a sniff, and another rather vicious wag of his head.

"I believe, sir, you may address us both as *voluntary* contributors towards a fund for carrying on, for the *present*, this business of the Honorable Kiffyn Fulke Verney, who will, of course, recoup us," said Mr. Larkin, cautiously.

He used to say sometimes to his conducting man, with a smile, sly and holy, up at the yellow letters of one of the tin deed-boxes on his shelves at the Lodge, after an adroit conversation, "I think it will puzzle him, rather, to make an *assumpsit* out of *that*."

"Well, you talk of *allowing* me — as you term it — four pounds a week. I'll not take it," said Mr. Dingwell, viciously.

"My bye! That'sh liberal, shir. da-a-anshome, be-Ga-a-ad!" exclaimed Mr. Levi, in a blessed mistake as to the nature of Mr. Dingwell's objection.

"I know, gentlemen, this business can't advance without me — to me it may be worth something; but you'll make it worth a great deal more to yourselves, and whatever you may find me, you'll find me no fool; and I'll not take one penny less than five-and-twenty pounds a week."

"Five-and-twenty pounsh!" Howled Mr. Levi; and Mr. Larkin's small pink eyes opened wide at the prodigious idea.

"You gentlemen fancy you're to keep me here in this black-hole making *your* fortunes, and living on the wages of a clerk, egad! You shall do no such thing, I promise you; you shall pay me what I say. I'll see the town, sir, and I'll have a few guineas in my pocket, or I'll know the reason why. I didn't come ALL the way here for nothing — d—n you both!"

"Pray, sir, a moment," pleaded Mr. Larkin.

"Pray, sir, as much as you like; but *pry*, also, if you please. Egad! you *shall*. Fortune owes me something, and egad! I'll enjoy while I can."

"Of course, sir; quite reasonable — so you should; but, my dear Mr. Dingwell, five-and-twenty pounds! — we can hardly be expected, my dear sir, to see our way."

"Gad, sir, I see *mine*, and I'll go it," laughed Mr. Dingwell, with a most unpleasant glare in his eyes.

"On reflection, you will see, my dear Mr. Dingwell, the extreme inexpediency of anything in the least resembling a *fracays* (Mr. Larkin so pronounced his French) in your particular case. I should certainly, my dear sir, recommend a most cautious line."

"Cautious as the devil," seconded Mr. Levi.

"You think I'm afraid of my liabilities," croaked Mr. Dingwell, with a sudden flush across his forehead, and a spasm of his brows over his wild eyes, and then he laughed, and wagged his head.

"That's right — quite right," almost sighed Mr. Larkin — "do — do — *pray* do — just *reflect* for only a *moment* — and you'll *see* it."

"To be sure, I *see* it, and *you* shall see it, too. Egad, I know something, sir, at my years. I know how to deal with screws, and bullies, and schemers, sir — and that is by *going straight* at them — and I'll tell you what, sir, if you don't pay me the money I name, I'll make you regret it."

For a moment, Mr. Larkin, for one, did almost regret his share in this uncomfortable and highly "speculative" business. If this Mr. Dingwell chose to turn restive and extortionate, it would have been better if had never entered into his ingenious head, and he could already see in the Jew's eyes the sulky and ferocious expression that seemed to forebode defeat.

"If you don't treat me, as I say, with common fairness, I'll go straight to young Mr. Verney myself, and put you out of the baby-house altogether."

"*What* baby-houshe?" demanded Mr. Levi, glowering, and hanging the corners of his great half-open mouth with a sullen ferocity.

"Your castle — in the air — your d—d plot, sir."

"If you mean you're going to turn stag," began the Jew.

"*There* — do — pray, Mr. Levi — you — you *mistake*," interposed Mr. Larkin imploringly, who had heard tales of this Mr. Dingwell's mad temper.

"I say," continued Levi, "if you're going to split" —

"Split, sir?" cried Mr. Dingwell, with a malignant frown, and drawing, his mouth together into a puckered ring, as he looked askance at the Jew. "What the devil do you mean by *split*, sir? Gad! sir, I'd *split* your d—d black head for you, you little Jew miscreant!"

Mr. Larkin saw with a qualm that the sinews of that evil face were quivering with an insane fury, and that even under its sun-darkened skin it had turned pale, while the old man's hand was instinctively extended towards the poker, of which he was thinking, and which was uncomfortably near.

"No, no, no — pray, gentlemen — I *entreat* — only *think*," urged Mr. Larkin, scri-

ously alarmed for the Queen's peace and his own precious character.

Mr. Larkin confronted the Jew, with his great hands upon Mr. Levi's shoulders, so as to prevent his advance; but that slender Hebrew, who was an accomplished sparrer, gave the godly attorney a jerk by the elbows which quite twirled him about, to his amazement and chagrin.

"Andsh off, old chap," said the Jew, grimly, to Mr. Larkin, who had not endured such a liberty since he was at his ches. day-school, nearly forty years ago.

But Mr. Larkin interposed again, much alarmed, for behind him he thought he heard the clink of the fire-irons.

"He thinks he may say what he pleases," cried the old man's voice furiously, with a kind of choking laugh.

"No, sir — no, Mr. Dingwell — I assure you — *do*, Mr. Levi — how *can* you mind him?" he added in an undertone, as he stood between.

"I *don't* mind him, Mr. Larkin; only I won't let no one draw it that sort. I won't stand a lick of a poker for no one; he shan't come that over me" — and concurrently with this the shrill voice of Mr. Dingwell was yelling —

"Because I'm — because I'm — I'm — every d—d little whipper-snapper — because they think I'm down, the *wretches*, I'm to submit to their insults."

I *don't* want to hurt him, Mr. Larkin; if I did, I'd give'm his tea in a mug this minute; but I don't, I say — only he shan't lift a poker to *me*."

"No one, my dear sir, has touched a poker; no one, Mr. Levi, ever dreamed of such a thing. Pray, my dear sir, my dear Mr. Dingwell, don't misconceive; we use slang phrases, now and then, without the *least* meaning or disrespect: it has become quite the *tong*. I assure you — it was only last week, at Nyworth Castle, where I had the honour to be received, Lady Mary Wrangham used the phrase *yarn*, for a long story."

"D—n you, can't you answer my question?" said Mr. Dingwell, more in his accustomed vein.

"Certainly, sir," we'll apply to it. *Do*, Mr. Levi, *do* leave the room; your presence at this moment only leads to excitement."

Levi, for a moment, pondered fiercely, and then nodded a sulky acquiescence.

"I shall overtake you in the court, Mr. Levi, if you can wait two or three minutes there."

The Jew nodded over his shoulder, and was gone.

"Mr. Dingwell, sir, I can't, I assure you. It's not in my power; it is in the hands of quite other people, on whom, ultimately, of course, these expenses will fall, to sanction the outlay by way of weekly allowance, which you suggest. But I will apply in the proper quarter, without delay. I wish, Mr. Dingwell, I *were* the party; you and I would not, I venture to think, be long in settling it between us."

"No, to be sure, you're all such liberal fellows — it's always some one else that puts us under the screw," laughed Mr. Dingwell, discordantly, with his face still flushed, and his hand trembling visibly, "you never have the stock yourselves — not you, there's always, Mr. Sheridan tells us, you know, in that capital play of his, a d—d unconscionable fellow in the background, and in Shakespeare's play, *Shylock*, you know, he hasn't the money himself, but *Tubal*, a wealthy Hebrew of his tribe, will furnish him. Hey! I suppose they gave the immortal Shakespeare a squeeze in his day; he understood 'em. But *Shylock* and *Tubal* are both dead and rotten long ago. It's a comfort you can't escape death, with all your cunning, d—n you."

But Mr. Larkin spoke peaceably to Mr. Dingwell. The expense, up to a certain time, would, of course, fall upon Mr. Kiffyn Verney; after that, however, Mr. Larkin and the Jew firm would feel it. But be it how it might, they could not afford to quarrel with Mr. Dingwell; and Mr. Dingwell was a man of a flighty and furious temper.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## CLEVE VERNEY SEES THE CHATEAU DE GRESSERON.

I fancy that these estimates, on a rather large scale, moved by Mr. Dingwell, were agreed to, for sufficient reasons, by the parties interested in disputing them.

Mr. Dingwell, kept very close during the daytime. He used to wander listlessly to and fro, between his bedroom and his drawing room, with his hands in the pockets of his dressing-gown, and his feet in a pair of hard leather slippers, with curled-up toes and no heels, that clattered on the boards like sabots.

Miss Sarah Rumble fancied that her lodger was a little shy of the windows; when he looked out into the court, he stood back a yard or more from the window-sill.

Mr. Larkin indeed made no secret of Mr. Dingwell's uncomfortable position, in his

conferences with the Hon. Kiffyn Fulke Verney. Mr. Dingwell had been a bankrupt, against whom many transactions to which the Court had applied forcible epithets, had been proved; to whom, in fact, that tribunal had refused quarter; and who had escaped from its fangs by a miracle. There were judgments, however, in force against him; there was a warrant procurable any day for his arrest; he was still "in contempt;" I believe he was an "outlaw;" and, in fact, there was all but a price set on his head. Thus, between him and his outcast acquaintance, the late Hon. Arthur Verney, had subsisted some strong points of sympathy, which had no doubt helped to draw them into that near intimacy which stood the Hon. Kiffyn, no less than Mr. Dingwell (to whose mill it was bringing very comfortable grist), so well in stead, at this moment.

It behoved Mr. Dingwell, therefore, to exercise caution. Many years had passed since he figured as a London trader. But time, the obliterater, in some cases works slowly; or rather, while the pleasant things of memory are sketched in with a pencil, the others are written in a bold, legible, round hand, as it were, with a broad-nibbed steel pen, and the best durable japanned ink; on which Father Time works his India-rubber in vain, till his gouty old fingers ache, and you can fancy him whistling curses through his gums, and knuckling his bald pate with his knuckles. Mr. Dingwell, on the way home, was, to his horror, half recognized by an ancient Cockney at Malta. Time, therefore, was not to be relied upon, though thirty years had passed; and Mr. Dingwell began to fear that a debtor is never forgotten, and that the man who is thoroughly dipt, like the lovely woman who stoops to folly, has but one way to escape consequences, and that is to die—a step which Mr. Dingwell did not care to take.

The meeting on the 15th, at the Hon. Kiffyn Fulke Verney's house, Mr. Dingwell was prevented by a cold from attending. But the note of his evidence sufficed, and the consultation, at which Mr. Larkin assisted, was quite satisfactory. The eminent Parliamentary counsel who attended, and who made, that session, nearly fifty-thousand pounds, went to the heart of the matter direct; was reverentially listened to by his junior, by the Parliamentary agent, by the serious Mr. Larkin, at whom he thrust sharp questions, in a peremptory and even fierce way, like a general in action, to whom minutes are everything; treated them once or twice to a recollection or short anecdote,

which tended to show what a clever, sharp fellow the great Parliamentary counsel was, which, indeed, was true; and talked to no one quite from a level, except to the Hon. Kiffyn Fulke Verney, to whom he spoke confidentially in his ear, and who himself quickly grew into the same confidential relations.

"I'm glad you take my view—Mr. Forsythe—very happy, about it, that we should be in accord. I've learned some confidence in my opinion, having found it more than once, I may say, come out right; and it gives me further confidence that you take my view," said the Honorable Kiffyn Fulke Verney, grandly.

That eminent Parliamentary counsel Forsythe, was on his way to the door, when Mr. Verney interposed with his condescension.

"Oh! Ha! Do I? Very happy. What is it?" said Forsythe, smiling briskly, glancing at his watch and edging towards the door, all together.

"I mean the confident view—the cheerful—about it," said the Hon. Mr. Verney, a little flushed, and laying his thin hand on his counsel's arm.

"Certainly—confident, of course, smooth sailing, *quite*. I see no hitch, *at present*."

Mr. Forsythe was now, more decidedly, going. But he could not treat the Hon. Kiffyn Verney quite like an ordinary client, for he was before him occasionally in Committees of the House of Commons, and was likely soon to be so in others of the Lords, and, therefore, chafing and smiling, he hesitated under the light pressure of the old gentleman's stiff fingers.

"And you know the, I may say, *absurd* state of the law, about it—there was, you know, my unfortunate brother, Arthur—you are aware—*civiliter mortuus*, stopping the way, you know, for nearly twenty years, about it, ever since my poor father, Lord Verney, you know, expired, about it, and I've been, as you know, in the most painful position—*absurd*, you know."

"*Quite* so; I'm *afraid*"—Forsythe was again edging toward the door.

"And I always contended that where the heir was civilly dead, about it, the law should make proper provision—don't you see?"

"*Quite* so, only *fair*—a very wise and politic statute—and I wish very much, with your experience, you'd turn your attention to draw one. I'm obliged to be off now, to meet the New Discount directors; consultation at my chambers."

And so, smiling, Forsythe, Q.C., did vanish, at last.

All this over, Mr. Cleve Verney proposed to himself a little excursion, of a day or two, to Paris, to which his uncle saw no objection.

Not very far from the ancient town of Caen, where the comparative quietude of Normandy, throughout the throes of the great revolution, has spared so many relics of the by-gone France, is an old chateau, still habitable — still, after a fashion, comfortable — and which you may have at a very moderate rent, indeed.

Here is an old wood, cut in a quincunx; old ponds stocked with carp; great old stables gone to decay; and the chateau itself, is indescribably picturesque and sad.

It is the Chateau de Cresseron — withdrawn in historic seclusion, amid the glories and regrets of memory, quite out of the tide of modern traffic.

Here, by the side of one of the ponds, one evening, stood an old lady, throwing in little bits of bread to the carp that floated and flitted, like golden shadows, this way and that, as the crumbs sank in the water, when she heard a well-known voice near her, which made her start.

"Good heavens! Mr. Verney! You here?" she exclaimed, with such utter wonderment, her little bit of bread raised in her fingers, that Cleve Verney, though in no merry mood, could not help smiling.

"Yes — here indeed — and after all, is it quite so wonderful?" said he.

"Well, of course you know, Mr. Verney, I'm very glad to see you. Of course you know *that*; but I'm very far from being certain that you have done a wise or a prudent thing in coming here, and I don't know that under the circumstances, I *ought* to be glad to see you; in fact, I'm afraid it is *very rash*," said Miss Sheckleton, growing more decided as she proceeded.

"No, Not rash. I've been very miserable, *so* miserable that the worst certainty which this visit might bring me, would be almost a relief compared with the intolerable suspense I have lived in; therefore, you see, it really is not rash."

"I'm very bad at an argument," persisted the old lady; "but it is rash, and *very* rash — you can't conceive," and here she lowered her voice, "the state of exasperation in which he is."

"He," of course could only mean Sir Booth Fanshawe; and Cleve answered —

"I assure you, I can't blame him. I don't wonder. I think a great deal has

been very wantonly done to aggravate his misfortunes: but surely he can't fancy that I could sympathise with any such proceedings, or feel anything but horror and disgust. Surely, *you* would not allow him to connect me, however slightly? *I know* you would not."

"My dear Mr. Verney, you don't know Booth Fanshawe, or rather, you do, I believe, know him a great deal too well, to fancy that I could venture to speak to him upon the subject. *That*, I assure you, is quite out of the question; and I may as well tell you frankly, if he were at home, I mean *here*, I should have begged you at once, inhospitable as it might seem, to leave this place, and trust to time and to letters, but *here* I would *not* have allowed you to linger."

"He's away from home, then!" exclaimed Cleve.

"Yes; but he'll be back to-night at ten o'clock."

"At ten o'clock," repeated Cleve, and the young man thought what a treasure of minutes there was in the interval. "And Miss Fanshawe — Margaret — she's quite well?"

"Yes, she's quite well," answered kind Miss Sheckleton, looking in his earnest eyes, and thinking that he looked a little thin and pale. "She's quite well and, I hope, you have been."

"Oh, yes," answered the young man, "as well as a man with a good many troubles can be. In fact, I may tell you, I've been very unhappy. I was thinking of writing to Sir Booth."

"*Don't*," implored Miss Sheckleton, looking quite wildly into his eyes, and with her hand upon his arm, as if to arrest the writing of that letter, "you have no notion how he feels. I assure you, an allusion — the slightest thing is quite enough to set him in a blaze. The other day, for instance, I did not know what it was, till I took up the paper he had been reading, and I found there something about the Verney peerage, and proof that Arthur Verney was dead, and your uncle to get it; and really I can't wonder — some people seem so unaccountably fortunate, and others, everything goes wrong with — even *I* felt vexed when I read it, though, of course, any good fortune happening to *you*, I should be very glad of. But he did not see any of us till next day — even Macklin."

"Yes, it is very true," said Cleve, "my uncle is dead, and we shall prove it, that is, my uncle Kiffyn will. But you are quite right to distinguish as you do. It involves

nothing for me. Since it has come so near, I have lost all faith in its ever reaching me. I have, I can't call it a conviction, but a *superstition*, that it never will. I must build my own fortunes from their foundations, with my own hand. There is but one success on earth that can make me very proud and very happy. Do you think, that having come all this way, in that hope, on that one chance, that Margaret will see me?"

"I wish you had written to me before coming," said Anne Sheckleton, after a little pause. "I should have liked to find out first, all I could, from herself, she is so odd. I've often told you that she is odd. I think it would have been wiser to write to me before coming over, and I should have talked to her, that is, of course if she had allowed me, on that one chance, that she would even hear me on the subject."

"Well," said Cleve, with a sigh, "I have come — I am here — and go I cannot without seeing her — I cannot — and you, I think, are too kind to wish that I should. Yes, Miss Sheckleton, you have been my true friend throughout this — what shall I call it? — wild and terrible dream — for I cannot believe it real — I wonder at it myself — I ought to wish I had never seen her — but I cannot — and I think on the result of this visit depends the whole course of my life. You'll not see me long, I think, in the House of Commons, nor in England; but I'll tell you more by-and-by."

It was sunset now. A red and melancholy glow, rising from piles of western cloud, melted gradually eastward into the deep blue of night, in which the stars were already glimmering.

Along one of the broad avenues cut through the forest that debouches upon the court-yard of the quaint old chateau they were now walking, and, raising his eyes, he saw Margaret approaching from the antique house.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

##### SHE COMES AND SPEAKS.

"SHE is coming, Mr. Verney," said Miss Sheckleton, speaking low and quietly; but her voice sounded a little strangely, and I think the good-natured spinster was agitated.

Cleve, walking by her side, made no answer. He saw Margaret approach, and while she was yet a good way off, suddenly stop. She had not seen them before.

There seemed no indecision. It was simply that she was startled, and stood still.

"Pray, Miss Sheckleton, do you go on alone. *Entreat* her not to refuse me a few minutes," said he.

"I will — she shall — I will, indeed Mr. Verney," said Miss Sheckleton very much fidgeted. But you had better remain where we were, just now; I will return to you, and — there are some French servants at the house — will you think me very strange — unkind, I am sure, you will *not* — if I say it is only common prudence that you should not be seen at the house? You understand why I say so."

"Certainly. I shall do whatever you think best," he answered. They had arrested their walk, as Margaret had done, during this little parley. Perhaps she was uncertain whether her approach had been observed. The sun had gone down by this time, and the twilight had begun to make distant objects a little indistinct.

But there was no time for manœuvring here, for Miss Fanshawe resumed her walk, and her cousin, Anne Sheckleton, advanced alone to meet her.

"Margaret, dear, a friend has unexpectedly arrived," began Miss Sheckleton.

"And gone, perhaps," answered Margaret Fanshawe, in one of her moods. "*Better* gone — come, darling, let us turn, and go towards home — it is growing so dark."

And with these words, taking Miss Sheckleton's hand in hers, she turned towards the house, not choosing to see the friend whom that elderly lady had so eagerly indicated.

Strangely did Cleve Verney feel. That beautiful, cruel girl! — what could she mean? how could she treat him so? Is there not, in strange countries, where people meet, a kindlier impulse than elsewhere? — and here — could anything be more stoney and utterly cruel? The same wonderful *Cenci* — the same low, sweet voice — the same laugh, even — just for a moment — but now — how unspeakably cruel? He could see that Miss Sheckleton was talking earnestly to her, as they walked slowly away. It all seemed like a dream. The formal old wood — the gray chateau in the background, rising, with its round turrets, and conical tops, and steep roofs against the rose-tinted sky of evening; and in the foreground — not two score steps away — those figures — that girl to whom so lately he was so near being all the world — to whom, it now appeared, he was absolutely nothing — oh! that he had never heard, in Shakespeare's phrase, that mermaid voice!

His pride was wounded. With a yearning

that amounted to agony, he watched their receding steps. Follow them he would not.

He leaned against the tree by which Miss Sheckleton had left him, and half resolved to quit that melancholy scene of his worst disaster without another look or word — with only the regrets of all a life.

When Miss Sheckleton had reached Margaret, before the young lady spoke, she saw, by her unusual paleness and by something at once of pain and anger in her face, that she had seen Cleve Verney.

"Well, Margaret, if you *will* go, you *will*; but, before you make it irreparable, you must, at least, think."

"Think of what?" said Margaret a little disdainfully.

"Think that he has come all this way for nothing but the chance of seeing you; or perhaps saying a few words to set himself right."

"If he wished to speak to me, he might have said so," she answered.

"Not that I see any reason to change my mind on that point, or any good that can come, possible, or for ever, if he could talk and I listen for so long."

"Well, but you can't doubt what he has come for," said Miss Sheckleton.

"I don't doubt, because I don't mean to think about it," said the young lady, looking fiercely up toward the gilded weather vanes that swung gently on the gray pinnacles of the chateau.

"Yes, but it is not a matter of doubt, or of thinking, but of fact, for he *did* say so," pleaded Miss Sheckleton.

"I wish we were in Italy, or some out-of-the-way part of Spain," said the handsome girl, in the same vein, and walking still onward; "I always said this was too near England, too much in the current."

"No, dear, it is a quiet place," said good Anne Sheckleton.

"No, cousin Anne, it is the most unquiet place in all the world," answered the girl, in a wild, low tone, as she walked on.

"And he wants to speak to you; he entreats a few words, a very few."

"You *know* I ought not," said she.

"I know you *ought*, my dear; you'll be sorry for it, all your days, Margaret, if you don't," replied Anne Sheckleton.

"Come home, dear, come home, darling," said the girl, peremptorily, but sadly.

"I say, Margaret, if you let him go without speaking to him, you will regret it all your days."

"You have no right to talk this way, cousin Anne; I am unhappy enough as it is; come on," said she

"If you send him away, as I say, it is all over between you."

"So it is, it is all over; let the dead rest."

"The world is wide enough; there are many beautiful creatures there, and he is himself so beautiful, and so clever; be very sure you care nothing for him, before you send him away, for you will never see him again," said Miss Sheckleton.

"I know — I am sure — I have thought of every thing. I have made up my account long ago, for now, and for all my days," said she.

"So you *have*," answered Miss Sheckleton. But while you have a moment still allowed you, Margaret, review it, I entreat of you.

"Come, darling, come — come — you ought not to have spoken to me; why have you said all this?" said Margaret, sadly and hurriedly.

"Now, Margaret darling, you are going to stay for a moment, and I will call him."

"No!" said the girl, passionately, "my mind's made up; not in haste, cousin Anne, but long ago. I've looked my last on him."

"Now, darling, listen: you know, I've seen him, he's looking ill, I think; and I've told him that you *must* speak to him Margaret; and I tell *you* you must, said Miss Sheckleton, blushing in her eagerness.

"No, cousin Anne, let there be an end of this between us; I thought it was over long ago. To him, I will never, never — while life remains — never speak more." As she thus spoke, walking more hurriedly toward the house, she heard a voice beside her say —

"Margaret! Margaret, darling — one word!"

And turning suddenly, she saw Cleve Verney before her. Under the thick folds of her chestnut hair, her features were pale as marble, and for a time, it seemed to him he saw nothing but her wild, beautiful eyes fixed upon him.

Still as a statue, she stood confronting him. One little foot advanced, and her tiny hand closed, and pressed to her heart in the attitude in which an affrighted Nun might hold her crucifix.

"Yes, Margaret," he said at last, "I was as near going — as you were near leaving me — unheard; but, thank God, *that* is not to be. No, Margaret darling, you *could* not. Wild as my words may sound in your ears, you will listen to them, for they shall be few; you will listen to them, for you are too good to condemn any one that ever loved you unheard."

There was a little pause, during which all that passed was a silent pressure of Miss

Sheckleton's hand upon Margaret's, as very pale, and with her brow knit in a painful anxiety, she drew hurriedly back, and left the two young people together, standing by the roots of the old tree, under the faint, rose-tinted sky of evening.

Lovers' promises or lovers' cruelties — which oaths are most enduring? Where now were Margaret's vows? Oh! inexhaustible fountain of pity, and beautiful mutability of woman's heart! In the passion avowed, so often something of simulation; in the feeling disowned, so often the true and beautiful life. Who shall read this wonderful riddle, running in romance, and in song, and in war, the world's history through?

"Margaret, will you hear me?" he pleaded.

To her it was like a voice in a dream, and a form seen there, in that dream-land in which we meet the dead, without wonder, forgetting time and separation.

"I don't know that I ought to change my purpose. I don't know why I do; but we shall never meet again, I am sure, so speak on."

"Yes, Margaret, I will speak on, and tell you how entirely you have mistaken and wronged me," said Cleve Verney, in the same sad and passionate tones.

Good-natured Anne Sheckleton, watching at a little distance, saw the talk — at first belonging altogether to Mr. Verney, at last begin to divide itself a little; then side by side they walked a few steps, and then paused again: and so once more a short way, the lady looking down, and then on and on to the margin of that long straight pond, on which in their season are floating water-lilies, and, under its great oblong mirror, gliding those golden fishes which are, as we have seen, one of our spinster friend's kindly resources in this quaint exile. And so the twilight deepened: and Miss Sheckleton saw these two figures like shadows gliding side by side, to and fro, along the margin, till the moonlight came and lighted the still pool over, and dappled the sward with the shadows of the trees, and made the old chateau in the back-ground, with its white front, its turrets and pinnacles and gilded vanes, look filmy as a fairy castle.

Wrapping her cloak about her, she sat herself down upon the marble seat close by, unobserved and pleased, watching this picture of Lorenzo and Jessica, and of all such moonlighted colloquies, with a wonderful and excited interest — with, indeed, a mixture of melancholy and delight and fear.

Half-hour after half-hour glided by, as she looked on this picture, and read in fancy the romance that was weaving itself out of the silvery thread of their sweet discourse in this sad old scene. And then she looked at her watch, and wondered how the time had sped, and sighed; and smiling and asking no question, came before them, and in a low, gentle warning, told them that the hour for parting had come.

As they stood side by side in the moonlight, did the beautiful girl, with the flush of that romantic hour, never, never to be forgotten, on her cheek, with its light in her wonderful eyes, ever look so beautiful before? Or did that young man, Cleve Verney, whom she thought she understood, but did not, ever look so handsome? — the enthusiasm and the glow of his victory in his strangely beautiful face.

There were a few silent moments: and she thought could fancy paint a more beautiful young couple than these!

There are scenes — only momentary — so near Paradise — sights, so nearly angelic, that they touch us with a mysterious ecstasy and sorrow. In the glory and transiency of the moment, the feeling of its transiency, and the sense of our mortal lot, cross and thrill us with a strange pain, like the mysterious anguish that mingles in the rapture of sublime music. So, Miss Sheckleton, very pale, smiling very tenderly, sobbed and wept, one would have said bitterly, for a little while; and, drying her eyes quickly, saw before her the same beautiful young faces looking upon hers; and the old lady took their hands and pressed them, and smiled a great deal through her tears, and said — "All, at last, as I wished it: God bless you both — God Almighty bless you, my darling:" and she put her arms about Margaret's neck, and kissed her very tenderly.

And then came the reminder, that must not be slighted. The hour had come, indeed, and Cleve must positively go. Miss Sheckleton would hear of no further delay — no, not another minute. Her fear of Sir Booth was profound; so, with a "God bless you, darling," and a very pale face, and — why should there not be — one long, long kiss, Cleve Verney took his leave, and was gone; and the sailing moon lost herself among clouds, so darkness stole swiftly over the landscape.

Margaret Fanshawe drew her dear old cousin near to her, and in turn, placing her arms round her neck folded her close, and Annie Sheckleton could feel the wild throbbing of the young girl's heart close to her own,

Margaret was not weeping, but she stood very pale, with her arms still laid on her cousin's shoulders, and looked almost wildly down into her wistful eyes.

"Cousin Annie — oh, darling! you must pray for me," said Margaret Fanshawe. "I thought it could never be; I thought I knew myself, but all *that* is vain: there is another will above us — Fate — Eternal Fate, and I am where I am, I know not how.

"Why Margaret, darling, it is what I have been longing for — the very best thing that could have happened; you ought to be the happiest girl in the world," urged Miss Annie Sheckleton, cheerily.

"No, darling; I am not happy, except in this, that I know I love him, and would not give him up for all the world; but it seems to me to have been, from first to last, a fatality, and I can't shake off the fear that lies at my heart.

"Hush, dear — I hear wheels, I think," said Miss Sheckleton, listening.

Margaret was pre-occupied, and did not listen. I don't think she cared much at that moment who came or went, except that one to whom her love was now irrevocably given.

"No; I can't hear — no; but he will be here immediately. We must not be out, you know; he may ask for me and he so — so very — what shall I say?"

Margaret did not mind. She turned a wild and plaintive look upward towards the

struggling moon — now emerging, now lost again — and she said,

"Come, darling — let us go," said Margaret.

And she looked around her gently, as if awaking from a dream.

"Come, darling," she continued, placing her hand on Anne Sheckleton's arm.

"Yes; and you are not to tease yourself, Margaret, dear, with fancies and follies. As I said before, you ought to be one of the happiest girls in existence."

"So I am — in a sense — in a degree," she answered, dreamily — "very happy — oh! wonderfully happy — but there is — and I can't help it — the feeling of something overhanging me. I don't know what — *fatal*, as I said; but, be it what it may, let it come. I could not lose him now, for all the world."

She was looking up as she spoke, toward the broken moonlight, herself as pale, and a strange plaintive smile of rapture broke over her beautiful face, as if answering the smile of a spirit in the air.

"Come, darling, come," whispered Miss Sheckleton, and they walked side by side in silence to the house, and so to Margaret's room, where she sat down by the window, looking out, and kind Anne Sheckleton sat by the table, with her thin old hand to her cheek, watching her fondly, and awaiting an opportunity to speak, for she was longing to hear a great deal more.

A pocket microscope, of a simple and cheap kind, has been prepared by Messrs. Frith, the opticians. It consists of a small lens, of exceedingly short focus (1-25th of an inch, according to the makers), which is fitted into a brass tube. Immediately beneath the lens is a glass plate, in which such objects as cheese-mites, wheel-animalcules, &c., are to be placed. At the other extremity of the tube is a diaphragm, the object of which we do not perceive. The manufacturers' prospectus styles the lens the eye-piece; the plate on which the object is held the object-glass; and the diaphragm the condenser. As these applications of well-known optical expressions are not in accordance with the terminology of microscopists, they are likely to lead to error. The lens has a high magnify-

ing power; but it has certain optical disadvantages.

M. Scontetten has described and figured some curious surgical instruments, recently found in what is supposed to have been a surgeon's house at Herculaneum. Several specimens were found, but the following show in an especial manner the advanced conditions of surgery at the date of the destruction of Herculaneum! "Sounds" for male and female adults, and for children; a *speculum uteri* with two, and another with three valves; and a *speculum ani*. Some of our modern inventors will be surprised to find their discoveries in use so far back as two thousand years since.



This article is by Carlyle. It has made much talk. It is the utterance of the leading prophet of Toryism, — Absolutism, — Slavery. We cannot in any other way so well justify ourselves for leaving it out of the Living Age as by putting it in. So we copy it from Macmillan's Magazine.

## SHOOTING NIAGARA: AND AFTER?

## I

THERE probably never was since the Heptarchy ended, or almost since it began, so hugely critical an epoch in the history of England as this we have now entered upon, with universal self-congratulation and flinging up of caps; nor one in which, — with no Norman Invasion now ahead, to lay hold of it, to bridle and regulate it for us (little thinking it was for us), and guide it into higher and wider regions, — the question of utter death or of nobler new life for the poor Country was so uncertain. Three things seem to be agreed upon by gods and men, at least by English men and gods; certain to happen, and are now in visible course of fulfilment.

1° Democracy to complete itself; to go the full length of its course, towards the Bottomless or into it, no power now extant to prevent it or even considerably retard it, — till we have seen where it will lead us to, and whether there will then be any return possible, or none. Complete "liberty" to all persons; Count of Heads to be the Divine Court of Appeal on every question and interest of mankind; Count of Heads to choose a Parliament according to its own heart at last, and sit with Penny Newspapers zealously watching the same; said Parliament, so chosen and so watched, to do what trifle of legislating and administering may still be needed in such an England, with its hundred and fifty millions 'free' more and more to follow each his own nose, by way of guide-post in this intricate world.

2° That, in a limited time, say 50 years hence, the Church, all Churches and so-called religions, the Christian Religion itself, shall have deliquesced, — into "Liberty of Conscience," Progress of Opinion, Progress of Intellect, Philanthropic Movement, and other aqueous residues, of a rapid badly-scented character; — and shall, like water spilt upon the ground, trouble nobody considerably thenceforth, but evaporate at its leisure.

3° That, in lieu thereof, there shall be Free Trade, in all senses, and to all lengths: unlimited Free Trade, — which some take to mean, 'Free racing, ere long with unlimited speed, in the career of Cheap and

Nasty;' — this beautiful career, not in shop-goods only, but in all things temporal, spiritual and eternal, to be flung generously open, wide as the portals of the universe; so that everybody shall start free, and everywhere, 'under enlightened popular suffrage,' the race shall be to the swift, and the high office shall fall to him who is ablest if not to do it, at least to get elected for doing it.

These are three altogether new and very considerable achievements, lying visibly ahead of us, not far off, — and so extremely considerable, that every thinking English creature is tempted to go into manifold reflections and inquiries upon them. My own have not been wanting, any time these thirty years past, but they have not been of a joyful or triumphant nature; not prone to utter themselves; indeed expecting, till lately, that they might with propriety lie unuttered altogether. But the series of events comes swifter and swifter, at a strange rate; and hastens unexpectedly, — 'velocity increasing' (if you will consider, for this too is as when the little stone has been loosened, which sets the whole mountain side in motion) 'as the square of the time:' — so that the wisest Prophecy finds it was quite wrong as to date; and, patiently, or even indolently waiting, is astonished to see itself fulfilled, not in centuries as anticipated, but in decades and years. It was a clear prophecy, for instance, that Germany would either become honourably Prussian or go to gradual annihilation: but who of us expected that we ourselves, instead of our children's children, should live to behold it; that a magnanimous and fortunate Herr von Bismarck, whose dispraise was in all the newspapers, would, to his own amazement, find the thing now double; and would do it, do the essential of it, in a few of the current weeks? That England would have to take the Niagara leap of completed Democracy one day, was also a plain prophecy, though uncertain as to time.

## II.

The prophecy, truly, was plain enough this long while: — "*Δύμα γὰρ αὐτῶν τῆ μεταβάλλει;*" For who can change the opinion of these people?" as the sage Antoninus notes. It is indeed strange how prepossessions and delusions seize upon whole communities of men; no basis in the notion they have formed, yet everybody adopting it, everybody finding the whole world agree with him in it, and accept it as an axiom of

Euclid; and, in the universal repetition and reverberation, taking all contradiction of it as an insult, and a sign of malicious insanity, hardly to be borne with patience. "For who can change the opinion of these people?" as our Divus Imperator says. No wisest of mortals. This people cannot be convinced out of its "axiom of Euclid" by any reasoning whatsoever; on the contrary, all the world assenting, and continually repeating and reverberating, there soon comes that singular phenomenon, which the Germans call *Schwärmerey* ('enthusiasm' is our poor Greek equivalent), which means simply 'Swarmery,' or the 'Gathering of Men in Swarms,' and what prodigies they are in the habit of doing and believing, when thrown into that miraculous condition. Some big Queen Bee is in the centre of the swarm; — but any commonplace stupidest bee, Cleon the Tanner, Betles, John of Leyden, John of Bromwicham, any bee whatever, if he can happen, by noise or otherwise, to be chosen for the function, will straightway get fatted and inflated into *bulk*, which of itself means complete capacity; no difficulty about your Queen Bee: and the swarm once formed, finds itself impelled to action, as with one heart and one mind. Singular, in the case of human swarms, with what perfection of unanimity and quasi-religious conviction the stupidest absurdities can be received as axioms of Euclid, nay as articles of faith, which you are not only to believe, unless malignantly insane, but are (if you have any honour or morality) to push into practise, and *quam primum see donec*, if your soul would live! Divine commandment to vote ("Manhood Suffrage," — Horsehood, Doghood ditto not yet treated of); universal "glorious liberty" (to Sons of the Devil in overwhelming majority, as would appear): count of Heads the God-appointed way in this universe, all other ways Devil-appointed; in one brief word, which includes whatever of palpable incredibility and delirious absurdity, universally believed, can be uttered or imagined, on these points, "the equality of men," any man equal to any other; Quashee Nigger to Socrates or Shakspeare; Judas Iscariot to Jesus Christ; — and Bedlam and Gehenna equal to the New Jerusalem, shall we say? If these things are taken up, not only as axioms of Euclid, but as articles of religion burning to be put in practise for the salvation of the world, — I think you will admit that *Swarmery* plays a wonderful part in the heads of poor man kind; and that very considerable results are likely to follow from it in our day!

But you will in vain attempt, by argu-

ment of human intellect, to contradict or turn aside any of these divine axioms, indisputable as those of Euclid, and of sacred or quasi-celestial quality to boot: if you have neglected the one method (which was a silent one) of dealing with them at an early stage, they are thenceforth invincible; and will plunge more and more madly forward towards practical fulfilment: — once fulfilled, it will then be seen how credible and wise they were. Not even the Queen Bee but will then know what to think of them. Then, and never till then.

By far the notablest result of *Swarmery*, in these times, is that of the late American War, with Settlement of the Nigger Question for result. Essentially the Nigger Question was one of the smallest; and in itself did not much concern mankind in the present time of struggles and hurries. One always rather likes the Nigger; evidently a poor blockhead with good dispositions, with affections, attachments, — with a turn for Nigger Melodies, and the like: — he is the only Savage of all the coloured races that doesn't die out on sight of the White Man; but can actually live beside him, and work and increase and be merry. The Almighty Maker has appointed him to be a Servant. Under penalty of Heaven's curse, neither party to this pre-appointment shall neglect or misdo his duties therein; — and it is certain (though as yet widely unknown), Servantship on the *nomadic* principle, at the rate of so many shillings per day, cannot be other than misdones. The whole world rises in shrieks against you, on hearing of such a thing: — yet the whole world, listening to the cool Sheffield disclosures of *rattening*, and the market-rates of murder in that singular "Sheffield Assassination Company (Limited)," feels its hair rising on end; — to little purpose hitherto; being without even a gallows to make response! The fool of a world listens, year after year, for above a generation back, to "disastrous strikes," "merciless lockouts," and other details of the nomadic scheme of servitude; nay is becoming thoroughly disquieted about its own too lofty-minded flunkies, mutinous maid-servants (ending, too often as "distressed needle-women;" thirty thousand of these latter now on the pavements of London), and the kindred phenomena on every hand: but it will be long before the fool of a world open its eyes to the taproot of all that, — to the frantic notion, in short, That servantship and mastership, on the nomadic principle, was ever, or will ever be, except for brief periods, possible among human creatures. Poor souls, and when they have

discovered it, what a puddling and weltering, and scolding and jargoning, there will be, before the first real step towards remedy is taken !

Servantship, like all solid contracts between men (like wedlock itself, which was *once* nomadic enough, temporary enough !), must become a contract of permanency, not easy to dissolve, but difficult extremely, — a “contract for life,” if you can manage it (which you cannot, without many wise laws and regulations, and a great deal of earnest thought and anxious experience), will evidently be the best of all. And this was already the Nigger’s essential position. Mischief, irregularities, injustices, did probably abound between Nigger and Buckra ; but the poisonous taproot of all mischief, and impossibility of fairness, humanity, or well-doing in the contract, never had been there ! Of all else the remedy was easy in comparison ; vitally important to every just man concerned in it ; and, under all obstructions (which in the American case, begirt with frantic “Abolitionists,” fire-breathing like the old Chimæra, were immense), was gradually getting itself done. To me individually the Nigger’s case was not the most pressing in the world, but among the least so ! America, however, had got into *Swarmery* upon it (not America’s blame either, but in great part ours, and that of the nonsense we sent over to them) ; and felt that in the Heavens or the Earth there was nothing so godlike, or incomparably pressing to be done. Their energy, their valour, their &c. &c. were worthy of the stock they sprang from : — and now, poor fellows, *done* it is, with a witness. A continent of the earth has been submerged, for certain years, by deluges as from the Pit of Hell ; half a million (some say a whole million, but surely they exaggerate \*) of excellent White Men, full of gifts and faculty, have slit one another into horrid death, in a temporary humor, which will leave centuries of remembrance fierce enough : and three million Blacks, men and brothers (of a sort), are completely “emancipated ;” launched into the career of improvement, — likely to be “improved off the face of the earth” in a generation or two ! That is the dismal prediction to me, of the warmest enthusiast to their Cause whom I have known of American men, — who doesn’t regret his great efforts either, in the great Cause now won, Cause incomparably the most important on Earth or in

Heaven at this time. *Papae, papae ;* wonderful indeed !

In our own country, too, *Swarmery* has played a great part for many years past ; and especially is now playing, in these very days and months. Our accepted axioms about “Liberty,” Constitutional Government,” “Reform,” and the like objects, are of truly wonderful texture : venerable by antiquity, many of them, and written in all manner of Canonical Books ; or else, the newer part of them, celestially clear as perfect unanimity of all tongues, and *Vox populi vox Dei*, can make them : axioms confessed, or even inspirations and gospel verities, to the general mind of man. To the mind of here and there a man, it begins to be suspected that perhaps they are only conditionally true ; that taken unconditionally, or under changed conditions, they are not true, but false and even disastrously and fatally so. Ask yourself about “Liberty,” for example ; what you do really mean by it, what in any just and rational soul is that Divine quality of liberty ? That a good man be “free,” as we call it, be permitted to unfold himself in works of goodness and nobleness, is surely a blessing to him, immense and indispensable ; — to him and to those about him. But that a bad man be “free,” — permitted to unfold himself in his particular way, is contrariwise, the fatallest curse you could inflict on him ; curse and nothing else, to him and all his neighbours. Him the very Heavens call upon you to persuade, to urge, induce, compel, into something of well-doing ; if you absolutely cannot, if he will continue in ill-doing, — then for him (I can assure you, though you will be shocked to hear it), the one “blessing” left is the speediest gallows you can lead him to. Speediest, that at least his ill-doing may cease *quàm primum*. Oh, my friends, whither are you buzzing and swarming, in this extremely absurd manner ? Expecting a Millennium from “extension of the suffrage,” laterally vetrically, or in whatever way ?

All the Millenniums I ever heard of heretofore were to be preceded by a “chaining of the Devil for a thousand years,” — laying him up, tied neck and heels, and put beyond stirring, as the preliminary. You too have been taking preliminary steps, with more and more ardour, for a thirty years back ; but they seem to be all in the opposite direction : a cutting asunder of straps and ties, wherever you might find them ; pretty indiscriminate of choice in the matter : a general repeal of old regulations, fetters,

\* “More than half a million.” (Lunt, *Origin of the late War* : New York, 1867.)

and restrictions (restrictions on the Devil originally, I believe, for most part, but now fallen slack and ineffectual), which had become unpleasant to many of you, — with loud shouting from the multitude, as strap after strap was cut, “Glory, glory, another strap is gone!” — this, I think, has mainly been the sublime legislative industry of Parliament since it became “Reform-Parliament;” victoriously successful, and thought sublime and beneficent by some. So that now hardly any limb of the Devil has a thrum, or tatter of rope or leather left upon it: — there needs almost superhuman heroism in you to “whip” a Garotter; no Fenian taken with the reddest hand is to be meddled with, under penalties; hardly a murderer, never so detestable and hideous, but you find him “insane,” and board him at the public expense,” a very peculiar *British Prytaneum* of these days! And in fact, THE DEVIL (he, verily, if you will consider the sense of words) is likewise become an Emancipated Gentleman; lithe of limb as in Adam and Eve’s time, and scarcely a toe or finger of him *tied* any more. And you, my astonishing friends, *you* are certainly getting into a millennium, such as never was before, — hardly even in the dreams of Bedlam. Better luck to you by the way, my poor friends; — a little less of buzzing, humming, *swarming* (i.e. tumbling in infinite noise and darkness), that you might try to look a little each for himself, what kind of “way” it is! But indeed your “Reform” movement, from of old, has been wonderful to me; everybody meaning by it, not “Reformation,” practical amendment of his own foul courses, or even of his neighbour’s; no thought of that whatever, though that, you would say, is the one thing to be thought of and aimed at; — but meaning simply Extension of the Suffrage! Bring in more voting; that will clear away the universal rottenness, and puddle of mendacities, in which poor England is drowning; let England only vote sufficiently, and all is clean and sweet again. A very singular *swarmery* this of the Reform movement, I must say.

## III.

Inexpressibly delirious seems to me, at present in my solitude, the puddle of Parliament and Public upon what it calls the “Reform Measure;” that is to say, The calling in of new supplies of blockheadism, gullibility, bribeability, amenability to beer and balderdash, by way of amending the woes we have had from our previous supplies of

that bad article. The intellect of a man who believes in the possibility of “improvement” by such a method is to me a finished off and shut up intellect, with which I would not argue: mere waste of wind between us to exchange words on that class of topics. It is not Thought, this which my reforming brother utters to me with such emphasis and eloquence; it is mere “reflex and reverberation,” repetition of what he has always heard others imagining to think, and repeating as orthodox, indisputable, and the gospel of our salvation in this world. Does not all Nature groan everywhere, and lie in bondage, till you give it a Parliament? Is one a man at all unless one have a suffrage to Parliament? These are axioms admitted by all English creatures for the last two hundred years. If you have the misfortune not to believe in them at all, but to believe the contrary for a long time past, the inferences and inspirations drawn from them, and the “*swarmeries*” and enthusiasms of mankind thereon, will seem to you not a little marvellous! —

Meanwhile the *good* that lies in this delirious “new Reform Measure,” — as there lies something of good in almost everything, — is perhaps not inconsiderable. It accelerates notably what I have long looked upon as inevitable; — pushes us at once into the Niagara Rapids: irresistibly propelled, with ever-increasing velocity, we shall now arrive; who knows how *soon*! For the last thirty years it has been growing more and more evident that there was only this issue; but now the issue itself has become imminent, the distance of it to be guessed by years. Traitorous Politicians, grasping at votes, even votes from the rabble, have brought it on; — one cannot but consider them traitorous; and for one’s own poor share, would rather have been shot than been concerned in it: — but, after all my silent indignation and disgust, I cannot pretend to be clearly sorry that such a consummation is expedited. I say to myself, “Well, perhaps the sooner such a mass of hypocrisies, universal mismanagements and brutal platitudes and infidelities ends, — if not in some improvement, then in death and finis, — may it not be the better? The sum of our sins, increasing steadily day by day, will at least be less, the sooner the settlement is!” Nay, have not I a kind of secret satisfaction, of the malicious or even of the judiciary kind (*schadenfreude*, ‘mischief-joy,’ the Germans call it, but really it is *justice-joy* withal), that he they call “Dizzy” is to do it; that others jugglers, of an unconscious and

deeper type, having sold their poor Mother's body for a mess of Official Pottage, this clever conscious juggler steps in, "Soft you, my honourable friends; I will weigh out the corpse of your Mother (mother of mine she never was, but only stepmother and milk-cow); — and you shan't have the pottage: not yours, you observe, but mine!" This really is a pleasing trait of its sort.

Perhaps the consummation may be now nearer than is thought. It seems to me sometimes as if everybody had privately now given up serious notion of resisting it. Beales and his ragamuffins pull down the railings of Her Majesty's Park, when Her Majesty refuses admittance; Home Secretary Walpole (representing England's Majesty) listens to a Colonel Dickson talking of "barricades," "improvised pikes," &c.; does *not* order him to be conducted, and if necessary, to be kicked downstairs, with orders never to return, in case of worse; and when Beales says, "I will see that the Queen's Peace is kept," Queen (by her Walpole) answers, "Will you, then; God bless *you!*" and bursts into tears. Those 'tears' are certainly an epoch in England; nothing seen, or dreamt of, like them in the History of poor England till now.

In the same direction we have also our remarkable "Jamaica Committee;" and a Lord Chief Justice 'speaking six hours' (with such "eloquence," such &c. &c. as takes with ravishment the general Editorial ear, Penny and Three-penny), to prove that there is no such thing, nor ever was, as Martial Law; — and that any governor, commanded soldier, or official person, putting down the frightfullest Mob-insurrection, Black or White, shall do it with the rope round *his* neck, by way of encouragement to him. Nobody answers this remarkable Lord Chief Justice, "Lordship, if you were to speak for six hundred years, instead of six hours, you would only prove the more to us that, unwritten if you will, but real and fundamental, anterior to all written laws, and first making written laws *possible*, there must have been, and is, and will be, coeval with Human Society, from its first beginnings to its ultimate end, an actual *Martial Law*, of more validity than any other law whatever. Lordship, if there is no written law that three and three shall be six, do you wonder at the Statute Book for that omission? You may shut those eloquent lips and go home to dinner. May your shadow never be less; greater it perhaps has little chance of being."

Truly one knows not whether less to

venerate the Majesty's Ministers, who, instead of rewarding their Governor Eyre, throw him out of window to a small loud group, small as now appears, and nothing but a group or knot of rabid Nigger-Philanthropists, barking furiously in the gutter, and threatening one's Reform Bill with loss of certain friends and votes (which could not save it, either, the dear object), — or that other unvenerable Majesty's Ministry, which on Beales's generous undertaking for the Peace of an afflicted Queen's Majesty, bursts into tears.

Memorable considerably, and altogether new in our History, are both those ministerial feats; and both point significantly the same way. The perceptible, but as yet unacknowledged truth is, people are getting dimly sensible that our social affairs and arrangements, all but the money-safe, are pretty universally a Falsehood, an elaborate old-established Hypocrisy, which is even serving its own poor private purpose ill, and is openly mismanaging every public purpose or interest, to a shameful and indefensible extent. For such a Hypocrisy, in any detail of it (except the money-safe), nobody, official or other, is willing to risk his skin; but cautiously looks round whether there is no postern to retire by, and retires accordingly, — leaving any mob-leader, Beales, John of Leyden, Walter-the-Pennyless, or other impotent enough loud individual, with his tail of loud Roughs, to work their own sweet will. Safer to humour the mob than repress them, with the rope about *your* neck. Everybody sees the Official shinking off, has a secret fellow-feeling with it; nobody admires it; but the spoken disapproval is languid, and generally from the teeth outwards. "Has not everybody been very good to you?" say the highest Editors, in these current days, admonishing and soothing down Beales and his Roughs. So that if loud mobs, supported by one or two Eloquentes in the House, choose to proclaim, some day, with vociferation, as some day they will, "Enough of kingship, and its grimacings and futilities! Is it not a Hypocrisy and Humbug, as you yourselves well know? We demand to become *Commonwealth of England*; that will perhaps be better, worse it cannot be!" — in such case, how much of available resistance does the reader think would ensue? From official persons, with the rope round their neck, should you expect a great amount? I do not; or that resistance to the death would anywhere, 'within these walls' or without, be the prevailing phenomenon.

For we are a people drowned in Hypoc-

riety; saturated with it to the bone : — alas it is even so, in spite of far other intentions at one time, and of a languid, dumb, but ineradicable inward protest against it still : — and we are beginning to be universally conscious of that horrible condition, and by no means disposed to die in behalf of continuing it ! It has lasted long, that unblest process; process of 'lying to steep in the Devil's Pickle,' for above two hundred years (I date the formal beginning of it from the year 1660, and desperate *return* of Sacred Majesty after such an ousting as it had got); process which appears to be now about complete. Who could regret the finis of such a thing; finis on any terms whatever ! Possibly it will not be death eternal, possibly only death temporal, death temporary.

My neighbours, by the million against one, all expect that it will almost certainly be New-birth, a Saturnian time, — with gold nuggets themselves more plentiful than ever. As for us we will say, Rejoice in the *awakening* of poor England even on these terms. To lie torpid, sluttishly gurgling and mumbling, spiritually in soak 'in the Devil's Pickle' (choicest elixir the Devil brews, — is not unconscious or half-conscious *Hypocrisy*, and quiet *Make-believe* of yourself and others, strictly that ?) for above two hundred years : that was the infinitely disual condition, all others are but finitely so.

## IV.

Practically the worthiest inquiry, in regard to all this, would be : "What are probably the steps towards consummation all this will now take; what are, in main features, the issues it will arrive at, on unexpectedly (with immense surprise to the most) *shooting Niagara*, to the bottom? And above all, what are the possibilities, resources, impediments, conceivable methods and attemptings of its ever getting out again?" Darker subject of Prophecy can be laid before no man : and to be candid with myself up to this date, I have never seriously meditated it, far less grappled with it as a Problem in any sort practical. Let me avoid branch *first* of this inquiry altogether. If "immortal smash," and shooting of the Falls, be the one issue, ahead, our and the reformed Parliament's procedures and adventures in arriving there are not worth conjecturing in comparison ! — And yet the inquiry means withal, both branches of it mean, "What are the duties of good citizens in it, now and onwards?"

Meditated it must be, and light sought on it, however hard or impossible to find ! It is not always the part of the infinitesimally small minority of wise men and good citizens to sit silent; idle they should never sit.

Supposing the *Commonwealth* established, and Democracy rampant, as in America, or in France by fits for 70 odd years past, — it is a favourable fact that our Aristocracy, in their essential height of position, and capability (or possibility) of doing good, are not at once likely to be interfered with; that they will be continued farther on their trial, and only the question somewhat more stringently put to them, "What *are* you good for, then? Show us, show us, or else disappear!" I regard this, potentially a great benefit; — springing from what seems a mad enough phenomenon, the fervid zeal in *behalf* of this "new Reform Bill" and all kindred objects, which is manifested by the better kind of our young Lords and Honourables; a thing very curious to me. Somewhat resembling that bet of the impetuous Irish carpenter, astride of his plank firmly stuck out of window in the sixth story, "Two to one, I *can* saw this plank in so many minutes;" and sawing accordingly, fiercely impetuous, — with success ! But from the maddest thing, as we said, there usually may come some particle of good withal (if any poor particle of *good* did lie in it, waiting to be disengaged!) — and this is a signal instance of that kind. Our Aristocracy are not hated or disliked by any Class of the People, but on the contrary are looked up to, — with a certain vulgarly human admiration, and spontaneous recognition of their good qualities and good fortune, which is by no means wholly envious or wholly servile, — by all classes, lower and lowest class included. And indeed, in spite of lamentable exceptions too visible all round, my vote would still be. That from Plebs to Princeps, there was still no Class among us intrinsically so valuable and recommendable.

What the possibilities of our Aristocracy might still be? this is a question I have often asked myself. Surely their possibilities might still be considerable; though I confess they lie in a most abstruse, and as yet quite uninvestigated condition. But a body of brave men, and of beautiful polite women, furnished *gratis* as they are, — some of them (as my Lord Derby. I am told, in a few years will be) with not far from two-thirds of a million sterling annually, — ought to be good for something, in a society mostly fallen vulgar and chaotic like ours

More than once, I have been affected with a deep sorrow and respect for noble souls among them, and their high stoicism, and silent resignation to a kind of life which they individually could not alter, and saw to be so empty and paltry: life of Giving and receiving Hospitalities in a gracefully splendid manner. "This, then" (such mute soliloquy I have read on some noble brow), "this, and something of Village-schools, of Consulting with the Parson, care of Peasant Cottages and Economics, is to be all our task in the world? Well, well; let us at least do this, in our most perfect way!"

In past years I have sometimes thought what a thing it would be, could the Queen "in Council" (in Parliament or wherever it were) pick out some gallant-minded, stout, well gifted Cadet, younger son of a Duke, of an Earl, of a Queen herself; younger Son doomed now to go mainly to the Devil, for absolute want of a career; — and say to him, "Young fellow, if there do lie in you potentialities of governing, of gradually guiding, leading and coercing to a noble goal, how sad is it they should be all lost! They are the grandest gifts a mortal can have; and they are, of all, the most necessary to other mortals in this world. See, I have scores on scores of 'Colonies,' all ungoverned, and nine-tenths of them full of jungles, boa-constrictors, rattlesnakes, Parliamentary Eloquences, and Emancipated Niggers, ripening towards nothing but destruction: one of these *you* shall have, you as Vice-King; on rational conditions, and *ad vitam aut culpam* it shall be yours (and your posterity's if worthy): go you and buckle with it, in the name of Heaven; and let us see what you will build it to!" To something how much better than the Parliamentary Eloquences are doing, — thinks the reader? Good Heavens, these West-India Islands, some of them, appear to be the richest and most favoured spots on the Planet Earth. Jamaica is an angry subject, and I am shy to speak of it. Poor Dominica itself is described to me in a way to kindle a heroic young heart; look at Dominica for an instant:

Hemispherical, they say, or in the shape of an Inverted Washbowl; rim of it, first twenty miles of it all round, starting from the sea, is flat alluvium, the fruitfulest in Nature. fit for any noblest spice or product, but unwholesome except for Niggers held steadily to their work: ground then gradually rises, umbrageously rich throughout. becomes fit for coffee; still rises, now bears oak woods, cereals, Indian corn, English wheat, and in this upper portion is salubri-

ous and delightful for the European, — who might there spread and grow, according to the wisdom given him; say only to a population of 100,000 adult men; well fit to defend their Island against all comers, and beneficently keep steady to their work, a million of Niggers on the lower ranges. What a kingdom my poor Frederick William, followed by his Frederic, would have made of this Inverted Washbowl; clasped round, and lovingly kissed and laved, by the beautifulest seas in the world, and beshone by the grandest sun and sky! "For ever impossible," say you; "contrary to all our notions, regulations, and ways of proceeding or of thinking?" Well, I dare say. And the state your regulations have it in, at present, is: Population of 100 white men (by no means of select type); unknown cipher of rattlesnakes, profligate Niggers, and Mulattoes; governed by a Piebald Parliament of Eleven (head Demosthenes there a Nigger Tinman), — and so exquisite a care of Being and of Well-being that the old Fortifications have become jungle quarries (Tinman "at liberty to tax himself"), vigorous roots penetrating the old ashlar, dislocating it everywhere, with tropical effect; old cannon going quietly to honeycomb and oxid of iron in the vigorous embrace of jungle: military force nil, police force next to nil: an Island capable of being taken by the crew of a man-of-war's boat. And indeed it was nearly lost, the other year, by an accidental collision of two Niggers on the street, and a concourse of other idle Niggers to see, who would not go away again, but idly re-assembled with increased numbers on the morrow, and with ditto the next day; assemblage pointing *ad infinitum* seemingly, — had not some charitable small French Governor, from his bit of Island within reach, sent over a Lieutenant and twenty soldiers, to extinguish the devouring absurdity, and order it home straightway to its bed; which instantly saved this valuable Possession of ours, and left our Democethenic Tinman and his Fen, with their liberty to tax themselves as heretofore. Is not "Self-government" a sublime thing, in Colonial Islands and others? But to leave all this.

#### V.

I almost think, when once we have made the Niagara leap, the better kind of our Nobility, perhaps after experimenting, will more and more withdraw themselves from the Parliamentary, Oratorical or Political element; leaving that to such Clean the

Tanner and Company as it rightfully belongs to; and be far more chary of their speech than now. Speech, issuing in no deed, is hateful and contemptible: — how can a man have any nobleness who knows not that? In God's name let us find out what of noble and profitable we can do; if it be nothing, let us at least keep silence, and bear gracefully our strange lot! —

The English Nobleman has still left in him, after such sorrowful erosions, something considerable of chivalry and magnanimity; polite he is, in the finest form; politeness, modest, simple, veritable, ineradicable, dwells in him to the bone; I incline to call him the politest kind of nobleman or man (especially his wife the politest and gracefullest kind of woman) you will find in any country. An immense endowment this if you consider it well! A very great and indispensable help to whatever other faculties of *kingship* a man may have. Indeed it springs from them all (its sources, every kingly faculty lying in you); and is as the beautiful natural skin, and visible sanction, index, and outcome of them all. No king can rule without it; none but potential kings can really have it. In the crude, what we call unbred or *Orson* form, all "men of genius" have it; but see what it avails some of them, — your Samuel Johnson, for instance, — in that crude form, who was so rich in it, too, in the crude way!

It is perhaps a fortunate circumstance, that the population has no wild notions, no political enthusiasms of a "New Era" or the like. This, though in itself a dreary and ignoble item, in respect of the revolutionary change, may nevertheless be for good, if the *Few* shall be really high and brave, as things roll on.

Certain it is, there is nothing but vulgarity in our People's expectations, resolutions or desires, in this Epoch. It is all a peaceable mouldering or tumbling down from mere rottenness and decay; whether slowly mouldering or rapidly tumbling, there will be nothing sound of real or true in the rubbish-heap, but a most true desire of making money easily, and of eating it pleasantly. A poor ideal for "reformers," sure enough. But it is the fruit of long antecedents, too; and from of old our habits in regard to "reformation," or repairing what went wrong (as something is always doing), have been strangely didactic.

And to such length have we at last brought it, by our wilful, conscious and now long-continued method of using *varnish*, instead of actual repair by honest *carpentry*,

of what we all knew and saw to have gone undeniably wrong in our procedures and affairs! Method deliberately, steadily, and even solemnly continued, with much admiration of it from ourselves and others, as the best and only good one, for above two hundred years. Ever since that *annus mirabilis* of 1660, when Oliver Cromwell's dead clay was hung on the gibbet, and a much easier "reign of Christ" under the divine gentleman called Charles II. was thought the fit thing, this has been our steady method: varnish, varnish; if a thing have grown so rotten that it yawns palpable, and is so inexpressibly ugly that the eyes of the very populace discern it and detest it, — bring out a new pot of varnish, with the requisite supply of putty; and lay it on handsomely. Don't spare varnish; how well it will all look in a few days, if laid on well! Varnish alone is cheap and is safe; avoid carpentering, chiselling, sawing and hammering on the old quiet House; — dry-rot is in it, who knows how deep; don't disturb the old beams and junctures: varnish, varnish, if you will be blessed by gods and men! This is called the constitutional System, Conservative System, and other fine names; and this at last has its fruits, such as we see. Mendacity hanging in the very air we breathe; all men become, unconsciously or half or wholly consciously, — *liars* to their own souls and to other men's; grimacing, finessing, periphrasing, in continual hypocrisy of *word*, by way of varnish to continual past, present, future, misperformance of *thing*: — clearly sincere about nothing whatever, except in silence, about the appetites of their own huge belly, and the readiest method of assuaging these. From a Population of that sunk kind, ardent only in pursuits that are low and industries that are sensuous and *beaverish*, there is little peril of *human* enthusiasms, or revolutionary transports, such as occurred in 1789, for instance. A low-minded *pecus* all that; essentially torpid and *ignavum*, on all that is high or nobly human in revolutions.

It is true there is in such a population, of itself, no *help* at all towards reconstruction of the wreck of your Niagara plunge; of themselves they, with whatever cry of "liberty" in their mouths, are inexorably marked by *Destiny as slaves*; and not even the immortal gods could make them free, — except by making them anew and on a different pattern. No help in them at all, to your model Aristocrat, or to any noble man or thing. But then likewise there is no hindrance, or a minimum of it! Nothing there in *bar* of the noble *Few*, who we al-



ways trust will be born to us, generation after generation; and on whom and whose living of a noble and valiantly cosmic life amid the worst impediments and hugest anarchies, the whole of our hope depends. Yes, on them only! If amid the thickest welter of surrounding gluttony and baseness, and what must be reckoned bottomless anarchy from shore to shore, there be found no man, no small but invincible minority of men, capable of keeping themselves free from all that, and of living a heroically human life, while the millions round them are noisily living a mere beaverish or dog-like one, then truly all hope is gone. But we always struggle to believe Not. Aristocracy by title, by fortune, and position, who can doubt but there are still precious possibilities among the chosen of that class? And if that fail us, there is still, we hope, the unclassed Aristocracy by nature, not inconsiderable in numbers, and supreme in faculty, in wisdom, human talent, nobleness and courage, "who derive their patent of nobility direct from Almighty God." If indeed these also fail us, and are trodden out under the unanimous torrent of brutish hoofs and hobnails, and cannot vindicate themselves into clearness here and there, but at length cease even to try it, — then indeed it is all ended: national death, scandalous "Copper-Captaincy" as of France, stern Russian Abolition and Erasure as of Poland; in one form or another, well deserved annihilation, and dismissal from God's universe, that and nothing else lies ahead for our once heroic England too.

How many of our Titular Aristocracy will prove real gold when thrown into the crucible? That is always a highly interesting question to me; and my answer or guess has still something considerable of hope lurking in it. But the question as to our Aristocracy by Patent from God the Maker, is infinitely interesting. How many of these, amid the ever-increasing bewilderingments, and welter of impediments, will be able to develop themselves into something of Heroic Well-doing by act and by word? How many of them will be drawn, pushed and seduced, their very docility and lovingness assisting, into the universal vulgar whirlpool of Parliamentearing, Newspapering, Novel-writing, Comte-Philosophy-ing, immortal Verse-writing, &c. &c. (if of vocal turn, as they mostly will be, for some time yet?) How many, by their too desperate resistance to the unanimous vulgar of a Public round them, will become spasmodic

instead of strong; and will be overset, and trodden out, under the hoofs and hobnails above-said? Will there, in short, prove to be a recognisable small nucleus of Invincible "Aristoi" fighting for the Good Cause, in their various wisest ways, and never ceasing or slackening till they die? This is the question of questions, on which all turns; in the answer to this, could we give it clearly, as no man can, lies the oracle-response, "Life for you," or "Death for you!" Looking into this, there are doubtful dubitations, many. But considering what of Piety, the devoutest and the bravest yet known, there once was in England, and how extensively, in stupid, maundering and degraded forms, it still lingers, one is inclined timidly to hope the best!

The best: for if this small Aristocratic nucleus can hold out and work, it is in the sure case to increase and increase; to become (as Oliver once termed them) "a company of poor men, who will shed all their blood rather." An openly belligerent company, capable of taking the biggest slave Nation by the beard, and saying to it, "Enough, ye slaves, and servants of the mud-gods; all this must cease! Our heart abhors all this; our soul is sick under it; God's curse is on us while this lasts. Behold we will all die rather than that this last. Rather all die we say; — what is your view of the corresponding alternative on your own part?" I see well it must at length come to battle; actual fighting, bloody wrestling, and a great deal of it: but were it unit against thousand, or against thousand-and-thousand, on the above terms, I know the issue, and have no fear about it. That also is an issue which has been often tried in Human History; and "while God lives" — (I hope the phrase is not yet obsolete, for the fact is eternal, tho' so many have forgotten it!) — said issue can or will fall only one way.

## VI.

What we can expect this Aristocracy of Nature to do for us? They are of two kinds: the Speculative, speaking or vocal; and the Practical or industrial, whose function is silent. These are of brother quality; but they go very different roads: "men of genius" they all emphatically are, the "inspired Gift of God" lodged in each of them. They do infinitely concern the world and us; especially that first or speaking class, — provided God have "touched their lips with his hallowed fire!" Supreme is the importance

of these. They are our inspired speakers and seers, the light of the world; who are to deliver the world from its swarmeries, its superstitions (political or other); — priceless and indispensable to us that first Class!

Nevertheless I will omit these at present, and touch only of the second, or Industrial Hero, as more within my limits and the reader's.

This Industrial hero, here and there recognisable, and known to me, as developing himself, and as an opulent and dignified kind of man, is already almost an Aristocrat by class. And if his chivalry is still somewhat in the Orson form, he is already by intermarriage and otherwise coming into contact with the Aristocracy by title; and by degrees, will acquire the fit *Valentinism*, and other more important advantages there. He cannot do better than unite with this naturally noble kind of Aristocrat by title; the Industrial noble and this one are brothers born; called and impelled to co-operate and go together. Their united result is what we want from both. And the Noble of the Future, — if there be any such, as I believe there must; — will have grown out of both. A new "Valentine;" and perhaps a considerably improved, — by such recontact with his wild Orson kinsman, and with the earnest veracities this latter has learned in the Woods and the Dens of Bears.

The Practical "man of genius" will probably not be altogether absent from the Reformed Parliament: — his *Make-believe*, the vulgar millionaire, (truly a "bloated" specimen, this!) is sure to be frequent there! and along with the multitude of *brass guineas*, it will be very salutary to have a *gold one or two!* — In or out of Parliament, our Practical hero will find no end of work ready for him. It is he that has to recivilize, out of its now utter savagery, the world of industry; — think what a set of items: to change *nomadic* contract into *permanent*; annihilation of the soot and dirt and squalid horror now defacing this England, once so clean and comely while it was poor; matters sanitary (and that not to the body only) for his people; matters governmental for them; matters, &c. &c.; — no want of work for this Hero, through a great many generation yet!

And indeed reformed Parliament itself, with or without his presence, will you would suppose have to start at once upon the industrial question and go quite deep into it. That of Trades Union, in quest of its "4

eights,"\* with assassin pistol in its hand will at once urge itself on reformed Parliament: and reformed Parliament will give us Blue Books upon it if nothing further. Nay, almost still more urgent, and what I could reckon, — as touching on our Ark of our Covenant, on sacred free trade itself, — to be the preliminary of all, there is the immense and universal question of *Cheap and Nasty*, let me explain it a little.

"Cheap and Nasty;" there is a pregnancy in that poor vulgar proverb, which I wish we better saw and valued! It is the rude indignant protest of human nature against a mischief which in all times and places taints it or lies near it, and which never in any time or place was so like utterly overwhelming it as here and now. Understand, if you will consider it, that no good man did, or ever should, encourage "cheapness" at the ruinous expense of *unfitness*, which is always infidelity, and is dishonourable to a man. If I want an article, let it be genuine, at whatever price; if the price is too high for me, I will go without it, unequipped with it for the present, — I shall not have equipped myself with a hypocrisy, at any rate! This, if you will reflect, is primarily the rule of all purchasing or employing men. They are not permitted to encourage, patronize, or in any form countenance the working, wearing, or acting of Hypocrisies in this world. On the contrary, they are to hate all such with a perfect hatred; to do their best in extinguishing them as the poison of mankind. This is the temper for purchasers of work; how much more that for doers and producers of it! Work, every one of you, like the Demiurgus or Eternal World-builder; work, none of you like the Diabolus or Denier and Destroyer, — under penalties!

And now, if this is the fact, that you are not to purchase, to make or to vend any ware or product of the "cheap and nasty" genus, and cannot in any case do it without sin, and even treason against the Maker of you, — consider what a *quantity* of sin, of treason petty and high, must be accumulating in poor England every day! It is certain as the National Debt; and what are all National money Debts in comparison? Do you know the shop, saleshop, workshop, industrial establishment temporal or spiritual, in broad England, where genuine work is to be had? I confess I hardly do; the mere

\* "Eight hours to work, and eight hours to play; Eight hours to sleep, and eight shillings a day." — *Reformed Workman's Niagara Song.*

is my sorrow! For a whole Pandora's Box of evils lies in that one fact, my friend; that one is enough for us, and may be taken as the sad summary of all. Universal *shoddy* and Devil's dust cunningly varnished over; that is what you will find presented you in all places, as ware invitingly cheap, if your experience is like mine. Yes; if Free Trade is the new religion, and if Free Trade do mean, Free racing with unlimited velocity in the career of *Cheap and Nasty*, — our practical hero will be infinitely anxious to deal with that question, and see how Free Trade with such a devil in the belly of it, is to be tied again a little.

One small example only! London bricks are reduced to dry clay again in the course of sixty years or sooner. *Bricks*, burn them rightly, build them faithfully, with mortar faithfully tempered, they will stand, I believe, barring earthquakes and cannons, for 6,000 years if you like! Etruscan Pottery (*baked clay*, but rightly baked) is some 3,000 years of age, and still fresh as an infant. Nothing I know is more lasting than a well-made brick, — we have them here, at the head of this Garden (wall once of a Manor Park,) which are in their third or fourth century (Henry Eighth's time, I was told,) and still perfect in every particular.

Truly the state of London houses and London house-building, at this time, who shall express how detestable it is, how frightful! For there lies in it not the Physical mischief only, but the Moral too, which is far more. I have often sadly thought of this. That a fresh human soul should be born in such a place; born in the midst of a concrete mendacity; taught at every moment not to abhor a lie but to think a lie all proper, the fixed custom and general law of man, and to twine its young affections round that sort of thing! England needs to be *rebuilt* once every seventy years. Built it once *rightly*, the expense will be say fifty per cent. more; but it will stand till the day of judgment.

Every seventy years we shall save the expense of building all England over again! Say nine-tenths of the expense, say three-fourths of it allowing for the changes necessary or permissible in the change of things;) and in rigorous arithmetic, such is the saving possible to you; laying under your nose there; soliciting you to pick it up, — by the mere act of behaving like sons of Adam, not like scandalous esurient Phantasms and sons of Bel and the Dragon.

Here is a thrift of money, if you want money! The money-saving would (you can compute in what short length of time) pay your National Debt for you, bridge the

ocean for you; wipe away your smoky nuisances, your muddy ditto, your miscellaneous ditto, and make the face of England clean again; — and all this I reckon as mere zero in comparison with the accompanying improvement to your poor souls, — now dead in trespasses and sins, drowned in beer-butts, wine-butts, in gluttonies, slaveries, quackeries, but recalled *then* to blessed life again, and the sight of Heaven and Earth instead of Payday, and Meux and Co.'s Entire. Oh, my bewildered brothers, what foul infernal Circe has come over you, and changed you from men once really rather noble of their kind, into beavers, into hogs and asses, and beasts of the field or the slum! I declare I had rather die. . . .

One hears sometimes of religious controversies running very high, about faith, works, grace, prevenient grace, the Arches Court and *Essays and Reviews*; — into none of which do I enter, or concern myself with your entering. One thing I will remind you of, that the essence and outcome of all religions, creeds, and liturgies whatsoever is, to do one's work in a faithful manner. Unhappy caitiff, what to you is the use of orthodoxy, if with every stroke of your hammer you are breaking all the Ten Commandments, — operating upon Devil's dust, and endeavouring to reap where you have not sown? — But to return to our Aristocracy by title.

## VII

Orsonism is not what will hinder our Aristocracy from still reigning, still, or much farther than now, — to the very utmost limit of their capabilities and opportunities, in the new times that come. What are these *opportunities*, — granting the capability to be (as I believe) very considerable if seriously exerted? — This is a question of the highest interest just now.

In their own Domains and land territories, it is evident each of them can still, for certain years and decades, be a complete king; and may, if he strenuously try, mould and manage everything, till both his people and his dominion correspond gradually to the ideal he has formed. Refractory subjects he has the means of *banishing*; the relations between all classes, from the biggest farmer to the poorest orphan ploughboy, are under his control; nothing ugly or unjust or improper, but he could by degrees undertake steady war against, and manfully subdue or extirpate. Till all his Domain were,

through every field and homestead of it, and were maintained in continuing and being, manlike, decorous, fit; comely to the eye and to the soul of whoever wisely looked on it, or honestly lived in it. This is a beautiful ideal; which might be carried out on all sides to indefinite lengths,—not in management of land only, but in thousand-fold countenancing, protecting and encouraging of human worth, and *dis*-countenancing and sternly repressing the want of ditto, wherever met with among surrounding mankind. Till the whole surroundings of a nobleman were made noble like himself; and all men should recognise that here verily was a bit of kingdom ruling “by the Grace of God,” in difficult circumstances, but *not* in vain.

This were a way, if this were commonly adopted, ofby degrees reinstating Aristocracy in all the privileges, authorities, reverences and honours it ever had, in its palmiest times, under any Kaiser Barbarossa, Henry Fowler (*Heinrich der Vogeler*), Henry Fine-Scholar (*Beau-clerc*), or Wilhelmus Bastardus the Acquirer; this would be divine; blessed is every individual that shall manfully, all his life, solitary or in fellowship, address himself to this! But, alas, this is an ideal, and I've practically little faith in it. Discerning well how *few* would seriously adopt this as a trade in life, I can only say, “Blessed is every one that does!”—Readers can observe that only zealous aspirants to be “noble” and worthy of their title (who are not a numerous class) could adopt this trade; and that of these few, only the fewest, or the actually *noble*, could to much effect do it when adopted. “Management of one's land on this principle,” yes, in some degree this might be possible: but as to “fostering merit” or human worth, the question would arise (as it did with a late Noble Lord still in wide enough esteem), “What is merit? The opinion one man entertains of another! (*Hear hear!*) By *this* plan of diligence in promoting human worth, you would do little to redress our griefs; this plan would be a quenching of the fire by oil: a dreadful plan! (In fact, this is what you may see everywhere going on just now; this is what has reduced us to the pass we are at!)—To recognise merit you must first yourself have it; to recognise false merit, and crown it as true, because a long tail runs after it, is the saddest operation under the sun; and it is one you have only to open your eyes and see every day.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Palmerston, in debate on Civil Service Examination Proposal.

Alas! no? Ideals won't carry many people far. To have an Ideal generally done, it must be compelled by the vulgar appetite there is to do it, by indisputable advantage seen in doing it.

In such an independent position; acknowledged king of one's own territories, well withdrawn from the raging inanities of “politics,” leaving the loud rabble and their spokesmen to consummate all that in their own sweet way, and make Anarchy again horrible, and Government or real Kingship the thing desirable,—one fancies there might be actual scope for a kingly soul to aim at unfolding itself, at imprinting itself in all manner of beneficent arrangements and improvements of things around it. Schools, for example, schooling and training of *its* young subjects in the way that they should go, and in the things that they should do: what a boundless outlook that of schools, and of improvement in school methods, and school purposes, which in these ages lie hitherto all superannuated and to a frightful degree inapplicable! Our schools go all upon the *vocal* hitherto; no clear aim in them but to teach the young creature how he is to *speak*, to utter himself by tongue and pen;—which supposing him even to *have something to utter*, as he so very rarely has, is by no means the thing he specially wants in our times. How he is to work, to behave and do; that is the question for him which he seeks the answer of in schools;—in schools, having now so little chance of it elsewhere. In other times, many or most of his neighbors round him, his superiors over him, if he looked well and could take example, and learn by what he saw, were in use to yield him very much of answer to this vitallest of questions: but now they do not, or do it fatally the reverse way! Talent of speaking grows daily commoner among one's neighbors; amounts already to a weariness and a nuisance, so barren is it of great benefit, and liable to be of great hurt; but the talent of right conduct, of wise and useful behaviour seems to grow rarer every day, and is nowhere taught in the streets and thoroughfares any more. Right schools were never more desirable than now. Nor ever more unattainable, by public clamouring and jargoning than now. Only the wise Ruler (acknowledged king in his own territories), taking counsel with the wise, and earnestly pushing and endeavouring all his days, might do something in it. It is true, I suppose him to be capable of recognising and searching out “the *wise*,” who are apt *not* to be found on the high roads at present, or only to be

transiently passing there, with closed lips, swift step, and possibly a grimmish aspect of countenance, among the crowd of loquacious *sham-wise*. To be capable of actually recognising and discerning these; and that is no small postulate (how great a one I know well): — in fact, unless our Noble by rank be a Noble by nature, little or no success is possible to us by him.

But granting this great postulate, what a field in the *Non-vocal* School department such as was not dreamt of before! *Non-vocal*; presided over by whatever of Pious Wisdom this king could eliminate from all corners of the impious world; and could consecrate with means and appliances for making the new generation by degrees, less impious. Tragical to think of: Every new generation is born to us direct out of Heaven; white as purest writing paper, white as snow; — everything we please can be written on it; — and our pleasure and our negligence is, To begin blotching it, scrawling, smutching and smearing it, from the first day it sees the sun: towards such a consummation of ugliness, dirt, and blackness of darkness, as is too often visible. Woe on us; there is no woe like this, — if we were not sunk in stupefaction, and had still eyes to discern or souls to feel it! — Goethe has shadowed out a glorious far-glancing specimen of that *Non-vocal*, or very partially-vocal kind of School. I myself remember to have seen an extremely small, but highly useful and practicable little corner of one, actually on work at Glasnevin in Ireland about fifteen years ago; and *have* often thought of it since.

## VIII.

I always fancy there might much be done in the way of military Drill withal. Beyond all other schooling, and as supplement or even as *suc-edaneum* for all other, one often wishes the entire Population could be thoroughly drilled; into co-operative movement, into individual behaviour, correct, precise, and at once habitual and orderly as mathematics, in all or in very many points, — and ultimately in the point of actual *Military Service*, should such be required of it!

That of commanding and obeying, were there nothing more, is it not the basis of all human culture; ought not all to have it; and how many ever do? I often say, The one Official Person, royal, sacerdotal, scholastic, governmental, of our times, who is still thoroughly a truth and a reality, and

not in great part a hypothesis, and worn-out humbug, proposing and attempting a duty which he fails to do, — is the Drill-Sergeant who is master of his work, and who will perform it. By Drill-Sergeant understand, not the man in three stripes alone; understand him as meaning all such men, up to the Turenne, to the Friedrich of Prussia; *he* does his function, he is genuine; and from the highest to the lowest no one else does. Ask your poor King's Majesty, Captain-General of England, Defender of the Faith, and so much else; ask your poor Bishop, sacred Overseer of souls; your poor Lawyer, sacred Dispenser of justice; your poor Doctor, ditto of health: they will all answer, "Alas, no, worthy sir, we are all of us unfortunately fallen not a little, some of us altogether, into the imaginary or quasi-humbug condition, and cannot help ourselves; he alone of the three stripes, or of the gorget and baton, *does* what he pretends to!" That is the melancholy fact; well worth considering at present. — Nay I often consider farther, If, in any Country, the Drill-Sergeant himself fall into the partly imaginary or humbug condition (as is my frightful apprehension of him here in England, on survey of him in his marvellous Crimean expeditions, marvellous Courts martial revelations, Newspaper controversies, and the like), what is to become of that Country and its thrice miserable Drill-Sergeant?

But now, what is to hinder the acknowledged king in all corners of his territory, to introduce wisely a universal system of Drill; not military only but human in all kinds; so that no child or man born in *his* territory might miss the benefit of it, — which would be immense to man, woman and child? I would begin with it, in mild, soft forms, so soon almost as my children were able to stand on their legs; and I would never wholly remit it till they had done with the world and me. Poor Wilderspin knew something of this; the great Goethe evidently knew a great deal! This of outwardly combined and plainly consociated Discipline, in simultaneous movement and action, which may be practical, symbolical, artistic, mechanical in all degrees and modes, — is one of the noblest capabilities of man (most sadly undervalued hitherto); and one he takes the greatest pleasure in exercising and unfolding, not to mention at all the invaluable benefit it would afford him if unfolded. From correct marching in line, to rhythmic dancing in cotillon or minuet, — and to infinitely higher degrees

(that of symboling in concert your "first reverence," for instance supposing reverence and symbol of it to be both sincere!) there is a natural charm in it; the fulfilment of a deep-seated, universal desire, to all rhythmic social creatures! In man's heaven-born Docility, or power of being Educated, it is estimable as perhaps the deepest and richest element; or the next to that of music, of Sensibility to Song, to Harmony and Number, which some have reckoned the deepest of all. A richer mine than any in California for poor human creatures; richer by what a multiple; and hitherto as good as never opened, — worked only for the fighting purpose. Assuredly I would not neglect the Fighting purpose: no, from sixteen to sixty, not a son of mine but should know the Soldier's function too, and be able to defend his native soil and self, in best perfection, when need came. But I should not begin with this; I should carefully end with this, after careful travel in innumerable fruitful fields by the way leading to this.

It is strange to me, stupid creatures of routine as we mostly are, how in all education of mankind, this of simultaneous Drilling into combined rhythmic action, for almost all good purposes, has been overlooked and left neglected by the elaborate and many-sounding Pedagogues and Professorial persons we have had for the long centuries past! It really should be set on foot a little; and developed gradually into the multifiform opulent results it holds for us. As might well be done, by an acknowledged king in his own territory, if he were wise. To all children of men it is such an entertainment, when you set them to it. I believe the vulgarest Cockney crowd, flung out million-fold on a Whit Sunday, with nothing but beer and dull folly to depend on for amusement, would at once kindle into something human, if you set them to do almost any regulated act in common. And would dismiss their beer and dull foolery, in the silent charm of rhythmic human companionship, in the practical feeling, probably new, that all of us are made on one pattern, and are, in an unfathomable way, brothers to one another.

Soldier-Drill, for fighting purposes, as I have said, would be the last or finishing touch of all these sorts of Drilling processes; and certainly the acknowledged king would reckon it not the least important to him, but even perhaps the most so, in these peculiar times. Anarchic Parliaments and Penny Newspapers might perhaps grow jealous of him; in any case, would be have

to be cautious, punctilious, severely correct, and obey to the letter whatever laws and regulations they emitted on the subject. But that done, how could the most anarchic Parliament, or Penny Editor, think of forbidding any fellow-citizen such a manifest improvement on all the human creatures round him? Our wise Hero Aristocrat, or acknowledged king in his own territory, would by no means think of employing his superlative private Field-regiment in levy of war against the most anarchic Parliament: on the contrary, might and would loyally but help said Parliament in warring down much anarchy worse than its own, and so gain steadily new favour from it. From it, and from all men and gods! And would have silently the consciousness, too, that with every new Disciplined Man, he was widening the arena of *Anti-Anarchy*, of God-appointed Order in this world and Nation, — and was looking forward to a day, very distant probably, but certain as Fate.

For I suppose it would in no moment be doubtful to him That, between Anarchy and Anti-ditto, it would have to come to sheer fight at last; and that nothing short of duel to the death could ever void that great quarrel. And he would have his hopes, his assurances, as to how the victory would lie. For everywhere in this universe, and in every nation that is not divorced from it and in the act of perishing forever, Anti-Anarchy is silently on the increase, at all moments: Anarchy, not, but contrariwise; having the whole universe for ever set against it; pushing it slowly at all moments towards suicide and annihilation. To Anarchy, however million-headed, there is no victory possible. Patience, silence, diligence, ye chosen of the world! Slowly or fast in the course of time you will grow to a minority that can actually step forth (sword not yet drawn, but sword ready to be drawn), and say "Here are we, Sirs; we also are minded to vote, — to all lengths, as you may perceive. A company of poor men (as friend Oliver termed us) who will spend all our blood, if needful!" What are Beales and his 50,000 roughs against such; what are the noisiest anarchic Parliaments, in majority of a million to one, against such? Stubble against fire. Fear, not, my friend; the issue is very certain when it comes so far as this!

Sir Henry Bulwer is engaged on a work containing his reminiscences of the diplomatic world with which he was long connected. Prince Talleyrand and Lord Palmerston will figure largely in this book.

Years ago "The Living Age" contained an article on this book,—with some choice extracts. Meeting it now coming in a round-about way through the "London Examiner," we submit the subject to our philological readers.

## ENGLISH FOR THE PORTUGUESE.

A writer in the *Round Table*, a very well-conducted weekly review, which has by this time firmly established itself at New York, has been dipping for himself into a most amusing book, published at Paris several years ago, wherein Senhores José da Fonseca and Pedro Carolino teach the youth of Brazil and Portugal how to speak English conversationally. The book is entitled *O Novo Guia da Conversação em Portuguez e Inglez*. This is the account given of it in the *Round Table*.

Every word seems to have been translated separately, and left to stand by itself with the slightest possible relation to the context. Wherever the Portuguese is susceptible of more than one meaning, the translators show an unerring instinct for the wrong one. The English language seems to have been shaken up in their minds as dice are shaken in a box, and so tossed out helter-skelter on paper. It is curious and instructive to trace the processes through which this laborious mis-translation is evolved. Take, for instance, the proverb "Pouco o passaro faz seu ninho." The worthy translator turns to his dictionary, finds "pouco" in one of its senses to mean "few," and so favours us with the "familiar idiotism," "Few, few [*sic*] the bird make her nest." "Such master, such valet," as a concise version of "Tal amo, tal criado," must have seemed to the Portuguese mind a very triumph of translation. It is harder to understand how, in rendering "Mais vale um passaro na mao, que cem voando," MM. da Fonseca and Carolino could have so widely shunned the almost palpable English equivalent, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Perhaps a desire to be unusually elegant or idiomatic lured them into the labyrinths of the language to discover that "A take is better than two you shall have." The same fatal ambition is, doubtless, answerable for such surprising combinations as "The wise understand to half-word," for "A bom intendedor poucas palavras bastao:" "To promise gold" mounts, for "Prometter montes de oro;" "Which not risk nothing has any thing," for "Quem nada arrisca nem perde, nem ganha;" "It wants not to dispute on passions," for "Sobre a gosto nao há disputa" (*de gustibus*, &c.; "He is not so devil as he is black,"

for "Nao e tao feio como o pinté;" "Who is alike to meet one's," for "Cada ovelha com a sua parelha" ("Birds of a feather," &c.) Still in these versions, ornate as they are, there is still to be found some trace of the meaning of the original; sense is not quite subordinated to elegance. MM. da Fonseca and Carolino, however, can do much better, and in many cases diligent research fails to find in the original the faintest warrant for the extraordinary liberties they have taken with the English language. Who for instance could ever expect to find in the simple adage, "E mais conhecido que cao ruivo" (literally, "He is better known than a yellow dog"), the recondite announcement that "he is more known what Barrabas to the passion?" or by what inconceivable process is it possible to extract from "Agua molle em pedra dura, tanto dá até que fura" ("Continual dropping wears away the stone") the Sybilline utterance, "To force to forge becomes smith?"

By a similar feat of intellectual legerdemain, "Quem se pica alhos come" (literally, "An angry man eats garlic") is transformed into "that which feel one's snotly blow blow one's nose;" and "Meter uma lança em Africa" "probably an equivalent for "carry the war into Africa") becomes "To find the magpie's nest." It will be seen from this that our authors follow for the most part Horace's rule for translation, aiming at the spirit rather than a servile adherence to the letter, or in their own forcible words, "To take a thing to near of the letter;" but in an occasional divergence into Professor Longfellow's manner they are equally felicitous. What, for example, could be a better or more exact rendering of "Come ate mais nao poder," than "he eat untill to can't move!" of "Quem busca acha," than "which looks for find?" or of "Tomar a occasiao pelos cabelos," than "take the occasion for the hairs?" How inferior in force to this latter effort is our English saying, "Take time by the forelock!" There are many amusing evidences throughout the book that the translation was made through the medium of a French dictionary. For example, "Elle pesca em agua turva" is rendered, "He sin in trouble water," the French "pêcher" being easily mistaken for "pécher," though it is afterwards given with a nearer approach to correctness. "He fish into a muddy water;" and again, "Fugir do fogo e cahir nas brazas" ("To jump from the frying-pan into the fire") becomes "to dig of fire and to fall on small coals," from a similar confounding of "fuir"

with "four." The conjunction "que" is a perpetual puzzle to the good Portuguese, being converted indifferently into "than," "as," "who," "which," "what," "that," "but" with a charming innocence of relevancy. "Cao que ladra nao morde" becomes "The dog than bark not bite;" "Elle deve mais dinheiro do que pesa," "He is more in debt but he weigh;" "Mais vale so que mal acompanhado," "It is better be single as a bad company." Errors in the proof contribute their quota to the merits of this charming book. Apparently, the accomplished translators forgot the correct reading between sending their work to press and getting the proof. "He turns as a weath turcoel," "They shurt him the doar in face," are mild instances. MM. da Fonseca and Carolino's "familiar phrases" and "dialogues," "For to wish the good morning, For to dress himself," and the like, are equally good, but space will not permit us to quote as freely as we are tempted to do. We learn, however, from *Dialogue* 43, that if Senhor da Fonseca should ask us, "Do you compose without doubt also some small discourses in English?" it would be the correct thing to answer, "Not yet i don't make that some exercises;" should he continue to enquire if we "speak English alwais?" we shall boldly reply, "Some times; though i flay it yet" (which is entirely credible); whereupon our amiable interlocutor would kindly assure us, "You jest, you does express yourself very well." After their practice in these dialogues, one is not surprised at the proficiency which the translators attain in their longer flights. Their narrative style, as shown in the anecdotes which enliven the volume, is quite equal to their didactic.

Here is an old story so delightfully told as to seem quite new:

"One-eyed was laied against a man which had good eyes that he saw better than him. The party was accepted. I had gain, over said the one eyed; why i see you two eyes, and you not look me who one."

This also is very good, when one unriddles the intricacy of the style, which is somewhat involute:

"A tavern-keeper not had fail to tell the's boys, spoken of these which drank at home since you will understand: 'Those gentleman to sing in chorus, give them the less quality's wine.'"

The anecdotes conclude with a most affecting recital of "a blind:"

LIVING AGE. VOL. VI. 204.

"At the middle of a night very dark, a blind was walking in the streets with a light on the hand and a full jar upon the back. Some one which ran do meet him, and surprised of that light: 'Simple that you are, told him, what serve you this light? The night and the day, are not them the same thing by you? — It is not for me, was answering the blind. that i bring this light, it is to the and that the giddie switch seem to you do not come to run against me, and make to break my jar.'"

This is what MM. da Fonseca and Carolino can do in translation. The preface shows their facility in original English composition 'docti sermones utriusque linguæ.' With this we must conclude, though even now the reader will have but a faint idea of the intense comicality of the book. This is the Preface; it has been quoted before, but will bear repetition:

"A choice of 'familiar dialogues,' clean of gallicisms; and despoiled phrases, it was missing yet to studious portuguese and brasilian Youth: and also to persons of others nations that wish to know the portuguese language. We sought all we may do, to correct that want, composing and devising the present little work in two parts. The first includes a greatest vocabulary proper names by alphabetical order; and the second fourty three 'Dialogues' adapted to the usual precisions of the life. For that reason we did put, with a scrupulous exactness, a great variety own expressions to english and portuguese idioms; without to a teach us selves (as make some others) almost at a literal translation; translation what only will be for to accustom the portuguese pupils, or-foreign, to speak very bad any of the mentioned idioms.

"We were increasing this second edition with a phraseology, in the first place, and some familiar letters, anecdotes, idiotisms, proverbs, and to a second a coin's index

"The 'Works' which we were conferring for this labour, fond use us for nothing; but those what were publishing to Portugal, or out, they were almost all composed for some foreign, or for some national little acquainted in the spirit of both languages. It was resulting from that corlessness to rest these 'Works' fill of imperfections, and anomalies of style; in spite of the infinite typographical faults which sometimes, invert the sense of the periods. It increase not to contain any of those 'Works' the figured pronounciation of the english words, nor the prosodical accent in the portuguese; indispensable object, whom we wish to speak, the english and portuguese languages correctly.

"We expect then, who the little book (for the care what we wrote him, and for her typographical corrections) that may be worth the acceptance of the studious persons, and especially of the Youth, at which we dedicate him particularly."

The last paragraph is a gem.



## SARAH TAYLOR AUSTIN.

THE last survivor of one of those remarkable English families of the middle class, whose intelligence, probity and culture have done so much for literature, art and morals in this country, and most especially during the time of unsettlement and change of the last century. Mrs. Austin, died a few days ago, aged seventy-four, after a long period of decaying health.

She was one of the Taylors of Norwich, a family of Dissenters honourably engaged in commerce. Her mother was a superior woman, whose society was sought by the best and most intellectual men who visited the town, and who gave her children that substantial education to which as basis any amount of accomplishment may be afterwards added. The youngest, perhaps, far exceeded the best, and Sarah Taylor, besides being the youngest, was perhaps the most gently gifted, with great aptitude for languages, considerable power of quickness of observation, a love of literature and a taste for Art. In her youth, and till a late period of life, she was a beautiful, stately woman. She conversed well, rather than brilliantly. It is no wonder, then, that from her youth upwards she was admired, and that, on her marriage in 1820 with Mr. John Austin, a barrister, who afterwards became eminent by his labours in the question of jurisprudence, her house was resorted to by some of the deepest thinkers and most refined men of letters of the time. Hers was a *salon*, after its kind, as peculiar as that of Madame de Staël.

When Mrs. Austin first began to turn her literary talents to account, we are unable to say; but shortly after her marriage she began to be known as a translator of the first class. Hers, indeed, were not so much translations as reproductions in another language of her French and German originals. Few have ever written English more nervously, correctly, and elegantly; few have ever taken such conscientious pains exactly to represent every idiom, every turn of phrase; in short, everything included in the word *style*. Her versions of the travels of the ridiculous Prince Pockler-Muska, — of Dr. Carove's delicious little fairy tale, 'The Story without an End' — her compilation, 'Goethe and his Contemporaries,' — and her translation of Runke's 'History of the Popes,' succeeded each other at brief intervals.

Not long after the first of these was published, Mr. and Mrs. Austin took up their residence in Germany. During this, which lasted for some years, she had more opportunities, probably, of becoming acquainted with phases of society and forms of manners — gentle and simple — than have fallen to the lot of most Englishwomen. This journey was followed by a residence in Paris, which terminated in 1848, the year of trouble, when they returned to England. Mrs. Austin survived her husband for some years.

A contemporary is somewhat in error when speaking of Mrs. Austin as only a translator. That she was a shrewd critic many volumes of this *Journal* could prove, not to speak of more extended contributions to the *Reviews*. During her residence abroad, too, and after her return to England, Mrs. Austin was a frequent contributor to the *Athenæum*, and her travelling letters ("Sketches" is too slight a name for them), and her obituary notices, are among the best things of the kind which have adorned our periodical literature. After Mr. Austin's death, she bent herself to the difficult and grave task of arranging for publication the Lectures on the Principles of Jurisprudence, which his great delicacy of health had prevented him from putting in order. In brief, she was a complete, select and distinguished literary artist, and we can name no woman who can precisely fill the void left by her departure.

From the London Review 17 Aug.

## MR. DISRAELI'S VICTORY.

Now that the battle has been fought, and the cloud of words has somewhat cleared away, we may, perhaps, be better able to see who are the victors. The Tory papers claim the victory for Mr. Disraeli. The Ultra-Liberals are silent. More cynical politicians are inclined to pronounce the latter half of Sir Richard Bulstrode's saying upon the Royalists and Parliamentarians at Edgehill, "*uterque victus*." And the battle has not been unlike that of Edgehill. The Tories have enjoyed the advantage of ground and discipline. The Liberals have been divided and dispirited. Yet it is only Edgehill in appearance, and in the fact that it is the first of the Parliamentary battles between the Liberals and Tories.

In all else it is the Worcester or the Naseby of the Liberal cause. In every way have Liberals defeated their traditional opponents. A year ago, such a victory was despaired by the most earnest Reformers. There is no need to print side by side the Tory Reform Bill, with all its limitations and safeguards as originally proposed by Mr. Disraeli, and the Liberal Reform Bill which has now passed. It is enough to show that, on nearly every single point for which the Liberals contended, Mr. Disraeli has met with overwhelming defeat. Everything that he did the Liberals undid. He made plural votes, and the Liberals unmade them. He manufactured voting-papers, and the Liberals destroyed them. He joined Durham and London Universities, and the Liberals separated them. When he retrograded, the Liberals shoved him forward. For every step he went back, they shoved him on two. Every time he stumbled, they put him firmer on his legs. They not only led him to the waters of Liberalism, but made him drink. When he packed the boundary Commission, they made him unpack it. When he disqualified the compound-householders, they made him qualify them. When he disfranchised the large boroughs, they made him enfranchise them. Is this Mr. Disraeli's victory? because, if so, we gladly admit the defeat of the Liberals. But do men call capitulation victory? because this was Mr. Disraeli's victory. One by one he gave up his fancy-franchises. One by one he handed up his safeguards. Another such Tory victory, and the Liberal cause is for ever safe. Whatever tunes the Liberals chose to pipe, they made Mr. Disraeli dance to. And the Tory papers, in their exultation, now cry out—Didn't he dance well? We cannot even give him this faint praise. He didn't dance, but simply capered on red-hot bricks.

Such is the history of the present Reform Bill. Its owes its existence to Mr. Disraeli's inordinate vanity. He did not mind dancing on red-hot bricks, as long as he could be seen to dance. As Voltaire said of somebody—he would not mind being hung, as long as his name was in the writ. And this is precisely Mr. Disraeli's case. He does not mind what he does as long as his own vanity is gratified. The whole history of his life is summed up in the single word—vanity. He is the same man that he ever has been. *Qualis ab incepto*. Whether we look at him in his early days on the hustings at High Wycombe, or in his maturer age criticising the conduct of the Crimean

war, or still later bringing forward his so-called "Secret Treaty,"—whether we view him as regards the Paper-duty or India,—whether we look at his small party intrigues, or his would-be alliance with the Pope,—we find his policy ever dictated by the same uniform feelings of vanity and selfishness. To do him justice, he has never pretended to any political conscience. With Pertinax Mar-sycophant he would say,—“Conscience! why you are mad! Did you ever hear of conscience in political matters! I have been in Parliament these three-and-thirty years, and never heard the term made use of before. Sir, it is unparliamentary.” The annals of Mr. Disraeli's life are very simple. “Genius,” he somewhere cries, is his motto. *Pescat fortiter* it should be. He has lately succeeding in uniting in his own person two functions which are generally separated. He has played the part both of gambler and “bonnet.” He has gambled with the Liberal party, whilst he played the “bonnet” to the Tory. And his admirers now shout—Isn't he a clever fellow? he has deceived both. This has been Mr. Disraeli's victory. Cunning is now designated policy, and a retreat is called a triumph.

To the credit of such a feat Mr. Disraeli is indeed welcome. Whatever triumph he has gained let him enjoy. He has risen with the occasion. As far as present appearances go, he is the winner. His triumph, if not acknowledged, has been proclaimed. But we venture to say that his triumph is the ruin of the Tory party:—

“A maiden forsaken a new love may get,  
But the neck that's once broken, can never be set.”

Mr. Disraeli has broken the neck of the Tory party. Its intellect has gone one way and its heart another. But the intellect was shallow, whilst the love of the heart was deep. The Tory party can never again be what it was. The Peels, the Herberts, the Cecils, the Thynnes, have spoken the thoughts of the country squires. They hate the man who has led them to their so-called triumph. They have won the victory, but they have lost their honor. Their field of victory they find is a ditch. Instead of defeating the Whigs, they discover that they have helped the demagogues. Instead of strengthening the Crown, they perceive that they have aided democracy. In vain the Tory papers cry out,—“Toryism and Household Suffrage for Ever!” As for the Tory papers,—

"Ils chantent fort, quand ils gagnent la victoire,  
Plus fort encore quand ils sont bien battus,  
Chanter toujours est leur grande vertu ;"

so that we are not surprised at their singing as loud a pœan just now over Mr. Disraeli's victory.

But the question of victory must be looked at from another point of view. As Cromwell and Hampden said after the battle of Edgehill — "We must weed our ranks; we must replace the serving-men and tapsters with true soldiers." And this is still more emphatically true when applied to the Liberals of the House of Commons than to the Parliamentarians at Edgehill. We Liberals must weed out of our ranks the Lowes, Doultons, Elchos, Neates, and Adulmites. They have been the men who have rendered the Liberal victory incomplete. The present battle, as we have said before, is, like Edgehill, only the beginning of the fight. We have still a long and weary campaign before us. There are the great battle-grounds of redistribution of seats, Church-rates, education, and the land question, upon all of which we shall have to fight. And no army, however brave, can hope to win whilst there are traitors in the ranks. So far we have indeed gained the day, and so far we ought to be thankful. Our victory is as great as it is unexpected. We have fought the Reform battle with our ranks disorganized. It will be our own fault if we do so again. Above all, let us beware of resting content. Cæsar's maxim must be ours. We have gained nothing until we have gained all. Personal representation must be next won. The small boroughs — the Dartmouths, Wallingfords, Lymingtons — must either be disfranchised, or, what will be still better, grouped with others. It is intolerable, too, that a single nobleman should, as in the cases of Malton, Stamford, or Malborough, be able to return his own members. Anomalies such as these must be swept away next session. Then, and not till then, will the Liberal Reform victory be complete. Then we shall have representation established upon an intelligible basis. Then we shall have men entering Parliament as representatives of the people, and not as the nominees of some Whig or Tory nobleman. But this cannot be accomplished without much labor and self-denial. A good beginning has, however, this session been made. What is so well begun is certainly more than half won.

To return, however, to Mr. Disraeli and his victory. He has not himself been above the vulgarity of blowing his own praises.

In the House of Commons he has sneered at those Reformers who have borne the heat and burden of the day, whilst at the Mansion House he became his own trumpeter. Few men have the effrontery to proclaim their own disgrace, and to laud a want of principle as virtue. But Mr. Disraeli's maxim is the same as Danton's — "L'audace, l'audace, et encore l'audace." By continual reiteration he hopes to produce an effect. But it is in vain. The public are deaf to either boasts or blandishments. Before now the Tories have gained similar victories for the people; but the people do not thank the Tories for them. Nor will they thank Mr. Disraeli for the present victory. They know to whom it is due — to Gladstone, Bright, Mill, and the Liberal party at large. In the long run, the public are the best judges of a man's career. They know, too, how to apportion their gratitude, and the persecutor of Peel is not likely to be regarded, were he to carry twenty Reform Bills, as a public benefactor.

From the Saturday Review.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S SPANISH PAPERS  
AND MISCELLANIES.\*

WHEN so much tall talk comes over from America, it is always the more pleasant to come across any American writer, old or new, who condescends to write straightforward and unaffected English. Washington Irving, unless he is already forgotten, is an old friend of most English readers, and we are well pleased to meet him again in any shape. One almost wonders whether, if he now appeared for the first time, he would win any popularity. The chief attraction of Irving must always have been the grace and ease of his style, and that grace and ease is as widely removed as may be from the style of either the comic or the sensational writers who are now most in vogue. The highest class of subjects and the highest style of composition were doubtless beyond him, but all that he writes shows the impress of good sense, good taste, and good feeling. The second volume of this collection contains some youthful writings of Irving's — letters written at the age of nineteen to a New York paper edited by

\* *Spanish Papers and other Miscellanies, hitherto Unpublished or Uncollected.* By Washington Irving. Arranged and Edited by Pierre M. Irving. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1866.

his elder brother, and dealing with the most passing and trivial subjects, the theatre, the style of dress, the general manners, of New York at that time. Their intrinsic interest has passed away, but they are valuable as showing how a young man of natural literary talent instinctively wrote at that time. "Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent." clearly had the *Spectator* before his eyes; no such model would be likely to occur to a young gentleman nowadays, when young ladies have been known to decline all acquaintance with Sir Roger de Coverley on the ground that "History is so dry." Of course a young man writing in the character of an old man is not perfectly successful; but the real value of the thing is that a young man writing at New York sixty-five years ago, and bound by the nature of his subject to write something striking and funny, chose or rather instinctively fell into, a style of fun of so quiet a kind. There is not the faintest approaching shadow either of sensation or of the grand style; on the other hand there is nothing of stilted or over-acted sententiousness. The whole thing is the merest trifle, but it is the sort of straw which shows which way the wind blows, and, as such, it is worth preserving.

The title of "Spanish Papers," applied to the larger part of the contents of the first volume, is somewhat deceptive. We at once began to think of researches like those of Mr. Prescott and Mr. Motley; our thoughts at once flew off to Simancas and Mr. Bergenroth. Was Washington Irving, too, doomed to become a posthumous prey to Dr. Doran and the Duke of Manchester? But we have nothing in the world but the so-called "Chronicles" of the conquest of Spain by the Mahometans, and of its reconquest by the Christians. Some portions are reprints, others are selections from what seems to be a vast mass of manuscript of the kind which Irving left behind him. The editor asks his readers to bear in mind that these papers or Chronicles never received the final revision of the author. We are certainly not going to quarrel with them on that score; they are very pleasant reading as they are, and the objections which we have to make to them were not likely to be removed by any further revisions of the author. Irving knew thoroughly well how to tell a story, but he did not care so much as he ought to have cared whether the story which he had to tell was true or false. Now Irving's Spanish Chronicles are tales so pleasantly told that crowds of readers no doubt read them, either accepting them as matter of fact, or altogeth-

er careless whether they are matter of fact or not. But a reader who has the faintest glimmering of criticism in him must instinctively ask, Is this true or false? Is this certain or uncertain? Am I, in short, reading history or romance? And the answer is a rather unpleasant one. He is reading something which is neither legitimate history nor legitimate romance, but which, to speak the plain truth, is romance unfairly putting on the garb of history. Historical romance is another matter; we have always held that historical romance, written according to certain very obvious canons, is not only a perfectly legitimate kind of writing, but may be made a really useful handmaid to history. And even when an historical romance is utterly inaccurate and misleading, still, if people are misled by it, it is very much their own fault. We do not defend the absurdities and contradictions of *Ivanhoe*; still many of them are so outrageous that any one who has a child's or even a passman's knowledge of chronology and history could set them right for himself. No one who can count ought to be led away into thinking that the son of a man who was present at Stanfordsbridge could have been living in the time of Richard the First. Few people, we trust, are so ignorant as to believe that anybody especially Richard the First, was grandson either of William Rufus or of Edward the Confessor. When, however, Irving makes one of his heroes come to a Dominican convent in the ninth century, the mistake is quite as gross, but the general reader is not so likely to be able to set it right. The sum is just as easy to do, but the reader is less likely to have the figures ready to begin the sum. A reader, even an intelligent reader, who is unpractised in historical criticism might easily be led to accept these fascinating stories as the true record of things which actually happened. Such a very slight warning as that with which Irving ended his preface could do no good whatever:—

In the following pages, therefore, the author has ventured to dip more deeply into the enchanted fountains of old Spanish chronicle, than has usually been done by those who, in modern times, have treated of the eventful period of the Conquest; but in so doing, he trusts he will illustrate more fully the character of the people and the times. He has thought proper to throw these records into the form of legends, not claiming for them the authenticity of sober history, yet giving nothing that has not historical foundation. All the facts here contained, however extravagant some of them

may be deemed, will be found in the works of sage and reverend chroniclers of yore, growing side by side with long-acknowledged truths, and might be supported by learned and imposing references in the margin.

Now it certainly was not fair to put forth as history — for, notwithstanding this feeble protest, the unwary would be sure to accept it as history — a mass of stories dressed up by Irving himself out of writers who are themselves essentially legendary. Unlike *Ivanhoe* or any other avowed romance, the thing comes in the shape of history, and there are not the same means at hand to correct it. The chronological confusions of *Ivanhoe* might be set right by the list of Kings of England in the Almanac; but we cannot so easily lay our hands on any critical examination of the map of legends, Christian and Moslem, which pass for the early history of Spain. Irving's Legends and Chronicles are exceedingly pretty to read, but they are just the sort of thing which passes the allowed bounds of avowed fiction, and which at once tends to break down the eternal barrier between truth and falsehood.

How little Irving understood the true nature of historical writing is shown by one of the pieces in the second volume. He there reviews himself. He had published "the Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada, from the MSS. of Fray Antonio Agapida." This chronicler was palpably imaginary; people found it out, and so looked on the book as less worthy of credit than it was. Irving was set to defend himself under the guise of reviewing himself — an odd and, to say the least, dangerous process. His apology is worth extracting; it shows how utterly unable he was to understand the danger, and worse than danger, of trifling with historical truth: —

There is, however, another circumstance, by which Mr. Irving has more seriously impaired the *ex-facie* credibility of his narrative. He has professed to derive his materials from the manuscripts of an ancient Spanish monk, Fray Antonio Agapida, whose historical productions are represented as existing in disjointed fragments, in the archives of the Escorial and other conventual libraries. He often quotes the very words of the venerable friar; particularly when he bursts forth in exaggerated praises of the selfish policy or bigot zeal of Ferdinand; or chants, "with pious exultation, the united triumphs of the cross and the sword." This friar is manifestly a mere fiction — a stalking-horse, from behind which the author launches his satire at the intolerance of that persecuting age, and at the errors, the in-

consistencies, and the self-delusions of the singular medley of warriors, saints, politicians, and adventurers engaged in that holy war. Fray Antonio, however, may be considered as an incarnation of the blind bigotry and zealot extravagance of the "good old orthodox Spanish chroniclers;" and, in fact, his exaggerated sallies of loyalty and religion are taken, almost word for word, from the works of some one or other of the monkish historians. Still, though this fictitious personage has enabled the author to indulge his satirical vein at once more freely and more modestly, and has diffused over his page something of the quaintness of the cloister, and the tint of the country and the period, the use of such machinery has thrown a doubt upon the absolute verity of his history; and it will take some time before the general mass of readers become convinced that the pretended manuscript of Fray Antonio Agapida is, in truth, a faithful digest of actual documents.

To turn to some of the other "Miscellanies." Several of them are sketches of the lives of American naval officers who distinguished themselves in the war with England in Madison's time. Written while the war was still going on, their spirit is just what should be the spirit of a citizen of one of two kindred nations whom circumstances or the errors of their rulers have unhappily made hostile to one another. The justice of the American cause is of course assumed, but there is not a word which any Englishman could resent, not a word unbecoming a generous and unwilling enemy. On the other hand, there is not a word which the most vehement American could have quarrelled with as betraying any lack of patriotic feeling or any notion of truckling to the foe. Full justice is done to the deeds of brave and honourable men on both sides. These papers are, in their way, simply models. One most interesting part of this second volume is the life of Margaret Davidson, a most remarkable American girl, who died in 1838, when she was not yet sixteen. One hears so much of early prodigies that one looks on them with a suspicion verging on dislike. But Margaret Davidson was clearly a wonderful girl, and one cannot help speculating on what she would have been had she lived to become a grown woman. Yet in truth children of this sort seem seldom to come to maturity; such excessive precocity of thought and feeling commonly wears them out in early youth. The memoir of Margaret Davidson was printed in an edition of her writings, but it has never before appeared in company with any of the writings of Irving himself. It will therefore probably be new to most readers. Irving was far more at home in

writing this touching little biography than in reviewing Wheaton's History of the Northmen. The paper on that subject here reprinted is one of that class of reviews which make it plain that the reviewer knew nothing of the subject of the book reviewed except what he learned from the book itself. Irving writes in the most amusingly *ab extra* way about a people who have formed a most important element in our history and in our blood. And yet we are not sure that Irving's state of mind was not more wholesome than the fashion which has produced all the wearisome balderdash about Vikings and what not with which some popular writers have lately sickened us. If he did not know much, he was at least ready to learn. One is inclined to smile at his account of the Scandinavian language. "The ancient language of the North was preserved in Iceland when exiled from its parent countries of Scandinavia." It is odd to speak of the old tongue as being "exiled" from Sweden, Denmark, or Norway, because circumstances led it to be far more extensively modified in those countries than it was in Iceland. We have here, in fact, applied to a sister speech, the old heresy of the Semi-Saxons. The following comment sounds queer enough; it seems so droll to talk in this utterly unconscious way of a closely allied tongue, even if one cannot oneself speak or understand it; and yet the description shows a high state of philological knowledge for 1831, on the part of Wheaton, if not on that of Irving:—

The language in itself appears to have been worthy of this preservation, since we are told that "it bears in its internal structure a strong resemblance to the Latin and Greek, and even to the ancient Persian and Sanscrit, and rivals in copiousness, flexibility, and energy, every modern tongue."

This was something, thirty-six years back, but no one, even thirty-six years back, ought to have written two such passages as the following:—

On the death of Edward the Confessor, King of England, Harold, from his fleetness surnamed *Harefoot*, one of the bravest nobles of the realm, assumed the crown, to the exclusion of Edgar Atheling, the lawful heir.

It may, by the way, be as well to mention that, though neither Harold Harfagra, Harold Hardrada, nor Harold the son of Godwine, was buried at Westminster, yet the real Harold Harefoot certainly was.

At an early hour on the morning of the 14th of October, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, and Bastard brother of the Duke, being the son of his mother Arlette, by a burgher of Falaise, celebrated mass, and gave his benediction to the Norman army. He then put a hauberk under his cassock, mounted a powerful white charger, and led forth a brigade of cavalry; for he was as ready with the spear as with the crossier, and for his fighting and other turbulent propensities, well merited his surname of Odo the Unruly.

Sin it were to belie the Devil, and the mistress of Robert the Devil had a better claim to the benefit of this doctrine than the mistress of Edward the Fourth. Bishop Odo was the lawful son of Arlette by her lawful husband Herlwin of Conteville. We do not remember the name Odo the Unruly, though it may of course occur somewhere, but surely the Bishop was far too scrupulous a canonist to shed any man's blood with the spear, however much he might do in the way of crushing helmets and heads with his mace of iron. It was in fact a pity to reprint this review, which simply, like some later writings nearer home, proves that the possession of a pleasant narrative style does not qualify a man to deal with historical subjects which he has not mastered.

Washington Irving, however, though, like other people, he broke down when he ventured out of his own line, is a writer whose memory America will do well to cherish. He is absolutely free from all the faults which have since overspread American literature in a greater, and English literature in a lesser, degree. Sentiments everywhere generous and kindly, set forth in a style perfectly clear, graceful, and natural, make no small claim to the grateful remembrance of any country, especially of one whose history and literature are still so young as those of the English beyond the Ocean.

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With respect to Mr. Dickens's alleged intention of visiting America on a lecturing tour, the "Flâneur" of the *Morning Star* says that, "objecting to be hampered, for a lengthened period, by business trammels of any kind to anybody, Mr. Dickens has sent Mr. George Dolby, who for some time past has acted as his agent, to America, to investigate the conveniences and practicabilities of the scheme. Mr. Dolby will conclude no arrangement whatever, but will return to England with his report, by which Mr. Dickens's future movements, as regards America, will be governed."

From the Saturday Review.

FOOLISH VIRGINS.

THE heroines of the London season — the fillies, we mean, who have been entered for the great matrimonial stakes, and have been mentioned in the betting — have by this time exchanged the fast pleasures of the town for the rapid pastimes of the country. We do not of course concern ourselves with those poor simple girls who only repeat the lives and morals of old-fashioned English homes, and who are too respectable and too modest to be pointed at as the girls of the season. We speak of the fast sisterhood only. After three months of egregious dissipation they enter duly upon the next stage of their regular yearly alternations. Three months of headlong folly are succeeded by three months of deadly *ennui*. Action and reaction are always equal. The pains and weariness of moral crapulousness arise in nice proportion to the passion of the debauch. It is a dismal hour when we look on the withered leaves of last night's garland. The lovely and unlovely beings who are now living depressed days far from Belgravia and the Row have, it is true, but joyless orgies to look back upon. Their pleasures gave but a pinchbeck joviality after all, were but a thin lacker spread over mercenary cares and heart-aching jealousies — not the jealousies of passion, but the nipping vulgar vexation with which a shop-keeper trembles lest a customer should go to his rival over the way. Still there was excitement — the excitement of outdoing a rival in shamelessness of apparel, in reckless abandonment of manner, in the unblushing tolerance of impudent speech, in all the other elements of ignoble casino-emulation. Above all, there was the tickling excitement of knowing that all this was in some sort clandestine; that ostensibly, and on the surface, things looked as if they were all exhibiting human nature at its stateliest, most dignified, and most refined pitch. The consciousness that the thin surface only conceals some of the worst elements of character in full force and activity must give a pleasantly stinging sensation to an acutely cynical woman. However, this is all over for a time. For a time the half-dressed young Manads of the season will be found clothed and in their right minds. And what sort of a right mind is it? We know the kind of preparation which they have had for the business of the season — for flirting, husband-hunting, waltzing, dress-

ing, so as to escape the regulations of the police, and the rest. For this their training has been perfect. But wise men agree that education should comprehend training for all the parts of life equally — for pleasure not less than for business, for hours of relaxation as well as for hours of strain and pressure, for leisure just as much as for active occupation. Education is supposed to arm us at every point. Nobody in this world was ever perfectly educated. Everybody has at least one side on which he is weak — one quarter where temptations are either not irresistible, or else are not recognised as alluring to what is wrong. But we all know that training, though never perfect, can make the difference between a decently right and happy life and a bad, corrupt half-life or no life. What does training do for the nimble-footed young beauties of the London ball-room? It makes them nimble-footed, we admit. And what else?

The root-idea of the training of girls of the uppermost class in this country is perhaps the most absolutely shameless that ever existed anywhere out of Circassia or Georgia. It puts clean out of the notion that women are rational beings as well as animals, or that they are destined to be the companions of men who are, or ought to be, also something more than animals. It takes the mind into account only as an occasionally useful accident of body. The mind ought to be developed a little, and in such a way as to make the body more piquant and attractive. Like the candle inside a Chinese lantern, it may serve to light up and show to advantage the pretty devices outside. But the outside is the important thing, and the inside only incidentally. Insipidity of mind is perhaps a trifle objectionable, because there are a few young men of property who dislike insipidity, and who therefore might be lost from the toils in consequence. It is a crotchet and an eccentricity in a man to desire a wife with a bright mind, but since there are such persons, it is just as well to pay a slight attention to the mind in odd moments when one is not engaged upon the more urgent business of the body. You don't know what may happen, and it is possible that the most eligible *parti* of a season may dislike the idea of taking a female idiot to wife. Still it would be absurd to change the up-bringing for our girls merely because here and there a man has a distaste for a fool. The majority of men are incapable of gauging power of intellect and fineness of character. But the veriest blockhead and simpleton

who ever lounged in a door-way or lisped in Pall Mall can tell a fine woman when he sees her, and is probably able to find pleasure and hope in the spectacle. It is these blockheads and simpletons who thus set the mode. They fix the standard of fashionable female education. Education, or the astounding modern conception of it, means preparation of girls for the marriage market. If a girl does not get well married, it were better for her and for her mother also if she had never been born, or had been cast with a millstone round her neck into the sea. Whom she marries — whether a man old enough to be her father, whether a pattern of imbecility, whether a man of a notoriously debauched character — this matters not a jot. Only let him have money. This being the conception of marriage, and marriage being the aim of all sagacious up-bringing, as most men unhappily are more surely taken on their animal than on their rational side, it is perfectly natural that you should strive to bring up a worthy family of attractive young animals. And let us pause upon this. If the idea which, even at its best, would be so deplorably imperfect, were rationally carried out, still it would not be so absolutely pestilent and debasing as it is. Physical education, rightly practiced, is a fine and indispensable process in right living. If the system had for its end the rearing of really robust and healthy creatures, it would mean something. On the contrary, however, anybody who makes a tour through fashionable rooms in the season may see that, in a vast quantity of cases, the heroines of the night are just as sorrowfully off in bodily stamina as they are for intellectual ideas and interests. Here we again encounter the fundamental blunder, that it is only the outside about which we need concern ourselves. Let a woman be well dressed (or judiciously undressed), have bright eyes, a whitish skin, rounded outlines, and that suffices. All this a wise English mother will secure, just as a wise Chinese woman will take care to have tiny feet, plucked eyebrows, and black fingernails. If you go into a nursery you will see the process already at work. The little girl, who would fain exercise her young limbs by manifold rude sprawlings and rushings hither and thither, and single combats with her brethren, is tricked out in ribbons and gay frocks, and bid sit still in solemn decorum. With every year of her growth this principle of attention to outside trickeries and fineries is more rigidly pursued. Less and less every year are the nerves and the

muscles, the restless activities of arms and legs, exercised and made to purvey new vigour to the life. The blood is allowed to grow stagnant. The life of the woman, even as mere animal, becomes poor and morbid and artificial. By dint of much attention and many devices, the outside of the body is maintained comely in the eyes of people whose notions of comeliness are thoroughly artificial and sophisticated. But how can there be any health with high eating, little exercise, above all with the mind left absolutely vacant of all interests? The Belgravian mother does not even understand the miserable trade she has chosen. She is as poor a physical trainer as she is poor morally and intellectually.

The truth is that in a human being, even from the physical point of view, it is rather a dangerous thing to ignore the intellect and the emotions. Nature resents being ignored. If you do not cultivate her, she will assuredly avenge herself. If you do not get wheat out of your piece of ground, she will abundantly give you tares. And there can be no other rule expressly invented for the benefit of fashionable young women. Their moral nature, if nobody ever taught them to keep an eager eye upon it, is soon overgrown, either with flaunting poison plants, or at best with dull grey moss. The parent dreams that the daughter's mind is all swept and garnished. Lo, there are seven or any other number of devils that have entered in and taken possession, more or less permanent. The human creature who has never been taught to take an interest in what is right and wholesome will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, take an interest in what is wrong and unwholesome. You cannot keep minds in a state of vacuum. A girl, like anybody else, will obey the bent of the character which has been given either by the education of design or the more usual education of mere accidental experience. Everything depends, in the ordinary course of things, upon the general view of the aims and objects of life which you succeed, deliberately or by hazard, in creating. A girl is not taught that marriage has grave moral and rational purposes, itself being no more than a means. On the contrary, it is always figured in her eyes as an end and as an end scarcely at all connected with a moral and rational companionship. It is, she fancies, the gate to some sort of paradise whose mysterious joys are not to be analysed. She forgets that there are no such swift-coming spontaneous paradises in this world, where the future can never be anything more than the child of the present, indelibly



stamped with every feature and line of its parent. This castle-building, however, is harmless. If it does not strengthen, still it does not absolutely impoverish or corrupt, characters. Of some castle-building one cannot say so much. Character is assuredly corrupted by avaricious dreams of marriage as a road to material opulence and luxury. There is, indeed, no end to the depraved broodings which may come to an empty and undirected mind. If the emotions and the intellect are not tended and trained, they will run to an evil and evil-propagating seed. Rooted and incurable frivolity is the best that can come of it; corruption is the worst.

People madly suppose that going to church, or giving an occasional blanket to a sick old woman, will suffice to implant a worthy conception of the aims of life. At this moment, some mothers are perhaps believing that the dull virtue of the country will in a few days redress the balance which had been too much discomposed by the rush and whirl of the town. As if one strong set of silly interests and emotions could be effaced at will by a simple change of scene, without substitution of new interests and emotions. Excess of frivolous excitement is not repaired or undone by excess of mere blankness and nothingness. The dreariness of the virtue of the *villeggiatura* is as noxious as the whirl of the mercenary and little virtuous period of the season. Teach young women from their childhood upwards that marriage is their single career, and it is inevitable that they should look upon every hour which is not spent in promoting this sublime end and aim as so much subtracted from life. Penetrated with unwholesome excitement in one part of their existence, they are penetrated with killing *ennui* in the next. If mothers would only add to their account of marriage as the end of a woman's existence — which may be right or it may not — a definition of marriage as an association with a reasonable and reflective being, they would speedily effect a revolution in the present miserable system. To the business of finding a husband a young lady would then add the not less important business of making herself a rational person, instead of a more or less tastefully decorated doll with a passion for a great deal of money. She might awaken to the fact, which would at first startle her very much no doubt, there is a great portion of a universe outside her own circle and her own mind. This simple discovery would of itself effect a revolution that might transform her from being an insipid idiot

into a tolerably rational being. As it is the universe to her is only a collection of rich bachelors in search of wives, and of odious rivals who are contending with her for one or more of these too wary prizes. All high social aims, fine broad humanizing ways of surveying life, are unknown to her, or else appear in her eyes as the worship of Mumbo Jumbo appears in the eyes of the philosopher. She thinks of nothing except her private affairs. She is indifferent to politics, to literature — in a word, to anything that requires thought. She reads novels of a kind, because novels are all about love, and love had once something to do with marriage, her own peculiar and absorbing business. Beyond this her mind does not stir. Any more positively gross state one cannot imagine. There are women who are by accident more degraded physically. *Mutatis mutandis*, there are none more degraded, morally and intellectually, than those whose minds are constantly bent upon marriage at all cost, and with anybody, however decrepit, however silly, and however evil, who can make a settlement.

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From the Spectator 17 Aug.

#### A SPECULATION FOR THE CITY.

THE City is choking in its own fat. The two great national Banks, of France and England, which for many purposes form but one establishment, have sixty millions sterling in specie in their vaults; brokers are offering money at  $1\frac{1}{4}$  per cent, Joint Stock Companies look at depositors as if it were a favor to take their cash, and the most cautious Company in London is investing a few hundred thousands of useless treasure in Consols at 94. Nobody will for the moment invest in anything except the public funds, which Napoleon could send down five per cent. in a day. The Russian Government offers seven per cent. for a trumpety loan and cannot get it; railway debentures cannot be renewed; and promoters, sighing and seedy, confess that even for them money may be too cheap. The India House alone enters the market cheerfully, and with a deficit of something like in its accounts two millions, its barracks paid for by loan, and Mr. Massey as Chancellor of the Exchequer, "places" as much railway stock as it likes at  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., being a half per cent below its normal rate. Of course this plethora cannot last, and cool observers are already trying to guess in which direction

the cup will ultimately overflow. Will the public once more lend millions to new States, or pay for breech-loaders, or provide funds to set the railways free till the next great crisis, or believe in new trades, or invest in the East, or strike out some entirely new plan of sweating its fat down to more endurable limits? We know, of course, no more than the rest of the world, though we have a suspicion that railways *within* great cities may be the excuse for the next mania, but one point is, we fancy, almost certain. The money will not go where it would do most good, namely, to Ireland. That an Irish speculation is a bad speculation, be it railway, canal, fishery, or line of steamers, is a fixed idea with the British city mind, and not without some *primâ facie* justification. Bad as is the position of the English Railways, that of the Irish is still worse, so bad, indeed, that perhaps the first great demand upon the reservoir now so rapidly filling may be for a State loan to buy the Irish Railways. Yet it is not without regret that we acknowledge the disfavor into which every Irish project has fallen, for there is one application of money in Ireland which might, we conceive, succeed, and which if it did succeed would do more for the empire than all the Coercion Bills we have ever passed.

Suppose the British public, in despair at the want of an outlet for its accumulations, buys Ireland, and sells it again to the Irish at a profit. That looks a very startling, and in its epigrammatic form possibly a very absurd proposal, but it has been very gravely debated in the House of Commons, is the plan towards which opinion slowly gravitates, and is, we are persuaded, the only peaceful solution of the great Irish land difficulty. It is quite certain that, sooner or later, and probably very soon, we must make some grand effort to settle the Irish question, that is, after the Establishment is swept away, to grant the people the one privilege without which they will never be contented subjects, that of possessing their farms on a permanent instead of a terminable tenure. If Ireland stood alone the difficulty would be settled violently as in France, by confiscation under some pretext or another; but as Ireland is not alone, the same end must ultimately be attained by measures which will include full compensation. Either tenancy at will must be made tenancy for ever, with compensation to the landlord for the loss of his chances in the future, or the landlord's rights must be bought out, and resold to the cultivators of the soil. The former plan would, we believe, be the better, as su-

periorities would be cheap, and we know from the example of Bengal that under a perpetual settlement a quit-rent soon becomes a hardly appreciable burden, little more felt than the existing tithe. It is open, however, to the objection that the levying of the quit-rent, if done by the State — and it could only be done by the State, which would have to pass, as in Bengal a sunset law quashing all titles if the quit-rent were not paid before the sun went down — would make the State itself the object of a bitter agrarian hostility. That does not happen in the East, but then in the East the quit-rent is a quasi sacred obligation, like the title to an English Ritualist. The second plan is to buy the land altogether and resell it, and a plan for doing this to the extent of a million was submitted to Parliament this session by Mr. O'Beirne, Member for Cashel. It was rejected, but with none of the acrimony usually apparent in Irish discussions, the landlords seeing clearly as men wise in their generation that a guaranty of full compensation is the best thing they can in the uncertainty of their position now obtain, and the proposal sank deep into the minds of men who know that until the land difficulty is settled, until, that is, the instinct of the people and the law of the land are brought into accord, until the Irish belief, "whose is the sweat, his is the soil," and the English belief, "whose is the sword, his is the soil," are in some way reconciled, there will be in Ireland no settled peace. Now is it absolutely certain that this very proposal, which a year or two hence may be forced upon the State, could not be carried out by a company in Ireland without State interference? We incline to think that the prospect is worth inquiry. Clearly, land in the South is obtainable for money, with reasonably secure titles — which might be improved by an extension of the Encumbered Estates' Act — at prices varying from fifteen to twenty-five years purchase. Is it not possible to obtain for that same land, split up into ten-acre and twenty-acre parcels, much larger prices; or, though this is a much inferior plan, to sell such parcels, on perpetual lease, for a quit-rent which would pay an extravagant dividend. Irish members, it is clear from their support of Mr. O'Beirne's motion, think it possible, and though they may be suspected of a latent design to evade the State claim, still analogy is in their favor. Land split into peasant properties often fetches in Belgium fifty years' purchase, and in France and Holland, despite a taxation devised originally to hit the peasantry, forty years. If

the sellers only got thirty they would gain 33 per cent. on their outlay in six months, and this without an hour's risk, for they would not part with their money till they got the land. Moreover, they need not invest any very enormous sum, for the experiment could be tried with 100,000*l.*, just as well as with the million asked for from Parliament. Of course if they succeeded, landlords in difficulties would begin to try the plan for themselves, but then that is exactly the thing required; the land is sold, and through whom matters to the nation very little indeed. The point is that a system sales by plots, the system for which an agricultural population everywhere out of England hungers ferociously, would be fairly inaugurated. If the French peasantry had no land they could not be kept quiet a week, any more than the "labourers" of Naples, who are the real support of brigandage; yet, getting the land, French peasants are only too Conservative, witness the Assembly they set up in 1849.

But it may be asked, could the peasants buy? We believe it will be found that in every country where the *petite culture* exists the peasants have always money for one purpose, the control and completion of their own patches of soil. If they have it not, they borrow it, the root of that colossal system of mortgage which frightens economical observers in France and which one day may furnish a tremendous weapon to Napoleon. An offer to pay off all the peasant mortgages by State loans at three per cent. is one he has often hinted his intention to make, and which would bring the whole body of the peasantry back to his side as to their greatest benefactor. But is not the interest of a mortgage equivalent to a rent? Not in the least degree. A mortgaged owner pays, no doubt, a quit-rent under the name of interest, and it may be as heavy as his rent when sitting as mere tenant at will, but as long as he pays it he is owner, is not liable to eviction, cannot lose his "betterments," cares nothing about the squire's application for his vote, can venture to kick the agent if is unendurably impertinent, is, in fact, a freeman, master of himself, his house, and his future. The tenant at will paying the same rent in another form is not master of any of those things, must vote as his landlord bids him, smile when he is reprimanded, go into an agony of subservience when threatened with eviction. He is the servant, not of the squire — and an English squire and an Irish one are different people, if only because the Irishman is not of one race and creed with his tenants, — but of

the squire's agent, whose interest is to make of him a milch cow, a beast of burden, a serf *taillable et corvéable à miséricorde*. Often he is better than his interest, but that is his interest, and one's interest in the long run tells. "I keep the tenants well in hand," says an agent, with a self-satisfied smile; and he does, kindly enough every often, but with the kindness he would show to his horses, who are not hurt *unless* refractory. There are races in the world, odd as it seems to English squires, who object to that position, who will fight against it for generations, who in some cases, as in Naples, consider that a society which permits such a system is to be warred on unscrupulously, and among those races is the Irish. They have to be contented somehow, and if they can be contented by commercial enterprise instead of by legislation, so much the better for all parties, and for the State first of all. There is, then, no confiscation in this plan, and no plea for raising that cry, no summons to class warfare, no cause for that talk of "dangerous examples" which for thirty years has saved the Irish Church from its nevertheless inevitable abolition. A private purchaser buys and sells, and if a district is settled in selling, if a discontented peasantry suddenly becomes an ultra-Conservative squirearchy, with a notion like that of French *vignerons* — that an Executive which has to protect grape bunches cannot be too strong — why, that is an additional benefit, which the State is not bound in its disinterestedness to refuse. Is there not spirit enough in the City or the West to try this great experiment?

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Part of an article in the Contemporary Review.

#### HYMNS.

THE charm which hymns exercise over the devout mind is attested by the number of English authors (618 are reckoned), by the multitude of hymns in existence in our language (Sir R. Palmer tells us 6,500 were published by eight authors only), and by the large circulation attained by a few of the chief collections. Of these, that called "Hymns, Ancient and Modern" comes far the first. In the half dozen years that this book has been out, upwards of two million copies have been sold, and the yearly sale is now stated to be about half a million. Its use extends to Canada and South Africa; three large consignments have been made even to the bishop of Orange River; and it has begun to take the place of the New Version in Prayer-Books, one edition

with music being kept expressly for the purpose of being bound uniformly with the Prayer-Book; and "A Selection" is by permission of the editor used in the army, sufficiently thin to go with the Prayer-Book into a knapsack.

The book set forth by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge comes next, "longo sed proximus intervallo." I can gain no accurate estimate of the numbers sold, but the printed list shows its use by some 1,300 churches at home and abroad. Mercer's "Church Psalter and Hymn-Book," which next to the above is the most widely used, and most laboriously and handsomely got up, is said to be used in 1,000 churches, and to have an annual sale of 100,000 copies. Mr. Kemble's book is used in 612 churches. I have no statistics by which to measure the number of churches which use local hymnals, such as the "Salisbury" nor others, as "Chope" "Hymnal Noted," &c., Mr. Hall's "Mitre" book, at one time used in many London churches, Messrs. Routledge's "Penny Hymn-Book," and a cloud of others of less celebrity. I am disposed to put the number of churches in which *some* hymnal is used at between six and seven thousand; this, therefore, leaves still some thousands of churches where there is either no metrical psalmody at all, or where Tate and Brady still reign. These will no doubt diminish in number every year, with the increasing attention which the subject here very cursorily discussed is exciting.

It is interesting to know that in America it is attracting almost as much notice as in England; even dissenters of all classes are engaged in the work of translation from the Latin and German, and at the last general convention of the Church, a committee was appointed for the preparation of an entirely new hymnal, a work which they regard as a progressive, and requiring years for its accomplishment.

Far above the mere literary interest of the subject, however, must be reckoned the undoubted comfort which the devout in all ages have derived, and will surely continue to derive, from sacred hymns.

The manner in which they imprint themselves on the memory, and transmit the sustaining hopes and promises of religion in the midst of the trials, afflictions, and difficulties of this life; the thought of the thousands, ay, millions, of souls, which have passed from habitual delight in hymns below to the paradise of which they spake, and for which they aided, in no small degree, in preparing them, must not only prove to us the value of our own hymnals,

but make us largely tolerant of the uncouth expressions, the faulty poetry, the overstrained language, the prosaic dulness, which we have full right to reject from our own use.

The Moravian preface remarks with simple truth of certain compositions which could not be much commended, "Even these little hymns have got their lovers, who would be sorry to lose them all at once:" the words may apply to many in our own books, the poetic excellence of which is small.

Moreover, next to the Liturgies, hallowed by the unbroken use of many generations, we seem by means of hymns to approximate most nearly in spirit to communion with all that are departed in the faith of Christ.

It is no small thing to know that they were sung by St. Hilary, St. Ambrose, St. Isidore, St. Bernard, St. Ephrem the Syrian monk, Prudentius, or venerable Bede; that popes, emperors, kings, queens, princes and princesses, cardinals and bishops, the politician, the soldier, the jurist, the burgomaster, have contributed their devout strains for our edification and comfort; that this hymn supported the faith of a martyr, and this the sinking spirit of a missionary; and constantly to observe that the last faintly-murmured words of statesmen, physicians, and theologians were drawn from simple hymns. Long after the hand which traced them has been cold in death, we find fragments of hymns hidden away among the treasured secrets of a loved parent, sister, or child; we retain, indelibly fixed on our mind, the accents in which favorite hymns were recited by voices hushed in this world for ever. Every parish priest, too, knows how the imagination of the poor and illiterate fastens upon hymns, and draws from them, in a well-nigh supernatural manner, spiritual food which is dimly perceptible to any but themselves. The concentration of all these powerful associations upon hymnology invests the humblest and most unpolished hymn-book with a "little coronet" of sanctity; somewhere within its pages it is certain to contain the key-note to the heart of him who opens it even at random.

Thus they who pride themselves on refinement of language, strict orthodoxy, and freedom from extravagances, may learn that "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things of the mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things which are, that no flesh should glory in His Presence."

CHARLES B. PEARSON.

From the Saturday Review.

LIFE.

THE secret of Punch's popularity — we mean the Punch of our streets — lies, we believe, in the unquenchable vitality of the hero; his irrepressible, indomitable life. Foreigners complain of the moral. Merit, it must be owned, does not triumph, but, on the other hand, life is seen controlling adverse circumstances, and in all the nobility of never giving in. Life, as here personified, in full play, meeting all emergencies, rallying after every blow, and rising to every occasion, is, in fact, wherever seen, the idol of mankind. What is any quality without freshness, and what is freshness but life? It matters little what else a man is — so far as making a hero of him goes — if he has this; and nobody is truly hateful to his fellowmen who possesses it in an exceptional degree. For life in its very nature simulates a virtue. It seeks and welcomes life in others; it loves companionship, diffuses its own element, cheers and invigorates in spite of itself; it elates, strengthens, warms, by its mere presence. People who possess it are benefactors without meaning it — that is, without trouble or care. The person who is the life of a family or a circle need be no better than his neighbours, no more self-denying, no more generous; he has simply to expand, show himself, give play to the exuberance of his nature, and his coming is a festival, his going casts a shadow. His other gifts, taken separately, are not perhaps in excess of those about him. There are those of whom one might say —

There were wit in this head an' 'twould out, and so there is, but it lies coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking.

But his spark is always first alight. Most persons have known occasions when society draws them out, makes them feel a conscious brightness; these people stimulate themselves and us too. We are not speaking mystically of the rich full life of which the transcendentalists talk so much, but of that impulse of conjoint thought and motion which makes a man present, a part of the scene wherever he is; which inspires a sense of enjoyment in mere living, which makes him ready for every new conjuncture, and prompts to vigorous action whenever it is called for.

It is no merit in one of these finely-en-

dowed persons to be natural, for he lives in an exuberance which is always craving for expression; but in fact it is an immunity of this constitution that it cannot be affected. Life dispels affectation by the virtue of its presence. All affectation is something superadded; and this foreign element in man only develops itself when the inherent natural life flags, and languor sets in. The mere contact of a vigorous life has its beneficial contagion, warding off pretence. Hence somebody has said that people are never affected before one o'clock in the day, their own unaided stock of vitality lasting them till then. Another felicity of this heroic amount of vital force lies in its carrying those who are endowed with it through the heaviest trials without utter loss. They come out still themselves, not the wrecks and ruins to which calamity reduces weaker spirits. Not that they are less acutely sensitive to sorrow than others; the time of trouble finds them open to all its phases, and tasting all its bitterness, but they never lose their identity in it; and as circumstances open to them new objects, new fields of action, or the return to old ones, they are ready to take their part. The present, to them, is still their sphere. As they have never been dreamers or castle-builders for their pleasure, so now they neither brood over the past, nor feel it incumbent on them to seem to do so. In a woman, this consciousness of being still herself will often interfere with the fulfilment of certain conventional requirements of sentiment. If, for example, she loses her husband, she will not, whatever her sense of loss, permanently conform herself to the model set up by romance. She will not acquiesce in the semi-death that is expected of her, and that does, in fact, overshadow certain feminine natures through a life-long widowhood; typified in them by mourning-weeds never laid aside. A sense of vigorous life cannot tolerate this shroud beyond a given term. She must assume some symbol of cheerfulness in garb and surroundings; some freshness, brightness, finish, or grace that shall assimilate her while she lives with living spirit in her and around her.

When not duly held in check, it must be owned that this fullness of life is apt to lead to an interference and meddling with other people's affairs, or with affairs not strictly within its province. This is its weak side. There belongs to it a tingling to be doing, a notion of a call to undertake other people's work, which now and then is a worry and vexation to less vivacious spirits. Never-

theless every society is in the long run the better for the presence of one of those genial busybodies whose time is always in advance of other folks. They are the people who effect small improvements that nobody wanted at the time, and that nobody would undo when once they have got used to them. Vitality, in fact, involves a sort of leadership, but it is a different thing from the rule of a strong will. There is a fascination in life; in its presence we find ourselves, as it were, in a vortex. Nobody can really resist or stand against a vivacious nature in close contact with his own. Allied to good temper it is charmingly irresistible; but even without this, it carries its own claim on the face of it, and makes tyranny itself more tolerable. Sometimes, however, through mere failure of perception, it becomes an engine of terrible persecution. In their own energy natures of this sort are apt to understand very little of other people's weakness, so that one may say that this abounding life is incapacitated for certain offices of charity. They have, for example, tenderness and sympathy for a short fever or a knock-down sorrow; but as for chronic ailments, for diseases of mind and body that show themselves in lingering or capricious forms, they comprehend too little of it all to be trusted. Their instincts are all at fault. No amount even of good-nature can make up for the absence of fellow-feeling and sympathy.

The quality we mean never shows itself in one department only. It is an organization, a spirit pervading the whole man, quickening thought, according to his capacity, but the same time preventing his being merely a thinker, and compelling to action, to society — to benevolence, if that is his bent — to prominence of some sort. The ideal child has this fulness of life — the limbs always in motion, the mind always alert, the spirits and observation always fresh and on the *qui vive*. Life, in fact, is the same thing as youth, and keeps something of the child in man so long as he lives at all. No man of this organization ever feels old. Out of deference to facts, or to maintain a character for good sense, he may put on the manners of his contemporaries, but he has a spring within him that gives the lie to this decorous seeming, and that betrays itself to the observer in spite of him. A man thus happily gifted does not fall into routine habits, which are a way of economizing our physical resources. He is essentially versatile, and can change his interests and transfer his attention at the bidding of events. He does not get wedded to

ways or times or occupations. He is naturally and unconsciously young on all these points, and is careless of the little indulgences that mere students, or mere sportsmen, or mere men of business slip into the way of allowing themselves. He is open to every call and suggestion of the hour, having no counter-force of custom, no weight of precedent, to oppose and resist. Not that this vivacity of nature has any real relation to restlessness — on the contrary, it thoroughly understands how to be, and how to make others, comfortable; only it is circumstance rather than habit that decides it when and how to take its ease. It was a temperament of this sort that the poet characterized as

So loitering, so active, so idle;

Which hath she most need of, a spur or a bridle?  
Thus a greyhound outruns the whole pack in a race,

Yet would rather be hanged than he'd leave a warm place.

It is of the essence of vigorous life to be equal to prompt change, to meet interruption cheerfully, to have the power of making rapid transitions from one subject or employment to another, not from desultoriness or want of grasp or inconstancy of purpose, but from the spring and facility of a more perfect vitality than ordinary.

Though this is a natural gift, it is also certain that some modes of life induce and strengthen, and that others sober and subdue it. It is hardly compatible, we believe, with the student life. Sedentary application is so counter to untrained human nature that it can only be acquired at the expense of a general subjugation of the whole frame, bodily and mental, to habit. Southey at an early age found it horrible to have to renounce his customary routine, and forsake his desk. "I am dragged," he writes while yet a young man, "into a party of pleasure for two days; an hour's hanging would be a luxury to me compared with these detestable schemes." When disturbance becomes terrible, when it is dreadful to a man, as it is to the student, to be put out of his way, he has lost, or he has never possessed, all superabounding life. On the other hand, sailors of all ranks and ages give us a ready-for-anything impression which at least simulates the thing we mean, and which constitutes their charm to landmen. What freshness, what childlike capability of amusement was, for example, represented to our minds the other day by the spectacle of four bronzed, middle-aged, blue-shirted fellows from the *Minotaur* taking a drive of so many miles and back in an open fly!

No seaman could ever have invented the word *bore* — that word expressive, in those who use it habitually and naturally, of a low standard of vital force, and as such filling us with pity and melancholy; though the bored one is possibly supported by that sense of superiority which goes nowadays with caring for few things. For with us affectation takes the line of weariness and of flagging power. We gather from old writers that vivacity used to be the thing simulated.

She tripped and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand.

The reigning toast would run into a drawing-room with an air of delighted expectation. And the obsolete terms for male dandyism — "bloods," "bucks," and so forth — all point to excess of vivacity as having been once the mode.

As few persons have taste enough to manage a truly exuberant life gracefully, it is apt to incur the charge of vulgarity with more or less justice. There is a triumphant vulgarity to be found in all ranks which no doubt owes its success to this quality; indeed no one, whether duchess or washerwoman, cockney or bagman, can be picturesquely, strikingly, dramatically vulgar without it. For a full sense of life saves from self-consciousness, timidity, and a host of inward restraints, and will and must have a field. This exuberance being an excess of health, it has nothing to do with the excitability which burns the candle of life at both ends, and which especially belongs to poets. De Quincey speaks of the self-consuming fire that burnt up the life of Wordsworth and his sister. They lived faster than other people; and he was taken for sixty before he was forty. The eager spirit had wrought within him —

Those shocks and passions to prepare  
That kill the bloom before its time,  
And blanch without the owner's crime  
The most resplendent hair.

This is so little the case with the healthy vitality of which we speak, and which is conspicuous in all great men whose genius lies in action and in commerce with mankind, that the most remarkable instance of this vigour that the world has lately seen kept its owner sprightly and juvenile till far past the ordinary age of man. But this vivacity of life does not necessarily imply longevity, just as a man may exist to a hundred without it. It only enables a person to live while he lives, and to enjoy life while he has it. "With the exception of three mortal diseases," writes Sidney Smith, "I am quite well." Life in him would not flag or give in. Madame de Staël shocks our

sense of decorum by giving dinner-parties on her death-bed. When we find Schiller pronouncing her, of all living creatures he ever met, the most vivacious, we understand it better. Death is an idea so alien to persons of this temperament that, though the reason assents to it as a fact, it cannot overshadow their minds. The victims of bile, indigestion, and all such lowering, depressing influences may live to old age in spite of them, but they must still be afflicted by fears and imaginations suggestive of decay and extinction, all their faults and sins being doubled and blackened in men's eyes by the mere misfortune of a sullen temperament. Charles Lamb was peculiarly susceptible of the charm of vitality and the repulsiveness of the morbid temper. He pleads, in favor of the old comedies, for a world apart from morals, where vigour and life, in which the *dramatis personæ* of these productions are so pre-eminent, shall stand instead of merit; in fact, be virtue for the time being. And he draws a picture of saturnine Hazlitt which makes bile a vice, and shows to what excesses a dry and scanty vitality can reach. "I took him," he writes, "to see a very pretty girl, where there were two young girls; the head and sum of the girlyery was two young girls; they neither laughed nor sneered nor giggled nor whispered, but they were young girls; and he sat and frowned blacker and blacker, indignant that there should be such things as youth and beauty, till he tore me away before supper in perfect misery, and owned he could not bear young girls, they drove him mad." It is notable of Hazlitt, as the opposite of the airy temperament we have dwelt upon, that he boasted never to have changed a single opinion. A fulness of life, on the contrary, leads to variation, modification, and advance. Not to change with time and events means to stagnate, to brood, to feed upon oneself, and in fact disqualifies a man for active usefulness. An energetic vitality adapts man to the state of things in which he must live, and so of all things — even more than pure intellect itself — is the way to success. If we wonder, as we so often have to do, why the gifted man is left behind in the race, and the fellow he used to beat with ease is miles before him, we shall usually find that life has carried it over mere brains; and so it must, if we consider that it, of all things, has most hold over the present. Very few men, says Swift, live in the present; most people are providing to live another time. An energetic life is a constant sense of the *now*, and a faculty of making the most of it.

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LADIES' LUGGAGE; OR, HARD LINES  
BY A BRUTE.

How happy is the single life  
Of all the priests and monks!  
Not one of whom has got a wife  
To bother him with trunks  
And handboxes, a load too great  
For man or horse to bear,  
Which railways charge for over-weight,  
And cabs ask double fare.

Fell care, as when your bride you post,  
Distracts your anxious mind,  
Lest this portmanteau should be lost,  
Or that be left behind;  
Her baggage as you travel down  
Life's hill weighs more and more,  
And still, as balder grows your crown,  
Becomes a greater bore.

Outstretched by fashion vile and vain,  
Hoops, petticoats, and vests,  
Now British females to contain  
Require no end of chests;  
To which bags, baskets, bundles add,  
Too numerous to name,  
Enough to drive a poor man mad,  
A Job with rage inflame.

The cab keeps swaying o'er your head,  
With baggage piled above,  
Of overturn you ride in dread,  
With her whom you should love;  
Then you the station when you gain,  
Must see the lumber stowed,  
And fears about it in the train  
Your heart and soul corrode.

Thus does your wife each journey spoil  
Of yours that she partakes;  
Thus keeps you on the fret and broil,  
Your peace and comfort breaks,  
With all these boxes all her things,  
(How many!) to inclose,  
The fair encumbrance on you brings  
A wagon-load of woes.

— *Punch*.

## THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

By the lengthening twilight hours;  
By the chill and fragrant showers;  
By the flowerets pale and faded;  
By the leaves with russet shaded;  
By the gray and clouded morn;  
By the drooping ears of corn;  
By the meadows, overspread  
With the spider's wavy thread;  
By the soft and shadowy sky;  
By the thousand tears that lie  
Every weeping bough beneath —  
Summer, we perceive thy death!

## LITERARY COINCIDENCE.

IN M. Charles Baudelaire's "Fleurs du Mal," ed. 1861, I find a poem called "Le Guignon," (No. xi. p. 30). I will quote the whole of it, and then offer a suggestion on the sources of M. Baudelaire's ideas:—

Pour soulever un poids si lourd,  
Sisyphé, il faudrait ton courage!  
Bien qu'on ait du cœur à l'ouvrage,  
L'Art est long et le Temps est court.

Loin des sépultures célèbres,  
Vers un cimetière isolé,  
Mon cœur, comme un tambour voilé,  
Va battant des marches funèbres.

Maint joyau dort enseveli  
Dans les ténèbres et l'oubli,  
Bien loin des pioches et des sondes:

Mainte fleur épanche à regret  
Son parfum doux comme un secret  
Dans les solitudes profondes.

In connection with the first two stanzas of this sonnet, I will remark that Longfellow has written,—

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though strong and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

The last two stanzas suggest the still more familiar lines,—

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

The appropriation is all the more surprising because M. Baudelaire stands so little in need of borrowed thoughts. J. B. F.

— *Athenæum*.

## "TWINKLE, TWINKLE LITTLE STAR"

If you think the error sufficiently important to notice in your pages, you will, perhaps insert the following correction. In a volume of "Verses and Translations," by C. S. Calvery, published by Bell & Daldy, 1862, at page 24, appear the following lines:—

Ere the moon the East has crimsoned,  
When the stars are trembling there,  
As they did in Watts's hymns, and  
Made him wonder what they were.

Twinkle, twinkle little star,  
How I wonder what you are.

was written by Ann and Jane Taylor of Ongar. There is a charm in its beautiful simplicity which will preserve it as a children's hymn when the "bears and lions" of Dr. Watts are buried and forgotten. JOHN W. FORD.

From the *Christian Remembrancer*.

1. *On the Folk Lore of the Northern Counties of England, and the Borders.* By WILLIAM HENDERSON; with an Appendix on *Household Stories.* By SABINE BARING GOULD. Longmans, 1866.
2. *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages.* By SABINE BARING GOULD, M. A. Rivingtons, 1866.
3. *Lancashire Folk Lore.* Compiled and Edited by JOHN HARLAND, F.S.A.; T. T. Wilkinson, F.R.A.S. Warne and Co., 1867.
4. *Popular Romances of the West of England, or the Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall.* Collected and Edited by ROBERT HUNT. 2 vols. Hotten 1865.
5. *A Manual of Mythology.* By the Rev. GEORGE W. COX. Longmans.

FOLK LORE is a modern word, telling in its very construction of the period of its formation. We feel as sure that it belongs to the stratum of the Teutonic Archaism as we do that 'Popular Superstition' is of the Latin Deposit. Even the former, in comparison with that of its lengthy synonym, is a proof of the different estimation it has attained. The monosyllables give dignity, the polysyllables cast a slur. *Folk*, as connected with the great conquering Volken, are ancient and honourable; but *popular*, and *vulgar*, albeit from the same root, have both deteriorated in significance in their transit through Latin. Lore infers something to be *learned* and sought out; superstition is the excess of belief, and implies that it ought to be discarded and forgotten.

In effect the beliefs and customs that fell under the stigma of superstition were driven to such remote corners under that opprobrious title, that now that they have become *lore*, and scholars and philologists perceive their value, contempt for them has become so current that their repositories among the peasantry are ashamed of them, and it requires no small amount of address to enable an educated person to extract an account of them, more especially since, strange and interesting as they may be to the antiquary, many are far more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Parson, doctor, and schoolmaster, must blame and condemn them in practice, even though the next generation will lose much that is racy and amusing.

On the whole we believe that the old nurse's fable is more in vogue than it has

been at any other age of the world. Strong-minded men seem as a rule to have always despised mere portents and auguries, and only to have accepted the fables that accounted for natural phenomena, because no other solution had been discovered. And the religion of truth always waged war against them. A true Israelite under the old dispensation was taught to be as free from all superstition as a Christian of the present day; and from Moses on to the later books of the Old Testament, there is a continual denunciation of the various magic practices that were caught from the heathens. The early Christian teachers in like manner forbade all varieties of divination, and modes of securing good luck, on the same principle, i.e., that the Second Commandment is infringed by trust in whatever is not of God; and in the interesting work at the head of our paper, Mr. Henderson has brought together many quotations showing the constant testimony of the Fathers and earlier ecclesiastics against such practices. He collects many such denunciations throughout the Middle Ages, and adds that apparently the Reformation, by diminishing popular reliance on Saints and Angels, absolutely caused the balance to swing back towards the old remnants of heathenism; so that instead of the fairies and elves being, as merry Bishop Corbett says, 'all of the old profession,' they would rather have lifted their heads when relieved from the censure of the Church. This is possible, but it may also be that our greater evidence of popular credulity may be caused by the more prominent relief into which a lower grade of persons were raised by the greater fulness of history, and by their own increasing importance.

However, there has been, and very rightly, a universal endeavour for at least two centuries, to argue away, laugh down and eradicate all such superstitions, until they have almost perished from the surface, and only remain niched in a few credulous and ignorant minds in remote places, now and then coming into full light, chiefly in some case of obtaining money on false pretences, or of savage revenge on some supposed witch. And when practical and mischievous faith in these superstitions has passed away, it has become the part of scholars to collect them and compare them as valuable and instructive remnants of ancient beliefs. Such researches in able hands have led to very important conclusions, and it is highly desirable that every indication of popular belief should at once be noticed down, just as a specimen in natural history in a

new place is recorded not so much for its own sake as for its connexion with its congeners.

Folk Lore is a very vague term. It includes all that traditional mass of tales, sayings, beliefs, customs, observances, and auguries that are, or recently were, afloat among the people, accepted and acted upon by the lower orders, and more or less even by the upper classes. In these there is a certain amount of simple truth. Some are remnants of Church customs now disused, and some are relics of old Teuton heathenism. Often, we believe that superstition is the vulgarising of Reverence. Awe, devoid of actual fear, is incomprehensible to the rude and coarse, and when the vulgar see certain things, places, or persons treated with distant respect, they immediately conclude that some dire material effect is apprehended from a contrary course. Thus the poor women keep their children quiet in church by appalling threats of what the parson will do to them; and the legend of Queen Elizabeth's maid of honour who died of the prick of a needle on Sunday has no doubt done much to produce the Englishwoman's horror of touching that implement; though the tales of the Evangelical Lutheran, Madame Nathusius, represent the pattern German girl as regarding fancy work as part of her Sunday recreation.

The real range of Folk Lore is world-wide; Kaffir, Negro, Maori, continually amaze us with the resemblance of their traditions to our own; but within this mighty circuit there are divisions; and those superstitions which belong to the Indo-European nations are the most easily compared, as well as the most interesting to ourselves; while again we shall find that the most accessible traditions, and those most easy to compare and classify, are those of the countries where the population consists of Teutons or Kelts, in various proportions, with civilization derived from Rome.

Much has been done towards such collections, ever since the brothers Grimm set the example in Germany. Mr. Edgar Taylor introduced their 'Märchen' in England in an elegant selected translation, which, however, coming in the full swing of Edgeworthism, was, we fear, generally regarded as almost too unintellectual for a nursery book. Yet its notes give it a value even above that of the beautiful recent *édition de luxe*, containing all the Märchen. Sir Walter Scott meanwhile was, from taste and instinct, collecting all that Border tradition could afford him, viewing it, however, chiefly as poetic materi-

al. Croker's Irish tales were a most valuable contribution in themselves, and were told so charmingly as to awaken the popular taste and curiosity. Mr. Keightley began to collect and harmonize the old tales and fairy legends of different countries; and though no collector has equalled the pair who deserve to be mythologically celebrated as the Giants Grimm, yet the dwarfs standing on their shoulders begin to see further than even the giants themselves, and collectors and interpreters alike have multiplied within the last few years. Among the interpreters we would mention Professor Müller, Mr. Cox, Mr. S. B. Gould, and Mr. Kelly; among the collectors Mr. Dasent for Norway and Iceland, Mr. Campbell for the Highlands, Mr. Hunt for Cornwall, Mr. Hadland and Mr. Wilkinson for Lancashire, Mr. Henderson for the counties of Durham and Northumberland, as well as for the Border districts. Here he has been fortunate enough to become possessed of a MS. collection made by a young man named Wilson, at the request of Sir Walter Scott, but which had failed to reach his hands. Add to these the Rev. J. C. Atkinson's contributions to the *Monthly Packet*, of the Folk Lore still fresh among the Danish sprung population of Cleveland—a work which we hope to see complete and published in a full and separate form. We believe that almost any curiosity of Folk Lore, which can be gathered direct from the peasantry, ought to be at once sent with sufficient evidence to some collector of these matters, since there is much yet to be established respecting the geographical distribution (if it may so be called) of certain myths and customs, and much light is thrown on differences of national character by the forms that the same story or belief will assume. No time is to be lost, for even in Cornwall Mr. Hunt tells us that stories he heard and happily recorded thirty-five years ago, have now become extinct.

It must be confessed, however, that researches after English Folk Lore are apt to be disappointing. Our people in the true-blooded Anglian and Saxon Counties, are too busy, too practical, too shy of being laughed at, too sophisticated to dwell much on any tradition that does not connect itself with immediate results. They are not narrators of stories, and care little for battle-fields.

Mr. Henderson, indeed, relates how a Sunday scholar at Durham preferred a lesson from the Book of Joshua to one from Samuel, because of the fighting in it, and then told his teacher that there had been a

great battle fought close to Durham once —

"And where was it fought?" asked the teacher; "At Neville's Cross," answered the lad promptly. "I go there very often of an evening, to see the place, and if you walk nine times round the Cross, and then stoop down and lay your head to the turf, you'll hear the noise of the battle and the clash of the armour." These were the young fellow's exact words. — *Handron*, p. 266.

But Durham was peopled partly by Kelts, and partly by Northmen, and against this young poet may be set the old woman of Berkshire, who with the White Horse and the Dragon's Hill before her eyes, was far from clear whether the battles they commemorated had not been a review, the firing of which she herself had heard. Naseby Field is said to be believed to be haunted with battle noises, but in general we fear that where the spot is remembered at all, it is only as a local lion, attracting strangers and bringing profit.

There is no perspective in the popular mind. Even in the Keltic, and therefore naturally imaginative Cornwall, the terrible Tregagle figures as an unjust attorney of not many generations ago, but falls in with ancient British hermits, and saints; and the saints have the characters and powers of their predecessors the giants, hurl rocks about, and even pelt each other, as did SS. Just and Sennan, whose two rocks met midway in the air, united, and formed one enormous granite mass. All that is before the memory of 'the grandmother of the oldest inhabitant' is in one plane of far antiquity, including King Arthur, Oliver Cromwell, and the French Revolution. Christmas mummers in the South of England always call St. George 'King Geearge.' A village girl who was taken to see Windsor Castle wrote to her mother that 'she had seen the "old King killing the dragon,"' and in Cornwall there is scarcely a tradition about King Arthur himself.

Without cultivation there seems to be an essential vulgarity in the English mind. Witness the deterioration of ballads that have been current among the people in England compared with those that have had the same lot in Scotland. For instance, we will take the mournful ditty where the jealous elder sister drowns the younger. In the Scottish ballad the miller is thus summoned: —

'O father, father, draw your dam,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie!  
There's either a mermaid or milk-white swan,  
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.'

After drawing out the unfortunate lady —

'He made a harp of her breast-bone,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie!  
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone,  
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The strings he framed of her yellow hair,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie!  
Whose notes made sad the listening ear,  
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He brought it to her father's hall,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie!  
And there was the Court assembled all,  
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He laid his harp upon a stone,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie!  
And straight it began to play alone,  
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

O yonder sits my father, the king,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie!  
And yonder sits my mother, the queen,  
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And yonder stands my brother Hugh,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie!  
And by him my William, sweet and true,  
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

But the last tune the harp played then,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie!  
Was, "Woe to my sister, false Helen,"  
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.'

We quote from Mr. Chambers' version, but the wild, weird, ghastly beauty is the same in every Scotch variety, but contrast the poetic grandeur of this poem, every word of which is homely, with the two English versions given in Mr. Hughes's 'Scouring of the White Horse.' The Berkshire runs thus, as to the discovery of the body: —

'O father, O father; here swims a swan,  
Hey down, bow down,  
Very like a drowned gentlewoman,  
And I'll be true to my true love  
If my love be true to me.

The miller he got his pole and hook,  
Hey down, bow down,  
And he fished the fair maid out of the brook,  
And I'll be true to my true love,  
If my love be true to me.

O miller! I'll give thee guineas ten,  
If thou'lt fetch me back to my father again.

The miller, he took her guineas ten,  
And he pushed the fair maid in again.

But the coroner has come, and the justice, too,  
With a hue and cry, and a hullabaloo.

They hanged the miller beside his own gate,  
For drowning the varmer's daughter, Kate.

The sister, she went beyond the seas,  
And died an old maid among black savages.

So, I've ended my tale of the West countree,  
And they calls it the Barkshire tragedee.'

The other version, from the Welsh border, describes minutely how a fiddle was constructed from the poor lady's interior, and reproached all the family — but oh! how unlike the Scottish harp — and ending with the true legal consolation: —

'There sits the crowner, Uncle Joe,  
Which comforteth poor me;  
He'll hold his crowner's quest, I know,  
To get his crowner's fee.'

There is a certain grim humour in both these, and the last almost looks like a conscious travesty of Binnorie; but scarcely any genuine ballad of the English populace is otherwise than grotesquely ridiculous, even when most horrible. The very best always have some painful triviality and absurdity; the 'Children in the Wood' itself is full of paltrinesses; Widdrington and his stumps spoil Chevy Chase, at best greatly inferior to the Scottish Battle of Otterburn, where Douglas's death is marvellously beautiful; and the uniform conclusion of ballads of unhappy lovers is wilful bathos. Denmark, the prolific source of ballads, we believe, invented the regulation termination by which

'The one was buried within the church,  
The other within the choir,  
And out of the one there grew a birch,  
And out of the other a briar.'

Scotland, the country of burying lands in desolated convent churches, touchingly made the two to intertwine, but some practical Englishman caused the sexton to hack them down with his hook because they encumbered the path. Is it that the English nature so revolts in indignation at having been touched, that it immediately makes game of the subject? Or is it that there is absolutely no sense of the ridiculous? Whatever has been orally transmitted, such as the mumming dialogues, carols, May-day songs, &c., have always become hopelessly confused and vulgarised in a manner that, if we may trust collectors, does not befall

the songs and rhymes of Scotland, Denmark, Germany, Brittany, or Italy.

English poetic genius stands as high as that of any other nation, but it would appear as if appreciation of the poetical was, in our own country, confined to the cultivated classes. Abroad, though the demarcation of rank was more defined, yet everywhere but in France there was less dissimilarity of feeling between the gentleman and peasant, than here, where the one might be the more refined, but the other less so. Moreover, learning has probably never been out of reach of an intelligent person in England, since Richard II. refused to grant his nobles' petition that their serfs might be forbidden to learn to read. First monasteries, then grammar and dame schools put book learning within the reach of any one whose mind was active enough to seek for it; and a clever lad, rising into the position of a scholar, left the homely songs of tradition to those who had not the sentiment to mould them, or even the power to preserve them accurately.

Peace and prosperity are also very depopulating elements, since they leave no landmarks in the mind, and on a silent people, much absorbed in present interests, and happily without a notion of long standing family feuds. Traditions are hardly ever handed on — among what we are no longer allowed to call the genuine Anglo Saxons. Celtic or Danish admixtures make a great difference in the tenacity of traditions, and thus all the best and fullest come from our northern and western counties, which often explain otherwise incomprehensible usages and sayings of the south and east.

Folk Lore may be classified as consisting of beliefs in supernatural appearances; of customs, spells and sayings, and of old stories; and each class of these are partly derived from old heathen, partly from Christian usages.

Among these, the most universal and abiding article of popular credence is the appearance of ghosts. This hardly deserves to be termed mere popular superstition, for we verily believe that more thoughtful and cultivated persons would confess that they regarded such phantoms as veritable mysteries, than could now be found to acknowledge any faith in them among the half educated; but as it was among the untaught that the traditions were fostered and preserved, ghosts are classed among vulgar fables.

The question has often been carefully argued, and the result seems to be that there is no impossibility in a certain intercourse

between the departed spirit and persons still living, and therefore that each single instance must rest on its own evidence. The favourite *Reductio ad absurdum* is that, when a ghost is seen in the ordinary dress of the person it represents, the question is asked whether these are the ghosts of the garments? but this seems to us unreasonable. When we think of our friends, they appear before our mind's eye attired as we are used to see them, and thus by whatever means the impression of the presence of the deceased is produced, the memory recalls him as he has appeared in life. There is no doubt that the senses often imagine themselves to have been cognizant of that which has produced an effect on the mind, *e.g.*, though an earthquake is silent in itself, yet from the similarity of the sensations it occasions with those produced by a thunder-storm, it is common to believe that there is a rumbling sound underground; and in the instance of a ship of war lying at anchor off New Zealand, where the concussion resembled the shock of the discharge of cannon, many persons below thought that they heard the report of all the guns fired off at once, while those on deck were convinced that there had been no sound at all. Many supernatural appearances, related in good faith, may thus be accounted for, without the eyes and ears having been concerned. Spirit may communicate with spirit, though no outward figure be pictured on the retina, no vibration meet the tympanum, yet these are so exclusively the media of perception that the mind and memory believe the impression to have been conveyed through them. This must be the case in a dream.

Allowing, however, for much imagination, much imposture and exaggeration, there is a large residuum of apparitions that have never been disproved, and which can only be wondered at. The most frequent and best authenticated of these are the cases in which the wraith or phantom of a person dying or recently dead, manifests itself. Madam de Genlis tells us in her memoirs that she and her only son, a child of three years old, sickened at the same time with the measles, and the child's death was kept a secret from her by her friends, but from the moment he expired till she recovered, she saw him continually hovering over her on the top of the bed, and that she felt no doubt of the true state of the case. Whether this deserves to be called a sick mother's fancy, or whether the lively lady herself be worthy of credit, this is only one of many such stories. A maid servant

in the family of Sir Stamford Raffles was one night sitting alone in the kitchen, when she saw her soldier brother, then in India, pass before her, with a handkerchief that she had given him, round his head. It proved that at this very time, he had, almost with his last breath, desired to have his head bound with his sister's handkerchief. Mr. Henderson has another story to the same effect, on the authority of a clerical friend, who heard it from the aunt who witnessed it. She was about fourteen years old, when, as she was playing with the children of a gentleman living near Ripon, one of them cried, 'Why there is brother—— walking at the bottom of the garden. The whole set of children distinctly recognised the form and features of the brother, who was then in India, and one ran into the house and told her father, who made light of it to her, but noted the day and hour, and these of course corresponded with the time of the young man's death.

We give another instance on the authority of Mrs. Schimmelpennick, whose stern realistic breeding was no school for credulity:—

'I will close these anecdotes with one of a different description. At a distance of sixty or more years, I cannot vouch for the accuracy of my memory in its subordinate details, but of its substantial correctness I am sure, having frequently heard it from Dr. and Mrs. Priestly, and many years after from the medical man, the late Dr. Allsop, of Calne, who was concerned in it; and whom I met in a very different circle of society. While Dr. Priestly occupied the post of librarian to Lord Shelburne, one day Mr. Petty, the precocious and gifted youth whom I have mentioned, sent for Dr. Priestly (Lord Shelburne then being absent, I think, in London). When the doctor entered, Mr. Petty told him he had passed a very restless night, and had been much disturbed by uncomfortable dreams, which he wished to relate to Dr. Priestly, hoping that by so doing, the painful impression would pass away. He then said that he dreamed that he had been very unwell, when suddenly the whole house was in preparation for a journey, he was too ill to sit up, but was carried, lying down, into the carriage: his surprise was extreme on seeing carriage after carriage in almost interminable procession. He was alone, and could not speak, he could only gaze in astonishment. The procession at last wound slowly off. After pursuing the road for many hours toward London, it at last appeared to stop at the door of a church. It was the church at High Wycombe, which is the burial-place of the Shelburne family. It seemed, in Mr. Petty's dream, that he entered, or rather, was carried into the church; he looked back, he saw the procession which

followed him was in black, and that the carriage from which he had been taken bore the resemblance of a hearse. Here the dream ended, and he awoke. Dr. Priestly told him that his dream was the result of a feverish cold, and that the impression would soon pass off. Nevertheless, he thought it better to send for the family medical attendant. The next day, Mr. Petty was much better, on the third day he was completely convalescent, so that the doctor permitted him to leave his room; but as it was in January, and illness was prevalent, he desired him on no account to leave the house, and with that precaution took his leave. Late the next afternoon, the medical man was returning from his other patients; his road lay by the gates of Bowood, and as Lord Shelburne was away, he thought he might as well call to see Mr. Petty, and enforce his directions. What was his surprise, when he had passed the lodge, to see the youth himself without his hat, playfully running to meet him! The doctor was much astonished, as it was bitterly cold, and the ground covered with snow. He rode to Mr. Petty to rebuke him for his imprudence, when suddenly he disappeared, whither, he knew not, but he seemed instantaneously to vanish. The doctor thought it very extraordinary, but that probably the youth had not wished to be found transgressing orders, and he rode on to the house. There he learnt that Mr. Petty had just expired.—*Life of Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck*, pp. 73—74.

Such apparitions as these are quite frequent enough to be regarded as established. The appearance of Protesilaus to Laodamia was probably founded on similar occurrences among the Greeks; and Mr Henderson tells us that St. Macarius the younger of Alexandria, A. D. 373, declares that the spirit 'wanders about the earth for two days after death, at its will.' Without exactly adopting the explanation of the good Saint, we own ourselves inclined to believe that in those kinds of death where a stupor or trance precede actual dissolution, the spirit may be, in a manner, absent from the flesh, and yet not entirely removed to its resting-place; and thus that its own last thoughts and impulses may actually render it present to the persons to whom it is most attached, or whom it last recollected. Thus in the cases above cited, the two dying youths in India evidently flew to their relatives and young Petty, on becoming worse, probably thought of the doctor. We believe a great proportion at least of these apparitions were of persons whose death took place in the manner above mentioned. We have heard of one case where the death was through convulsions, when the struggle is always long and apparently unconscious, and many more in cases of drowning. The

dripping hand which announced the shipwreck of Hugh Miller's father, was perhaps an instance of this kind. And we have heard a curious and to our own knowledge, true story, of the master of a sailing vessel who had promised his favourite aunt to announce his death to her if he were lost at sea. In process of time, he did appear wet and dripping, but strange to say, not to the aunt who had made the tryste, but to his wife. Of course his safety was despaired of, but he at length returned home, and it then appeared that his ship had been lost on the South American coast; he had staid by her to the last, and at the time of his apparition had been brought off so nearly drowned as to be insensible. Surely this would seem as if in his extremity his promise had, as it were, borne away his spirit, and yet that it had flown to the person the most prominent in his thoughts. An apparition almost exactly similar to this is related in a curious old book of the 17th century, called the 'Secrets of the Invisible World Disclosed;' by Andrew Moreton, Esq.; the 4th edition being printed in 1740. His story is as follows:—

'A certain lady of my acquaintance, going out of her chamber into a closet in the adjoining room, saw her husband walking along in the room before her. She immediately comes down in a great surprise, tells the family she had seen her husband, and she was sure it was he; though at the same time she knew her husband (who was the commander of a ship), was at sea, on a voyage to or from the Cape of Virginia.

'The family takes the alarm, and tells her that to be sure her husband was dead, and that she should be sure to set down the day of the month, and the hour of the day, and it was ten thousand to one that she should find that he died that very moment, as near as could be found out.

'About two months after, her husband comes home very well, but had an accident befall him in his voyage, viz., that stepping into the boat or out of the boat, he fell into the sea, and was in danger of being lost, and this they calculated upon to be as near the time as they could judge, that he appeared to his wife.'—*Moreton*, p. 263-4.

Andrew Moreton, Esq., who tells this story as from his personal knowledge, intends throughout his book to argue against apparitions being attributed to the Devil, or being taken to be spirits of the individuals they represent, considering them rather as the work of an intermediate class of spiritual beings, of limited power and knowledge, and some beneficent, some malignant.

He argues stoutly, but most of the stories he adduces rather fail of supporting his theory, which is the greater reason for believing his honesty in the narration. He always gives his grounds for attaching more or less credit to his narration, and mostly tells whether they came to him on the immediate authority of his informant or otherwise. Another story told by him agrees with the hypothesis that it is the communication between spirit and spirit that creates the sense of having seen a phantom. Two brothers residing in London, sons of an old baronet, whom Mr. Moreton indicates as Sir G. H., had long been courting the same lady, and at last quarrelled so desperately about her, as actually to challenge one another to fight a duel. The affair was to come off at five o'clock in the morning, without seconds, as of course none would have undertaken the office for so unnatural a *rencontre*. The younger brother was at the place almost as soon as it was light, and was amazed at finding his rival there already. He drew his sword, and was surprised to see his antagonist coming to meet him with his sword likewise in his hand, but as he came nearer, to his astonishment he found that it was not his brother, but his old father, whom he had believed to be safe at home, sixty miles off, and that the weapon was only the little cane Sir G. was wont to carry.

'Why, how now, Jack?' he said, 'What challenge and draw on your father?' The youth answered by declaring that it had been a cowardly shift in his brother Tom to challenge him, and send his father. 'You would not have done so, Sir, when you were a young man.' The old gentleman answered that it was no time to talk but to fight, adding, 'There are no relations in love'—words which Jack had the day before used in his altercation with his brother—and there-with drawing his sword, he advanced on his son, who, in horror, threw down his sword and scabbard on the ground, crying, 'There, Sir, kill me with it! What do you mean?' And as his father ran upon him, he sprang aside, and seemed about to run away. His father stooped, picked up the sword, and stood still, and Jack, in his bewilderment, walked a good way back towards the town, but finding his father did not follow him, he decided, though weaponless to keep his appointment, went back, but saw no one, and sitting down on the grass, waited for nearly two hours, and when at last he decided on going home, he found his sword lying at the very place where he had dropped it.

'This amused him more,' and he returned to his lodgings, where he was soon sought out by an old family servant, who brought him word that the esquire, as his brother was called in the household, was desirous of hearing whether he had not seen something extraordinary that morning, adding that he would have come himself, had he not been very unwell. Jack further found that his father was ill in bed in his own home, or at least had been so when he had sent the servant to town a few days before. He despatched the man to his brother with the reply, that he had either seen his father or the devil, whereupon the esquire came in haste; they had a complete reconciliation and comparing notes, found that as the elder son approached the place intended for the duel, he, too, had been met by his father, who asked him where he was going? He made some trifling excuse about joining a party who were going to Hampton Court, but his father reddened with anger, stamped with his foot, and declared that he knew the real end to be the murder of his younger son; nor would he listen to any arguments, telling the esquire that he knew Jack to be more earnest and honourably minded to the lady than himself, and had given his consent to his marriage with her, and ended by commanding him to be reconciled to his brother.

The two young men, being thoroughly friends, inquired at their father's usual lodgings and at 'the Black Swan Yard,' where 'his coach always stood,' and found that he was not known to be in town nor expected there. Becoming very uneasy about him, they agreed to ride home together, and inquire after him. They found him alive, recovering from his illness, and much relieved to see them on such good terms, for not only had he long known of their rivalry and ill-feeling about the young lady, but twice he had dreamt in one night that they had actually quarrelled, and were on the point of fighting, but that he had got up at four o'clock in the morning to prevent it. The impression was so strong that he had actually written a letter of warning to the esquire, which arrived at his lodgings a few hours after the two set out for the country.

Of course there is now no opportunity of testing the veracity of this adventure, but it has every appearance of authenticity, and it appears to us that the coincidence proves that there was some communication between the anxious mind of the sick and anxious father at home and his sons—perhaps facilitated by bodily ailment. An al-



most similar story is told in the 'Shepherd's Calendar,' by James Hogg, of two brothers of the name of Beattie. He there says that the circumstances were made public in the lifetime of the younger brother, and never contradicted by him, but he gives the tale in a less credible manner, making the father be brought to the spot in a dream by the witchcraft of the young lady's aunt. To these appearances at the moment of death—or by force of correspondence of mind—belongs that famous story which furnished Crabbe with his poem of Lady Barbara. It is curious to trace the story's development in the two versions given in the 'Diaries of a Lady of Quality,' that collection of contemporary gossip by an intelligent cultivated woman, which cannot be read without a certain degree of interest. In her first version, purporting to be a copy made in 1794, by the Honorable Mrs. Maidland, from the dictation of the Lady Betty Cobb, to whom Lady Beresford had confessed the whole on her death-bed, the story is almost exactly what Crabbe versified. Lord Tyrone and his sister, having been bewildered and distressed by infidel teaching, agree that the first to die should come and inform the other whether there were indeed immortality for the soul.

'And when a spirit, much as spirits might  
I would to thee communicate my light.'

Lord Tyrone dies, and at the same moment appears to his sister, then married to Sir Martin Beresford, and not only satisfies her religious doubts, but predicts the number of her children, her foolish second marriage, and that she would die at forty-seven, after the birth of a son. Moreover, as tokens of the reality of his appearance, he causes the curtains of the bed to be drawn through a hook from the tester, writes in her pocket-book, and grasping her wrist with a hand cold as ice, leaves a burnt mark there that causes her always to wear a velvet ribbon. Of course all turned out as predicted. After her first husband's death, she lived a very retired life, only associating with the family of the clergyman of the parish, and Crabbe has most delicately and ingeniously marked out the train of persuasions which led her into marrying this clergyman's son, who behaved very ill to her. She was favourably recovering from the birth of the son who was to be fatal to her, when her father-in-law jestingly told her that he had settled an old dispute as to her real age, by consulting her baptismal register and that he found she was for-

ty-seven instead of forty-eight! 'You have signed my death-warrant,' she said, and the next day, sending for him and Lady Betty Cobb, she told them the real story of her life, and on removing the ribbon, the sinews of her wrist were found shrunken. She died shortly after, and the ribbon and writing remained with her friend; her eldest son, as had been predicted by the ghost, married Lord Tyrone's daughter.

The second version of the story, which was related to Miss Wynne by the Llangollen ladies, made Lord Tyrone not the brother, but the first love, and omitted the whole original compact, only making him come for the ring he had once given her, and predicting her husband's death and her own second marriage and death after the birth of her son. The impress on the wrist was made in taking off the ring, which was never seen again. All the predictions were accomplished, and though she had tried to disbelieve the vision at first, it so preyed on her mind that when her son was born, her husband and the nurse made her believe it was a daughter, and she was only undeceived, when nearly recovered, by a housemaid, who spoke of the child as 'he.' She burst into tears, but was persuaded out of her alarm, and was going down stairs when she cried 'There is Lord Tyrone, I see him on the landing-place,' fainted, and died in a few days' time.

The stubborn facts of the peerage show that Lady Beresford was no sister of Lord Tyrone, and that she had lost her first husband before the death of that nobleman. This however, is not much to the purpose, for her husband plays no part in the story. The Editor of the Diaries, on the authority of a letter to Mr. F. Pollock, from one of the Beresford family, says that it was true that

'Evermore the lady wore  
A bracelet on her wrist,'

but that it was to cover a scar left by disease early in life, and that she had really had a dream before her second marriage, warning her of her unhappiness in it.

We have given this whole process of ghost development because it is worth observing that there is a certain core of truth beneath the romantic additions. We believe that those who are determined on explaining away whatever seems supernatural, sometimes are quite as inventive as those who work up a brilliant phantom story. It was a fact that the high spirited Lady Edgeworth, who firmly took the tal-

candle out of the barrel of gunpowder where her Irish maid had struck it, she nevertheless suffered much terror from the posed antics of elves on the mound and Fairy mount before her windows. Her descendants at Edgworthstown accounted for it by supposing the village people to have, like the Merry Wives of Windsor, sent their children to play tricks on her in order to torment her. That Irish sants should send their children by night to a haunted mound is assuredly as probable as that some appearance unaccounted for should take place there. There is moreover — or more properly was — in the last half century, every temptation to deny or explain away a ghost story, since in the strong-minded age, any confession of belief that there was some unexplained story, was supposed to be mere credulity or contemptible weakness. Even Mrs. Deliffé, with all her poetical sense of the weird and terrible, was obliged to conform to the taste of her age by resolving her specter into a waxen image. And when the Bedford family owned that their ancestors had really had a warning dream, it is, considering the incredulous age, going a good way towards acknowledging the apparition.

Of Dreams, we say nothing here, for their remarkable accomplishment has been so often proved that not the most resolute scepticism has been able to get beyond the theory that the mind has been occupied with the object dreamt of. They belong to the world of mystery rather than of Folk Lore, and we have only mentioned the cases in which the appearance of a wraith or double agent coincided curiously with a dream of a person it represented, as if he had been there in spirit.

The apparitions that are most decidedly matters of local tradition are those that haunt spots where a crime has been committed and an untimely death has taken place. Littlecote Hall (see Rokeby) is a well-known instance, and we could quote on good private authority several more. The instance Mr. Henderson gives was from Mr. Wilkie's *S. book of Border traditions*: —

'About half a mile to the east of Maxton, a small rivulet runs across the turnpike road, at a spot called Bow-brig Syke. Near this bridge is a triangular field, in which, for nearly a century, it was averred that the forms of two ladies, dressed in white, might be seen pacing up and down. Night after night the people of the neighbourhood used to come and watch them, and curiosity brought many from a great distance. The figures were always to be seen

at dusk; they walked arm in arm, precisely over the same spot of ground till morning light. Mr. Wilkie adds, that about twelve years before the time of his noting down the story, while some people were repairing the road, they took up the large flat stones upon which foot-passengers crossed the burn, and found beneath them the skeletons of two women, lying side by side. After this discovery, the Bow-brig ladies were never again seen to walk in the Three-corner field. Mr. Wilkie says further, that he received this account from a gentleman who saw and examined the skeletons, and who added that they were believed to be those of two ladies, sisters to a former Laird of Littlecote. Their brother is said to have killed them in a fit of passion, because they interfered to protect from ill-usage a young lady whom he had met at Bowbridge Syke. He placed the bodies upon the bridge, and lowered the flat stones on them to prevent discovery.' — HENDERSON, p. 273.

Many of such stories resolve themselves into the fancies of persons, who, thinking a place ought to be haunted, immediately people it with sights and sounds of their own imagination, but still — as in the other case — there are numerous instances where the noises and appearances are observed by unprepared witnesses, and fail of being accounted for. We cannot refrain from quoting one, which — though Judge Haliburton has placed it among the dialogues of his Clockmaker, and has thus given it an air of invention, we know that he privately declared to be the full belief in the locality where the events took place — namely Sable Island, on the coast of Nova Scotia, a desolate, wild, and lonely sandy place, full of hollows scooped out by the wind, with a few whortle berries and cranberries growing in them, in shallower places bent grass, and on the shores wild peas; but not a tree or shrub on the whole island, which is about thirty miles long, and from one end a half to two wide, shaped like a bow, tapering off at both ends, with a lake in it fifteen miles long. 'The sand drifts in a gale like snow, and blows up into high cones. These dance about sometimes, and change places and when they do they uncover dead bodies of poor critters that have been overtaken there.' The story is related by Sam Slick, as he heard it from a person who had frequently visited it to catch the horses that are to be found there, running wild in large herds: —

'In the year 1802, the ship, *Princess Amelia*, was wrecked here, having the furniture of the Queen's father, Prince Edward, on board, and a number of recruits, sodger officers and their

wives and women-servants. There were two hundred souls of them altogether, and they all perished. About that period, some piratical vagabonds used to frequent there, for there was no regular establishment kept on the island then; and it's generally supposed some of the poor people of that misfortunate ship reached the shore in safety, and were murdered by the wreckers for their property. Well, the Prince sends down Captain Torrens, of the 29th regiment, I think it was, from Halifax, to inquire after the missin ship, and as luck would have it, he was wrecked too, and pretty nearly lost his life in trying to drag others through the surf, for he was a man that did't know what danger, or fear either, was, except by name. There were but few that could be rescued before the vessel went to pieces. Well, he stationed them that survived, at one end of the island, and off he goes to the other, so as to extend his look-out for aid, as far as he could; but first they had to bury the dead that floated up from the troop-ship, and gather up such of the Prince's effects as came ashore and were worth saving. It was an awful task, and took them a long time, for the grave was as large as a cellar, almost. There they are, just where that long bent grass grows. Having done this, and finding arms in the Government shelter-hut, off he goes alone to the other end of the island. One day, having made the circuit of the lower half here, he returned about dusk to where we now are. Where you see that little hillock, there was a small hut in those days, that had fire-works in it, and some food, and chairs and tables, that had been saved out of wrecks, which were placed there for distressed people, and there were printed instructions in French and English, telling them what to do to keep themselves alive till they could be taken off. Well, he made up a fire, hauled down some hay out of the loft, and made up a bed in one corner, and went out to take a walk along by the side of the lake, afore he turned in. As he returned, he was surprised to see his dog standing at the door, looking awful skeered, growlin', barkin', and yelpin' like mad. The first thing he saw inside was a lady sitting on one side of the fire, with long, dripping hair hanging over her shoulders, her face pale as death, and having nothing on but a loose, soiled white dress, that was as wet as if she had just come out of the sea, and had sand sticking to it, as if she had been rolled over in the breakers. 'Good heavens! Madam,' said he, 'who are you, and where did you come from?'

'But she did'nt speak to him, and only held up her hand before him, and he saw one of the forefingers was cut off, and was still bleeding. Well, he turned round, and opened a case that he had picked up in the morning from the drift-ship, in which was materials for bandagin' the wound, and was goin' to offer her some assistance, when she rose up sudden, slipped past him, and went out of the door, and walked off. Well, he followed and called to her and begged her to stop, but on she went, and, thinkin' she

was out of her mind, he ran after her, and the faster he went, the swifter, she raced, till she came to the lake, and dove right into it, head-foremost.

'Well, he stood some time there, considerin' and ponderin' over what had happened, and as last he strolled back and sat down by the fire, a good deal puzzled . . . . and he looked at the primin' of his gun, and went out and kneeled down, and takin' off his hat, held his head close to the ground, to see if anybody was a movin' between him and the horizon; and findin' there warn't, and feelin' tired—for he had been on his feet all day—he returned to the hut again, and who should be there but the self-same lady, in the self-same place.

"Now," said he to himself, "don't go too near her, it's evidently unpleasant to her, but she has some communication to make." Well, what do you think? it's a positive fact, she held up the mutilated hand again. He paused some time afore he spoke, and took a good look at her, to be sure there was no mistake, and to be able to identify her afterwards, if necessary.

"Why," said he, after scrutinisin' of her (for he was a man, was the brave Captain Torrens, that the devil himself couldn't daunt), "why," said he, "it ain't possible! Why, Mrs. Copeland, is that you?" for he knew her as well as I know you. She was the wife of Dr. Copeland, of the 7th regiment, and was well known at Halifax, and beloved by all who knowed her. She just bowed her head, and then held up her hand and showed the bloody stump of her finger. "I have it," said he, "murdered for the sake of your ring!" She bowed her head. "Well," said he, "I'll track the villain out till he is shot or hanged." Well, she looked sad, and made no sign. "Well," said he, "I'll leave no stone unturned to recover the ring, and restore it to your family." Well, she smiled, bowed her head, and rose up and waved her hand to him to stand out of the way, and he did, and she slipped by him, and then turned back and held up both hands, as if she was pushin' some one back, and retreated that way, makin' the same motion; and he took the hint, shut to the door, and sat down to digest this curious scene.—*Sam Slick's Wise Saws and Modern Instances*, vol. i. pp. 327-332.

The narrative proceeds to relate that Captain Torrens obtained the names of some of the most notorious wreckers, one of whom he heard lived at a solitary place called Salmon Island. He found, however, that the man and his family had removed to Labrador, and following them thither, contrived to lodge in their house while hunting and fishing in the neighbourhood, and one evening, in the father's absence, he put on a splendid ring, which attracted the notice of the daughters, and it was handed round among them to be admired; thus leading one of the girls to say it was not so pretty 'as the one daddy got off the lady's finger

at Sable Island.' The mother hastily said the girl meant one that was bought of a Frenchman, who picked it up on the sand there, and Torrens presently expressed his desire of seeing and buying it, but he was answered that it had been left with a watchmaker at Halifax, who had given twenty shillings for it, and promised more if it should sell for a greater sum. There were at that time only two watchmakers at Halifax, and in the window of one the captain saw a ring answering to the description given by the woman. Going into the shop, he asked its history, and was told the same account as the mother had given him. He at once laid down the twenty shillings, adding, 'If the owner wants more, tell him to bring the finger that was cut off to get it, and then come to me.'

The ring was identified by the ladies of the regiment, and by the Prince himself, for it was a curious old family jewel, and it was of course restored to Mrs. Copeland's friends in England. Captain Torrens was ordered home, and no more was heard of the wreckers.

Nor can we refrain from quoting the famous apparition at Messina, which has been recently well told by Lady Herbert, in the 'Month' for last November:—

In the year 1784, there was a terrible earthquake at Messina. . . . the only thing which escaped was the cathedral, and people attributed its safety to a miracle. A few years after this event, the Chevalier, a man of noble French family, one of whose brothers was a distinguished general officer, and the other a minister at Berlin, visited Messina for the purpose of seeing the scene of devastation, and of making researches among the monuments and ruins. He was of the Order of Knights of Malta, and a priest; a man of high character, of cultivated intellect, and of great physical courage. He arrived at Messina on a summer day, and getting the key of the cathedral from the Custode, for it was after Vespers, commenced copying the inscriptions, and examining the building. His researches occupied him so long that he did not see that the day was waning, and when he turned to go out by the door by which he had come in, he found it locked. He tried the other doors, but all were equally closed. The Custode, having let him in some hours before, and concluding he had gone away, had locked up the building and gone home. The Chevalier shouted in vain, the earthquake had destroyed all the houses in the neighbourhood, and there was no one to hear his cries. He had, therefore, no alternative but to submit to his fate, and to make up his mind to spend the night in the Cathedral. He looked round for some place to establish himself. Everything

was of marble, except the confessionals, and in one of these he ensconced himself in a comfortable chair, and tried to go to sleep. Sleep, however, was not so easy. The strangeness of the situation, the increasing darkness, and the superstition that the strongest minded man might be supposed to feel under the circumstances, effectually banished any feeling of drowsiness. There was a large clock in the tower of the cathedral, of which the tones sounded more nearly and solemnly within the building than without. The Chevalier, with the intensity of hearing which sleeplessness gives, listened to every stroke of the clock, first ten, then the quarters, then twelve o'clock. As the last stroke of midnight died away, he perceived, suddenly, a light appearing at the high altar. The altarcandles seemed suddenly to be lighted, and a figure in a monk's dress and cowl walked out from a niche at the back of the altar. Turning when he reached the front of the altar, the figure exclaimed in a deep and solemn voice, "Is there any priest here who will say a mass for the repose of my soul?" No answer followed, and the monk slowly passed down the church, passing by the confessional where the Chevalier was sitting. As he passed, his eyes being naturally rivetted on the figure, the Chevalier saw that the face under the cowl was that of a dead man. Entire darkness followed, but when the clock struck the half hour, the same events occurred, the same light appeared, and the same figure, the same question was asked, and no answer returned, and the same monk, illuminated by the same unearthly light, walked slowly down the church.

'Now, the Chevalier was a bold man, and he resolved, if the same thing occurred again, that he would answer the question and say the mass. As the clock struck one, the altar was again lighted, the monk again appeared, and when he once more exclaimed, "Is there any Christian priest here who would say a mass for the repose of my soul?" the Chevalier boldly stepped out of the confessional, and replied in a firm voice, "I will." He then walked up to the altar, where he found everything prepared for the celebration, and summoning up all his courage, celebrated the sacred rite. At its conclusion the monk spoke as follows: "For one hundred and forty years every night I have asked this question, and until to-night in vain. You have conferred on me an inestimable benefit. There is nothing I would not do for you in return, but there is only one thing in my power, and that is to give you notice when the hour of your own death approaches. The Chevalier heard no more. He fell down in a swoon, and was found the next morning by the Custode, very early, at the foot of the altar. After a while he recovered, and went away. He returned to Venice, where he was then living, and wrote down the circumstances above related, which he also told to several of his intimate friends. He steadily asserted and maintained that he was never wider awake, or

more completely in possession of his reasoning faculties than he was that night, until the moment when the monk had done speaking.

'Three years afterwards he called his friends and took leave of them. They asked him if he was going on a journey. He said, "Yes, and one from which there was no return." He then told them that the night before, the Monk of Messina had appeared to him and told him that he was to die in three days. His friends laughed at him, and told him, which was true, that he seemed perfectly well. But he persisted in his statements, made every preparation, and on the third day was found dead in his bed. This story was well known to all his friends and contemporaries. Curiously enough, on the cathedral of Messina being restored a few years after, the skeleton of a monk was found, walled up, in his monk's dress and cowl, in the very place which the Chevalier had always described as the one from which the spectre had appeared.' — *The Monk*, Vol. i. No. xxix. pp. 455-7.

Lady Herbert's party tried to find the niche; but it had been covered by a more recent screen.

When all the European countries and even the New World have such striking beliefs in common, there is no supposing that they can all be entirely devoid of foundation. The voice of innocent blood assuredly cries from the ground, and when we look at the remarkable expiation enjoined by the law in cases of untraced murder, as an actual guilt incurred by the very soil of the country, it does seem as if, in spite of the one great expiation, 'speaketh better things than the blood of Abel,' a stain might still attach to the spot where a victim lies concealed, and thus cause the strange, freakish, sometimes grotesque as well as terrible manifestations that haunt the spot. Nor indeed does there seem to us, considering how absolutely ignorant we are of the spirit world, to be any inherent impossibility that the soul or the phantom shape of one who has done some great wrong should haunt the spot, seeking long in vain for one who should repair the evil.

Such is a story — unfortunately without fixed place or date — of a Roman Catholic chaplain, who haunted a library, seeking long for some one who would speak to him and hear his story. He had been a careless jovial man, and one day, when just going out hunting had received a letter, which he had reason to think contained a confession, perilous to the interests of many, and unwilling to give up his sport, as he must do if he were known to have had the letter, he hid it away in the library, to be pro-

duced at his convenience. Out hunting, he was thrown from his horse and broke his neck, and ever since he had appeared in the room at certain hours of the evening, longing to remove and destroy the dangerous letter, but having no bodily limbs, unable to do it himself, and without power to entreat any still corporeal being to do it for him, until he had been first addressed. In like manner, Souvestre relates, in his '*Sans Culottes Bas Breton*' a fine Breton legend of a farmer who had stealthily removed his neighbour's landmark in his lifetime, ever flitting disembodied round the stone, longing to restore it.

There is a beautiful class of tales too in which the ghosts might seem a manifestation either of the hovering spirit of the departed or of a guardian angel in this shape. Such are the stories of the dead mother who appeared to her children as they were running down an old stone stair in a ruined castle, when a few steps more would have carried them headlong into a gaping vault; of the father, recently deceased, whose still familiar call brought his son away from under a sheltering tree, which the next moment was shattered by lightning, and of the mysterious companion who joined and convoyed a traveller up a lane in which a robber was lurking to attack him.

The theory that the wraith or spirit really communicates with the living, according to their power of receptivity, is the pervading one in Mrs. Crowe's '*Night Side of Nature*;' a book in which the arguments are sometimes striking, though the large number of marvels there collected, some on evidence insufficient and others with evidence suppressed, has cast a certain degree of discredit on it. Her quotations do in fact almost establish the possibility that certain appearances in church-yards or over graves, may have a material existence and physical cause, i.e., the escape of gases which make themselves visible in the dark to persons of peculiarly sensitive organizations. In this we fully acquiesce, having ourselves known of a person who beheld a luminous appearance in a church-yard, where her companion could discern nothing. Such appearances it may well be believed would be more visible over the hastily found hiding place of the corpse of one murdered than over a properly made grave, and we thus obtain an almost material means of accounting for such apparitions as those of the Bow-brig sisters, though of course such actions as those of Mrs. Copeland would not thus be explained.

There is likewise a strong concurrence of testimony to the spectres that in certain families herald the death of a member of it. The Norsemen of old believed each family to be attended by a certain ancestral spirit, the *dis*, (pl. *disir*), perhaps of the same origin as the *lares* of Roman households, but though the *lar* was always in the shape of a dog, as the 'dogs' of open hearths still attest, the *dis* might be in the form of an animal, each family having its own. Many heraldic bearings might perhaps be accounted for as commemorating the family *dis*; and possibly too some of those phantom creatures attached to old families, such as the black dog, which was seen by a young mother in Cornwall lying on her sick child's bed. She called her husband to drive it away, he knew too well what it boded, and by the time he had reached the nursery, the child was dead. Another family is said by Mrs. Crowe to be warned by the sight of a single swan upon a lake, and white doves are perhaps the most frequent harbingers—as the fairest. Louis of Thuringia, the crusader, husband of 'the dear Saint' Elizabeth of Hungary, was summoned by a flight of white doves. The Littleton family are said to have a dove monitor, and in Lancashire the appearance of a white dove at a sick person's window is thought to indicate either a speedy recovery or the presence of a good angel to conduct away the soul. Still, to connect these portents with the *disir* is far from removing the mystery, but rather heightens it.

The human form sometimes belonged to the *disir*, and is the more common among these heralds of fate. The White Lady attached to the House of Brandenburg is one instance, and so is the Bodach Glas, or Grey Man of whom Scott made such effective use in foreboding the capture of Fergus Mac Ivor. We believe that he is really attached to the Eglinton family, and Mr. Henderson gives an authentic account of his very recent appearance to the late Earl.

Scotland and Ireland are chiefly thus visited: the Banshee, or White Spectre, seems to belong to many of the oldest Celtic families in both. No one can forget Lady Fanshawe's account of the Banshee, who so terrified her in the house of Lady Honor O'Brien, without her being aware either of the tradition or that one of the O'Brien family was actually lying in the same house at the point of death. Croker has likewise a most striking story of the Banshee of the Bunworth family.

These ghastly monitors are not always

connected with individual families, but are sometimes attached to villages and towns—always, however, we believe, in those parts of England where the population chiefly came from Scandinavia. It is in Denmark that we find the origin of this belief. It would seem that there has always been a notion that a building required as it were a living sacrifice. We find it in the old Roman legend of the willing leap of Curtius; and Copenhagen is said to have been only founded by the cruel sacrifice of a poor little girl, who was lured into a vault and then walled up. Mr. Atkinson, quoting from Danish authorities, tells us that the workmen employed in church-building, used on the day their wall was finished, to seize on any unfortunate animal who came in their way and build it up alive within the wall. Its ghost then became a sort of parish official, called the *Kirke-vare* or *varrel*, the church warning, and performed the function of announcing approaching deaths among the parishioners.

'So much so, indeed, that in one Church or more in the district of Funen, and its outlying islets, it has been the custom, within the present century, to put fresh straw every New Year's Eve into the vaults of the Church, to serve as the *Kirke Varsel's* lair or couch, and when this was done, the bed of the past year was always found to have been reduced to the form of small chaff-like particles by the regular use made of it during the past twelve months, as a lair or resting-place. Many churches in the district indicated had their own peculiar *Kirke Varsel*. Thus, Dalby church had a white goose or gander, at least an entity in that form; Messinge, a black bull or bullock; Drigstrup, a white lamb; Biby, a grey-coloured sheep; Stubberup, two red oxen; Gudberg, a lamb; Gudne, a sow. . . . The belief in the countryside is, or was till very recently, that it was not safe to meet this creature, unless the person encountering it scrupulously kept himself to himself, and diligently held his peace. If he spoke a single word, or chanced to come face to face with the *Varsel*, in a place where he could not pass without contact with it, he was sure to suffer for it, and possibly be violently hurled to a considerable distance. Sometimes its approach to the doomed house was accompanied by an awful din, as of a lot of iron articles driven in a wheelbarrow over a rough stone pavement; and its arrival, notified, perhaps, by three loud blows on the floor, or by a noise of the windows, as of wings flapping against them, or by a tremendous thundering at the main entrance of the homestead.'—*Comparative Folk Lore: Monthly Packet*, Vol. xxxix. p. 250.

Several instances are then adduced of

persons meeting these creatures on their way to houses, where their arrival is invariably followed by a death. It would seem that throughout the north of England, the like appearance was believed in under the name of Barguest, though his existence is not there explained, nor does he seem to have any care taken for his accommodation. Mr. Harland derives the term Barguest from Bar or gate, and ghost; but Mr. Henderson's Bahr geist or Bier ghost seems to us the most satisfactory source proposed for the name. A mastiff, a white rabbit, a pig, a donkey, a horse, or a cow seem to have been the ordinary shapes, but always with large glaring saucer eyes. 'To roar like a Barguest,' is a popular comparison, and, till very recently, Durham, Newcastle, Burnley, and Whitby believed in their Barguest; nay, in a note, Mr Atkinson tells us of a sailor at Whitby, lately dead, who believed that a severe swelling in his leg was the effect of meeting an immense shadowy white dog with saucer eyes in a narrow thoroughfare after dark. In Yorkshire, the Barguest is called Padfoot, because of the padding, tramping sound with which it makes its presence known. In Lancashire, it is called Trash, from its splashing along with a sound like that made by old shoes in a miry lane, and Skriker from its wailing cry. Mr. Harland says he has met persons who believed themselves to have seen 'Trash' in the form of a horse or cow, but he is generally more like a very large dog, with very broad feet, shaggy hair, drooping ears, and the inevitable saucer eyes. On being seen he walks backwards, growing smaller and smaller, and vanishes either when unwatched for a moment, or in a pool of water with a loud splash.

In general, however, these mysterious beings seem to have fled before the schoolmaster, and with them these more attractive beings, the Brownie, the Pixie, the Elf, and the Fay. Nobody of the present generation ever beheld one of these creatures, except perhaps a 'Spriggan' recently captured in Cornwall and lost, and it took a considerable amount of liquor to enable one of the past, even in Ireland, to discern them. We will not enter on a discussion on the origin of these beliefs, further than to express our dissent from the theory that they were human and remnants of the races conquered by the invaders. It is far more probable that the same primary idea which peopled Greece so gracefully with a nymph for every tree and every wave, developed in the Keltic and Teutonic minds

into the Shefro, the Elf, and the Fay, so curiously similar in all genuine traditions. Is it not, indeed, according to all analogy that such spirits may have had power to manifest themselves before the redemption had been fully set forth, and to linger longest in the lands that were the last to become Christian? There may have been the truth of a poet's divination in Milton's lines, inspired by Plutarch's tale of the weeping and wailing in the lonely isle on the night of the Nativity.

'The lonely mountains o'er,  
And the resounding shore  
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament.  
From haunted spring and dale,  
Edged with poplar pale,  
The parting genius is with sighing sent,  
With flower in woven tresses torn,  
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled  
thickets mourn.'

Is this poetry and not truth? We know that demoniac possession was never permitted at Jerusalem, and that it prevailed in proportion to the distance of places from where

'Only one border  
Reflected to the seraph's ken  
Heaven's light and order.'

We know that oracles became dumb in the presence of Christians, and that their silence was one motive for the concealed persecution by Julian the apostate; and it is remarkable that the first converted lands of Europe, Greece, Italy, and France, though the two former once teemed with myths of haunting genii or nymphs, are now the most devoid of those legendary beings. The regions of the elf, the fairy, and the household spirit, are Germany and Scandinavia, converted at a comparatively recent period, and those Keltic portions of France and the British Isles where Christianity not only came late, but savage remnants of pagan practice lingered on for ages. Tenacious memories, imaginative fears, and popular exaggerations, would carry on for many years, and even centuries, the remembrance of a marvel witnessed in the days of conflict between spirits of light and of darkness.

Nothing is more curious than the inability of the popular mind to retain a reasonable fact, however important, while a superstition, a custom, or a fear, remains fixed for ever, and sometimes gets a new cause assigned for it. That the eating of horse-flesh was a religious rite with our heathen

forefathers, brought with them from the steppes of Asia, is a matter of book knowledge to a few, but the horror of horse-flesh, diligently inspired by the teachers of Christianity, survives in full force, and old customs derived from the worship of the animal, such as the bearing about its skull decked with ribbons on Christmas eve, and setting it up before a house which is thought in disgrace, were a short time ago prevalent in our more remote counties.

The Beltane, or midsummer and mid-winter fires, commemorating the culmination of the sun's course, are the most universal of all the Aryan religious ceremonies that have now become mere popular amusements, with a sense of luck attached to them. Mr. Kelly's Indo-European Traditions best explain the astronomical force of this rite, coupled with the rolling the fiery wheel (whence he derives Jol or Yule) down a hill side, as it were to show the downward course of the sun throughout the autumn. The lane of fire over which young men leapt and animals were driven, seems to have been in use everywhere, from ancient Rome to further Germany, and curiously shows how the idea of insuring good luck is the most real mode of preserving a significant custom. In Lancashire, the Beltane fires got mixed with a notion of Purgatory, and in the Fylde, a moor still bears the latter name, where in the last generation men used to hold aloft hay-forks with bunches of burning straw. In Cornwall, the whole district of the Land's End used to be aglow with these fires, and at Penzance, the children wore flowers in the morning, and bonfires blazed in the evening, while fireworks were showered on the young men and maidens who played in and out at thread-my-needle, little thinking that Ovid had thus leapt through the fires in the streets of Rome. This custom was closely described by Mr. Richard Edmonds, in the last generation, but Wesleyanism has put an end to it. The more remote parts of Germany, and the Savoyard nook of the Mediterranean, have not given up their fires, and, in the brilliant description in "Denise," we find that every house contributes some article, so that much rubbish is hoarded up for the occasion, as a cheap holocaust to insure good luck. In fact, Luck may be said to be one of the chief gods of this world, and certainly the greatest preserver of heathen rites paid to other deities long since past away. A very senseless worship it is that this idol receives — remnants of every variety of super-tition, and paid by the most unlikely persons in the most unlikely stations. Christian and heathen fashions and

beliefs are alike kept up in this one word "Luck." For instance, an old nurse will declare it unlucky that a child should not cry at its baptism. This is a remnant of the belief that it ought to show a certain consciousness of the exorcism and renunciation of the evil spirit; and on the other hand, the notion that it is unlucky to cut a child's nails for the first year, and that when cut, the parings should be buried under an ash tree, is apparently connected with the ship Nagelfahr, made of human nails, and the ash tree Yggdrasil. Nay, the blue woollen threads, or small cords that nursing mothers, in Mr. Wilkie's time, used to wear round their necks, on the Teviot side, may be connected with the Brahminical string so well known in India; just as Mr. Kelly traces the mysterious fame of the rowan, wigan, or mountain ash to its likeness (observed by Bishop Heber) to the Indian palasa, which was consecrated by Vedic myth.

Happily Christian notions predominate at the birth and baptism of children, and it is with these that Mr. Henderson's collection commences. And a very interesting one is mentioned as prevailing in the North. "Much importance attaches to the baby's first visit to another house, on which occasion it is expected that he should receive three things — an egg, salt, and white bread or cake." In the East Riding of Yorkshire, matches are added, "to light the child on the way to heaven." An old woman at Durham called this receiving alms. "He could not claim them before he was baptised," she said, "but now that he is a Christian, he has a right to go and ask alms of his fellow Christians." Bread, salt, fire, and an egg, are assuredly notable Christian emblems. The nursery is indeed the storehouse of ancient observances, there kept up in seriousness by the long link of old nurses; while wedding customs are perhaps maintained more as excuses for mirth and gayety, on an occasion when stock subjects of wit are apt to be valuable. The hurling of the shoe — now treated as so much a matter of course that the very newspapers record that "the happy pair departed among a perfect shower of old shoes" — is laid by Mr. Henderson, on the authority of a writer in "Notes and Queries," to be the remnant of the transfer of right in the bride and her property — as when the kinsman of Elimelech handed his shoe to Boaz in the gate of Bethlehem; but we much more suspect that these shoes owe their importance to the old Northern belief that Heimdahl, the survivor of the Asa gods, shall tread his way through the conflagration of all things in a



chaussure made from the remnants of all the old shoes in the world.

Everybody knows that no village bride thinks it etiquette to go to church and hear her banns published; indeed, the only maid servant we ever met superior to the scruple, averred that she did not see why "she should not go to hear herself prayed for." We had always supposed the objection to be a modest dislike to be subjected to her neighbours' wit and remarks, but in the north of England it appears that her presence is supposed to expose her to the risk of having a family of deaf and dumb children!

To marry a man whose surname begins with the same initial as the bride's is unlucky.

"If you change the name, and not the letter, You change for the worse, and not the better."

But to marry without change of name confers curious powers, especially that of baking bread which is a certain cure for the whooping-cough. This malady does rejoice in very curious specifics, none stranger than the Lancashire antidote — namely, a ride upon a boar, which prevented even liability to the infection, insomuch that the old bearwards derived a good part of their income for mounting children upon Bruin's back! A man riding a piebald horse becomes endowed for the time with the faculty of suggesting a remedy. We hear of the tradition in a quotation from Archbishop Whateley's remains, where the rider suggested, "tie a rope round the child's neck;" and we have ourselves known of a mason who, riding a piebald steed up the street of a village in Cornwall, was assailed from almost every cottage door with a cry of "What is good for the whooping-cough?" to which he promptly and judiciously replied, "White bread and honey." To this may be added, a cure attempted in Derry, of giving the patient half a bottle of milk, the rest of which has been drunk by a ferret; in Sunderland, of cutting the hair and hanging it on a tree, when the cough is carried off by the unlucky birds who use the material for their nests; and in Devonshire, of administering the hair, between two slices of bread and butter, to a dog; at Middlesborough, of passing a child nine times under the belly of a donkey, or piebald horse.

We ourselves have known in Hampshire, an epileptic boy, whose mother hoped to cure him by hanging round his neck a hair "out of the cross on the back of a he donkey," or, as an alternative, a ring, made of three sixpences, given him by three young women,

all bearing the same Christian name. Rings for this purpose are not uncommon in any part of the country; one made from seven damsels in seven parishes, is mentioned by Mr. Henderson, but they are more usually to be formed out of a halicrown from the offertory, and sometimes it is needful to purchase this halicrown by pence given by thirty different individuals. In this, as in the hair from the donkey's cross, there is no doubt some notion of exorcism, and the pence were probably pledges of prayers from the contributors. In "the ages of faith," epilepsy was almost always considered as the direct work of demons, and we believe that many of the miracles worked at the shrines of saints, were on behalf of this disease. It seems as if those strange specifics were chiefly for those disorders that are most irregular in their coming and going, and most baffling to medical art. Whooping-cough, epilepsy, warts, and ague, seem to be the chief subjects for charms, even at the present day. Bleeding, too, seems to have been always treated with spells, from the days when Ulysses was torn by the boar, down to the present day. All of those given by Mr. Henderson, collected from the northern counties, Sussex and Devon, are of a religious character, with references to the wounds of our Blessed Lord, and no doubt descended from very ancient times. We have also known of a parish clerk who rejoiced in the belief that he had checked an attack of hæmorrhage in his vicar by the use of a verse of the Bible. It appeared that he could not make it available until he had actually seen the blood, and he refused to divulge what verse it was, lest he should thus deprive it of its efficacy.

Considering the number of holy healing wells and shrines of saints that once were scattered over the country, it is wonderful that no more superstition attaches to the spots once visited by pilgrims. Besides the still famous St. Winifred's Well, which has absolutely curious properties, the wells in Cornwall have till very recently, at least, maintained their fame and name. Indeed, it is supposed that a sacrilegious meddler with them will soon meet his death, and thus they are likely to be left untouched till their antiquarian value is felt. Mr. Hunt has seen a newly married pair at the well of St. Keyne, where the lady, instead of, as in Southey's ballad, taking a bottle to church, had taken a draught from her thimble, and contended that it ensured her the supremacy, though her husband had previously drunk from the hollow of his hand. Many wells are thought to have healing virtues; and St. Madron's

and Gulvan Wells reply by bubbles to queries as to the fidelity of true loves, or the welfare of the absent. Till recently Redruth Well was in great request to supply baptismal water, and St. Ludgvan's Well was supposed to have been blessed by its patron to secure all christened in its water from the gallows. A woman of the parish having poisoned her husband, was hung, to the extreme consternation of the neighbourhood, and when the parish registers proved that her baptism had taken place in the next village, the fame of St. Ludgvan was so much enhanced that we believe the water is still sent for by parents to fill the font. On the other hand, no one will christen a child who is to be called Joanna, from the well of St. Leven: for a woman of that name, who was gathering herbs in her three-cornered garden for her Sunday's dinner had the impertinence to rebuke the hermit saint for fishing in the sea on that day. He replied that he had as much right to go to the sea for his dinner, as she had to her garden, and predicted that all who were christened by her name in her parish, should be as great fools as herself. In consequence, all the Joannas of Levens are christened at Sennan, to preserve them from the folly of censoriousness!

In general, English wells have merely become wishing wells, and the sole remnant of faith in the power of relics anything like here recorded, was manifested in a very undesirable fashion.

'The late Dr. Walker, of Teignmouth, was attending, within the last twenty years, a poor young woman, with an extensive sore on the breast. When he visited her one day, he was surprised to find the entire surface of the wound strewn over with a gritty substance, and a good deal of inflammation set up in consequence. In some displeasure, he asked what they had been putting on, but for a long time he could get no answer, beyond, "Nothing at all, sir." The people about were sullen, but the doctor was peremptory, and at last the woman's husband rolling a mass of stone from under the bed, muttered in genuine Devonshire phrase, "Nothing but Peter's stone, and here he is." On further inquiry it appeared that, incited by the neighbours, who declared his wife was not getting well as she should, the poor fellow had walked by night from Teignmouth to Exeter, had flung stones against the figures on the west front of the cathedral (which is called St. Peter's by the common people), had succeeded at last in bringing down the arm of one of them, and had carried it home in triumph. Part of this relic had been pulverized, mixed with lard, and applied to the sore. I have never met with another instance of the kind, but, doubtless, it is not a solitary one. If the practice was even a common one, we need not lay to the charge

of Oliver Cromwell's army, all the dilapidation of the glorious west front of Exeter Cathedral.' — *Henderson*, pp. 124-5.

Another Christian tradition mentioned by the same author must have a long genealogy. An old woman of ninety, at Malton, in Yorkshire, told the Rev. J. B. Dykes that spiders must not be killed, because a spider had spun a web over our blessed Lord in the manger at Bethlehem, which protected him from all danger. No doubt this is another version of the story of the spider that spun a web over the cave where Mahomet was concealed during his Hejira, and which, we think, recurs in mediæval hagiology. It is to Mr. S. B. Gould's curious myths of the Middle Ages, that we must turn for the tracking of legends such as these, and the story of the Seven Sleepers, both of which are current among Christians and Mohamets alike — eastern legends no doubt that had a tendency to fasten themselves on the best known subjects.

Some such legends must have died away — here Shakespeare's 'Owl who was a baker's daughter,' points to a story like that of the Spotted Woodpecker, or Gertrude bird in Norway, who is said to have been a woman whose dough our LORD multiplied, but who grew so covetous that she refused him a morsel, whereupon she was condemned to seek her food for life between the bark and the wood. In most parts of England, it is believed that clothes washed on Good Friday become spotted with blood, and the reason of this belief is given on the authority of an old woman of the North Riding, who has been told by a Methodist girl that on our Blessed Lord's way to Cavalry, a woman who was washing 'blirted' the thing she was washing in His face, on which He said, 'Cursed be every one who shall wash on this day. Indeed several of these most apocryphal curses seem to be floating in people's minds. The legend of the Wandering Jew is of course the typical one of all these. It is the first in Mr. S. Baring Gould's collection, and he startles us by the question, 'Who can say for certain that it is not true?' We had always thought the tale one of the many personified allegories of which the legends of St. Christopher, St. Margaret, and St. Alexis, are familiar specimens, and that the wanderer was the type of his fugitive and vagabond nation.

Salted with fire, they seem to show  
How Spirits lost in endless woe,  
May undecaying live.'

Mr. Baring Gould's argument is that we little know all the wonders wrought by our Lord, or can tell whether our explanation of the words, 'There be some standing here that shall not taste of death till they see the Son of Man coming in His Kingdom,' be sufficient.

'A Swiss story is that he (the Wandering Jew) was seen one day standing on the Matterberg, which is below the Matterhorn, contemplating the scene with mingled sorrow and wonder. Once before he stood on that spot, and then it was the site of a flourishing city, now it is covered with gentian and wild pinks. Once again will he revisit the hill, and that will be on the eve of judgment.' — *S. Baring Gould*, p. 25.

The point in which this legend differs from other current ones, is that they, like those in the Apocryphal Gospels, generally involve some direct personal revenge, most unsuitable to the character of Him who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered he threatened not. Whereas to the insolent shoemaker it is but a gentle prophecy, and the sight of the crucifixion tends to his conversion.

From these revengeful popular legends, we must honourably except a Cheshire carol, which we here give at length, because it is so remarkable. Has it been altered in past reformation days, or can it come down from times before the Blessed Virgin was treated as a chief Intercessor?

'It came to pass upon a day, —  
Upon one holy day, —  
That JESUS asked his Mother dear,  
If he might go and play.

"To play, to play," said the Virgin Mary;  
"To play, to play begone,  
And see there be no complaint of you  
At night when you come home."

'Then JESUS went to yonder town,  
As far as the holy well;  
And there he saw three as fine children  
As ever the eye beheld.

'He said, "God bless you everyone,  
By one, by two, by three;  
My little children, I'll play with you,  
And you shall play with me."

"Nay, nay; we are lords' and ladies' sons:  
Thou art meaner than us all;  
Thou art nothing but a poor maid's child  
Born in an oxen's stall."

'Then JESUS turned himself about,  
He neither smiled nor spoke,  
But tears came trickling from his eyes,  
Like waters from the rock.

'Sweet JESUS ran to his mother dear,  
As fast as he could run;  
"O Mother! I saw three as fine children  
As ever were eyes set on."

"I said, God bless you everyone,  
By one, by two, by three;  
And now, little children, I'll play with you,  
And you shall play with me."

"Nay;" "we're lords' and ladies' sons;  
Thou art meaner than us all;  
For thou art but a poor maid's child,  
Born in an oxen's stall."

'Then the tears came trickling from his eyes  
As fast as they could fall.  
"Then," said she, "go down to yonder town,  
As far as the holy well,  
And there take up those infants' souls,  
And dip them deep in hell."

"Oh, no! oh, no! sweet JESUS he said;  
"Oh, no! that never can be;  
For there are many of those infants' souls  
Crying out for the help of me."

But to return to Good Friday. Another observance was not long ago practised near Exeter, namely the breaking 'clomb,' i.e., pottery, the meaning of which only dawned upon the reporter thereof on hearing that in Corfu potsherds are hurled from a steep rock on that day, while curses are uttered on Judas Iscariot. Lancashire infants are weaned on Good Friday. Hampshire mothers like to leave off their babies' caps and long robes on Good Friday, possibly from some lingering notion of mortification; but in some parts of Devon, peas are sown by preference, and grafts made on that day, while in the North, it is considered impious then to touch a hammer or nails — the instruments of the Passion.

"Friday, too, the day I dread"

retains nothing of its fast except the sense of unluckiness in commencing any undertaking. Old women all over England still will not let their grandchildren go to a new place on a Friday. We believe few pieces of needlework are begun on that day of the week. Friday marriages are said in the old rhyme to be 'for crosses,' and every one knows that no sailor ventures to put to sea on that day, but happily the involuntary voyager on the sea of life who is launched into the world is not doomed for —

' Monday's child is fair of face,  
 Tuesday's child is full of grace,  
 Wednesday's child is full of woe,  
 And Thursday's child has far to go ;  
 Friday's child is loving and giving,  
 And Saturday's child works hard for its living ;  
 But the child that is born on the Sabbath day,  
 Is blithe and bonny, good and gay.'

In general, Sunday is the prime day to be born — on any, that is save Whitsunday, which is said to predestine its 'natives' to a violent death — while ordinary Sundays confer the power of beholding the spiritual world.

Milnet or Refreshment Sunday, was the day when the Mother, or Cathedral Church of the Diocese was resorted to by all the neighbourhood in procession, and Easter offerings brought. The processions ceased in the thirteenth century, but the name Mothering Sunday continued, and throughout many parts of England this title has been the cause of this Sunday being the great family gathering, when all the scattered members return home and spend the day, and bring a present to their mother. Nowhere is this pretty custom so gracefully described as in 'The Copsley Annals' — a charming book published by Seeley and Jackson. A simnel cake is the legitimate gift, made of the finest flour, tinged with saffron, and flavoured with sugar and lemon. In the book above mentioned, the best materials for the simnel cake are the mistress's testimony to her young maid-servant's good conduct. The custom is not forgotten in Gloucester, where two hundred years ago Herrick sung: —

' I'll to thee a simnell bring,  
 'Gainst thou go'st a mothering,  
 So that when she blesseth thee,  
 Half that blessing thou'lt give me.'

The beauty of the custom is now lost by the simnel cakes being sold in shops, which are kept open on the Sunday for the purpose. The name is said to come from the latin *simila*, fine flour. Sweet or mulled ale, called Braget, is the legitimate accompaniment. Its name is said to be the Welch word, Bragawd, or Metheglin, and it is a curious coincidence that the northern god who enjoys the patronage at once of poetry and of the divine beverage should be named Bragi, the origin of our verb to brag.

We must not tarry over every variety of day observance. Christmas customs have often been fully described, but we do not remember before to have heard of the beau-

tiful Lancashire notion that cattle go down on their knees, and bees hum the Hundredth Psalm tune on that night, keeping, however, carefully to Old Style. In Brittany cattle are said to have the power of speaking during the midnight hour of Christmas night, and one of Souvstre's collection of Breton Tales, turns upon the information they then imparted. An old Cornishman, near Launceston, in 1790, told Mr Hunt, then a child, that he had been to look whether the cattle prayed, but he found only the two oldest oxen on their knees, and they 'made a cruel moan like Christian creatures.'

Perhaps nothing is more remarkable than the tenacity with which through ages of neglect and dissent, the Welch have clung to the service that once was the midnight mass. Young and old all come forth to church or chapel, to the service which lacks the celebration that should give it life and meaning. What a field for restoration!

The dancing of the sun on Easter morning is a nearly universal belief; but on the borders of Dartmoor it was varied by the beautiful expectation of seeing the Lamb and banner in its disc. Girls, who are now old women, used to go out with a smoked glass to look for it, and some even thought they saw it. Indeed the spots on the sun may have at some time assumed such a shape as to originate the very beautiful idea.

Christmas customs seem to have been kept up for festivity's sake, and likewise, too, as an excuse for collecting money. This we are afraid has been the great embalmer of our old Church customs. Witness 'the grotto' of oyster shells that was once no doubt the shrine of S. James, the pilgrim saint of the scallop shell badge; the May day doll, once the Blessed Virgin, with her marybuds and marygolds around her, and even the 'going a souling' — which is practised in Cheshire, Lancashire, &c., on All Souls' Day, and which, through now only an excuse for licensed begging for the village children, was once a collecting of alms on behalf of souls in purgatory. Indeed many of these old customs vanish when the authorities of a parish, feeling the inconvenience of the rude indiscriminate beggary thus entailed, confer their alms in a more regular fashion, and turn a deaf ear to the maintainers of the old custom, who never a select company. Antiquarian and good order are sadly at variance, and an attempt to unite them seldom succeeds; it only gives a sense of unwarrantable interference, and it is better to let old customs pass away, though there is no reason that ...

passing they should not leave their curious record.

Next to money-getting, marriage divination has been the great preservative of old days; S. Agnes' Eve and All Saints' Day being the prime occasions for these. S. Agnes' Day is chosen on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, because her purity and contempt of marriage made her the patron of maidens, but the cause for the universal notions of the divining capacity of All Hallow E'en it is impossible to guess at. S. John's Eve owes its peculiar powers to that much more distant tradition before mentioned, which rendered the summer solstice sacred to the whole Indo-European world.

All our authors have some terrible recent persecutions, and witchcraft is only too certainly still believed in almost everywhere among the ignorant. How far it was once a real power, and whether there be any connexion between it and magnetism, it is not for us to say. It is a subject to need deeper examination than would chime in here. But of this at least we are sure, that those who deal with a power they cannot understand, submit themselves to the peril of the 'strong delusion that they should believe a lie,' and it is more than probable that it is to the same power that inspired 'the wizards that peep and mutter,' or the oracles that Christian truth silenced. Every now and then some trial brings to light a whole tissue of strange dealings with cunning men or women for the discovery of stolen goods, or for the recovery of health. Nay, only last year, we knew of a poor woman who had fallen into a state of morbid melancholy from the reproaches of her own conscience, she having been persuaded to ill-wish a neighbour who had ill-wished her. The neighbour remained undamaged, but the remorse for the evil-wish took effect on the poor woman's mind, and threw her into an illness.

The ordeal of the Bible and key is not entirely forgotten, as the following paragraph from a newspaper of Janurry 1867, testifies:—

'SUPERSTITION.—At Southampton, on Monday, a boy working on board a collier was charged with theft, the only evidence against him being such as was afforded by the ancient ordeal of Bible and key. The mate and some others swung a Bible attached to a key with a piece of yarn, the key being placed on the first chapter of Ruth. While the Bible was turning, several suspected names were repeated, and on the mention of the prisoner's name, the book fell to the floor. The bench of course discharged the prisoner.'

Here comes again the question—is it faith, is it conscience, is it magnetism, that has even made these ordeals effective? Never, never to be answered questions, only growing deeper and more mysterious as we learn more of the effects of spirit upon matter, and of the influence of the unseen world upon spirit—an inquiry deeply connected with the credibility of those constantly wrought, or expected, cures by the shrines of saints or by healing wells.

Cornwall has a peculiar species of Folk Lore in its Giants—who bear the credit of many of the wonders of a granitic country—and are plainly related to the Irish Giants, springing from the same Keltic fancy exercised on the huge boulders and mighty fissures of their rugged western coast. Spenser and Milton have brought two at least of these giants into literary fame, and with great correctness; and strangely enough these giants have more Irish than Breton affinities.

While names of places and persons are almost identical in Brittany and Cornwall, the legends given by MM. Souvestre and Villemarqué, do not so decidedly resemble the Cornish ones as might have been expected, since the similar ones are more universal than Keltic. We would cite as instances, the expulsion of the changeling elf, which is indeed Breton, Cornish, Irish and Scottish, but also so German that Martin Luther himself wished to put an unfortunate child in the Moldau, and this not being possible, recommended constant prayers—Paternosters—to which he ascribed its death; also the repining maiden punished by being carried off by the ghost of the dead lover. The Cornish form is the story of Nancy Penwarne, who was saved at the last moment before daybreak by a smith, who burnt her clothes out of the ghostly grasp, and brought her home to die in peace. The Breton version has lately been made known by Mr. Tom Taylor's paraphrases of M. Villemarqué's translations. Everybody knows Bürger's Lenore, and the magnificent Scottish ballad of the Demon Lover, where the victim's guilt is enhanced by her having become a wife, and she is carried off by sea till the deadly discovery:—

"O whate'n a mountain is yon, she said,  
All so dreary with frost and snow?  
"O yon is the mountain of hell," he said,  
"Where you and I shall go."

Sea tales of submerged cities are found in the Kelt maritime countries, such as

Brittany, Cornwall, Wales, and Ireland, in all of which there are charming legends of bells ringing beneath the waters, and lands drowned for some great sin. The Morfa or Mermaid, is another fair Cornish and Irish vision, and there is a very sad story in Cornwall; where Selina Penna Morfa comes exactly like Undine to her parents as a changeling for their own drowned babe. Her lover betrays her, and she dies and is buried; then he endures the fate of Huldbrand, but not from her, but the bereaved Mermaid Mother, by whom, in revenge, he is kissed to death, while closed in the watery embrace.

We pass to the region where early childhood disports itself, in myth, fairy tale or nursery story, the pleasantest and best worked field that Folk Lore has to offer, dear to us for old love's sake, of well thumbed book, or of kind narrator, and valuable for the connexion of kindred thought and origin thus traced from land to land.

The tendency of the last two or three centuries to dress up everything in the conventional costume of literary dignity, is one of the chief obstacles to all researches. The same was always the case. If 'Telemaque' is the Frenchman in a helmet and cuirass, Æneas is an Augustan Roman. No one but Shakspeare knew how to make his characters of all ages, like those in Lear and Macbeth, or of their own and no other, like the wonderful pictures in Julius Cæsar and Antony and Cleopatra. If the age of the writer be remote, we are thankful to him for his revelations about his own times, and are well pleased that Palemon and Arcite should become doughty knights, worthy to figure in Froissart; and Alexander, in the Talbot book in the British Museum, is as welcome in his fifteenth century armour as he could be in his own robe, wrought by his mothers and sisters. Even the prodigal son hawking before a Dutch country house is endurable. But when the whole of ancient times were melted into one happy medium, neither present nor past, but like nothing that ever existed on earth — when English gentlemen were sculptured in togas and full-bottomed wigs — when

'Old Tonson, in his wondrous mood,  
Amazing all beholders,  
Had placed old Nassau's hook-nosed head  
On poor Æneas' shoulders.'

When Blenheim's ceilings were painted with Marlborough, Queen Anne, and all the gods and goddesses among chariots,

olive branches and cotton-wool clouds, when Arcadia became a neutral ground, and Cyrus and Mandane were fashioned to resemble Louis XIV. and his satellites — when Smollet anglicised Sancho's blunders and proverbs, and Mason altered Gray's letters to suit the public taste — then what could a genuine tradition expect? If Prior took up the Nut Brown Maid, it must be to turn the Shepherd Lord and his love into a conventional Henry and Emma; Gray's Fatal Sisters gain in smoothness, but lose the weird awfulness of the Valkyriars, who weave the web of the slaughter of Clontarf; Parnell's Fairy tale, lacks the quaint reality of the Irish Lusmore or the Breton tailor. And though the Countess d'Aulnoy, M. Perrault, and others, revived the fairy tales of old, it was in a dressed up form from which they have never perfectly recovered. Respect to old individualities of tradition had been lost. The heroes and heroines who had descended with their narrators into the humblest grades of peasant life, thoroughly national, emerged as princes and princesses of realms of peacocks and of roses, and were draped à la Louis XIV. Love stories were saddled on them, importations made from eastern romance, and the stories composed which have to us become our childhood's tradition, but which utterly confuse our understanding of the original conception of these curious tales. The matter is further complicated by the good folk who wished to render fairies moral and instructive, and turned them into rewarders of good children, punishers of naughty ones, and far worse, guides in natural science. Fairyland became a world which any one might play tricks with, and the burlesque or pantomime, with its foolish over-wrought puns and allusions to the subjects of the day, has vulgarized the fairy tale in a way unworthy of its essential poetry, and high descent; furnishing another proof of that strange element in the English mind which loves to violate and make game of everything poetical.

It is to the cottage hearth that we must go for the genuine fairy tale, and not to those of the sophisticated kingdom of Wessex; but to Cornwall, to Cleveland, to Wales, to the Highlands, to Ireland, to Brittany, Scandinavia and Germany. As we have already said, the quest was first begun by the brothers Grimm. Mr. Edgar Taylor and Mr. Keightley discerned its interest; but the study paused until its real meaning was revealed by the proofs of the common stock of the Aryan nations, when it became manifest that as surely as the

names of numbers and terms for the nearest relationships and common objects of life, manifest the identity of origin of two nations, so surely do popular tales, existing in different versions, manifest that they have been derived from a universal root. The changes they undergo, in unison with the nation's alterations of circumstance, are as characteristic as those undergone by words, according to Grimm's famous law. That the Greek god will be a German peasant, or tailor, is nearly as certain as that the Greeks will be a Latin L. If we find Venus by her own name as on the Venus berg and in Sintram, we are as sure it is a modern transplantation as we are that an omnibus or a Eureka shirt is among ourselves — while a day, a tear, or a door, bear as evident the marks of old descent as do Jack the Giant Killer or Habetrot and the Whippetty Stouries. Mr. S. B. Gould, besides his 'Curious myths of the middle ages' has given us an appendix to Mr. Henderson's Northern Folk Lore with a list of what he calls the universal story radicals, which he considers the Aryan race to have started with before they dispersed, and to have modified according to the influence of the localities the different nations adopted.

For instance, the Cyclops, or Round Eye, was originally the Sun. He is, as Mr. Kelly shows us, a complete Astronomical Indo-European idea; and the Cyclopes become numerous by the continual addition of departed days. In like manner, Odin in the Edda has but one eye, the Sun, having sacrificed the other for a draught from the Well of Wisdom; but as the notion of personified day was forgotten, the Cyclops became in the popular mind a mere monster giant, ready for his natural fate of becoming victim to a hero. This hero is in every case caught in his den, and in danger of serving as his meal, which danger is escaped by blinding him, and riding out on the leader of the flock; but in each case there is a touch of national character and national respect to probability. Sindbad the Sailor (who may be considered as more properly representing Persia than Arabia) thrusts out the monster's eye with a cluster of the spits employed for roasting his comrades — the astute Ulysses glories in the device of professing to be 'Nobody,' and uses the giant's pine tree staff, hardened in the fire — the Gael, Conal no Buidhe recommends a poisonous eye-salve to his man-eating foe on the Irish coast, and creeps out under the belly of the largest goat, while the poor giant pathetically says, 'There thou art, thou shaggy haired white goat, thou sees me,

but I cannot see thee' — the German giant is blinded by the like treacherous recommendations. It is further curious to observe the different heroes, the Eastern merchant, the Greek king, the cunning Highland robber, and the honest German peasant, as also that the Eastern and the Greek accept the single eyed giant unhesitatingly; but the northern credulity is not so strong and the Irishman was naturally two-eyed, and has only lost one by disease, while the German is allowed both.

Again, the beautiful fable of the Love and the Soul, which we know best in its late classical form in the graceful story of Cupid and Psyche, as given by Apuleius, and again in its court dress of *La Belle et la Bête*; appears likewise in a homely German version, where the Cupid of the part is a lion, and the curiosity of Psyche causes him to become a dove. We believe that it is the same legend, stripped of its allegorical meaning, that has come forth in another shape in Blue Beard. The ordinary semi-oriental dress of this story is, we believe, owing to French taste, and for some time there was a theory that it was a parody on the horrible doings of that half-madman, half-wizard, Gilles de Retz, in Brittany; but Mr. Dasent in Norway, and Mr. Campbell, found the story current in forms much older than any tradition of De Retz.

The Gaelic version given by Mr. Campbell is the connecting link, but, as in all the modern versions, the part of Hamlet is left out. There is no haunting with

'Ach! Sein Bart war blan,'

for beard he either had none, or it was not blue. But though he keeps the secret chamber full of murdered wives which is evidently a Keltic idea, since one was discovered by Jack the Giant Killer, and another by Tom in the establishment of the Cornish Giant (Hunt, p. 36) and must thus have occurred to the French *Barbe bleue*, he is really labouring under an enchantment. Here too we have the three sisters — no princesses but daughters to a poor widow, who go out in succession to drive away a large white horse from their kail-yard. They strike him with their distaff, and then cannot detach it, but are dragged on to a hill side, where a door opens, and the horse assumes a human shape. The keys are entrusted, the lady is curious, the door is opened with the usual result, except that the blood adheres to her feet instead of to the key, and a little cat offers to lick it off for the small reward of a drop of milk.

elder sisters disdain the cat, fail to receive the blood, and are consequently de- and disposed of in the secret cham- at the youngest not only accepts the and offer to cleanse her feet, but re- directions to revive her sisters, place in two chests, and reserving a third self, insist on her lord rewarding her nee by bestowing three boxes of re on her mother. Thus, when he ought all three home safely, she stands d the door, and when he comes to look r, she tells him with an iron bar, and estroys the enchantment, and makes royal husband. In the Norse story : 'Widow and her Hen,' the three go in search of their only hen, and to the power of the Old Man of the ut here neither the White Lady nor at appear; only the elder sisters of- um and are killed, the younger learns agic, restores their lives, makes him all three home in sacks, employs a shooter to destroy him, and though he s this danger, he bursts before he gets

The allegory once lost, the legends rther and further from the original, he game of Russian Scandal, where joint of an anecdote having been ed, clever players try to supply one, vent fresh incidents.

three sisters seem inevitable in mod- ories, probably from the sense of luck ag in the third time. Rhodope, the : damsel, whose sandal was carried off eagle, and dropped at Memphis, causing Psammetichus such admiration that ver rested till he had made her his , was not troubled with sisters; but ve them in the old German Aschen- , whom the Comtesse d'Aulnoy pro- as her Finette in the court dress that as to Cinderella. It is also an Inde- nt Italian tradition found in Strapar- 'entamerone, and Mr. Edgar Taylor : that not only may it be found among , Poles, and Germans, but that Lu- ven appealed to it to illustrate the tion of Abel to Cain.

Other universal story is that of which B Gould gives a Devonshire version, 314 of Norse Folk Lore, under the of 'The Rose Tree,' the same which island is the Milk White Doe, and in ny the Machandal Baum. It is also in Languedoc, in Hungary, in Mod- reece, and even among the Bechuanas th Africa. In each case there is a rious connexion between a tree and ildren, one of whom is killed by the i stepmother, and served up to the

father for supper, but the bones are saved by the other child, and when buried under a tree, develop into a bird, which flies about singing the story of its wrongs. In the French version

'Ma mavalle  
Pique Patre  
M'a fait bouillie  
Mon Pèrè  
Le laboureur  
M'a mangé  
Ma jeune sœur  
La Lisette  
M'a pleuré  
Et soupiré  
Sous un arbre  
M'a enterré  
Tsiou tsiou  
Je suis encore en vie.'

The bird is rewarded by the listeners — by the shoemaker with a pair of red shoes, by the jeweller with a gold watch, by a miller with a mill-stone. All these it conveys to the roof of the house, and calling out sister, father, and stepmother in succession, by thundering with the stones, gives one the shoes, the other the watch, and demolishes the murderer with the mill stone. An old Devon nurse, whose solitary story this was, made the bird summon the family in a rhyme: —

'Sister, sister, come to me,  
Something good I have for thee.'

The Children were called Orange and Lemon, and the mill stone had become a head-stone for the grave, just as the watch must have undergone some prior transformation. Mr. Gould only says there must be a mythological root to the story, but Mr. Taylor had traced the Machandel to the Almond tree as the parent of the Phrygian Atys, and the child's murder by his stepmother to the slaughter and boiling of the Cretan Zagreus by the Titans at command of Juno, and his burial by his brother Apollo, while the murderers were blasted by thunderbolts. The eating of the murdered son and the change to the bird occurs in the story of Itys and Progne, and in many another Thyestian banquet, such as Mr. Coxe has traced to the allegory of the Sun maturing or cooking his children the fruits of the earth, then absorbing their juices and devouring them, as we find in a charming episode of the Legend of Hiawatha.

Multitudes more of the favourite legends and stories crop up again and again in un-expected places, till they go far beyond em-



meration, and have almost brought the students of such comparisons to believe that every story they find repeated is originally a myth—like the Wild huntsman, the Wind, who having started from India with his moaning hounds, has roamed over heathen Europe as Odin, also called Wish, with his wish-dogs, then assumed the names of Charlemagne, King Arthur, Henry IV., of every imaginable personage who had impressed the popular imagination—and latterly became a wicked hunter, to whom wild stories of all kinds were fitted, the Knight Hakelnburgh of Germany, or the wild priest Dando of S. Germans in Cornwall. Or again the faithful hound Gellert, whose ill-requited devotion has wrung many a heart, is a true weasel in Arabia, a pole-cat in Mongolia, a cat in Persia, an ichneumon in the Sanskrit tale, whence the legend started.

Cats, Mr. Kelley tells us, owe their weird qualities in popular faith, to their sensitiveness to atmospherical influences, and but that our space runs short, we could trace a wonderful genealogy of Cat stories, starting from the White Cat, and touching on Puss in Boots, with the curious satirical termination given from Straparola, by Mr. Keightly on to the numberless perplexing versions of Whittington and his Cat, in Denmark, Italy, and almost everywhere else. All the reality of Sir Richard Whittington, his grand foundations, and his having provided wedding clothes for the daughters of Henry IV., have not availed to save his Cat, and her cause has been further hurt by that over zealous artist who transformed the hour-glass and skull on which Whittington, in his portrait, once rested his hand, into Pussey herself. And yet the circumstances is not so unlikely but that it might occur more than once. It is not so many years ago that the 'Plain Woman in Africa' was bargaining with a mouse-ridden Zulu chief, who was willing to give a considerable price for a kitten, and we have heard of two cats left behind by a ship in a savage island who were actually objects of adoration.

And thus, though William Tell is repeated time after time and in place after place, we still think the device not so very abstruse; but that the proof of skill might have occurred to more than one brutal tyrant; indeed the very currency of the story would suggest the idea, as it is probably the tale of the destruction of Hippolytus, son of Theseus, suggested the mode of martyrdom of his namesake, S. Hippolytus, the martyr. Man is imitative, and the very fact than an action has taken place stimulates its repeti-

tion. If Alfred creeps with his harp into the Danish camp, his example is followed by Anlaff in order to reconnoitre that of Athelstane. Other resemblances lie in human nature; some circumstances, for ever recurring, must work out results as certainly as three terms in a problem of proportion will find their fourth, and even the marvels of 'permutations and combinations,' in old arithmetical books, show as plainly as Mr. Buckle and his statistics that certain conditions and facts will recur again and again.

History tells the same story—Parallels of events and characters repeat themselves; David, Alexander, and the Mahomedan chief pour on the ground the water that was too precious to drink; Constantine, Philip II. and Peter I. alike mysteriously sacrifice their unhappy first-born; Julian and Frederick II. each keep a pet philosopher and quarrel with him. The mountains of Judea and of the Tyrol, the granite moors of Cornwall and Brittany, and the orchards of Brittany, all become the home of patriotic loyalty. All these are capable of explanation, character and circumstance produce their consequences, and perhaps the same may be said of the summonses of innocent victims to their murderers to meet them before the highest tribunal within a certain time, such as that of the last Grand Master of the Temple to the Pope and King of France, and of Giles of Brittany to his brother the Duke, both of which probably worked their own fulfilment. So again the eager watching for a hero-king who had vanished in a lost battle, the hopes of the return of Rodrick the Goth, of Harold, of Frederick Barbarossa, of James IV. of Don Sebastian, was surely the natural yearning after a 'hope that keeps alive despair' rather than the revival of any old legend of Arthur, or even of the myth of the returning day. Hence may have sprung on the one hand the grand fables of Holgar Danske, of Charlemagne, of Barbarossa, and we know not of whom besides, sitting in their grand quiescence underground till the time should come; and on the other hand that perpetual brood of impostors, the false sons of Germanicus, the Baldwin of Flanders, the Waldemar, the Lambert Sinner, the Perkin Warbeck, the Demetri of Russia, the Sebastian, nay, even the Louis XVII. who have continually risen to take the place of any one who perished mysteriously. Surely they tell us that the repetition of an event does not lessen its probability. Nay—even the much more unaccountable fact of the prediction of the place of death, be-

ing fulfilled to the ear, though not to the letter, has occurred again and again — as in the cases of Robert Guiscard, our own Henry IV. Ferdinand the Catholic, and Catherine de Medicis, persons who could hardly have imitated one another.

We all know the stock magazine article, debating whether parallel passages of poetry are real plagiarisms, and no one can fail to observe how the same event or idea, acting on the same class of mind, without possibility of borrowing, produces curiously similar inventions; and thus we do not think the conclusion safe that all similar tales must be mere copies from an identical source.

That principal applied to history has knocked off half our old beliefs. Eleanor did not suck the poison, because the same story is told of Sybilla of Conversana, and all the princes who went about in disguise, from Haroun al Raschid down to Henry VIII. naturally demolish each other's adventures. But the maxim is a dangerous one. We are willing to allow that full evidence is required to prove a story that has a suspicious resemblance to other floating tales; but non proven is not the same as disproved, and the principle of repetition being disproof may in these perilous times, — nay has been, applied to the facts that stand on the truly highest authority — the patriarchal precaution respecting the wife, the meeting of the bride by the well of water, the miracles of Elijah and Elisha.

Mr. Baring Gould is aware of this danger. He gives an account of a clever French Abbé's argument to prove that Napoleon I. was a mere myth — Ne-Apollon — The New Apollo. Bonaparte — the good part, or day, out of the twenty-four hours, born in an isle of the Eastern sea, the Mediterranean, of Letitia, another form of Leto or Latona, — having four brothers, the seasons — twelve marshals, the signs of the zodiac, putting down Revolution, etymologically demonstrated to be the coiled serpent or hydra, victorious in the South, but driven back by the forces of the North, and finally, as he had risen in the East sea, sinking in the Western ocean.

'To those who see in Samson the image of the sun, the correlative of the classic Hercules, this clever skit of the accomplished French Abbé may prove of value as a caution,' says Mr. Gould, in his *Curious Myths*, and thus, when he boldly puts 'Samson root' at the head of his summary of the treachery of Delilah, we accept it as not betokening any doubt of the fact, though 'Hercules root' stands just below it.

It is true that the heroic cycle of every poetical Aryan nation, Homeric, Ossianic, or of the Nibelung, has numerous ideas traceable too to a single root, but like our words to the stage above it. *Ægeus*, *Rocstem*, *Hildebrand*, all have unknown sons, who fight with them before the token discovers them. *Achilles*, *Diarmid*, *Sigurid*, *Orlando*, all love and lose their cherished maid, have a species of restoration, and perish by a treacherous wound in their only vulnerable spot: *Diarmid* not only resembling *Achilles* by this spot being in the heel, but *Meleager* and *Hercules* in the battle being with a boar.

Yet were all these brilliant careers, blighted affections and untimely deaths, as Mr. Coxe would have us believe mere agglomerations of myths of the *Rosy Dawn* wooed by the Sun, leaving him alone in his glory, and returning to him ere he sinks to his rest. Was there nothing in them of the sense of man's failures, of his tender hopes, of the one thing wanting in time of success, of the softer feelings of decline? Was there no truth at all in the outlines? Why, a little less documentary evidence, and it would be easy to believe not only that there had been no siege of Paris, no Charles, no Roland, and no *Roncesvalles*, but that the Crusaders' capture of Jerusalem was a mere Christian allegory; for were they not warriors of the cross led by Godfrey, or God's Peace, and the siege of Granada another such fable, with such another hero in *Gonzalo*? Surely these would prove that the gallant deeds of the Greeks, the Gael, and even the *Nibelung*, had at least as much foundation as the other fabled embellished enterprises nearer our own days. While *Samson* means *Splendid Sun*, and such conclusions can be drawn from the names of *Napoleon* and his mother, we decline to think the siege of Troy explained by identifying *Helen* with the *Indian Sarama* or the *Dawn*, who was beguiled by *Pani*, the deceiver, into drinking milk, and thus becoming subject to him; or *Briseis*, merely another form of the dawn, and *Achilles*, a mere solar-hero.

That tales, with mythical atmospherical sources, clustered round a great event, we are quite ready to grant; nor can anything be plainer or more satisfactory, than Mr. Coxe's explanation of many of the baser and more disgusting stories imputed to the deities as being really misunderstood and forgotten parables of the phenomena of nature. It takes a nightmare off the mind to find that those were not inventions of the high-hearted men of Athens and Thebes, so

much as old allegories with their meaning lost. Nor do we wonder that in the delight of the discovery it is treated as a key to everything. Achilles has been disposed of as a solar myth, with considerable bendings of the Iliad to serve the purpose, and Ulysses is the same story. Penelope is his dawn and sunset, weaving clouds into a bright web, soon dispersed. Telemachus resembles Patroclus in being a faint reflex of his brilliance (as if friends and sons were unknown, except as moons). The suitors are the dark clouds that obscure the west; their slaughter is the crimson colouring that dyes them when the sun breaks through at his setting.

All this we might be content to read as hypothesis and argument, but we object to making children learn it in a catechism of mythology as an established fact. Here are two questions and answers:—

'636. "Is the character of Odysseus true to that of Achaians or historical Greeks?"

"We have no evidence whatever for thinking that it was. It may be more justly called, not only Achaiian, but inhuman. Odysseus uses poisoned arrows; he shoots a man behind his back, and without warning; he tells lies whenever it suits his purpose to do so; he slays a whole band of chieftains who had done him no great injury, and then hangs up, like sparrows on a string, a crowd of women, simply because they had not resisted the demands of the suitors."

'637. "What have we to learn from this?"

"That only mischief can follow if we will insist on regarding as a human model, a being whose story has grown up from phrases which lie at the root of the story of Achilles."—Coxe, p. 180.

Some mischief, we think, grows from overworking a theory. If Ulysses ever used poisoned arrows, it was not while he was in Homer's hands, and as to his other 'inhuman' attributes, surely falsehood was a notable characteristic of the ordinary Greek; and the deceptions of Ulysses, though painful to a Christian reader, were quite what a Greek of historical times would regard as mere prudential concealments. That his attack on the suitors was not of a kind considered dishonourable, is evident from the conspiracy that recovered Thebes from the Spartans, when access was gained to them at a banquet by Thebans, in women's dresses. Epaminondas, indeed, refused to join in the scheme, but his morality was avowedly exceptional, and Pelopidas forfeited no man's respect by so doing. As to the injury Ulysses had sustained, the suitors had been preying on his defenceless wife

and son, insulting every rite held most sacred, and laying an ambush against the life of Telemachus; and, for the slave women, treachery against their master and mistress was one of the worst crimes a Greek imagination could conceive. In like manner, the Trojan captives slain at the funeral pile of Patroclus, become another version of these many-coloured clouds of sunset, because we are told the Greeks did not use human sacrifices. What became of the nephews of Xerxes taken in the isle of Psyttaleia? And still latter, how desirous were many Thebans to sacrifice a virgin at Leuctra.

Where the exact balance lies, no man will ever know. Mythology is mixed up of various streams each of which has in turn had more than its due proportion assigned to it. Historical fact exaggerated was the old story, when Jupiter became a King of Crete, and Odin a northern conqueror. Abstract ideas personified next became the prevalent theory, and Power, Wisdom, Beauty, War, &c. were shown working out their attributes. Then followed the Christian habit of tracing the heathen tale to a Scriptural tradition, such as Hercules to Samson, Arion to Jonah; and at the present day the atmospherical theory, being the freshest, is swallowing up all the rest.

Now, to our mind all these have had their share in the work of creating the three great mythologies of the world—the Indian, the classical, and the northern. The original facts of the history of man, the Creation, the Promise of the woman-born Victor over the Serpent, the Deluge and the Tower of Babel, are of universal occurrence not only in the national legends of the Aryan race, but in those of almost every people that possessed any memory at all.

It is now said that the conquerors represent day, and the dragons darkness folded about the earth; but we believe that they go far deeper, and that actual Light and Darkness are themselves but another allegory of that conquest of all conquests, the hope of which upbore the world through the weary ages of waiting. Krishna bound in the serpent's coils, trampling its head, but wounded by it in the heel; Apollo standing radiant over Python; Hercules demolishing the Hydra; Sigurd rescuing the treasure from the Lindworm Fafnir; all these embody the yearnings for Him who should bruise the Serpent's Head, just as the subsequent Christian myths of S. George, S. Martha, S. Margaret, and many more lesser and more local saints crystallize, as it were, the allegory of the disciples enabled to tread on

serpents and scorpions, in their master's power. Mr. Henderson has regaled us with a splendid collection of "Worms of the North," no less than six, so authenticated that if only we were prepared to believe in the monsters' existence, we should really accept the tales as well proved!

There was the Sockburn Worm, who was killed by the brave Conyers, with a falchion, wherewith every Bishop of Durham was presented by the Lord of Sockburn on his entrance into his diocese. The last time the ceremony was performed was in 1826, on the inauguration of Van Mildert, the last Bishop of Palatine. There was the Pollard Worm, which wonned in an oak wood near Bishop Auckland, and was killed by a knight named Pollard, who was rewarded by as much land as he could ride round during the Bishop's dinner; there was the Laidley Worm of Spindleston Heugh, a poor transformed maiden, who was rescued by her brother; the Linton Worm, the Dragon of Strathmartin, and the Lambton Worm whose story is very circumstantial.

This monster, it appears, was evoked by the curses of the reckless young heir of Lambton, who was fishing in the Wear on a Sunday morning while his neighbours were going to mass, and pulled out so ugly a creature that he immediately detached it from his hook, and threw it into what is called the Worm Well. There it grew so large, and assumed so horrible an appearance, that the unhappy heir of Lambton could bear it no longer, but went away—according to one legend, to the crusades, so as to be purified from his sins. In his absence, it increased so much that its length three times encircled an oval hill on the banks of the Wear, which still bears the name of the Worm's Hill. It committed all the true draconian ravages in the country, and was only kept in some sort of check by the ingenuity of the old steward of Lambton, who propitiated it by the offering daily of a trough filled with nine cows' milk. Of course, half the gentlemen of the country side tried to kill the monster, and were themselves destroyed, as the dragon had the power of reuniting when cut in two, and this lasted till the return of the unfortunate author of the mischief. He took counsel with a wise woman how to encounter the animal, and she advised him to array himself in armour spiked all over, and to stand in the middle of the river. Also, he was to take a vow that he would make a Jephthah-like sacrifice of the first thing he should meet after the victory. Otherwise, for

nine generations no Lord of Lambton should die in his bed.

The Dragon's mode of attack seems to have been of the boa-constrictor kind, so the porcupine armour proved highly effective, and when it loosed itself from its over-close embrace, the knight, standing in the middle of the Wear, cut its coil in two so judiciously, that the current of the river carried off the lower half, and prevented it from reuniting, so that the upper portion was soon disposed of. In spite of all precautions, however, the first person to meet the victor was his poor old father, and thus it became needful to incur the doom, which seems to have been exactly verified. Two Lambtons were slain on the Royalist side in the great Rebellion, and the last, in whom the curse exhausted itself, was Henry Lambton, M.P., who died in his carriage on the 26th of June, 1761, while crossing the bridge across the Wear and Lambton. Counting nine lords of Lambton back from him, Yorkshire antiquaries arrived at 'John Lambton that slew ye Worme' who was Knight of Rhodes and Lord of Lambton.

No idea has been more deeply fixed among the people of all ages and times than this dragon-fight. And granting that here and there the tradition may have been refreshed by the discovery of saurian remains (though the above quoted northern tales do not occur in districts containing such relics), and that in a few cases such as that of Regulus, and the Knight of Rhodes, the enemy may have been a veritable serpent, yet still we think that it is the mysterious enmity between the serpent and the woman, his seed and her seed, that has exalted the conflict to such a distinguished place in popular estimation.

The Rainbow is another subject of primeval tradition, universally beloved among the children of Japhet and Shem; the lovely Iris, the messenger of the gods among the Greeks; the daughter of the Sun and of the flowers with the Welsh; and among the Northmen the bridge of Heaven, over which noble souls pass to the Valhalla; while the negro races regard the token of mercy as an evil spirit! Beyond these very earliest primitive facts, we are convinced that the theory of distortions of Scripture breaks down. It was worked to the uttermost by many good men of the last century, in the same spirit in which they forced Hebrew into being the parent of other languages. Maurice's Ancient Hindoostan and Davis's Celtic Researches are memorials of the vast erudition spent in building on insecure foundations.

The historical theory was the favourite

with the Greeks and Romans themselves, when they had outgrown their simple credulity, and yet would not not relinquish their divine and heroic ancestry. They knocked out and explained away the marvellous, and composed very rational and very dull histories of the migrations and conquests of their forefathers. Every nation goes through this stage of rationality just as every child discards its fairy tales, and then returns to them again with clearer eye-sight. Where the germ of truth lies, it is almost, if not quite, impossible to detect; but the examples of Attila, of Arthur, and of Charles the Great convince us that there is no certainty that, because a personage occurs in a world of impossible and mythical companions and adventures, he should have never had a substantial existence, even though, like Arthur and Charles, his name should be strangely connected with the constellation Ursa Major.

The belief that many deities and many myths embody abstract ideas and qualities, is worked out to its utmost in Mr. Gladstone's Homer. His chapter upon Zeus, Athene, and Apollo, connecting Athene with Divine Wisdom, is a grand composition, and we believe that wherever the names may have come from, the Greek mind had added the idea. Zeus was indeed the sky, but he was also Almighty Power and Fatherhood; Athene was the Eastern Ahana, or the Dawn, springing from her father's brow, but on this name all the traditional dreams of Divine Wisdom had clung; and Phœbus Apollo, though soiled even in the Homeric conception, and his purity given away to his sister, was the terrible, searching, healing, yet destroying light. And as the superior Greeks advanced in power of thought and philosophy, they would fain have made their deities more and more of embodiments of great ideas; but they were hampered by the atmospherical allegories which were attached to the names of their gods and heroes, and became monstrous and gross in creatures looked on as magnified human beings.

Northern imagination was less tied down, and its deities were able far more freely to represent the universal combat of good and evil, the wily arts by which evil for a time could triumph, its fall, its recovery, the destruction and consummation of all things. But as Christianity was at hand to satisfy — if it did not form — all the better longings of the Teuton, it is to Greece that we turn for that literature that shows how great minds strove to mould wild old tradition to

express their sense of Divine Justice, their cravings for the vanished light, their lament over the sadness of things around. To our minds it seems as if, while the favoured race of Shem was directed by God himself to the truth, and the few intellectual sons of the accursed race were guided by the devil to the foul worship that prevailed among the Canaanites, the race of Japhet was left to its own devices, and according to the theory already mentioned, formed to themselves dreams and myths out of the phenomena of nature. The main fact seems established beyond a doubt by the students of Vedic hymns, that the sky, the sun, the earth, the dawn, the twilight, the clouds, the winds, and the rain, had an infinity of names, and were spoken of in perpetually recurring parables of homely pastoral life, such as fanciful children may be heard to use when watching the clouds or the shapes in the fire. One cloud was a golden fleece, which was lost at night, and brought back from the east at morning; the clouds were cows, gathered into their fold, or stolen by the merry morning breeze, and reconquered by the sun, or they were sieves in which maidens were forced for ever to carry water, no doubt as a terrible punishment for some great offence; or the sun was a hero coming forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a giant to run his course, contending with the storm and cold, his enemies, and sinking to rest or to death, however fancy might paint his setting. Etymology and comparison have established many of the classical imaginations to be grounded on those daily appearances. Names clumsily explained by the Greeks and Romans, who had forgotten their real derivation, are easily cleared up by comparison with the Sanskrit, as, for instance, Herme with Sarama, the dawn or morning wind; and many a foul and ridiculous or horrible fable that blackened the character of the gods and heroes, and perplexed good men, is resolved into a simple parable of nature. And in the zest of these discoveries, as we before said, we think the other sources of ancient faith are too entirely forgotten, and primal tradition, sense of abstract combat between good and evil, and sheer actual fact are all disregarded in the desire to trace every legend to a simple source, — namely, the atmospherical fancies of the Aryans before they dispersed.

Each attempt is one-sided, because it is not sufficiently taken into account that the whole universe, moral and physical, is one great allegory, and has been so ever since

tion and the Fall. What needs it to say that the dragon slayer is not the woman bruising the Serpent's head, the Day slaying Night, when sunrise and darkness is the daily type of the Son, the Son of Righteousness — the Woman rising from the Night, having won the victory. Upward creation is the allegory of the higher world, and the parallelism of the one speaks of the other. The fact being an allegory destroys its reality as a historical truth. The woman cast out, the Israelites, are typical, but none the less facts. Our allegories are surer than the allegories are like His City, the true, and solid truth. Revelation, history, nature, mind, all have the right to tell; therefore it is no wonder they should often coincide, and the marvellous froth of imaginations by the seething aspirations of past should be hard to place each bubble in its right account. But, we are but at the beginning of it. Hitherto the question has only been stated either in a narrow or fragmentary manner, nor have materials yet been collected. We hope, however, the great mind may yet give us a grand instructive comparative Aryan myth, separating primitive religious atmospheric parable, marking the origin of national character, distinguishable probably historical facts, and showing legends and observations pertinent have kept their hold upon different nations, with the modifications that they have derived from Christianity, and Christendom them. Such a work as this Mr. Caxton's famous History of England it would also be a history of the world of truth, and to collect materials for a structure is the real object of all folk-lore.

## COURTLINESS IN COMMON LIFE.

DOUBTLESS the promotion of jocularity is one of the most important objects that can be studied in the cultivation of social science. It would be in some measure effected by the practise of employing, in familiar discourse, relative or addressed to ordinary people, terms and titles such as Majesty, Highness, Grace, Lordship, and so forth, with the difference of being appropriate to those people individually, on account of either their personal peculiarities, occupations, professions, or trades. As: —

- His Needfulness the Scavenger.
- His Blueness the Butcher.
- His Doughiness the Baker.
- His Spiceiness the Grocer.
- His Greasiness the Tallow Chandler.
- His Mitiness the Cheesemonger.
- His Transparency the Glazer.
- His Mealiness the Miller.
- His Constructiveness the Carpenter and Joiner.
- His Waxiness the Cobbler.
- His Elegance the Fop.
- His Inventiveness the Novelist.
- His Troubleness the Tax-Collector.
- His Medacity the Storyteller.
- His Malevolence the Slashing Reviewer.
- His Irritability the Author.
- His Astuteness the Diplomatist.
- His Shrewdness the Lawyer.
- His Humbug the Quack.
- His Oiliness the Popular Preacher.
- His Pomposity the Beadle.
- His Combativeness the Pugilist.
- His Destructiveness the Executioner.
- His Corpulence the Fat Man.
- His Skinniness the Thin Man.
- His Bashfulness the Irishman.
- His Extravagance the Scot.

To the foregoing examples, many more might be added, with exhilarating effect, especially by the reader who enjoys the advantage of having a great many friends and acquaintances whose circumstances are ludicrous, or of whom the personal peculiarities are grotesque. — *Punch*.

Jansenn announces an important discovery he has just made; viz, that in an analysis of some of the stars, he has discovered which indicate the presence of aqueous vapour in these bodies. He observed this in the case of the spectrum of Antares, to avoid any error through the prestomospheric vapour, M. Jansenn conducted experiments at Etna, where the air is very dry. Researches made on Mars and Marselles, lead him to conclude there is water vapour in the atmosphere of Mars and Saturn.

A royal sign manual warrant of King Charles II, issued in the first year of his reign, is printed in the *Builder*, which says that it was found in an old office book belonging to the office of the Lord Chamberlain. Neither Malone nor Payne Collier has noticed it. "In the sign manual," continues our authority, after printing it, "eleven plays are assigned to Sir William Davenant, the patentee of the Duke's Theatre: one by Webster, 'The Duchess of Malfi'; one by Sir John Denham, 'The Sophy'; and nine by Shakespeare. We have here, then, fresh and startling evidence of the preëminent popularity of Shakespeare over other dramatists in the reign of Charles II."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## CLEVE VERNEY HAS A VISITOR.

So Cleve Verney returned to England, and his friends thought his trip to Paris, short as it was, had done him a world of good. What an alterative and tonic a little change of air sometimes is!

The Honorable Kiffyn Fulke Verney was, in his high, thin-minded way, at last tolerably content, and more pompous and respected than ever. The prospect of his succession to the peerage of Verney was in a perfectly satisfactory state. He would prove it, and take his seat next Session. He would add another to the long list of Lords Viscounts Verney of Malory to be found in the gold and scarlet chronicle of such dignities. He had arranged with the trustees for a provisional possession of Verney House, the great stone mansion which blocks one side of the small parallelogram called Verney Square. Already contractors had visited it and explored its noble chambers and long corridors, with foot-rule and note-book, getting together material for tenders, and Cleve had already a room there when he came up to town. Some furniture had got in, and some servants were established there also, and so the stream of life had begun to transfuse itself from the old town residence of the Hon. Kiffyn Fulke Verney into these long-forsaken channels.

Here, one morning, called a gentleman named Dingwell, whom Cleve Verney, happening to be in town, desired the servant to show into the room where he sat, with his breakfast and his newspapers about him.

The tall old man entered, with a slight stoop, leering, Cleve thought, a little sarcastically over his shoulder as he did so.

Mr. Dingwell underwent Mr. Cleve Verney's reception, smiling oddly, under his white eyebrows, after his wont.

"I suspect some little mistake, isn't there?" said he, in his cold, harsh, quiet tones. "You can hardly be the brother of my old friend Arthur Verney. I had hoped to see Mr. Kiffyn Fulke Verney — I — eh?"

"I'm his nephew."

"Oh! *nephew*? Yes — another generation — yes, of course. I called to see the Honorable Kiffyn Fulke Verney. I was not able to attend the consultation, or whatever you call it. You know I'm your principal witness, eh? Dingwell's my name."

"Oh, to be sure — I beg pardon, Mr. Dingwell," said Cleve, who, by one of those odd slips of memory, which sometimes

occur, had failed to connect the name with the case, on its turning up thus unexpectedly.

"I hope your admirable uncle, Kiffyn Verney, is, at all events, *alive and approachable*," said the old man, glancing grimly about the room; "though perhaps you're his next heir, and the hope is hardly polite?"

This impertinence of Mr. Dingwell's, Mr. Cleve Verney, who knew his importance, and had heard something of his odd temper, resented only by asking him to be seated.

"*That*," said the old man, with a vicious laugh and a flush, also angry, "is a liberty which I was about to take uninvited, by right of my years and fatigue, eh?"

And he sat down with the air of a man who is rather nettled than pleased by an attention.

"And what about Mr. Kiffyn Verney?" he asked, sharply.

"My uncle is in the country," answered Cleve, who would have liked to answer the fool according to his folly, but he succumbed to the necessity, inculcated with much shrewdness, garnished with some references to Scripture, by Mr. Jos. Larkin, of indulging the eccentricities of Mr. Dingwell's temper a little.

"Then he is alive? I've heard such an account of the Vernéys, their lives are so brittle, and snap so suddenly; my poor friend Arthur told me, and that Jew fellow Levi, here, who seems so intimate with the family — d—n him! — says the same: no London house likes to insure them. Well, I see you don't like it: no one does; the smell of the coffin, sir; time enough when we are carrion and fill it. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, sir, *qu'è*," said Cleve dryly.

"No young man likes the sight of that stinking old lantern-jawed fellow, who shall be nameless, looking over his spade so slyly; but the best way is to do as I've done. Since you must meet him *one* day, go up to him and make his acquaintance, and shake hands; and egad! when you've grown a little bit intimate, he's not half so disgusting, and sometimes he's even a little bit funny."

"If I were thinking of the profession of a sexton, or an undertaker, I might," began Cleve, who felt a profound disgust of this old Mr. Dingwell, "but as I don't, and since by the time it comes to my turn, I shall be pretty well past seeing and smelling" — "Don't be too sure of that," said Mr. Dingwell, with one of his ugly smirks. "But it isn't about such matters that I want to trouble you; in fact, I came to say a word

"I suppose, young gentleman, you have your pleasures, and I have mine, and they're not to be had without money; and egad, sir, if you fancy it's for love of your old uncle or of you, that I'm here, and taking all this trouble, you are very much mistaken; and if I help you to this house, and the title, and estates, I'll take leave to help myself to some little amusement — money I mean, also. Cool fellows, egad."

The brown features of the old man flushed again angrily as he laughed.

"Well, Mr. Dingwell. I can only repeat what I have said, and I will also speak to Mr. Larkin. I have no power in the business myself, and you had better talk to him," said Cleve.

"I prefer the fountain-head, sir. I don't care twopence how you arrange it among yourselves; but you must give me the money by Saturday."

"Rather an early day, Mr. Dingwell; however, as I said, the question is for my uncle, it can't affect me," said Cleve.

Mr. Dingwell mused angrily for a little, and Cleve thought his face one of the wickedest he had ever seen, while in this state of excited rumination.

"You all — *both* owe me more in that man's death — there are very odd circumstances about it, I can tell you — than, perhaps, you at present imagine," said Mr. Dingwell, looking up suddenly, with a dismal sneer, which subsided into an equally dismal stare.

Cleve, for a second or two, returned the stare, while the question crossed his mind: "Can the old villain mean that my miserable uncle met his death by foul means, in which he took a part, and intends to throw that consideration in with his averred services, to enhance his claim?"

"You had better tell your uncle, with my compliments," said Mr. Dingwell, "that he'll make a kettle of fish of the whole affair, in a way he doesn't expect, unless he makes matters square with me. I often think I'm a d——d idiot, sir, to let you off as I do."

"I don't see, Mr. Dingwell, that you are letting us off, as you say, so very easily," answered Cleve, with a cold smile.

"No, you *don't* see, but I'll *make* you see it," said Mr. Dingwell, very tartly, and with an unpleasant laugh. "Arthur Verney was always changing his quarters — was never in the light. He went by different nicknames. There were in all Constantinople but two men, except myself, the consul, and the stockbroker, who cashed the money-orders for him, who could identify him, or who knew his name. He lived in the dark,

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and not very cleanly — you'll excuse the simile — like one of your sewer-rats. He died suddenly and oddly, sir, like a candle on which has fallen a drop of water, with a splutter and a flash, in a moment — one of your Verney deaths, sir. You might as well hope to prove the death of a particular town-dog there, without kennel or master or name, a year after his brothers had eaten him. So, sir, I see my value."

"I don't recollect that my uncle ever disputed it," replied Mr. Cleve Verney.

"I understand your difficulty perfectly. The presumption of English law, ha! ha! ha! is in favour of the duration of human life, whenever you can't prove a death. So, English law, which we can't dispute — for it is the perfection of human wisdom — places the putrid body of my late friend Arthur in the robes, coronet, and staff of the Verneys, and would give him the spending of the rents, too, but that you can't make a horse drink, though you may bring him to the water. At all events, sir, my festering friend in the shroud will hold secure possession of the estates against all comers till he exhausts that patient presumption, and sees Kiffyn, and you, sir, and every Verney now alive, laid with their faces upward. So, sir, you see I know my value. I have the grand arcanum; I hold in my hand the Philosopher's Stone that can turn your pewter and brass into gold. I hold it fast, sir, and, egad! I'll run away with it, unless I see a reason." And the old gentleman laughed, and shrugged and expanded his slender hands with a deprecation that was menacing.

Cleve was very angry, but he was also alarmed; for Mr. Dingwell looked quite capable of any treason against the Verney interest to which his avarice or his spites might prompt him. A wild, cold, wandering eye; a play of the nostrils, and a corrugation of the brows that gave to his smile, or his laugh, a menace that was villanous, and almost insane — warned the young man of the quality of the beast, and invited him to the exercise of all his self-control.

"I am quite certain, Mr. Dingwell, that my uncle will do whatever is reasonable and fair, and I am also sure that he feels his obligations to you. I shall take care that he hears all that you have said, and you understand that I literally have neither power nor influence in his decision."

"Well, he feels his obligations?" said Mr. Dingwell. "That is pleasant."

"Certainly; and, as I said, whatever is fair and reasonable I am certain he will do," said Cleve Verney.



"Fair and reasonable — that is exactly the thing — the *value*; and you know —

'The worth precise of any thing  
Is so much money as 'twill bring.'

And I'll make it bring what I say; and I make it a rule to treat money matters in the grossest terms, because that is the only language which is at once intelligible and direct — and grossness I believe to be the soul of business; and so, sir, tell him with my compliments, I shall expect five hundred pounds at ten o'clock in the morning, in Bank of England notes."

At this moment the servant announced the Rev. Isaac Dixie, and Mr. Dingwell stood up, and, looking with a kind of amusement and scorn round the room upon the dusty portraits, made a sharp bow to Cleve Verney, and saying —

"That's all; good-morning, sir" — with another nod, turned about, and walked jauntily out of the room.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

##### THE REV. ISAAC DIXIE SETS FORTH ON A MISSION.

THERE was a basis of truth in all that Mr. Dingwell had said, which made his voice more grating, his eye more dangerous, and his language more disgusting.

Would that Fortune had sent them, Cleve thought, some enchanted horse, other than that beast, to fly them into the fairy-land of their long-deferred ambition! Would that she had sent them a Rarey, to lead him by a metaphoric halter, and quell, by his art, the devil within him — the evil spirit before which something in Cleve's nature quailed, because it seemed to know nothing but appetite, and was destitute of human sympathy or moral foresight.

Dingwell was beset with dangers and devils of his own; but he stood in his magic circle, making mouths and shaking his fist, and grinning at them. He seemed to have no imagination to awe, or prudence to restrain him. He was aware, and so was Cleve, that Larkin knew all about his old bankruptcy, the judgments against him, the impounded forgeries on which he had been on the brink of indictment, and his escape from prison; and yet he railed at Larkin, and defied the powerful Verneys, as if he had been an angel sent to illuminate, to lecture and to rule them.

Mr. Larkin was usually an adroit and

effectual tamer of evil beasts, in such case as this Mr. Dingwell. He waved his thin wand of red-hot iron with a light and firm hand, and made every raw smoke in turn, till the lion was fit to lie down with the lamb. But this Dingwell was an eccentric brute; he had no awe for the superior nature, no respect for the imposing airs of the tamer — not the slightest appreciation even of his cautery. On the contrary, he seemed to like the sensation, and amuse himself with the exposure of his sores to the inspection of Mr. Larkin, who began to feel himself drawn into an embarrassing and highly disreputable confidence.

Mr. Larkin had latterly quite given up the idea of frightening Mr. Dingwell, for when he tried that method, Mr. Dingwell had grown uncomfortably lively and skittish, and, in fact, frightened the exemplary Mr. Larkin confoundedly. He had recapitulated his own enormities with an elation and frightful merriment worthy of a scandalous corner at a Walpurges ball; had demonstrated that he perfectly understood the game of the serious attorney, and showed himself so curiously thick of skin, and withal so *sportive* and formidable a rhinoceros, that Mr. Larkin then and there learned a lesson, and vowed no more to try the mesmerism that succeeded with others, or the hot rod of iron under which they winced and gasped and succumbed.

Such a systematic, and even dangerous defiance of every thing good, he had never encountered before. Such a person exactly as this Mr. Dingwell he could not have imagined. There was, he feared, a vein of insanity in that unfortunate man which made him insensible to the extreme peril of his own position, and enabled him actually to frighten the cautious Mr. Larkin, who was always girded with three coats of mail, and seven walls of brass, and I know not how many talismans beside.

Here he had quite enough of the horrid adroitness of Mr. Dingwell's horse-play, and felt such qualms whenever that animal capered and snorted, that he contented himself with musing and wondering over his unintelligible idiosyncrasies, and adopted a studiously soothing treatment with him — talked to him in a friendly, and even tender way — and had some vague plans of getting him ultimately into a mad-house.

But Mr. Dingwell was by this time getting into his cab, with a drapery of mufflers round him, and telling the man through the front window to drive to Rosemary Court; he leaned back in a corner, and chuckled and snorted in a conceited ecstasy over his

victory, and the money which was coming to minister to no good in this evil world.

Now, Cleve Verney leaned back in his chair, and there rose before him a view of a moonlighted wood, an old chateau, with its many peaked turrets, and steep roofs, showing silvery against the deep, liquid sky of night, and with a sigh, he saw on the white worn steps, that beautiful, wonderful shape that was his hope and his fate; and as he leaned on his hand, the Reverend Isaac Dixie, whose name had strangely summoned this picture from the sea of his fancy, entered the room, smiling rosiely, after his wont, and extending his broad hand, as he marched with deliberate strides across the floor, as much as to say — "Here I am, your own old tutor and admirer, who always predicted great things for you: I know you are charmed, as I am; I know how you will greet me."

"Ha! old Dixie," and Cleve got up, with a kind of effort, and not advancing very far, shook hands.

"So you have got your leave — a week — or how long?"

"I've arranged for next Sunday, that's all, my dear Mr. Verney; some little inconvenience, but very happy — always happy."

"Come, I want to have a talk with you," said Cleve, drawing the clergyman to a chair; "Don't you remember, you ought, you know, what Lord Sparkish (isn't it?) says in Swift's *Polite Conversations* — 'Tis as cheap sitting as standing.'"

The clergyman took the chair, simpering bashfully, for the allusion was cruel, and referred to a time when the Reverend Isaac Dixie, being as yet young in the ways of the world, and somewhat slow in apprehending literary ironies, had actually put his pupil through a grave course of "*Polite Conversation*," which he picked up among some odd volumes of the works of the great Dean of St. Patrick's, on the school-room shelf at Malory.

"And for my accomplishment of saying smart things in a polite way, I am entirely obliged to you and Dean Swift," said Cleve mischievously.

"Ah! ha! you were always fond of a jest, my dear Mr. Verney; you liked poking fun, you did, at your old tutor; but you know how that really was — I have explained it so often; still, I do allow, the jest is not a bad one."

But Cleve's mind was already on quite another subject.

"And now, Dixie," said he with a sharp glance into the clergyman's eyes, "you

know, or at least you guess, what it is I want you to do for me?"

The clergyman looked down by his gaiter, with his head a little a-one-side, and his mouth a little pursed; and said he, after a momentary silence —

"I really, I may say, *unaffectedly*, assure you that I do not."

"You're a queer fellow, old Dixie," said Cleve; "you won't be vexed, but you are always a little bit too clever; I did not tell you exactly, but I told you enough to enable you to guess it. Don't you remember our last talk; come now, Dixie, you're no muff."

"I hope not, my dear Cleve; I may be, but I don't pretend to that character, though I have still, I apprehend, much to learn in the world's ways."

"Yes, of course," said the young man; and tapped his small teeth, that glittered under his moustache, with the end of his pencil-case, while he lazily watched the face of the clergyman from under his long lashes.

"And I assure you," continued the clergyman, "if I were to pretend that I did apprehend your intentions, I should be guilty of an inaccuracy amounting, in fact, to an untruth."

He thought he detected something a little mocking in the handsome face of the young gentleman, and could not tell, in the shadow of the window-curtain, whether those even white teeth were not smiling at him outright; and a little nettled, but not forgetting himself, he went on —

"You know, my dear Cleve, it is nothing on earth to me — absolutely; I act merely to oblige — merely, I mean to be useful — if in my power, consistently with all other considerations, and I speak, I humbly, but confidently hope, habitually the truth."

"Of course you do," said the young gentleman, with emphasis, and growing quite serious again. "It is very kind, I know, your coming all this way, and managing your week's absence; and you may for the present know just as little or as much of the matter as you please; only mind, this is — not of course in any wrong sense — a dark business — awfully quiet. They say that in England, a talent for speaking may raise a man to anything, but I think a talent for holding one's tongue is sometimes a better one. And — I'm quite serious, old Dixie — I'll not forget your fidelity to me, upon my honour — really, never; and as you know, I may yet have the power of proving it."

The Rev. Isaac Dixie folded his hands, and hung his head sideways in a weak modesty, and withal smiled so rosiely and gle-

riously, as he sat in front of the window, that had it happened an hour before sunrise, the sparrows in the ivy all along the stable walls would undoubtedly have mistaken it for the glow of Aurora, and commenced their chirping and twittering salutations to the dawn an hour too soon."

"It is very gratifying, *very*, you cannot readily estimate, my dear, and — may I not say? — my *illustrious* pupil, *how* gratifying to me, quite irrespective of all those substantially kind intentions which you are pleased to avow in my behalf, to hear from your lips so frank and — may I say — almost affectionate a declaration; so just an estimate of my devotion to your interests, and I may say, I hope, of my character generally?"

The Rector of Clay was smiling with a huge bashfulness, and slowly folding and rubbing one hand over the other, with his head gently inclined, and his great blue chin upon his guileless, single-breasted, black silk bosom, as he spoke all this in mellow effusion.

Now, Dixie," said the young man, while a very anxious expression for the first time showed itself in his face, "I want you to do me a kindness — a kindness that will tie me to you all the days of my life. It is something, but not much; chiefly that you will have to keep a secret, and take some little trouble, which I know you don't mind; but nothing serious, not the slightest irregularity, a trifle, I assure you, and chiefly, as I said, that you will have to keep a secret for me."

Dixie also looked a good deal graver as he bowed his acquiescence, trying to smile on, and still sliding his hands softly, one over the other.

"I know you guess what it is — no matter — we'll not discuss it, dear Dixie; it's quite past that now. You'll have to make a little trip for me — you'll not mind it; only across what you used to call the herring-pond; and you must wait at the Silver Lion at Caen; it is the best place there — I wish it was better — not a soul will see you — I mean English, no one but quiet French people; and there is quite amusement, for a day or so, in looking over the old town. Just wait there, and I'll let you know every thing before you have been two days there. I've got your passport; you shall have no trouble. And you need not go to a bank, there's French money here, and you'll keep it, and spend it for me till I see you; and you must go *to-day*."

"And, of course, I know it is nothing *wrong*, my dear Cleve; but we are told to avoid even the *appearance* of evil. And in any

case, I should not, of course, for the world, offend your uncle — Lord Verney, I may call him now — the head of the family, and my very kind patron; for I trust I never forget a kindness; and if it should turn out to be any thing which by any chance he might misinterpret, I may reckon upon your religious silence, my dear Cleve, as respects my name?"

"Silence! of course — I'd die before I should tell, under any pressure. I think you know I can keep a secret, and my own especially. And never trust my honour more if your name is ever breathed in connexion with any little service you may render me."

He pressed the Rev. Isaac Dixie's hand very earnestly as he spoke.

"And now, will you kindly take charge of this for me, and do as I said?" continued Cleve, placing the French money in Dixie's not unwilling hand. "And on this paper I have made a note of the best way — all about the boat and the rest; and God bless you, my dear Dixie, good-by."

"And God bless *you*, my dear Cleve," reciprocated the clergyman and they shook hands again, and the clergyman smiled blandly and tenderly; and as he closed the door, and crossed the hall, grew very thoughtful, and looked as if he were getting into a possible mess.

Cleve, too, was very pale, as he stood by the window, looking into the sooty garden at the back of Verney House.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

##### OVER THE HERRING-POND.

LIKE the vision that had visited Cleve as he sat in the breakfast-room of Verney House, awaiting the Rev. Isaac Dixie, the old Chateau de Cresseron shared that night in the soft yet brilliant moonlight. That clergyman — vulgar, I am afraid; worldly, perhaps; certainly not beautiful — had undertaken this foreign mission into the land of romance; and among its shadows and enchanted lights, and heroic phantoms, looked I am afraid, incongruous, as the long-eared, shaggy head of Bottom in the fairy-haunted wood near Athens.

In the ancient town of Caen, in the Silver Lion, the Rev. Isaac Dixie that evening made himself partially undersood, and altogether comfortable. He had an excellent dinner, and partook, moderately of course, of the very best vintage in the crypt of that venerable inn. Why should he not? Was he not making harmless holiday, and guilty of no extravagance; for had not Mr.

Cleve Verney buckled a long purse to his girdle, and told him to dip his fingers in it as often and as deep as he pleased? And if he undertook the task—trod out Cleve Verney's corn, surely it was no business of his to call for a muzzle, and deny himself his heart's content.

In that exquisite moonlight, having had his cup of coffee, the Rev. Isaac Dixie made a loitering promenade; every thing was bewitching—a little wonderful, he fancied—a little strange—from his shadow, that looked so sharp on the white road, to the Gothic fronts and gables of old carved houses, emitting ruddy glimmerings from diamond casements high in air, and half melting in the deep liquid sky, gleaming with stars over his head.

All was perfectly French in language and costume: not a note of the familiar English accent mingled in the foreign hum of life. He was quite at his ease. To all censorious eyes he walked invisible; and, shall I tell it? Why not? For in truth, if his bishop, who abhors that narcotic, and who, I am sure, never reads novels, and therefore cannot read it here, learns nothing of it, the telling can hurt nobody. He smoked three great cheroots, mild and fragrant, that evening, in the ancient streets of Caen, and returned to his inn, odorous of that perfume.

It would have been altogether a delicious excursion, had there not been a suspense and an anxiety to trouble the divine. The Rev. Isaac Dixie regretted now that he had not asked Cleve to define his object. He suspected, but did not know its nature. He had no idea how obstinately and amazingly the problem would recur to his mind, and how serious would grow his qualms as the hour of revelation drew near.

The same moon is shining over the ancient streets of Caen, and over smoke-canopied Verney House, and over the quaint and lonely Chateau de Cresseron. In a tapestried room in this old French house, candles were burning, the window open, and Margaret Fanshawe sitting at it, and looking out on the moonlit woods and waters, and breathing the still air, that was this night soft as summer, in the raptures of a strange dream: a dream—no more; the uncertainty is over, and all her griefs. No longer is she one of that forlorn race that hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. She is not born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward, but translated. Alas! the angelic voice has not yet proclaimed "that God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death,

neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away." These words are for the glorified, who have passed the gates of death.

In this bliss, as in all that pertains to love, reason has small share. The heart rejoices as the birds sing. A great suspense—the greatest care that visits the young heart—has ended in a blessed certainty, and in so far the state resembles heaven; but, as in all mortal happiness, there mingles in this also a sadness like distant music.

Old Sir Booth Fanshawe is away on one of his mysterious journeys, and cannot return for three or four days, at soonest. I do not know whether things are beginning to look brighter with Sir Booth, or whether his affairs are being managed into utter ruin. Meanwhile, the evil spirit has departed from the house, and the spirit of music has come, music with yet a cadence of sadness in it.

This fair, quaint landscape, and beautiful moonlight! Who ever looks on such a scene that does not feel a melancholy mingling in his delight?

"The moon shines bright:—In such a night  
as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the  
trees,

And they did make no noise; in such a night,  
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,  
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,  
Where Cressid lay that night. In such a night  
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,  
Upon the wild sea banks, and waved her love  
To come again to Carthage."

Thus, in the visions of the Seer who lies in Stratford-on-Avon, moonlight and love and melancholy are related; and so it is and will be to the end of time, till mortal love is no more, and sadness ends, and the moon is changed to blood, and all things are made new.

And now over the moonlit water, through the boughs of the old trees, the still night air is thrilled with a sweet contralto—a homely song—the echo of childish days and the nursery. Poor Milly! her maid, who died so early, whose lover was a young sailor, far away, used to sing it for her in the summer evenings, when they sat down under the hawthorns, on Winnock-hough, looking toward the sea, though the sea was many a mile away:—

"As Eve went forth from Paradise,  
She, weeping, bore away  
One flower, that, reared in tears and sighs,  
Is growing to this day.

Where'er the children of the fall  
Are toiling to this hour,  
It blooms for each, it blooms for all,  
And Love we call this flower.

Red roses of the bygone year  
Are mingled with the mould,  
And other roses will appear  
Where they grew pale and old.

But where it grew, no other grows,  
No bloom restores the sear;  
So this resembles not the rose,  
And knows no other year.

So, welcome, when thy bloom is red,  
The glory of thy light;  
And welcome when thy bloom is shed,  
The long sleep of my night."

And now the song is ended, and, listening Nature seems to sigh; and looking toward the old chateau, the front next you is in shadow, the window is open, and within you see *two* ladies. The elder is standing by the girl, who sits still at the open window, looking up into the face of her old friend — the old friend who has known, in the early days of romance, what love is, for whom now the bloom is shed, and mingling with the mould, but who remembers sadly the blush and glory of its light that died five and thirty years ago upon Canadian snows.

Gently the old lady takes her hand, and sits beside her girlish kinswoman, and lays her other hand over that, and smiles with a strange look of affection and admiration, and immeasurable compassion that somehow seems to translate her, it is so sad and angelic. I cannot hear what she is saying, but the young lady looks up, and kisses her thin cheek, and lays her head upon her old shoulder.

Behind, high over the steep roofs and pinnacles, and those glimmering weather-vanes, that seem sometimes to melt quite away, hangs the moon, unclouded — meet emblem of a pure love — no longer crossed by the sorrows of true love's course — Dian the Chaste, with her sad, pure, and beautifully misleading light — alas! the emblem, also, of mutation.

In a few concise and somewhat dry sentences, as old prison stones bear the records which thin bands, long since turned to dust, have carved, the world's corridors and corners bear the tracings of others that were busy two thousand years ago; and the inscriptions that tell the trite story of human fears and sadness, cut sharp and deep in the rock, tell simply and briefly how Death was the King of Terrors, and the shortness of Life the bitter wonder, and black Care the companion of the wayfarers who marched

by the same route to the same goal, so long ago. These gigantic griefs and horrors are all in a nutshell. A few words tell them. Their terror is in their truth. There is no use in expanding them: they are sublimely simple. Among the shadowy men and women that people these pages, I see them everywhere — plots too big and complicated to be got, by any compression, within the few pages and narrow covers of the book of their lives: Care, in her old black weeds, and Death, with stealthy foot and blow like thunder.

Twelve months had come and gone forever since the Reverend Isaac Dixie made that little trip to Caen, every month bringing his portion of blossom, fruit, or blight to every mortal. All had gone well and gloriously in this Verney Peerage matter.

The death of the late Honourable Arthur Verney was proved; and the Honourable Kiffyn Fulke Verney, as next heir, having complied with the proper forms, duly succeeded to the ancient peerage of the Verneys. So the dream was accomplished more splendidly, perhaps, than if the prize had come earlier, for the estates were in such condition as they had never attained to since the great rebellion; and if Viscount Verney was not among the most potent of his peers, the fault was not in the peerage and its belongings.

I don't know that Lord Verney was on the whole a happier man than the Honourable Kiffyn had been. He had become somewhat more exacting; his pride pronounced itself more implacably; men felt it more, because he was really more formidable. Whatever the Viscount in the box might be, the drag he drove was heavy, and men more alert in getting out of his way than they would, perhaps, had he been a better whip.

He had at length his heart's desire; but still there was something wanting. He was not quite where he ought to be. With his boroughs, and his command of one county, and potent influence in another, he ought to have been decidedly a greater man. He could not complain of being alighted. The minister saw him when he chose; he was listened to, and in all respects courteously endured. But there was something unsatisfactory. He was not *telling*, as he had expected. Perhaps he had no very clear conceptions to impress. He had misgivings, too, that secretly depressed and irritated him. He saw Twyndle's eye wander wildly, and caught him yawning stealthily into his hand, while he was giving him his view of the affair of "the Matilda Briggs," and

the right of search. He had seen Foljambe, of the Treasury, suddenly laugh at something he thought was particularly wise, while unfolding to that gentleman, in the drawing-room, after dinner, his ideas about local loans, in aid of agriculture. Foljambe did not laugh outright. It was only a tremulous quail of a second, and he was solemn again, and rather abashed. Lord Verney paused, and looked for a second, with stern inquiry in his face, and then proceeded politely. But Lord Verney never thought or spoke well of Foljambe again; and often reviewed what he had said, in secret, to try and make out where the absurdity lay, and was shy of ventilating that particular plan again, and sometimes suspected that it was the boroughs and the county, and not Kiffyn Lord Verney, that were listened to.

As the organ of self-esteem is the region of our chief consolations and irritations (and its condition regulates temper), this undivulged mortification, you may be sure, did not make Lord Verney, into whose ruminations was ever trickling, through a secret duct, this fine stream of distilled gall, brighter in spirits, or happier in temper.

Oh! vanity of human wishes! Not that the things we wish for are not in themselves pleasant, but that we forget that, as in nature every substance has its peculiar animalcule and infestings, so every blessing has, too minute to be seen at a distance, but quite inseparable, its parasite troubles.

Cleve Verney, too, who stood so near the throne, was he happy? The shadow of care was cast upon him. He had grown an anxious man. "Verney's looking awfully thin, don't you think, and seedy, and he's always writing long letters, and rather cross?" was the criticism of one of his club friends. "Been going a little too fast, I dare say."

Honest Tom Sedley thought it was this pending peerage business, and the suspense, and reported to his friend the confident talk of the town, on the subject. But when the question was settled, with a brilliant facility, his good humour did not recover. There was still the same cloud over his friend, and Tom began to fear that Cleve had got into some very bad scrape, probably with the Hebrew community.

## CHAPTER XL.

## MR. CLEVE VERNEY PAYS A VISIT TO ROSEMARY COURT.

THAT evoked spirit, Dingwell, was now *functus officio*, and might be dismissed. He was as much afraid of the light of London

— even the gaslight — as a man of his audacity could be of any thing. Still he lingered there.

Mr Larkin had repeatedly congratulated the Verney peer, and his young friend and patron, Cleve, upon his own masterly management, and the happy result of the case, as he called it. And although, with scriptural warning before him, he would be the last man in the world to say, "Is not this great Babylon that I have builded?" Yet he did wish Lord Viscount Verney, and Cleve Verney, M.P., distinctly to understand that *he*, Mr. Larkin, had been the making of them. There were some things — very many things, in fact, all desirable — which those distinguished persons could effect for the good attorney of Gylingden, and that excellent person in consequence presented himself diligently at Verney House.

On the morning I now speak of, he was introduced to the library, where he found the peer and his nephew.

"I ventured, my lord, to call — how do you do Mr. Verney? — to invite your lordship's attention to the position of Mr. Dingwell, who is compelled by lack of funds to prolong his stay in London. He is, I may say, most anxious to take his departure quietly and expeditiously, for Constantinople, where, I venture to think, it is expedient for all parties, that his residence should be fixed, rather than in London, where he is in hourly danger of detection and arrest, the consequence of which, my lord — it will probably have struck your lordship's rapid apprehension already — would be, I venture to think, a very painful investigation of his past life, and a concomitant discrediting of his character, which although, as your lordship would point out to me, it cannot disturb that which is already settled, would yet produce an unpleasant effect out of doors, which, it is to be feared, he would take care to aggravate by all means in his power, were he to refer his detention here, and consequent arrest, to any fancied economy on your lordship's part."

"I don't quite follow you about it, Mr. Larkin," said Lord Verney, who generally looked a little stern when he was puzzled. "I don't quite apprehend the drift — be good enough to sit down — about it — of your remarks, as they bear upon Mr. Dingwell's wishes and my conduct. Do you, Cleve?"

"I conjecture that Dingwell wants more money, and can't be got out of London without it," said Cleve.

"Eh? Well, that *did* occur to me — of course, that's plain enough — about it —

and *what* a man that must be! — and — God bless me! about it — all the money he has got from me! It's incredible, Mr. — a — *Larkin*, three hundred pounds, you know, and he wanted *five*, and that absurdly enormous weekly payment, besides!"

"Your lordship has exactly, as usual, touched the point, and anticipated, with your wonted accuracy, the line at the other side, and indeed I may also say, all that may be urged by way of argument, *pro* and *con*. It is a wonderful faculty!" added Mr. *Larkin*, looking down with a contemplative smile, and a little wondering shake of the head.

"Ha, ha! Something of the same sort has been remarked in our family about it," said the Viscount, much pleased. "It facilitates business — rather, I should hope — about it."

The attorney shook his head reflectively, raising his hands, and said, "No one but a professional man can have an *idea*!"

"And what do you suggest?" asked *Cleve*, who was perhaps a little tired of the attorney's compliments.

"Yes, what do you suggest, Mr. — Mr. *Larkin*? Your suggestion I should be prepared to consider. Any thing, Mr. *Larkin*, suggested by you *shall* be considered," said Lord Verney grandly, leaning back in his chair, and folding his hands.

"I am much — very much — flattered by your lordship's confidence. The former money, I have reason to think, my lord, went to satisfy an old debt, and I have reason to *know* that his den has been discovered by another creditor, from whom, even were funds at his disposal to leave England to-night, escape would be difficult, if not impossible."

"How much money does he want?" asked Mr. *Cleve Verney*.

"A *moment*, a *moment*, please. I was going to say," said Lord Verney, "if he wants money — about it — it would be desirable to state the amount."

Mr. *Larkin*, thus called on, cleared his voice, and his dove-like eyes contracted, and assumed their rat-like look, and he said, watching Lord Verney's face —

"I am afraid, my lord, that less than three hundred —"

Lord Verney contracted his brows, and nodded, after a moment.

"Three hundred pounds. Less, I say, my lord, will not satisfy the creditor, and there will remain something still in order to bring him back, and to keep him quiet there for a time; and I think, my lord, if you will go the length of *five* hundred —"

"Gad, it's growing quite serious, Mr. — Mr. *Sir*, I confess I don't half understand this *person*, Mr. *Dong-Ding* — whatever it is — it's going rather too *fast* about it. I — I — and that's my clear opinion" — and Lord Verney gazed and blinked sternly at the attorney, and patted his fragrant pocket handkerchief several times to his mouth — "very unreasonable and monstrous, and, considering all I've done, very *ungrateful*."

"Quite so, my lord; monstrously ungrateful. I can't describe to your lordship the trouble I have had with that extraordinary and, I fear I must add, fiendish person. I allude, of course, my lord, in my privileged character as having the honour of confidential relations with your lordship, to that unfortunate man, *Dingwell*. I assure you on one occasion, he seized a poker in his lodgings, and threatened to dash my brains out."

"Very good, sir," said Lord Verney, whose mind was busy upon quite another point; "and suppose I *do*, what do we gain, I ask, by assisting him?"

"Simply, my lord, he is so incredibly reckless, and, as I have said, *fiendish*, that if he were disappointed, I do think he will stick at nothing, even to the length of swearing that his evidence for your lordship was *perjured*, for the purpose of being revenged, and your generosity to him pending the inquiry, or rather the preparation of proofs, would give a colour unfortunately even to that monstrous allegation. Your lordship can have no idea — the elevation of your own mind prevents it — of the desperate character with whom we have had to deal."

"Upon my life, sir, a pleasant position you seem to have brought me into," said Lord Verney, flushing a good deal.

"My lord, it was inevitable," said Mr. *Larkin* sadly.

"I don't think he could have helped it really," said *Cleve Verney*.

"And who says he could?" asked Lord Verney tartly. "I've all along said it could not well be helped, and that's the reason I *did* it, don't you see? but I may be allowed to say, I suppose, that the position is a most *untoward* one; and so it is, egad!" And Lord Verney got up in his fidget, and walked over to the window, and to the chimney-piece, and to the table, and fiddled with a great many things.

"I remember my late brother, *Shadwell Verney* — he's dead, poor *Shadwell* — had a world of trouble with a fellow — about it — who used to extort money from him — something I suppose, like this Mr. *Ringwood* — or I mean — you know his name —"

till he called in the police, and put an end to it."

"Quite true, my lord, quite true; but don't you think, my lord, such a line with Mr. Dingwell might lead to a fracas, and the possible unpleasantness to which I ventured to allude? You have seen him, Mr. Verney?"

"Yes; he's a beast, he really is; a little bit mad, I almost think."

A little bit mad, precisely so; it really is, my lord, most melancholy. And I am so clearly of opinion that if we quarrel definitively with Mr. Dingwell, we may find ourselves in an extremely difficult position, that were the case my own, I should have no hesitation in satisfying Mr. Dingwell, even at a sacrifice, rather than incur the annoyance I anticipate. If you allow me, my lord, to conduct the matter with Mr. Dingwell, I think I shall succeed in getting him away quietly."

"It seems to me a very serious sum, Mr. Larkin," said Lord Verney.

"Precisely so, my lord; serious—very serious; but your lordship made a remark once in my hearing which impressed me powerfully: it was to the effect that where an object is to be accomplished, it is better to expend a little too much power, than any thing too little." I think that Mr. Larkin invented this remark of Lord Verney's, which, however, his lordship was pleased to recognise, notwithstanding.

So the attorney took his departure, to call again next day.

"Clever man that Mr.—Mr. Larkin—vastly clever," said Lord Verney. "I rather think there's a great deal in what he says—it's very disgusting—about it; but one must consider, you know—there's no harm in considering—and—and that Mr. Ding—Dong—Dingleton, isn't it?—about it—a most offensive person. I must consider. I shall think it over, and give him my ideas to-morrow."

Cleve did not like an expression which had struck him in the attorney's face that day, and he proposed next day to write to Mr. Dingwell, and actually did so, requesting that he would be so good as to call at Verney House.

Mr. Dingwell did not come, but a note came by post, saying that the writer, Mr. Dingwell, was not well enough to venture a call.

What I term Mr. Larkin's rat-like eyes, and a certain dark and even wicked look that crosses the attorney's face, when they appear, had left a profound sense of uncertainty in Cleve's mind respecting that gentleman's character and plans. It was simply a

conviction that the attorney meditated something odd about Mr. Dingwell, and that no good man could look as he had looked.

There was no use in opening his suspicion, grounded on so slight a thing as a look, to his uncle, who though often timid and hesitating, and in secret helpless, and at his wits' end for aid in arriving at a decision, was yet, in matters where a vanity was concerned, or a strong prejudice or caprice involved, often incredibly obstinate.

Mr. Larkin's look teased Cleve. Larkin might grow into an influence very important to that young gentleman, and was not lightly to be quarrelled with. He would not quarrel with him; but he would see Dingwell, if indeed that person were still in London; a fact about which he had begun to have some odd misgivings. The note was written in a straight, cramp hand, and Mr. Larkin's face was in the background always. He knew Mr. Dingwell's address; an answer, real or forged, had reached him from it. So, full of dark dreams and conjectures, he got into a cab, and drove to the entrance of Rosemary Court, and knocked at Miss Sarah Rumble's door.

That good lady, from the shadow, looked suspiciously on him.

"Is Mr. Dingwell at home?"

"Mr. Dingwell, sir?" she repeated.

"Yes. Is he at home?"

"Mr. Dingwell, sir? No, sir."

"Does not Mr. Dingwell live here?"

"There was a gentleman, please, sir, with a name like that. Go back, child," she said sharply to Lucy Maria, who was peeping in the background, and who might not be edified perhaps, by the dialogue. "Beg parding, sir," she continued, as the child disappeared; they are so tiresome! There was an old gentleman lodging here, sir, please, which his name was like that, I do remember."

Cleve Verney did not know what to think.

"Is there any one in the house who knows Mr. Dingwell? I've come to be of use to him; perhaps he could see me. Will you say Mr. Verney?"

"Mr.—what, sir, please?"

"Verney—here's my card; perhaps it is better."

As the conversation continued, Miss Rumble had gradually come more and more forward, closing the door more and more as she did so, so that she now confronted Cleve upon the step, and could have shut the door at her back, had he made any attempt to get in; and she called over her shoulder to Lucy Maria, and whispered



something, and gave her, I suppose, the card; and in a minute more Miss Rumble opened the door wide, and showed "the gentleman" up stairs, and told him on the lobby she hoped he would not be offended, but that she had such positive orders as to leave her no choice; and that in fact Mr. Dingwell was in the drawing-room, and would be happy to see him, and almost at the same moment she threw open the door and introduced him, with a little courtesy, and —

"This way, please sir; here's the gentleman, please sir."

There he *did* find Mr. Dingwell, smoking a cigar, in his fez, slippers, and pea-green silk dressing-gown, with a cup of black coffee on the little table beside him, his *Times* and a few magazines there also. He looked in vulgar parlance "seedy," like an old fellow who had been raking the night before, and was wofully tired, and in no very genial temper.

"Will you excuse an old fellow, Mr. Verney, and take a chair for yourself? I'm not very well to-day. I suppose, from your note, you thought I had quitted London. It was not to be expected so old a plant should take root; but it's sometimes not worth moving 'em again, and they remain where they are, to wither — ha, ha, ha!"

"I should be sorry it was for any such purpose; but I am happy to find you still here, for I was really anxious to call and thank you."

"Anxious — to thank me! Are you really serious, Mr. Verney?" said Dingwell, lowering his cigar again, and looking with a stern smile in his visitor's face.

"Yes, sir; I *did* wish to call and thank you," said Cleve, determined not to grow angry; "and I am here to say that we are very much obliged."

"We?"

"Yes; my uncle and I."

"Oh! yes; well, it *is* something. I hope the coronet becomes him, and his robes. I venture to say he has got up the masquerading properties already; it's a pity there isn't a coronation or something at hand; and I suppose he'll put up a monument to my dear friend Arthur — a mangy old dog he was, you'll allow me to say, though he was my friend, and very kind to me; and I, the most grateful fellow he ever met; I've been more grieved about him than any other person I can remember, upon my soul and honour, — and a devilish dirty dog he was."

This last reflection was delivered in a

melancholy aside, after the manner of a soliloquy, and Cleve did not exactly know how to take this old fellow's impertinence.

"Arthur Verney — poor fellow! your uncle. He had a great deal of the pride of his family, you know, along with utter degradation. Filthy dog! — pah!" And Mr. Dingwell lifted both his hands, and actually used that unpleasant instrument called a "spittoon," which is seen in taverns, to give expression, it seemed, to his disgust.

"But he had his pride, dear Arthur: yes, he was proud, and wished for a tombstone. When he was dying he said, 'I should like a monument — not of course in a cathedral, for I have been living so darkly, and a good deal talked about; but there's an old church or abbey near Malory (that I'm sure was the name of the place) where our family has been accustomed to bury its quiet respectabilities and its *mauvais sujets*; and I think they might give me a pretty little monument there, quite quietly.' I think you'll do it, for you're a grateful person, and like thanking people; and he certainly did a great deal for his family by going out of it, and the little vanity of a monument would not cost much, and, as he said himself, no one would ever see it; and I promised, if I ever had an opportunity to mention the subject to your uncle."

Cleve bowed.

"And," said he, "there will be a little conflict of feeling. I am sure they'd like the monument, but they would not make an ostentation of me. But remind them of my Aunt Deborah. Poor old girl! she ran away with a fiddler. Egad, sir, these were his very words, and I've found, on inquiring here, they were quite true. She ran away with a fiddler — egad! and I don't know how many little fiddlers she had; and, by Jove, he said if I came back I should recognise a possible cousin in every street-fiddler I met with, for music is a talent that runs in families. And so, when Atropos cut his fiddlestring, and he died, she took, he said, to selling mutton pies, for her maintenance, in Chester, and being properly proud as a Verney, though as a fiddler's widow necessitous, he said she used to cry, behind her little table, 'Hot mutton pies!' and then, *sotto voce*, 'I hope nobody hears me;' and you may rely upon that family anecdote, for I had it from the lips of that notorious member of your family, your uncle Arthur, and he hoped that they would comply with the tradition, and reconcile the Verney pride with Verney exigencies, and concede him the secret celebration of a monument."

"If you are serious?"—

"Serious about a monument, sir! who the devil could be lively on such a subject?" and Mr. Dingwell looked unaccountably angry, and ground his teeth, and grew white. "A monument, cheap and nasty, I dare say; it isn't much for a poor devil from whom you've got every thing. I suppose you'll speak to your uncle, sir?"

"I'll speak to him, sir."

"Yes, *do*, pray, and prevail. I'm not very strong, sir, and there's something that remains for you and me to do, sir."

"What is that?"

"To rot under ground, sir; and as I shall go first, it would be pleasant to me to be able to present your affectionate regards to your uncle, when I meet him, and tell him that you had complied with his little fancy about the monument, as he seemed to make a point that his name should not be blotted totally from the records of his family."

Cleve was rather confirmed in his suspicions about the sanity of this odious old man—as well he might—and, at all events, was resolved to endure him without a row.

"I shall certainly remember, and mention all you have said, sir," said Cleve.

"Yes," said the old man, in a grim meditation, looking down, and he chucked away the stump of his cigar. "It's a devilish hard case, Kismet!" he muttered.

"I suppose you find our London climate very different from that you have grown accustomed to?" said Cleve, approaching the point on which he desired some light.

"I lived in London for a long time, sir. I was—as perhaps you know—junior partner in the great Greek house of Prinkipi and Dingwell—d——n Prinkipi! say I. He ran us into trouble, sir; then came a smash, sir, and Prinkipi levanted, making a scapegoat of me, the most vilified and persecuted Greek merchant that ever came on 'Change! And, egad! if they could catch me, even now, I believe they'd bury me in a dungeon for the rest of my days; which, in that case, would not be many. I'm here, therefore, I may say, at the risk of my life.

"A very anxious situation, indeed, Mr. Dingwell; and I conclude you intend but a short stay here?"

"Quite the contrary, sir. I mean to stay as long as I please, and that may be as long I live."

"Oh! I had thought from something that Mr. Larkin said," began Cleve Verney.

"Larkin! He's a religious man, and does not put his candle under a bushel. He's very particular to say his prayers; and provided

he says *them*, he takes leave to say what he likes beside."

Mr. Dingwell was shooting his arrows as freely as Cupid does; but Cleve did not take this satire for more than its worth.

"He may think it natural I should wish to be gone, and so I do," continued the old man setting down his coffee cup, "if I could get away without the trouble of going, or was sure of a tolerably comfortable berth, at my journey's end; but I'm old, and travelling shakes me to pieces, and I have enemies elsewhere, as well as here; and the newspapers have been printing sketches of my life and adventures, and poking up attention about me, and awakening the slumbering recollection of persons by whom I had been, in effect, forgotten *everywhere*. No rest for the wicked, sir. I'm pursued; and, in fact, what little peace I might have enjoyed in this, the closing period of my life, has been irreparably wrecked by my visit and public appearance here, to place your uncle, and by consequence *you*, in the position now secured to you. What do you think of me?"

"I think, sir, you have done us a great service; and I know we are very much obliged," said Cleve, with his most engaging smile.

"And do you know what I think of myself? I think I'm a d——d fool, unless I look for some advantage to myself."

"Don't you think, sir, you have found it, on the whole, advantageous, your coming here insinuated Cleve.

"Barren, sir, as a voyage on the Dead Sea. The test is this—what have I by it? not five pounds, sir, in the world. Now, I've opened my mind a little to you upon this subject, and I'm of the same mind still; and if I've opened Aladdin's garden to you, with its fruitage of emeralds, rubies, and so forth, I expect to fill my snuff-box with the filings and chippings of your gigantic jewellery."

Cleve half repented his visit, now that the presence of the insatiable Mr. Dingwell, and his evident appetite for more money, had justified the representations of the suspected attorney.

"I shall speak to Mr. Larkin on the subject," said Cleve Verney.

"D——n Larkin, sir! speak to me."

"But, Mr. Dingwell, I have really, as I told you before, no authority to speak; and no one has the least power in the matter but my uncle."

"And what the devil did you come here for?" demanded Mr. Dingwell, suddenly blazing up into one of his unaccountable fa-

ries; "I suppose you expected me to congratulate you on your success, and to ask leave to see your uncle in his coronet — ha, ha, ha! — or his cap and bells, or whatever he wears. By — sir, I hope he holds his head high, and struts like a peacock, and has pleasant dreams; time enough for nightmares, sir, hereafter, eh? Uneasy rests the head that wears the crown! Good-evening, sir; I'll talk to Mr. Larkin."

And with these words Mr. Dingwell got up, looking unaccountably angry, and made a half-sarcastic, half-furious bow, wherewith he dismissed Mr. Cleve Verney, with more distinct convictions than ever that the old gentleman was an unmitigated beast.

## CHAPTER XLI.

## IN LORD VERNEY'S LIBRARY.

WHO should light upon Cleve that evening as he walked homeward but our friend Tom Sedley, who was struck by the anxious pallor and melancholy of his face.

Good-natured Sedley took his arm, and said he, as they walked on together —

"Why don't you smile on your luck, Cleve?"

"How do you know what my luck is?"

"All the world knows that pretty well."

"All the world knows every thing but its own business."

"Well, people do say that your uncle has lately got the oldest peerage — one of them — in England, and an estate of thirty-three thousand a year, for one thing, and that you are heir-presumptive to those trifles."

"And that heirs-presumptive often get nothing but their heads in their hands."

"No, you'll not come Saint Denis nor any other martyr over us, my dear boy; we know very well how you stand in that quarter."

"It's pleasant to have one's domestic relations so happily arranged by such very competent persons. I'm much obliged to all the world for the parental interest it takes in my private concerns."

"And it also strikes some people that a perfectly safe seat in the House of Commons is not to be had for nothing by every fellow who wishes it."

"But suppose I *don't* wish it."

"Oh! we may suppose anything."

Tom Sedley laughed as he said this, and Cleve looked at him sharply, but saw no uncomfortable meaning in his face.

"There is no good in talking of what one has not tried," said he. "If you had to go

down to that tiresome House of Commons every time it sits; and had an uncle like mine to take you to task every time you missed a division — you'd soon be as tired of it as I am."

"I see, my dear fellow, you are bowed down under a load of good luck." They were at the door of Tom Sedley's lodgings by this time, and opening it, he continued, "something in my room to show you; just run up with me for a minute, and you'll say I'm a conjuror."

Cleve not to be got into good spirits that evening followed him up stairs, thinking of something else.

"I've got a key to your melancholy, Cleve," said he, leading the way into his drawing-room. "Look there," and he pointed to a clever copy in crayons of the famous Beatrice Cenci, which he had hung over his chimney-piece.

Tom Sedley laughed, looking in Cleve's eyes. A slight flush had suddenly tinged his visitor's face, as he saw the portrait. But he did not seem to enjoy the joke, on the contrary, he looked a little embarrassed and angry. "That's Guido's portrait — well, what about it?" he asked rather surlily.

"Yes, of course; but who is it like?"

"Very few, I dare say, for it is very pretty; and except on canvass, there is hardly such a thing as a pretty girl to be seen. Is that all? for the life of me, I can't see where the conjuring lies."

"Not in the picture, but the *likeness*; don't you see it?"

"No," said Cleve; "I must go; are you coming?"

"Not see it!" said Tom. "Why if it were painted for her, it could not be more like. Why, it's the Flower of Cardyllian, the Star of Malory. It is *your* Miss Fanshawe — *my* Margaret — *our* Miss Margaret Fanshawe. I'm making the fairest division I can, you see; and I would not be without it for all the world."

"She would be very much gratified if she heard it. It is so flattering to a young lady to have a fellow buy a coloured lithograph, and call it by her name, and crack jokes and spout mock heroics over it. It is the modern way of celebrating a lady's name. Don't you seriously think, Tom Sedley, it would be better to smash it with a poker, and throw it into the fire, than go on taking such liberties with any young lady's name?"

"Upon my honour, Cleve, you mistake me, you do me great injustice. You need to laugh at me, you know, when I'm quite

sure, thinking over it now, you were awfully gone about her yourself. I never told any one but you why I bought that picture; it isn't a lithograph, but painted, or drawn, or whatever they call it, with chalks, and it cost five guineas; and no one but you ever heard me mention Miss Fanshawe's name, except the people at Cardyllian, and then only as I might mention any other, and always with respect.

"What does it signify?" interrupted Cleve, in the middle of a forced yawn. "I'm tired to-day, and cross — don't you see; and man delights not me, nor woman neither. So if you're coming, come, for I must go."

"And really, Cleve, the Cardyllian people do say (I've had letters) that you were awfully in love with her yourself, and always haunting those woods of Malory while she was there, and went away immediately she left, and have never been seen in Cardyllian since."

"Those Cretans were always liars, Tom Sedley. That comes direct from the Club. I can fancy old Shrapnel in the light of the bow-window, composing his farrago of dreams and lies, and chuckling and cackling over it."

"Well, I don't say that Shrapnel had any thing to do with it, but I did hear at first they thought you were gone about little Agnes Eihenage."

"Oh! they found that out — did they?" said Cleve. "But you know those people — I mean the Cardyllian people — as well, or better than I, and really, as a kindness to me, and to save me the trouble of endless explanations to my uncle, I would be so much obliged if you would not repeat their follies — unless, of course, you happen to believe them."

Cleve did not look more cheerful as he drove away in a cab which he took to get rid of his friend Tom Sedley. It was mortifying to find how vain were his clever stratagems, and how the rustic chapmen of that Welsh village and their wives had penetrated his diplomacy. He thought he had killed the rumors about Malory, and yet that grain of mustard-seed had grown while his eye was off it, with a gigantic luxuriance, and now was large enough to form a feature in the landscape, and quite visible from the windows of Ware — if his uncle should happen to visit that mansion — overtopping the roofs and chimneys of Cardyllian. His uncle meditated an early visit to Cardyllian, and a short stay at Ware, before the painters and gilders got possession of the house; a sort of ovation in demi-toilette, grand and friendly, and a foretaste of the splendours

that were coming. Cleve did hope that those beasts would be quiet while Lord Verney was (as he in his grand manner termed it) "among them." He knew the danger of a vague suspicion seizing on his mind, how fast it clung, how it fermented like yeast, fantastic and obstinate as a foolish woman's jealousy; and as men sometimes will, he even magnified this danger. Altogether, Cleve was not causelessly anxious and alarmed. He had in the dark to navigate a channel which even in broad daylight tasked a good steersman.

When Cleve reached Verney House it was eight o'clock. His lordship had ordered his brougham at half-past, and was going down to the House; he had something to say on Lord Frompington's bill. It was not very new, nor very deep, nor very much; but he had been close at it for the last three weeks. He had amused many gentlemen — and sometimes even ladies — at many dinner parties with a very exact recital of his views. I cannot say they were precisely his, for they were culled, perhaps unconsciously, from a variety of magazine articles and pamphlets, which happened to take Lord Verney's view of the question.

It is not given to any mortal to have his heart's desire in every thing. Lord Verney had a great deal of this world's good things, wealth, family, rank. But he chose to aim at official station, and here his stars denied him.

Some people thought him a goose, and some only a bore. He was, as we know, pompous, conceited, obstinate, also weak and dry. His grandfather had been a cabinet minister, respectable and silent, and was not be wiser, brighter, and more learned than his grandfather? "Why on earth should not he?" His influence commanded two boroughs, and virtually two counties. The minister, therefore, treated him with distinction; and spoke of him confidentially as horribly foolish, impracticable, and at times, positively impertinent.

Lord Verney was subject to small pets and huffs, and sometimes was affronted with the Premier for four or five weeks together, although the fact escaped his notice. And when the viscount relented, he would make him a visit to quiet his mind, and show him that friendly relations were re-established; and the minister would say, "Here comes that d——d Verney; I suppose I must give him half an hour!" And when the peer departed, thinking he had made the minister happy, the minister was seriously debating whether Lord Verney's borough were worth the price of Lord Verney's society.

His lordship was now in that sacred apartment, his library; where not even Cleve had a right to disturb him uninvited. Preliminaries, however, were now arranged; the servant announced him, and Cleve was commanded to enter.

"I have just had a line to say I shall be in time at half-past ten o'clock, about it. Frompington's bill won't be on till then; and take that chair and sit down, about it, won't you? I've a good many things on my mind; people put things upon me. *Some* people think I have a turn for business, and they ask me to consider and direct matters about *theirs*, and I do what I can. There was poor Wimbleton, who died, about it, seven years ago. You remember Wimbleton — or — I say — you either remember him or you don't remember him; but in either case it's of no importance. Let me see: Lady Wimbleton — she's connected with you, about it — your mother, remotely — remotely also with us, the Verneys. I've had a world of trouble about her settlements — I can't describe — I was not well advised, in fact, to accept the trust at all. Long ago, when poor Frompington — I can't describe — I mean Wimbleton, of course — have I been saying Wimbleton?"

Cleve at once satisfied him.

"Yes, of course. When poor Wimbleton looked as healthy and as strong as I do at this moment, about it — a long time ago. Poor Wimbleton! — he fancied, I suppose, I had some little turn, about it, for business — *some* of my friends *do* — and I accepted the trust when poor Wimbleton looked as little likely to be hurried into eternity, about it, as I do. I had a regard for him, poor Wimbleton, and he had a respect for me, and thought I could be of use to him after he was dead, and I have endeavoured, and people think I *have*. But Lady Wimbleton, the dowager, poor woman. She's very long-winded, poor soul, and gives me an infinity of trouble. One can't say to a lady, 'You are detaining me; you are beating about the bush; you fail to come to the point.' It would be taking a liberty, or something, about it. I had not seen Lady Wimbleton, simple 'oman, for seven years or more. It's a very entangled business, and I confess it seems rather unfair. I should have my time already sufficiently occupied with other, and as I think, more important affairs, so seriously interrupted and abridged. There's going to be a bill filed — yes, and a great deal of annoyance. She has one unmarried daughter, Caroline, about it, who is not to have any power over her money till she is thirty-one. She's not that now. It

was hardly fair to me, putting it in trust so long. She is a very superior person — a young woman one does not meet with every day, about it; and — and very apprehensive — a great deal of mind — quite unusual. Do you know her?"

The viscount raised his eyes towards the ceiling with a smile that was mysterious and pleased.

Cleve did know that young lady of eight and twenty, and her dowager mamma, "simple 'oman," who had pursued him with extraordinary spirit and tenacity for several years, but that was past and over. Cleve experienced a thrill of pain at his heart. He suspected that the old torturing idea was again active in his uncle's mind.

"Yes, he *did* know them — ridiculous old woman; and the girl — he believed she'd marry any one; he fancied she would have done *him* that honour at one time, and he fancied that the trust, if it was to end when she was thirty-one, must have expired long ago."

"My dear Cleve, don't you think that's rather an odd way of speaking of a young lady? People used not in my time — that is, when I was a young man of two or three and twenty, about it — to talk so of young ladies. It was not considered a thing that ought to be done. I — I never heard a word of the kind."

Lord Verney's chivalry had actually called a little pink flush to his old cheeks, and he looked very seriously still at the cornice, and tapped a little nervous tattoo with his pencil-case on the table as he did so.

"I really did not mean — I only meant — in fact, uncle, I tell you every thing; and poor Caroline is *so* much elder than I, it always struck me as amusing."

"Their man of business in matters of law is Mr. Larkington, about it. *Our* man, you know — you know him?"

"Oh, yes. They could not do better. Mr. Larkin — a very shrewd fellow. I went, by-the-by, to see that old man, Dingwell."

"Ah, well, very good. We'll talk of that by-and-by, if you please; but it has been occurring to my mind, Cleve, that — that you should look about you. In fact, if you don't like one young lady, you may like another. It strikes me I never saw a greater number of pretty young women, about it, than there are at present in town. I do assure you, at that ball — where was it? — the place I saw you, and sent you down to the division — don't you remember? — and next day, I told you, I think, they never said so much as 'thank you' for what I had done, though it was the saving of

them, about it. I say I was quite struck; the spectacle was quite charming, about it, from no other cause; and you know there is Ethel — I always said Ethel — and there can be no objection there; and I have distinct reasons for wishing you to be well connected, about it — in a political sense — and there is no harm in a little *money*; and, in fact, I have made up my mind, my dear Cleve, it is indispensable, and you *must* marry. I'm quite clear upon the point."

"I can promise you, my dear uncle, that I shan't marry without your approbation."

"Well, I rather took that for granted," observed Lord Verney, with dry solemnity.

"Of course. I only say it's very difficult sometimes to see what's wisest. I have you, I know, uncle, to direct me; but you must allow I have also your example. You relied entirely upon yourself for your political position. You made it without the aid of any such step, and I should be only too proud to follow your example."

"A — yes — but the cases are different; there's a difference, about it. As I said in the debate on the Jewish Disabilities, there are no two cases, about it, precisely parallel; and I've given my serious consideration to the subject, and I am satisfied that for every reason you ought to choose a wife *immediately*; there's no reason against it, and you ought to choose a wife, about it, immediately; and my mind is made up quite decidedly, and I have spoken repeatedly; but now I tell you I recognise no reason for further delay — no reason against the step, and every reason for it; and in short, I shall have no choice but to treat any dilatory procedure in the matter as amounting to a distinct trifling with my known wishes, desire, and opinion."

And the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Verney smote his thin hand emphatically at these words, upon the table, as he used to do in his place in the House.

Then followed an impressive silence, the peer holding his head high, and looking a little flushed; and Cleve very pale, with the ghost of the smile he had worn a few minutes before.

There are instruments that detect and measure with a beautiful accuracy, the presence and force of invisible influences — heat, electricity, air, moisture. If among all these "meters" — electronometers, hygrometers, anemometers — *odynometer*, to detect the presence and measure the intensity of hidden *pain*, were procurable, and applied to the breast of that pale, smiling

young man at that moment, I wonder to what degree in its scale its index would have pointed!

Cleve intended to make some slight and playful remark, he knew not what, but his voice failed him.

He had been thinking of this possibility — of this *hour* — for many a day, as some men will of the day of judgment, and putting it aside as a hateful thought, possibly never to be embodied in *fact*, and here it was come upon him, suddenly, inevitably, in all its terrors.

"Well, certainly, uncle, — as you wish it. I must look about me — seriously. I know you wish me to be happy. I'm very grateful, you have always bestowed so much of your thought and care upon me — *too* good, a great deal."

So spoke the young man — white as that sheet of paper on which his uncle had been pencilling two or three of what he called his thoughts — and almost as unconscious of the import of the words he repeated.

"I'm glad, my dear Cleve, you are sensible that I have been, I may say, kind; and now let me say that I think Ethel has a great deal in her favour; there are others, however. I am well aware, and there is time to look about, but I should wish something settled *this* season — in fact, before we break up, about it; in short I have, as I said, made up my mind. I don't act without reasons; I never do, and mine are conclusive; and it was on this topic, my dear Cleve, I wished to see you. And now I think you may wish to have some dinner. I'm afraid I've detained you here rather long."

And Lord Verney rose, and moved toward a book-case with Hansard in it, to signify that the conference was ended, and that he desired to be alone in his study.

## CHAPTER XLII.

## AN OVATION.

CLEVE had no dinner; he had supped full of horrors. He got on his coat and hat, and appeared nowhere that evening, but took an immense walk instead, in the hope I dare say of tiring out his agony — perhaps simply because quietude and the faculty of uninterrupted thought were unendurable.

Next day hope began a little to revive. An inventive mind is inexhaustible; and are not the resources of delay always considerable?

Who could have been acting upon his uncle's mind in this matter? The spring of Lord Verney's action was seldom quite within himself. All at once he recollected that he had come suddenly upon what seemed an unusually secret conference between his uncle and Mr. Larkin about ten days since; it was in the library. He was sure the conversation had some reference to him. His uncle looked both annoyed and embarrassed when he came into the room; even the practised countenance of Mr. Larkin betrayed some faint signs of confusion.

Larkin he knew had been down in the neighbourhood of Ware, and probably in Cardyllian. Had any thing reached him about the Malory romance? Mr. Larkin was a man who would not stick at trifles in hunting up evidence, and all that concerned him would now interest Mr. Larkin, and Cleve had too high an opinion of that gentleman's sagacity not to assume that if he had obtained the clue to his mystery he would make capital of the secret with Lord Verney. *Viscera magnorum domuum* — nothing like secret relations — confidences, — and what might not come of this? Of course, the first result would be a peremptory order on which Lord Verney had spoken last night. The only safety for the young man, it will be concluded, is to marry him suitably forthwith.

And — by Jove! — a flash of light! He had it! The whole thing was clear now. Yes; he was to be married to Caroline Oldys, because Mr. Larkin was the professional right hand of that family, and so the attorney would glide ultimately into the absolute command of the House of Verney!

To think of that indescribably vulgar rogue's actually shaping the fortunes and regulating the future suffering of Cleve Verney! How much of our miseries result from the folly of those who would serve us! Here was Viscount Verney with, as respected Cleve, the issues of life very much in his fingers, dropping through sheer imbecility into the coarse hands of that odious attorney!

Cleve trembled with rage as he thought of the degradation to which that pompous fool, Lord Verney, was consigning him, yet what was to be done? Cleve was absolutely at the disposal of the peer, and the peer was unconsciously placing himself in the hands of Mr. Larkin, to be worked like a puppet, and spoken for by the Pharisaical attorney.

Cleve's theory hung together plausibly.

It would have been gross folly to betray his jealousy of the attorney, whose opportunities with his uncle he had no means of limiting or interrupting, and against whom he had as yet no case.

He was gifted with a pretty talent for dissimulation; Mr. Larkin congratulated himself in secret upon Cleve's growing esteem and confidence. The young gentleman's manner was gracious and even friendly to a degree that was quite marked, and the unsuspecting attorney would have been startled had he learned on a sudden how much he hated him.

Ware — that great house which all across the estuary in which its princely front was reflected, made quite a feature in the landscape sketched by so many tourists, from the pier on the shingle of Cardyllian on bright summer days, was about to be re-habilitated, and very splendid doings were to follow.

In the mean time, before the architects and contractors, the plumbers, and painters, and carpenters, and carvers, and gilders had taken possession, and before those wonderful artists in stucco who were to encrust and overspread the ceilings with noble designs, rich and elegant and light, of fruit and flowers and cupids, and from memory, not having read the guide-book of Cardyllian and its vicinity for more than a year, I should be afraid to say what arabesques, and imagery beside, had entered with their cements and their scaffolding; and before the three brother artists had got their passports for England who were to paint on the panels of the doors such festive pieces as Watteau loved. In short, before the chaos and confusion that attend the throes of that sort of creation had set in, Lord Verney was to make a visit of a few days to Ware, and was to visit Cardyllian and to receive a congratulatory address from the corporation of that ancient town, and to inspect the gas-works (which I am glad to say are hid away in a little hollow), and the two fountains which supply the town — constructed, as the inscription tells, at the expense of "the Right Honorable Kiffyn Fulke, Nineteenth Viscount Verney, and Twenty-ninth Baron Penruthyn, of Malory." What else his lordship was to see, and to do, and to say on the day of his visit the county and other newspapers round about printed when the spectacle was actually over, and the great doings matter of history.

There were arches of evergreens and artificial flowers of paper, among which were very tolerable hollyhocks, though the roses, were starting under these. Lord Viscount Verney and the "distinguished party"

who accompanied him passed up Castle Street to the town-hall, where he was received by the mayor and town-councillors, accompanied and fortified by the town-clerk and other functionaries, all smiling except the mayor, on whom weighed the solemn responsibility of having to read the address, a composition, and no mean one, of the Rev. Doctor Splayfoot, who attended with parental anxiety "to see the little matter through," as he phrased it, and was so awfully engaged that Mrs. Splayfoot, who was on his arm, and asked him twice, in a whisper, whether the tall lady in purple silk was Lady Wimbledon, without receiving the slightest intimation that she was so much as heard, remarked testily that she hoped he would not write many more addresses, inasmuch as it made him ill-bred to that degree that if the town-hall had fallen during the reading, he never would have perceived it till he had shaken his ears in kingdom-come. Lord Verney read his answer, which there was much anxiety and pressure to hear.

"Now it really *was* be-autiful — *wasn't* it?" our friend Mrs. Jones the draper whispered, in particular reference to that part of it, in which the viscount invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon himself and his doings, gracefully admitting that in contravention of the divine will and the decrees of heaven, even he could not be expected to accomplish much, though with the best intentions. And Captain Shrapnel, who felt that the sentiment was religious, and was anxious to be conspicuous, standing with his hat in his hand, with a sublime expression of countenance, said in an audible voice — "*Amen.*"

All this over, and the building inspected, the distinguished party were conducted by the mayor, the militia band accompanying their march — [air — "The Meeting of the Waters"] — to the "Fountains" in Gannon's Lane, to which I have already alluded.

Here they were greeted by a detachment of the Llanwthyn Temperance Union, headed by short, fat Thomas Pritchard, the interesting apostle of total-abstinence, who used to preach on the subject alternately in Welsh and English in all the towns who would hear his gospel, in most of which he was remembered as having been repeatedly fined for public intoxication, and known by the familiar pet-name of "Swikey Tom," before his remarkable conversion.

Mr. Pritchard now led the choir of the Llanwthyn Temperance Union, consisting of seven members, of various sizes, dressed in

their Sunday costume, and standing in a row in front of fountain No. 1 — each with his hat in his left hand and a tumbler of fair water in his right.

Good Mrs. Jones, who had a vague sense of fun, and remembered anecdotes of the principal figure in this imposing spectacle, did laugh a little modestly into her handkerchief, and answered the admonitory jog of her husband's elbow by pleading — "*Poor fellows!* Well, you know it is odd — there's no denying *that, you know;*" and from the background were heard some jeers from the excursionists who visited Cardyllian for that gala, which kept Hughes, the Cardyllian policeman, and Evans, the other "*horney,*" who had been drafted from Lluinan, to help to overawe the turbulent, very hot and active during that part of the ceremony.

Particularly unruly was John Swillers, who, having failed as a publican in Liverpool, in consequence of his practice of drinking the greater part of his own stock in trade, had migrated to "The Golden Posts" in Church Street, Cardyllian, where he ceased to roll his barrel, set up his tressels, and had tabernacled for the present, drinking his usual proportion of his own liquors, and expecting the hour of a new migration.

Over the heads of the spectators and the admiring natives of Cardyllian were heard such exhortations as "Go it, Swikey," "There's gin in that," "Five shillin's for his vorship, Swikey," "I say, Swikey Tom, psy your score at the Golden Posts, will ye?" "Will ye go a bit on the stretcher, Swikey?" "Here's two horneys as 'll take ye home arter that."

And these interruptions, I am sorry to say, continued, notwithstanding the remonstrances which Mr. Hughes addressed almost pathetically to John Swillers of the Golden Posts, as a respectable citizen of Cardyllian, one from whose position the police were led to expect assistance and the populace an example. There was something in these expostulations which struck John Swillers, for he would look with a tipsy solemnity in Hughes's face while he delivered them, and once took his hand, rather affectionately, and said, "That's your sort." But invariably these unpleasant interpolations were resumed, and did not cease until this moral exhibition had ended with the last verse of the temperance song, chanted by the deputation with great vigour, in unison, and which, as the reader will perceive, had in it a Bacchanalian character, which struck even the gravest listeners as a hollow mockery:—



Refreshing more than sinful swipes,  
The weary man  
Who quaffs a can,  
That sparkling foams through leaden pipes.

## CHORUS.

Let every man,  
Then, fill his can,  
And fill the glass  
Of every lass  
In brimming bumpers sparkling clear,  
To pledge the health of Verney's Peer!

And then came a chill and ghastly "hip-hip, hurrah," and with some gracious inquiries on Lord Verney's part as to the numbers, progress, and finances of "their interesting association," and a subscription of ten pounds, which Mr. John Swillers took leave to remark, "wouldn't be laid out on water, by no means," the viscount, with grand and radiant Mr. Larkin at his elbow, and frequently murmuring in his ear — to the infinite disgust of my friend, the Cardyllian attorney, thus out-strutted and out-crowded on his own rustic elevation — was winning golden opinions from all sorts of men.

The party went on, after the wonders of the town had been exhausted, to look at Malory, and thence returned to a collation, at which toasts were toasted and speeches spoken, and Captain Shrapnel spoke, by arrangement, for the ladies of Cardyllian in his usual graceful and facetious manner, with all the puns and happy allusions which a month's private diligence, and, I am sorry to say, some shameless plagiarisms from three old numbers of poor Tom Hood's "Comic Annual," could get together, and the gallant captain concluded by observing that the noble lord whom they had that day the honour and happiness to congratulate, intended, he understood, everything that was splendid and liberal and handsome, and that the town of Cardyllian, in the full radiance of the meridian sunshine, whose golden splendour proceeded from the south — "The cardinal point at which the great house of Ware is visible from the Green of Cardyllian" — (hear, hear, and laughter) — "there remained but one grievance to be redressed, and that set to rights, every ground of complaint would slumber forever, he might say, in the great bed of Ware" — (loud cheers and laughter) — "and what was that complaint? He was instructed by his fair, lovely, and beautiful clients — the ladies of Cardyllian — some of whom he saw in the gallery, and some still more happily situated at the festive board" — (a laugh). "Well, he was, he repeated, instructed by them to say that

there was one obvious duty which the noble lord owed to his ancient name — to the fame of his public position — to the coronet, whose golden band encircled his distinguished brow — and above all, to the ancient feudal dependency of Cardyllian" — (hear, hear) — "and that was to select from his country's beauty, fascination, and accomplishment, and he might say loveliness, a partner worthy to share the ermine and the coronet and the name and the — the ermine (hear, hear) of the ancient house of Verney" (loud cheers); "and need he add that when the selection was made, it was hoped and trusted and aspired after, that the selection would not be made a hundred miles away from the ivied turrets, the feudal ruins, the gushing fountains, and the spacious town-hall of Cardyllian" — (loud and long-continued cheering, amid which the gallant captain, very hot, and red, and smiling furiously, sat down with a sort of lurch, and drank off a glass of champagne, and laughed and giggled a little in his chair while the "cheering and laughter" continued).

And Lord Verney rose, not at all hurt by this liberty, very much amused on the contrary, and in high good humour his lordship said —

"Allow me to say — I am sure you will" — (hear, hear, and cries of "We will") — "I say, I am sure you will permit me to say that the ladies of Cardyllian, a-a-about it, seem to me to have chosen a very eloquent spokesman in the gallant and I have no doubt distinguished officer who has just addressed the house. We have all been entertained by the eloquence of Captain Scollop" — [here the mayor deferentially whispered something to the noble orator] — "I beg pardon — Captain Grapnell — who sits at the table, with his glass of wine, about it — and very good wine it is — his glass, I say, where it should be, in his hand" — (hear, hear, and laughter, and "You got it there, captain.") "And I assure the gallant captain I did not mean to be severe — only we are all joking — and I do say that he has his hand — my gallant friend, Captain Grabbet, has it — where every gallant officer's ought to be, about it, and that is, upon his weapon" — (hear, hear, laughter, and cries of "His lordship's too strong for you, captain.") "I don't mean to hurt him, though, about it, (renewed cries of hear, and laughter), during which the captain shook his ears a little, smiling into his glass rather foolishly, as a man who was getting the worst of it, and knew it, but took it all pleasantly. "No, it would not be fair to the ladies about it, (renewed laughter and

cheering), "and all I will say is this, about it — there are parts of Captain Scraplet's speech, which I shan't undertake to answer at this moment. I feel that I am trespassing, about it, for a much longer time than I had intended," (loud cries of "No, no, Go on, go on," and cheering), during which the mayor whispered something to the noble lord, who, having heard it twice or thrice repeated, nodded to the mayor in evident apprehension, and when silence was restored proceeded to say, "I have just heard, without meaning to say anything unfair of the gallant captain, Captain Scraplet, that he is hardly himself qualified to give me the excellent advice, about it, which I received from him; for they tell me that he has rather run away, about it, from his colours, on that occasion." (Great laughter and cheering). "I should be sorry to wound Captain Shat — Scat — Scrap, the gallant

captain, to wound him, I say, even in front." (Laughter, cheering, and a voice from the gallery "Hit him hard, and he won't swell," "Order.") "But I think I was bound to make that observation in the interest of the ladies of Cardyllian, about it;" (renewed laughter); "and, for my part, I promise my gallant friend — my — captain — about it — that although I may take some time, like himself" (loud laughter); "yet although I cannot let fall, about it, any observation that may commit me, yet I do promise to meditate on the excellent advice he has been so good as to give me, about it." And the noble lord resumed his seat amid uproarious cheering and general laughter, wondering what had happened to put him in the vein, and regretting that some of the people of Downing street had not been present to hear it, and witness its effect.

From the Spectator 24 Aug.

#### THE SALZBURG TELEGRAMS.

THE "language of the two Emperors Napoleon and Francis Joseph towards each other," says the *Moniteur*, "has been most affectionate, and their interviews have been of a peculiarly intimate and cordial nature." The "views of the two Sovereigns as to the Eastern question are said entirely to coincide." One "of the chief objects of the understanding arrived at between the two Emperors is to prevent South Germany from governing the North German Confederation." The Emperors intend to invite the other Powers of Europe to join in an agreement, "the basis of which will be the maintenance of the Treaty of Prague." Such are the telegrams which have been whizzing like diplomatic bullets across Western Europe all the week, and which are either official digests of actual contracts between the two Sovereigns, intended to

enlighten the world, or official digests of the ideas Napoleon wishes to have believed, and intended to take the world in. The Havas Agency — Continental for Reuter's Company — being entirely under the control of the French Government, the latter supposition is by much the more probable, but either is sufficient to prove this. The Emperor of the French intends to make the temporary division of Germany established by the Treaty of Prague a permanent basis of his policy. Germany cannot be divided into three, as he ordered M. Rouher to say, it had been, but at least it shall be two, and not one. He either thinks, or he desires the world to think, that he has won over Austria to his view, and it is, on the whole, possible, in defiance of antecedent probabilities, that he has won her. It is hardly probable that he would have ventured on such a series of inventions as these telegrams without basis sufficient to prevent a blank official denial. The Hapsburgs, moreover, are Spaniards of a good class — that is the

key to them — and when they publicly and ceremoniously thank a subject for restoring the good relations between Austria and France, as they have thanked Prince Metternich, they intend that public acknowledgment to be not only a supreme honour — and they think it an honour beyond compare — but to be also a political manifesto. The allusion to the East, the quarter in which French, Austrian, and English interests are so nearly identical, is, if an invention, an admirable one, and the Treaty of Prague is no doubt a natural basis for France, if not for Austrian policy. The Emperor has made a mistake but an endurable one, if Prussia is only to be extended to the Main, to be only as great as France, and not quite so well situated. If, however, Prussia is to be Germany, if the greatest nation of Central Europe, perhaps the greatest nation in the world, is to be organized like a regiment, under the Hohenzollerns, then it would cease to be endurable. France would be stifled, and France dislikes thick neckcloths. On the other hand, so long as South Germany remains independent, so long as a great Catholic German population outside Austria remains isolated, the Hapsburgs have a chance of retaining their position as a civilized ruling House. Aided by events, they may draw Wurtemberg, Hesse, Baden, and Bavaria into a Confederation of which Austria would be the head, and if not so aided, may at least keep their own dominions intact, at least retain the solid base which enables them to deal with the Hungarian kingdom as equals. The Catholic Germans of Austria will hardly consent to merge themselves in the Protestant Germans of Prussia unless secure of their due influence, unless they are a mass sufficient to be worth conciliation. But if the Southern States join Prussia, and find the junction not only endurable but pleasant, as Catholic Cologne, for example, has found, then indeed it will be hard to keep the Austrian States from their natural position as members of the united, prosperous, and externally powerful German Empire. Austria, too, really needs help to preserve the independence of the States of the Danube, which is becoming problematical, and she can hope to obtain it only from the West.

On the whole, we incline to the belief that the telegrams are in the main true; and if true, they bode no good to the permanent peace of the world. Two very considerable Empires, one admittedly strong, one perhaps stronger than it is for the moment believed to be, are united in the resolve to

arrest a movement which has almost the force of a convulsion of nature, the movement of the Germanic people towards unity. Already enough of that unity has been accomplished to render resistance dangerous, and it may at any moment become almost hopeless. Hesse, it is perfectly understood, must obey any summons from Berlin. The people of Wurtemberg have announced, within the last fortnight, in an informal Parliament of notables, that they intend to join the North, to concede to her, in their own words, an undivided military control. The Bavarian Ministry have prevented their King from visiting Salzburg by an expression of opinion which amounts to an exercise of moral coercion. In a few months the South, which is fretting under its isolation, will be enthusiastic for union, and then Count von Bismarck must either risk a great war, or give up the dream of his and his master's life. Is he likely to fear the risk? He stated in Parliament, immediately after Sadowa, that he expected it, that Prussia was prepared for it, and that he hoped to keep the annexations Prussia had acquired with the sword. He either has secured St. Petersburg, as Continental statesmen believe, or he can secure St. Petersburg by offering aid to the south-east, and with that alliance an attack even from France and Austria need not look too formidable to be risked. At any rate, unless he risks it, he may give up all hope of uniting Germany, and there is no reason to suppose that with a stake so enormous he will hesitate to take up good cards. His real opponent will be France, and to France under an Empire, with a Sovereign who cannot select the best General lest he thereby promote a rival, with an army doubtful if it be well led, and a people demoralized by eighteen years of servitude, he opposes an army equally great, fully confident in its leaders, commanded by men whose victories help to cement the monarchy, and supported by a people young in spirit, drilled to perfection, and filled with the hope of reaching a visibly attainable goal. We see no clear reason why Count von Bismarck should falter, and yet if he does not falter he comes straight athwart the Napoleonic basis of peace, a Germany cleft in two by a contemptible river. He may of course delay, may occupy these months in conciliating Hanover and those in reorganizing the South, may even think it better to wait a possible revolution in Paris which might spare him all anxiety, but sooner or later, if Napoleon remains upon the throne, and the Papacy does not regain its hold on Munich, the conflicting

ideas must clash with a clang that will reverberate throughout the world. And, looking to the disturbance the armed peace creates, the necessities of Napoleon, and the difficulty of restraining national enthusiasm both in Germany and in France, we can by no means believe that the interval, the moment of hushed breath, will be protracted. It is not the interest of Napoleon to protract it beyond the spring, and he can at any moment inquire why Prussia, bound by the Treaty of Prague, is fortifying Mayence with iron plates.

But England? We do not like the part assigned to England in this drama at all. There is not, indeed, the slightest probability that Queen Victoria will visit Paris as a sort of Empress of Britain, with Mr. Disraeli for Vizier, prepared to sign alliances, and take part in arrangements for remodelling Europe. That is not her Majesty's rôle in life, and the telegram which assumes that position for her throws some discredit over the remainder. But it must not be forgotten that the existing Ministry is by long prepossession Austrian, that Mr. Disraeli believes it the duty of Great Britain to be servile to Napoleon, that both the aristocratic parties have expressed their resolution time and again not to consent to an united Germany, and that the interest of Great Britain in the East is, on the whole, identical with that of Austria. She wants to keep Russia out, and so do the Hapsburgs. It is more than possible that England, if not asked for too much, might join such an alliance, might accept the Treaty of Prague as a new basis for the public life of Europe, might consider the independence and greatness of Austria indispensable to the independence and security of the East. That such a view would be fatal to our true interests, which command us to welcome Germany as a counterpoise to France, to hold our Eastern position by our own strength and not by alliances, and to see in the possession of Egypt full compensation for the expulsion of the Turks, is as little to the purpose as that it is our moral duty to support the nationalities. The Ministry are just as capable of miscalculating the chances of German consolidation as of American unity, quite as likely to believe Austria indispensable to Europe as to hold with Mr. Disraeli that the safety of England demands the independence of the Pope. It is hard to believe that the nation will, for the second time in six years, make the blunder of striving to prevent the growth of a nationality, but the Ministry may, and in foreign affairs a resolute

and unscrupulous Ministry — and Lord Stanley and Mr. Disraeli together combine a maximum of courage with a minimum of scruples — is England. The telegram may be a pure invention, in form it is certainly an absurdity, but it is a strange one to circulate just after the Empress Eugénie's visit, and with Napoleon's imprimatur. The mere rumour of such an alliance tends to make him strong; and Napoleon's strength just now is not a guarantee of peace.

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From the Athenæum.

*Colorado: a Summer Trip. By Bayard Taylor. (Low & Co.)*

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR, known as a poet and journalist of high rank, is perhaps still better known as an adventurous traveller. In his salad days he traversed Europe on foot, and made the presence of his staff and knapsack familiar to thousands of readers. Since those early times he has described for us Egypt and Sicily, China and Palestine, Japan and Bulgaria. He has spent a couple of years among the wonders of California. He has tramped through Spain and a part of Africa. Blessed with good health and a powerful frame, he has dared the chills of Mont Blanc and the heats of the Dead Sea. Holding his pen with a light though a strong hand, he has made many places into pictures for those easy mortals who like to do their travelling in an arm-chair.

Last year this accomplished traveller left his prim and Quaker-like village in Pennsylvania for a trip to the Rocky Mountains. The journey was meant, we believe, for the Salt Lake; but was, unhappily, cut short, by failure of health and strength at the eastern slope of the Black Hills. Mr. Taylor crossed the Missouri two months earlier than the author of 'New America' The land was then quiet; for the Cheyennes had not been roused into fury by what they considered as the breach of public faith. Fear of the redskins was not absent from the adventurous party; but the trouble seemed afar off, and the caution which the neighbourhood of an Indian camp occasioned was rather a poetical and picturesque excitement than a daily and nightly terror. No stimulant, perhaps, in the world is more exhilarating than a scalping-knife; and it

need not be always moving close to the hair in order to produce a quickening effect on the brain. Mr. Taylor saw the redskins, as every traveller in the prairies must. He was not very pleasantly struck by them: "We met a number of Indians and squaws on horseback — one of the latter in a pink dress and wearing a round hat with upright feather, and her hair in a net. A little further, we came upon a mounted band of twenty or thirty, all drunk. My driver showed a little uneasiness, but they drew aside to let us pass, and a few hoots and howls were all the salutation we received." He felt the presence of Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and Kiowas around him, as he bumped and banged along in the prairie wagon, — not unpleasantly, we think, since a little spice of adventure is absolutely necessary to good health and good spirits under the monotony of such a trip.

Those who have travelled with Mr. Bayard Taylor already know with what care he reproduces the landscape over which he drives. In these pages the prairies are made to live. We see the long swell of the rising upland over which the buffaloes roam, the dry sandy ravines in which the rattlesnakes glide, the bunches of wild sage under which the wolf lurks and the prairie-hens cluck, the countless flecks of golden flowers, and the tender green of the sweet bunch-grass. We see in his pages the strong bullock-train, the emigrant's corral, the sun-burned miner coming home from the mountains, the vicious party of road-agents. Here we meet the Jew pedler, the swarthy ranchman, the daring trapper, each in his big boots and his slouch hat, and with his revolver and bowie-knife handy in his strong leathern belt. Under his hearty description we come to love this virgin country and these rough squatters and teamsters. Just after leaving the Missouri River, Mr. Taylor notes a fact which has in it a grain of comfort: "Here I first witnessed a phenomenon of which I had often heard, — the spontaneous production of forests from prairie land. Hundreds of acres, which the cultivated fields beyond had protected against the annual inundation of fire, were completely covered with young oak and hickory trees, from four to six feet in height. In twenty years more these thickets will be forests." We are not sure that the theory of these prairies having been universally stripped of their forests by fire has been proved. Fires are frequent on the great plain, and anything like timber which stood in the way of a running prairie flame would certainly perish in its fierce embrace. But

the absence of wood is too general to be satisfactorily explained on this hypothesis. High bluffs, broad rivers, stretches of sand would offer their resistance to a body of rolling flame. Fire could hardly cross the Kansas and the Arkansas rivers, even with the help of different winds. In many parts of the prairies, the land has not been ravaged by fire for many years. The low brushwood is often very old — the wild sage probably forty or fifty years in certain places; yet for hundreds of square leagues not a high tree dots the landscape, which is not the less covered with this wild brush. Still there are places in which the land has seemingly been stripped by fire of its natural forests — a misfortune of the most tragic kind since, next to water, wood is the most necessary to man of all natural gifts; and we agree with Mr. Taylor in thinking that human care and culture will oppose very strong barriers to the further depredations of this terrible element.

Further inland we have this prairie picture: —

"Our route, for some distance, lay over an elevated plateau, around which, for an hour or two, dark thunder-clouds collected. Out of one of these dropped a curtain of rain, gray in the centre, but of an intense indigo hue at the edges. It slowly passed us on the north, split, from one minute to another, by streaks of vivid rose-coloured lightning, followed by deafening detonating peals; when, just as we seemed to have escaped, it suddenly wheeled and burst upon us. It was like a white squall on a tropic sea. We had not lowered the canvas curtains of the coach before a dam gave way over our heads, and a torrent of mingled wind, rain, hail, and thunder overwhelmed us. The driver turned his mules as far as possible away from the wind, and stopped; the coach rocked and reeled as if about to overturn; the hail smote like volleys of musketry; and in less than fifteen minutes the whole plain lay four inches under water. I have never witnessed anything even approaching the violence of this storm; it was a marvel that the mules escaped with their lives. The bullets of hail were nearly as large as pigeons' eggs, and the lightning played around us like a succession of Bengal fires. We laid the rifles in the bottom of the coach, and for half an hour sat in silence, holding down the curtain, and expecting every moment to be overturned. Then the tornado suddenly took breath, commenced again twice or thrice, and ceased as unexpectedly as it came. For a short time the road was a swift stream, and the tufts of buffalo-grass rose out of an inundated plain; but the water soon found its level, and our journey was not delayed, as we had cause to fear. Presently Mr. Scott describes a huge rattlesnake, and we stop the coach and jump out. The rattles were too wet to give any sound, and

the snake endeavoured to escape. A German frontiers-man who was with us fired a revolver, which stunned rather than wounded the reptile. Then, poisoning a knife, he threw it with such a secure aim, that the snake's head was pinned to the earth. Cutting off the rattles, which I appropriated, we did him no further injury."

Mr. Taylor made Denver, "City of the Plains," his head-quarters, from which he visited Central City, Golden City, and other mining villages. "I only wish," says Mr. Taylor, "that the vulgar, snobbish custom of attaching 'city' to every place of more than three houses could be stopped. From Illinois to California it has become a general nuisance, telling only of swagger and want of taste, not of growth." Most readers will think of Bob Wilson in connexion with Deaver. Mr. Taylor refers to an incident in Golden City:—"The age of law and order has not yet arrived. The people pointed out to me a tree, to which some of them had hung a Mexican last week, on account of an attempted assault upon two ladies of the place. The criminal was taken from the sheriff's hands and lynched: and the few remaining Mexican residents, who appear to have had no fellowship with him, are ordered to leave the place. Affairs of this kind make an unpleasant impression." One would think so; at least until the stranger gets accustomed to it.

The main interest of Mr. Taylor's volume lies in the practical character of the information which it contains. The traveller looks with a farmer's eye upon every landscape, and his thoughts are always running upon the pasture question. His production might be called a settler's handbook.

From The Saturday Review.

HALF-HOURS WITH THE BEST LETTER-WRITERS AND AUTOBIOGRAPHERS.\*

SOME quarter of a century ago William Roberts, then or formerly editor of "My Grandmother's Review," and celebrated in *Don Juan*, printed a *History of Letter Writing*. Published it can hardly be said to have been, since his book expired almost at its birth. "There was some care and valour in this *Welshman*," but it was quite

\* *Half-Hours with the best Letter-Writers and Autobiographers: forming a Collection of Memoirs and Anecdotes of Eminent Persons.* By Charles Knight, Editor of "Half-Hours with the best Authors." London and New York: Routledge & Sons. 1867.

"out of fashion." His project was good, but his manner of dealing with it was ponderous. Even a German *gelehrter* would have sunk under the toil of reading seven hundred pages no one of which was enlivened by any grace of language, or by any gift of insight into the characters of the various writers of the letters. Roberts, however, had the merit of broaching a very interesting subject. That he so utterly failed in rendering it attractive was perhaps owing to his grinding at the mill of the *British Review*, or to the extremely depressing nature of his theological opinions.

With far better judgment, and far higher qualifications, Mr. Charles Knight has given us a very instructive account of the best Letter-writer and Autobiographers of Great Britain. Ponderous Roberts opens his work with the creation of letter-writing, and brings us down no nearer to present times than the fifth century of the Christian era. So utterly innocent is he of criticism as to treat of the correspondence in Homer's time! Mr. Charles Knight, with proper compassion for the shortness of human life, starts eleven centuries later with the *Epistolæ Ho-Elizianæ*, or "Familiar Letters of James Howell." As we are not quite satisfied with the principle on which he has made his selection, it is only fair to him to give in his own words the description of his purpose in making it:—

The present work [he says] is not proposed by its compiler as a mere Sequel to the *Half-hours with the best Authors*, although it completes the plan of that popular series, as formed by its editor many years ago. *Half-hours with the best Letter-Writers and Autobiographers* aspires to be more than a selection of interesting and brief extracts, with introductory notices. Wherever it may be possible, Letters of one person, or of several correspondents, will be grouped together, so as to develop some connected story, or exhibit some leading sentiment or habitual thought. For the same reason, two Autobiographers or Letter-Writers will occasionally be treated as parallels. A large collection of Epistles, or a voluminous Autobiography or Diary, cannot be dealt with upon this principle. But separate portions may be held together by occasional illustrations, historical or critical, so as to assume, in some measure, the form of a Review, which will be comprised in a distinct Chapter. Following such Chapter will be frequently given an *Interchapter of Detached Letters*, having some connexion with the subjects which have immediately preceded them.

We are ready to endorse the conclusion at which Gibbon arrived when tired of consulting friends about the manuscript of the

first volumes of his *Decline and Fall*. "The author himself is the best judge of his own performance; no one has so deeply meditated on the subject, no one is so sincerely interested in the event." Similar latitude is due to a "compiler," as Mr. Knight modestly styles himself. His preface shows that he has well considered the form and contents of his present volume. Yet we admit feeling some surprise as to the space and rank assigned to several of the letter-writers, and occasionally at the letters he has preferred. Why is so subordinate a station assigned to one whom Southey, with the almost pardonable enthusiasm of a biographer, describes as one of the best of English letter-writers? Why is William Cowper relegated to Chapter XV. — "Autobiographic Sketches of Schools and School Days" — and there treated in so cursory a manner as to imply distaste for him on the part of the collector? The religious opinions of the recluse of Olney may probably, and justly also, be distasteful to Mr. Charles Knight; they are so to many readers of Cowper's verse and prose. But in the large collection we have of Cowper's correspondence were there no samples worth selecting of his pure diction, of his good sense — when unclouded by disease or theological gloom — of his humour and his descriptive powers? If ever there was a writer of letters who also was unintentionally and unconsciously his own biographer, it was Cowper. The "Lives" of him that have been written, beginning with Hayley's and ending with Southey's, are, two-thirds of them at least, compilations from his letters. Again, why is Gibbon "shunted" on to the autobiographical line? His "Memoirs" are well known. It was scarcely necessary to mention them. *Cui non dictus Hylas puer?* But not so his letters. These, besides their value in containing much news of the day, are distinguished frequently by a sly humour and by a spontaneous ease that are not so apparent in his "Memoirs" or in his "History." Of Richard and Mary Steele we have too many letters in this collection. They, in our opinion, would have come with more propriety into a Half-hour with the best *Note-Writers*. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu has indeed, by just epistolary right, a chapter to herself; but who will suppose her to have been a sprightly or witty lady, if known only by Mr. Knight's samples of her letters? Of David Hume's correspondence with his friends or acquaintance there is only one sample given — a parsimonious less easy to put up with because, although his account of Blacklocke,

the blind poet and subsequently minister in the Scottish Church, is interesting enough, yet it by no means conveys a fair impression of the occasional humour, and the constant ease in expression, of the "good David's" familiar letters.

Here our expostulation ceases; we have too much respect for Mr. Knight to find fault willingly, and we are too much indebted to him for these and his other Half-hours not to be more alive to his merits than his defects. On him, as a collector and commentator upon curious and partly-forgotten literature, has descended the mantle of the elder Disraeli. He is always an instructive and entertaining guide or companion, whether he leads to new "woods and pastures," or whether he points to overlooked features on beaten ground. In the present volume there is much that will be novel even to readers well acquainted with Lady Mary's and Horace Walpole's, with Byron's and Miss Berry's, letters. These writers owe some of their celebrity to their social position, though much more undoubtedly to their own sterling merits. But there needed a practised pioneer to unearth the letters and memoirs of Thomas Bewick, Sir Thomas Browne, William Shenstone, Joseph Spence, William Whiston, and Stephen Duck.

James Howell leads off the file of Mr. Knight's epistolary worthies. Remembering the Paston Letters, we do not quite admit the *Epistolæ Ho-Elizianæ* to be our earliest collection of familiar letters," and we think that a specimen of Roger Ascham might have fairly taken precedence of the busy and observing "agent to Spain." Howell had all the qualities needed by "Our Special Correspondent," whether he dealt in foreign or home news. For wakefulness he was an Hesperian dragon; for collecting intelligence he had the eyes and ears of an Indian hunter. Coryat was not more curious than he. Had he been in the service of the Republic of Venice his *relazioni* would have been second to none in those encyclopædias of minute history. "A Chapter and an Inter-chapter" was rightfully awarded to Howell, his notes at home being as well worth marking and learning as his notes from abroad. In Mr. Knight's extracts, Howell is principally busied with the vicissitudes of the Spanish match and Prince Charles's wooing at the French Court. The letter-writer is not more constant than was his Royal master. From Madrid he writes at a time when the Spanish love was running smoothly: — "The Infanta is a very comely lady, rather of a

Flemish complexion than Spanish; fair-haired, and carrieth a most pure mixture of red and white in her face; she is full and big-lipped, which is held a beauty rather than a blemish or any excess in the Austrian family. She goes upon sixteen, and is of a tallness agreeable to those years." But when Henrietta Maria is married and settled, we are told:—

I can send you gallant news, for we have now a most noble new Queen of England, who in true beauty is beyond the long-wood Infanta, for she was of a fading flaxen hair, big-lipped, and somewhat heavy eyed. But this daughter of France. . . is of a more lovely and lasting complexion, a dark brown; she hath eyes that sparkle like stars; and for her physiognomy she may be said to be a mirror of perfection.

This may all have been true; the Austrian race was not famed for beauty, and Vandyck vouches for the daughter of France's bright eyes and expressive though not regular features; yet it is no less true that Infantas should not put their trust in princes, and that "men are inconstant ever." Charles perhaps had a fair excuse for inconstancy in the tedious ceremonial of the Spanish Court.

By pairing together "Lucy Hutchinson and Anne Fanshawe," Mr. Knight has provided for his readers a very pleasant "chapter;" and an equally interesting "interchapter" by the letters between Pepys and Evelyn, and Lord and Lady William Russell. Many, and marked as the differences are between the English Revolution of 1640 and the French Revolution of 1789, in no respect are they more conspicuous than in the character of the women who respectively figured in them. In neither was there any want of woman's devotion to fathers, husbands, or brothers, whether they were lying in the comfortless gaols of England or the far fouler dungeons of the Luxembourg, Chantilly, and the Conciergerie. But "Lucy Hutchinson and Anne Fanshawe" totally lack that *air de coulisses* which disfigures so many of the French heroines. The elder sufferers, indeed, had only the gospel of their Bibles to sustain them, and not the gospel of Jean Jacques or Plutarch, who, good easy man, little dreamt to what uses his "Lives" would one day be turned.

We pass over the names of Gray, West, Walpole, and Asheton, informing, however, such as may be ignorant of the fact that this "quadruple alliance" went at Eton by the names of Tydeus, Orosades, Almanzor, and Plato—a nomenclature combining

a significant jumble of Greek heroes with the heroes of D'Urfé and Madlle. de Scudéri. What would be thought now of four schoolboys called and known as Hector, Fergus M'Ivor, Alcibiades, and Felix Holt? The reader will pause, as we have done, on Thomas Bewick's account of his first steps in art. It is a very instructive record for all who speculate upon or deal with education for the people.

We make a sort of seven-leagued Neptunian stride to Sir Thomas Browne, passing over no less persons than Mrs. Delaney and Miss Burney, Lord Byron and Lawrence Sterne, Walpole again, and the Misses Berry—"good wine needing no bush." Browne, partly from the imaginative grandeur of his *Religio Medici* and *Urne Burial*, and partly from the oddity of his intellect, is among the best known of the writers of the seventeenth century. But his *Letters* are by no means generally familiar acquaintances. Mr. Buckle never made a greater mistake than in representing Browne as the author of "the first systematic and deliberate onslaught ever made in England upon those superstitious fancies which were then prevalent respecting the external world." Such an assertion would almost justify a doubt whether Mr. Buckle, no cursory student generally, had looked beyond the title-page of *Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors*. The knight of Norwich, the endorser of Tertullian's convenient theological maxim, "Credo quia impossibile est," although he analysed, dissected, dried plants, and prepared skeletons, was in all that regarded human progress as impassive as if he had dwelt in the moon, while revolutions were shaking thrones, and Vane, Milton, and Harrington were devising Platonic republics. He had, however, notwithstanding his speculative aberrations and almost cynical indifference to forms of government, a deep vein of common sense, and it was all usefully and legitimately expended upon the training of his children. Comparing his letters with his books, we are forced to the conclusion, "Nil fuit unquam sic dispar sibi." It was alike to him whether Oliver the First or Charles II. occupied the throne, whether Sheldon or Baxter presided over the Church. Neither the *de facto* nor the *de jure* sovereign, neither the successor of the Apostles nor the parson of Kidderminster, interfered with his *artus siccus* or his "preparations," and the disinterment of some Roman urns at Walsingham in Norfolk was to him a far graver event than the disinterment of Cromwell and Ireton's bodies. But when he writes



to his sons Edward or "honest Tom," his words are "the words of truth and soberness." Mr. Knight has well described him:—

Settled as a physician at Norwich, he brought up a large family with a somewhat uncommon exercise of parental care. He governed by love. He taught his two sons, Edward and Thomas, to approach him without the slavish reverence of the early times. His letters to his sons, especially to his son Thomas, show that he trained them as reasonable beings, between whom and himself there was something approaching to equality, founded upon their mutual affection.

Mr. Knight has very properly given us extracts from Thomas Browne's *Journal of a Tour*. Travelling in some parts of England in 1662 was attended with nearly as much hardship as travelling in Bokhara in 1867. We must pass over the extracts, which indeed recommend themselves; but we crave permission to add a note to Mr. Knight's commentary on the halt of Browne and his companions at Chesterfield. At that town they encounter "some Derbyshire blades that lived at Bakewell, but were then at Chesterfield about some business." They had drunk freely of the Derbyshire ale, and were "inclined to their country's natural rudeness." They liked not the look of Browne and Co.'s swords and pistols, and at first were loth to be troubled with their company; at length, however, they consented to guide the travellers to Bakewell, and guide them they did through perils by land and perils by water, for the hills sloped almost perpendicularly, and every valley had a quagmire. "The blades" were well mounted, and rode, as Jehu drove, "furiously," while Browne and his comrades were indifferently furnished with Norwich hacks, and moreover, "honest Tom" was a sailor. But what was their "business at Chesterfield"? There, as Grunio says, "lies the villany," at least the pith of the story, and this Mr. Knight has overlooked. These bibulous blades were rectors or vicars of the English Church. It was the autumn of 1662, and the day was at hand for all persons in holy orders to subscribe to the Act of Uniformity, which had passed on the preceding 19th of May, or, failing so to do, "colligere sarcinulas et exire"—to quit parsonage and glebe and tithes and fees, and go forth into the cold world of Non-Conformity. Now compliance with the Act was "the business at Chesterfield." The coryphaeus of this troop of hard riders confided to Tom Browne

over the ale at Bakewell that "the day before he had most manfully led up a train of above twenty parsons, and though they thought themselves to be great Presbyterians, yet they followed him in the subscription at Chesterfield, and kept themselves in their livings despite of their own teeth."

Again, Mr. Thorne, we are told by Mr. Knight, in an article in *The Land we Live in*, pointed out certain mistakes in Tom Browne's narrative; among others he falls foul of his statement of the "lodgings at Buxton being low wooden sheds." Lord Macaulay, in the first edition of his *History*, adopted the statement, but corrected it in the edition of 1853. Instead of being "crowded in low wooden sheds" (1849) "the gentry are lodged in low rooms under bare rafters" (1858). Young Browne's words are, "our lodging a low *rafty* room"; and Mr. Thorne supposes, with great show of sound emendation, that the rafters of the room were exposed, without a plaster ceiling, and Lord Macaulay adopts this interpretation. But the exposition is after all not sound. *Rafty* has nothing to do with beams or joists; it imports in the dialect of East Anglia "sour or musty," and the low room was merely dirty and offensive to the smell.

Mr. Knight has afforded a fair space to Sir Thomas; but we must put in a plea for Dorothy Browne, his wife. She is certainly not among the Best Letter-Writers, &c., but her own letters and her postscripts to the knight's should not lie in cold oblivion, since they are very business-like, and very curiously spelt. We annex a sample of my lady's *an-orthography*, with a hint that her betters spelt very nearly as strangely—Dr. Dilworth's spelling-books not yet existing:—

Good Daughter. — I must trouble you once more about my cossen Tenoson. She would macke a manto gown of the grene and whight silke you sent down for a peticot, but she wants two yards, and as much slit grene sarsinat as will line it in sight. I pray send nars to gett it and lett mæe know what it com to and I will send you the mony. I sayes my co-sen Craddock might send it to me by the choch for she would have it as sonne as possible. bless God we are all in helth, and Tomey much longing for his briches.

Your affectionat Mother,  
DOROTHY BROWNE.

Stopping with Sir Thomas Browne is like stopping at a half-way-house, enforced to turn homeward when the plea-antier part of a journey is beyond. Yet we trust that

we have sufficiently commended to our readers Mr. Charles Knight's "Half-Hours." It is not only a learned and delectable volume, but also a timely one, for the species of letter-writers on the early scale is likely to be an extinct one. We have come down to the lower empire of *Notes*. Rowland Hill has struck down, by his otherwise admirable invention of penny-postage, the Titans of epistolatory correspondence. Walpole and Lady Mary belong now to a saurian era: Memoirs there are and autobiographies, and likely to be to the last syllable of recorded time. Personal justification or vanity, filial piety or theological zeal, will ever afford perennial streams of such records. But neither biography nor memoir will ever quite make up for the dearth of the "old familiar" letters. These are written while the feelings of the moment have yet their bloom and freshness upon them. Those are composed considerably. The one is fruit eaten off the tree or the bush; the other is fruit exposed in markets. In memoirs and biographies, when not saturated with letters, the lines and angles of character are straightened and rounded off; the liveliness of the original colour is sobered down; second thoughts, not always the better, intrude on and mar first thoughts. They are autumn in place of spring. Nothing perhaps shows the difference between memoirs and letters more strikingly than the *Memoirs* compared with the *Letters* of Horace Walpole.

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From the Economist.

#### SUBWAYS.

THE promoters of subways and the gas and water companies have at last fought out their differences before a parliamentary committee. After hearing much about the constant interruption to traffic by the streets being broken up in search of a leaky pipe, and about the necessity of leaving the gas companies free either to poison the soil of London or to intercept its traffic, we have at length the facts which are to be adduced on both sides fairly before us, and we are able to strike a balance. On the one hand, we are convinced that something must be done to cure the present disease of bad management, and that the companies cannot be left to their own devices. On the other, we are willing to concede that great care will be required in the use

of subways, and that a proper ventilation of them is all important. But the inference we draw from the mass of evidence presented to the committee and contained in a blue book of more than 2 lbs. in weight, is favourable to the principle of underground communication. We have facts on one side and opinions on the other. The promoters show what has been done. The opponents merely show their reluctance to accept it. One engineer representing a hostile water company declared himself unwilling to expose his pipes to the risk of what he believes will come from the gas pipes, but he admits grudgingly that his pipes have been four years in one subway, and no inconvenience has yet resulted. Another allows that his company quarrels with the principle of subways without having any practical knowledge on the subject, and excuses them in words which might have been taken from Hamlet's soliloquy:

"And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of."

The picture of the unknown ills to be expected from subways is equally grotesque and terrible. Broadhead getting down into subways and blowing up London, thieves taking up their abode there and alternately letting out gas and breaking into cellars, workmen smashing pipes by accident and causing a conflagration, are spectres that haunt the mind's eye of the gas companies and their counsel. We may put all this nonsense aside with a shrug of the shoulders, but many of the objections which seem better founded are not really worthy of much more respect. To say that workmen in subways will scamp their work, but that when they are mending pipes in the open street they are exposed "to the general supervision of the public," any passing member of which public may be a shareholder or director, is equivalent to an admission that the companies employ neither foremen nor inspectors. Passers by, who are sufficiently incommoded by the breaking up of a street, are not likely to stop and examine the workmanship to which they owe their delay. Nor are the workmen likely to take the necessary time, when they are hurried by their employers in order that the delay may not continue. As it is, they constantly join two pipes together before putting them in the ground, in order to prevent more joints being made in a narrow trench than is quite indispensable. They are the more apt to leave their work in a slovenly state that it is

buried and put out of sight the moment it is done. When the defect is discovered in a short time, there are many other causes to which it may be attributed. The concussion caused by traffic, the ramming down of the pavement, the operations of other companies, the washing away of earth under the gas pipes by leakage from water pipes, and the consequent absence of support, excuse bad and hasty workmanship. Not that the defect is discovered so soon. The soil round the pipe absorbs the gas,—it acts, according to Mr. Hawksley, as a safety lamp, and becomes gradually impregnated. When the earth will absorb no more, the gas escapes through it, and either gets into a vault as at Glasgow, or into the sewers as in London and Paris, and causes an explosion. Then the leak is traced by running a bit of tarred rope along the pipes, or holding a light to the saturated earth; the street is taken up again, and the narrow trench is dug, and the hasty work is hastily repaired.

Dwellers in London are, unhappily, too familiar with this process. But even the oldest inhabitant will be startled by the statistics given in the blue book. In five years, there were 5,332 openings of the street in Gray's inn road and Holborn. Although the gas and water companies were informed whenever paving was to be done, they invariably waited till afterwards, in order to go over the ground again. The result of this has been a permanent deterioration of the roadways. Mr. Bazalgette gives a touching account of the injury done to the new street in Southwark, which was "one of the most perfect pieces of paving that could have been made," by the companies cutting their trenches, breaking up the concrete, and disturbing the arch of stone paving. Of course, all this would be obviated by the use of subways. But the gas companies say, that if their gas escaped in the subways there would be nothing to absorb it,—that the cost of laying the pipes there would exceed that of cutting trenches and repaving, and that as Parliament has once allowed them to do as they like, it has no right to make them consult the convenience of the public. Of course, we shall not discuss the last objection, because a mere statement of that carries with it a refutation. But the experiment made by Dr. Frankland in the presence of the committee, though considered unsatisfactory by Dr. Letheby, seems to guarantee us against explosion. Gas was suffered to escape from the pipes in the Southwark street subways,

and was ignited. There was a strong rush of gas from two apertures in the pipes on opposite sides of the subway, but the gas burnt as it would burn in a room, and the jet on one side would not even ignite the corresponding jet on the other side.

Although the witnesses for the gas companies declare that there is no ventilation in the existing subways, and some of them say that natural ventilation is not sufficient, it is admitted that the safety of the system is merely a question of ventilation, and that a downcast and an upcast shaft for every three miles would be sufficient. We cannot be surprised at finding great difference of opinion between the promoters and their opponents on the subject of the existing subways. According to Mr. Muir, the engineer of the New River Company, the Garrick street subway is most offensive. Mr. Forster describes it as dark and airless. Mr. Hawksley says it has no sensible ventilation. But the engineers of some of the gas companies (two of them representing the Chartered Gas Company which is one of the opponents) approve of the system of subways, and have recommended them to their directors. It may be true that the subway in Garrick street is imperfect, and that the engineers in Paris are so much alarmed at a former explosion that they have discontinued laying gas pipes in subways except under the Emperor's palace. But neither of these arguments is conclusive, and neither goes very far. There is certainly less traffic in Paris, there is only one gas company instead of ten or twelve, as there are in London, and the Parisians are more nervous about gas than the Londoners. If the burnt child dreads the fire, and the one explosion in a Paris subway is sufficient to prevent the adoption of the system, the 15 explosions that have taken place in the Paris sewers from leakage through the earth, must convey a more impressive warning. Mr. Bazalgette says that the joints of the gas pipes in Paris are defective, while M. Belgrand, Inspector-General of the Ponts et Chaussées, of course stands up for the joints of his country and city. Yet this is really beside the main question, for what has to be shown is that, whether workmanship be good or bad, the new plan is not more dangerous than the old, and we need hardly say that if good work is to be a necessity of the new system, the gas companies will have the most powerful argument against its adoption.

It is true that if subterranean passages are to be carried under our streets without light or air, and are to be further tainted

by fumes from sewers and the escape of London gas, the effects will be fatal to any workmen who have to go down into them, and may be felt by the adjoining houses. The opponents of subways look forward to ill-ventilated mines forming the substratum of the city, and remind us of colliery accidents, of the carelessness of workmen, and of the explosive material which will be collected under our feet. But we see no reason for the fulfilment of these prophecies. Any escape in subways will be an accidental one. The danger in mines arises from the nature of the ground. Workmen will be employed occasionally in subways, and will not be so familiarized either with the place or the work to be done in it as to become reckless. Even if they do their work carelessly, and escapes occur, and are not detected either by the smell or by inspection, and are not carried off by the ventilation, the danger is not excessive. Explosions have occurred in sewers from the leakage of gas which has accumulated there very long, and neither the street nor the houses above have suffered. And it is evident that the chances of explosion ought to be diminished when an escape can be quickly detected. If there is ventilation enough to carry off the gas, there cannot be an explosion. If the gas accumulates it must be smelt, and if it is once smelt, why cannot it be traced to its source? So far from the workmen being tempted to scamp their work because they are not in the presence of the public, they are more within the reach of inspection in a closed and covered way, and their work can be tested before it is hidden. If the gas company wishes to cut off the supply of some recalcitrant debtor, it is surely more convenient to turn a cock in the subway than to send a man with a pickaxe and break up the pavement. Yet the unconciliatory spirit of the companies is shown by the firm grasp with which they cling to their pickaxe. It was placed in their hands by Parliament, and they defy Parliament to remove it. If this had been the first occasion on which they had brandished it before the public, and straddled across their narrow trenches like Apollyon in the Pilgrim's Progress, to stop all comers, we might have been surprised at their obstinacy. But it is only a year since we had experience of it, and though the demands then made on the companies were more likely to give rise to opposition, the way in which they were met prepared us for the present style of resistance. And that gives us little hope of anything being done if the companies are left to themselves,

and if the public is content to murmur instead of reclaiming the powers it has too easily surrendered.

From the Saturday Review 24 Aug.

#### SOUTHERN GERMANY.

If it were really true that the EMPERORS of France and Austria had met at Salzburg, and there had arranged between themselves in a private and confidential way that Southern Germany should not be allowed to join Northern Germany, there would be a total, final, and absolute end to all hopes of peace. Prussia would be directly challenged to fight if she dared; and that Prussia is ready to fight, if she is challenged, seems tolerably certain. Things have now come to this pass, that, if France interferes in German affairs Prussia will instantly declare war; and even English critics, who, with a noble British confidence in their own opinion, resolutely refuse to look at two sides of any foreign question, and are all on the side of France, and wish Prussia to have as good a thrashing as she deserves, must acknowledge that, if Prussia, by some freak of circumstances, could be right in anything, she would be right in insisting that Germans should be left free to act as they may think best for Germany. It will be remembered that, when the French Government was taunted by the Opposition with having played into the hands of the enemies of France, M. ROUHER replied that he and his master had been more astute and Machiavellian than people thought, and had not done so much harm to France as was supposed, for in reality they had succeeded in dividing Germany into three sections. There was Prussia, and there was Austria, and there was the group of Southern States, quite independent and happy in their way. To this Count BISMARCK quietly replied by publishing a variety of treaties concluded last year immediately after Sadowa, by which these independent Southern States had contracted an offensive and defensive alliance with Prussia. The French Government was silent under this effective retort, and Prussia showed that she was not afraid of risking a little to proclaim herself the head of Germany. If, after enduring this rebuff, France were now to contract an alliance with Austria for the avowed purpose of humiliating Prussia and setting aside these treaties, there could be no doubt of the result. War, and nothing but war,

would be the reply of Prussia. But how are we to know that there is a word of truth in these telegrams? It is not likely that newspapers, official or other, should have any information to convey. The papers of France and Prussia which represent the Governments of those countries are peaceful in the extreme. The official journal of France announces that the EMPEROR is gone to Salzburg under the influence of a noble thought; and his noble thoughts are universally understood to refer, not to South Germany, but to Mexico. The official organ of Prussia laughs at the notion that France can be plotting mischief or can desire war, and points with a sublimity of innocence or irony to the recent letter of the Emperor of the FRENCH to his MINISTER of the INTERIOR, in which the Imperial mind was shown to be wholly concentrated on the peaceful occupation of making parish roads. It is only at Vienna that these dreams of war and alliances and defiances gain acceptance; and it is obvious that the greater the importance that can be made to attach to the meeting at Salzburg, the higher is the honour that is paid to Austria. The extreme improbability of the account itself, which represents the two EMPERORS as throwing down the gauntlet to Prussia, is heightened by the marvellous assertion that the challenge is only part of a programme which is to include a grand alliance of three other Powers; and these Powers are said to be Turkey, Italy, and England. It would have been quite as sensible, though not so imposing, to have said Turkey, Italy, and Timbuctoo. If these great people have met in order to get a scheme, part of which is to be the interference of England in the private politics of Baden-Baden, they must be indeed out of the regions of common sense altogether. Until the news is very strongly corroborated we may venture to disbelieve this report altogether. There is, indeed, only one contingency under which it could be true. The Emperor NAPOLEON may be bent on a war, thinking that a war is necessary, not only for his country, but for him; and if he wants to fight, he may wish to gratify the French by commencing the war in a way as irritating and insulting to Prussia as possible. But unless he means, not only to fight, but to fight very soon, he cannot have entered into any formal arrangement for controlling the affairs of Southern Germany.

It so happens that a few days ago some of the leading representatives of Southern Germany met, and arranged a programme of the policy to which they pledged them-

selves to adhere. The gathering was not very numerous, and in quiet times such political announcements are not very important. Their authors can make no way against the dead-weight of timidity and prudence by which they are encompassed. But, in a critical moment, men of decided views and political courage have an influence far beyond that to which their numbers would entitle them, and the circumstances of Southern Germany are such that this programme is well worth studying. These men — who at any rate represent a very considerable and a very active minority in Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria — had arrived very clearly and very decisively at three conclusions. In the first place, they had persuaded themselves that, in order to have any political existence at all, in order to have a country to love and fight for, they must join Prussia. It was, they averred, a question between Prussia and the foreigner; and although Prussia had, as they said, made deplorable mistakes, they vastly prefer her to having anything to do with non-German Powers. This, if we may trust reports which on this head are all, without exception, agreed, is the universal conviction of all German patriots — of all Germans, that is, who in a moment of danger and difficulty will lead their countrymen? Let the question only lie between France and Prussia, and they will choose Prussia at every risk and under every contingency. All petty differences, all local pride, all barriers of religion and custom disappear at once if the option lies between following Prussia and following France. In the next place, these representatives of Southern Germany declare that their material interests are bound up in those of Prussia. They are not satisfied with such a connection as the old Zollverein provided; they think that for all purposes of commerce, and for the decision of all questions affecting the status of the inhabitants of any part of Germany, they must take care to be thoroughly united with Prussia. Lastly, they state that if Southern Germany wishes to indulge the two dearest fancies of the mind of modern men — if she wishes to be at once patriotic and rich, to have a country worth fighting for, and also to make money — she must enter the Northern Confederation. No middle course will answer. It will not do to stand outside of the circle, and biggle and hesitate and bargain. To be great and to be wealthy, they must condescend to be Prussian. It is not quite what they would have liked. It goes against the grain; but facts are facts, and there is no with-

standing them. These are only the views of a minority — of a striving, energetic minority — but still not of high society, or even of the mass in the Southern States. But what gives them importance is that they are apparently true. Which of the propositions can be contradicted? Certainly no one who believes in the reports circulated as to the secrets of the Salzburg meeting can affect to discredit them. If the Emperor of the FRENCH, the great enemy of Germany, the foreigner beyond all foreigners who is hated and feared, has taken the trouble to come to Salzburg in order to coerce and dispose of Southern Germany, there can be no doubt that every German who wishes before all things to be a citizen of a free Germany must seek the aid of Prussia in opposing him. That a commercial alliance with Prussia must pay better, so far as money goes, than any other such alliance that Southern Germany could form, stands to reason; and if Southern Germany is to join Prussia, it had much better join it on the condition of having a share of representation in the general German Assembly over which Prussia is to preside. Both national aspirations and common sense are in favour of the programme of the Southern deputies, and therefore it is of importance, even though its authors may be little known.

But although we may refuse to believe that France and Austria have come to any decision that would be equivalent to a declaration of war against Prussia, yet it is not likely that the affairs of Southern Germany have failed to attract the attention of the Sovereigns at Salzburg. Both France and Austria are far too deeply interested in the future of South Germany to permit that its affairs should be forgotten or neglected. Nor has some intervention in those affairs been wanting long before the Emperors met. Austria indeed has done nothing, for Austria has had other things to think of, and Austria is terribly afraid of the punishment that would await her if she dared to thwart the designs of Prussia. But France has for some months been intriguing against Prussia in Southern Germany. It could not get the treaties with Prussia set aside, but it could intrigue against her. A very little ingenuity would devise plans for robbing Prussia of her triumph. It is easy for a person who assents reluctantly so to manage matters that compliance gives nothing and produces no result. France has especial strength in Bavaria; and persons who have visited Munich will remember that most of the walls of the Royal palaces are decorated with pictures representing Bava-

rians — aided, of course, more or less by the great NAPOLEON — putting other Germans to flight. The Court of Bavaria is very French and very Austrian, and it has managed to make the process of transforming Bavarians into Prussian soldiers go on very slowly. French diplomacy is said to have been at the bottom of this tardiness. The Bavarians cannot be got to adopt the Prussian drill or use the Prussian needle-gun; and in a country like Bavaria, if the Court is hostile or apathetic to a change, it is safe to calculate that the change will not be made so long as it is not very dangerous to avoid making it. In this way the French and the Austrians may do Prussia some slight injury without seeming to be doing any harm. But the injury is, after all, a very slight one; and if a real crisis came, the Bavarian army, so far as it could be persuaded or expected to show fight at all, would most probably be found on the side of the Prussians, and might still seem to admire and imitate the example of their fathers. Equally large pictures could be painted of Bavarian heroes driving the French to destruction, if only there were the Prussians to take care of them. The enemies of Prussia will therefore be slow to provoke a contest, even if the help of Bavaria were more valuable than it is. But it would be the height of folly to let Count BISMARCK stand forward as the protector and friends of all Germans of all States; and this would be his position if he were now driven to assert the independence of Germany by force of arms. The Emperor of the FRENCH is clever enough to perceive that the troubles of Count BISMARCK are only just beginning, and that it is still possible that the Confederation of North Germany may be pronounced a failure if it is once set in practical operation. It is quiet times, the agony of waiting, the intrigues that are woven in hours of repose, that will tear Germany once more asunder, if anything does. To interfere now would be, on the part of the Emperor of the FRENCH, to heal all the quarrels of Germany, and to unite them as one man against him. To wait until the German Confederation gets into practical difficulties will perhaps be no very severe strain on the patience of LOUIS NAPOLEON. Patience is with him an easy and practicable virtue, and he can very well manage to wait until the Germans generally are dissatisfied with the Constitution they have carved out for themselves. To interfere in the affairs of Germany would be ten times more satisfactory and agreeable to him than it could be now.

From the Examiner 24 Aug.

THE HORIZON AGAIN OVERCAST.

EUROPE is again witnessing one of those gloomy periods in which people are doubtful whether the clouds will break in storm or disperse in sunshine. The insurrection in Crete has been so long before the public eye that its various fortunes have almost ceased to be regarded with interest. A still more formidable outbreak is reported to exist in the Turkish province of Bulgaria, and the insurrection there is said to be spreading. The dispatch of Turkish troops in that direction gives probability to the report, which rests principally on information contained in the *Augsburg Gazette*. But this does not arrest more than the passing attention of the public. Even the more important insurrection in Spain, which is said, at the same time, to be extending in Upper Aragon and Catalonia under the direction of General Prim, and (according to the account of the Spanish Government) to be already suppressed, is regarded as little more than a passing meteor in the horizon — soon to be swallowed up in darkness. But that which does fix the attention of all is the interview at Salzburg. Officially, indeed, it has been announced that the visit of the French Emperor to Francis Joseph is one of friendship and sympathy. Officially, it has been explained and commented on as one of great political significance, which is destined to have a decisive effect on the future destiny of Europe.

The telegrams which have arrived from the place of meeting itself since Saturday only add to the uncertainty of the objects and meaning of the interview; but, on the whole, the reports by the telegraphic wires are more in conformity with the "officious" than with the "official" statement of the purport of the Conference. Having already received the Czar, the King of Prussia, the Sultan, and several other Sovereigns in Paris, there should be nothing in the least surprising or alarming in Louis Napoleon paying a visit to the Austrian Emperor, especially under his recent bereavements. But from the moment of its announcement, this meeting at Salzburg was regarded from a political point of view; and, indeed, looking to the situation created for Austria after the victory of Sadowa, and the position taken up by France immediately before and after that event, nothing was more natural than that it should be viewed in that light.

We are now told from some quarters that the meeting of Salzburg is to be famous in history — perhaps more so than those of Tilsit and Erfurth. It is reported that both Emperors have come to an agreement to preserve the peace of Europe on the basis of the Treaty of Prague. It is further stated that they have resolved to support a South German Bund under the leadership of Austria as a counterpoise to that of the North under Prussia.

Without making ourselves more than the echo of these rumours, there is only too much reason to fear, from what is taking place far away from Salzburg, that some dire catastrophe is impending over Europe, and that the Imperial interview is but a potion of the general gloomy phenomenon. We hear of a Russo-Prussian alliance on the one side, to which this one between Austria and France is but the counterpoise; we hear that Turkey is preparing herself by admitting Christians into the Council of the Empire; that England and France have notified to Greece that she must not further disturb by her proceedings the tranquillity of Turkey; that Russian agents are exciting the populations of Turkey and Austria against their respective Governments; that the Bulgarians are already in insurrection, and that the Slavonians of Austria are soon expected to be; that 9,000 Prussian guns have been seized on the Hungarian frontier; that a change of Ministry has taken place in the principality of Roumania, which is said to be not unconnected with the general plot; that the French Government are purchasing large quantities of horses in Hungary; that French journalists have been making a political demonstration in Denmark, and that the King of Denmark actually received, on the 17th, in the Castle of Bernstorff, "these apostles of discord," as they are called in the *North German Gazette*. It may be that all this signifies nothing; but when we take these statements and facts in connection with the rumoured alliances and actual interviews of great potentates, they are not without weight. We do not say that a war is to burst forth all at once. The men at the head of the designs which now divide Europe into two hostile camps will not strike before they are ready, but once ready the order will be — *frappez vite et frappez fort*. Until we see disarmament, we shall have no confidence in the maintenance of peace.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1217. — September 28, 1867.

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## MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

Lo, yonder the Temple of Hymen,  
 Saint George's by Hanover Square!  
 High Priests in the nuptial knot tie men  
 And women of quality there.  
 A couple, gentility's flower,  
 To splice there are oft two or three;  
 As though it took much parson-power  
 To tether grand dame to grandee.

— PUNCH.

## THE STAY AT HOME

AUGUST.

LET others brave the treacherous ocean,  
 And tempt the smile of summer seas,  
 And for the peristaltic motion  
 Of lower viscera woo the breeze:  
 Their state I picture, hear the murmur  
 Of ocean, in my garden chair,  
 And from the base of terra-firma  
 Conceive the qualms I do not share.

Let others, not so greatly daring,  
 The seaside watering-place essay;  
 From shingle-beach at ocean staring,  
 Doze through the lazy length of day.  
 A better game in garden shade is  
 To fancy lodgings by the sea,  
 Their bugs, their bills, and their landladies,  
 And thank my stars they fret not me.

Let others toil o'er hill and heather,  
 With aching back and dripping brow,  
 Parched throat, and tongue as dry as leather,  
 To chase the wild "pack's" whirling row:  
 To realise such joys I'm able  
 In fancy, but in fact I'm not;  
 And so prefer upon my table  
 To find the grouse by others shot.

Let others, duly armed with MURRAY,  
 Circular-notes and passports yare,  
 O'er continental regions hurry;  
 Climb Alps, through galleries gape and stare;  
 Submit to whiskered courier's fleecing,  
 And harpy hosts of the hotel:  
 I'll roam abroad my club-room's peace in,  
 And read the tales that travellers tell.

Let others seek the joys of Paris,  
 Or pace the *Exposition's* round;  
 Crowd restaurants, where meagre fare is  
 At monstrous prices to be found:  
 In stuffy theatres feel yawny,  
 Or woo the shade of boulevard limes,  
 Paris I'll do in Galignani,  
 My *Exposition* in *The Times*.

In toil let others take their pleasure,  
 At home, abroad, by land, o'er seas;  
 My life by wiser rule I'll measure,  
 And take my pleasure at my ease.

Like mine own gods Epicurean,  
 Cool drinks I'll quaff, my 'bacca blow,  
 And from its smoke's blue empyrean,  
 Watch wretched tourists' toil below!

— PUNCH.

An humbler but more remarkable illustration of negro capacity is to be found in the person of Said, of whom Mr. Swinton writes from Charleston to the *New York Times*, styling him "a negro pundit." The history of this man is certainly curious. He is a native of Bornou, a Mohammedan kingdom in Central Africa, and was the son of a cavalry chief in the royal army, who was killed in war with a neighboring nation. The boy Said was kidnapped at fourteen by Bedouins, carried to Tripoli, sold to a trader, and by him sent to Constantinople. His first position was that of pipe-cleaner to Reschid Pasha, minister of foreign affairs. Some years later, in 1852, he was transferred to Prince Menzikoff, then Russian minister plenipotentiary at the Sublime Porte, and on the breaking out of the Russian war, he returned with the Prince to St. Petersburg, and remained in his service for about two years. Again transferred to his son, who was making the grand tour, he visited almost every country in Europe till 1859, when he came to the United States. A short visit to Hayti satisfied his curiosity in regard to that country. In 1863, he enlisted in the Fifty-fifth (colored) Massachusetts regiment as a volunteer, serving in South Carolina till the close of the war. Being then destitute of employment, he hired himself out as a plantation hand, till discovered by persons who appreciated his attainments, and who secured him a school on one of the Sea Islands — St. Andrews apparently — in which he has had great success. Said knows more or less perfectly his native tongue, Arabic (which is learned by the better classes in Bornou), Turkish, Russian, Greek, German, French, Italian, English, and Hebrew. The last-named is his latest acquisition, made a few months ago with the aid of a grammar, dictionary, and Bible procured him by his friends. He reads and speaks most of the languages enumerated, and with all has a more thorough acquaintance than by ear alone, his practice being to study the grammar of each as opportunity offered. While in the army, he became a convert to the doctrines of Swedenborg, and has eagerly read all of his writings within his reach. There is no mistake about his race. "He has the thoroughly marked African type of face and skull, with woolly hair and black skin; and he shows the savage aspect the more pronouncedly from the fact that his face is covered with the tribal marks." He is yet young, not forty, and may live to be, if not vice-president, at least minister or consul to foreign parts. It would be touching to witness an examination for the post at St. Petersburg between Said and a competitor like Minister Clay. — *Nation*.

From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *George III.'s Letters to Lord North, from 1768 to 1783.* Edited from the Originals at Windsor, with an Introduction and Notes, by W. BODHAM DONNE. Two Volumes. London: 1867.
2. *Memoirs of the Life and Reign of George III.* By J. HENEAGE JESSE. Three Volumes. London: 1867.

THE present age has one signal advantage over preceding generations. The political records of the last century are gradually becoming at once more clear, more distinct, more luminous, and more interesting than the history of any previous century in English annals. Memoir after memoir, correspondence after correspondence, testimony after testimony, are successively throwing light on the obscure, and giving precision to the doubtful, portions of the Georgian era. The Waldegrave and Walpole papers, the correspondence of Pitt, of Fox, of Eldon, and of Addington, the Buckingham papers, and the Grenville papers, have familiarised the student of our recent history with the secret motives, sentiments, and aspirations of all the great actors in the political drama from the time of George II. to the time of William IV. To these sources of knowledge is now added another of great value and importance, viz. the correspondence of George III. with Lord North during the memorable years in which that much-abused and much-enduring statesman was at the head of the English Ministry. To any future historian who undertakes to travel over the ground already explored by Mahon, Massey, and Adolphus, it will at least not be competent to complain that he is precluded by a lack of materials from the composition of a work which shall supply all the deficiencies of its predecessors, and earn for itself the title to be quoted as the authoritative history of England during the most important epoch of its settled Constitution.

The reign of George III. before the premiership of the younger Pitt may be divided into three distinct periods. The first period embraces the temporary ascendancy of Lord Bute and the King's partial liberation from the yoke of the Duke of Newcastle and the elder Pitt; the second, his reluctant toleration of George Grenville, his impatience of Lord Rockingham, and his helpless conflict with the humours of Lord Chatham and the levity of the Duke of Grafton; the third, his contented acquiescence in the virtues of a Minister who did not belong to any of the great Whig families which re-

garded the administration of the English Government as their heritage, and whose unflinching good-nature made him equally attentive to the wishes of his sovereign and regardless of the bitterest denunciations of his foes. Of these three periods it is needless to say that the third was the happiest for the King, whatever it may have been for the country or for the Minister himself. Lord North's equanimity may have made him indifferent to the invectives of Barré, of Conway, of Fox, and of Burke. Still, it required all the consolation that large majorities in the House of Commons or kindly smiles in the royal closet could afford, to neutralise the consciousness of growing unpopularity at home and accumulated disgrace abroad. Eventful as was the life of George III., the events by which the twelve years of Lord North's administration were clouded were less checkered even by fitful gleams of national prosperity than any other twelve years of his reign. The King had already witnessed — before he came to the throne — the honour and the fortunes of the country exalted to a height as yet unprecedented. But he so dreaded or disliked the wayward temper of the Minister by whose genius the glory of England had been widely extended, that he was happier without his aid than with it. He was destined to witness, at a later period of his reign, the strength which England could put forth in a gigantic struggle where great triumphs alternated with severe disasters. But this was to be under the auspices of another Minister, who, although less supercilious and less fantastical than his father, yet sometimes roused the King's anger, and not unfrequently defied his prejudices. Neither with Chatham nor with Chatham's son was the King uniformly at ease. Neither the glory which the one reflected on the country, nor the courage with which the other faced the changing fortunes of a terrible epoch, ingratiated them so much in his favour as the unsentimental but sympathising devotion of Lord North. To find a parallel to the estimation in which North was held by his sovereign, we must come down to the times of Addington and Eldon. The King's letters to Addington and Eldon resemble nothing so much as his letters to Lord North. The King's personal regard for Addington or Scott was perhaps stronger than his regard for North. At least there are more instances of unbending familiarity in his letters to his 'dear Chancellor' and his 'now Chancellor of the Exchequer' than in his letters to Lord North. But His Majesty's letters to each of these three contrast sig-

nally with his letters to Chatham and Rockingham. Here, however, the parallel ends. The King was a shrewd man and could not fail to measure the distance which separated the ability of Addington from the ability of North. He might like to confer with Addington better than to confer with Pitt; but he felt that in the hands of Pitt a policy might flourish which could only fail in the hands of Addington. On the other hand, not only did he prefer taking counsel with North to taking counsel with Lord Rockingham or Mr. Fox, but he felt that, in defending any political measure favoured by the Court, Lord North could do infinitely better than Lord Rockingham, and not so much worse than Mr. Fox. Lord North brought to the service of his sovereign not only personal devotion, but sympathy or at least submission of opinion, and a considerable influence over the House of Commons. Those who only judge of him by the bitter declamation with which he was assailed during the angry debates of the American War should correct their opinion by reperusing the panegyric which Burke pronounced. According to the universal report of his contemporaries, he had a ready eloquence, a pleasing wit, and invincible good humour. A Minister who was all this, and also sympathetic with the King, was a Minister after the King's own heart, even although, to quote Burke's qualification, 'he may have wanted something of the vigilance and spirit of command that the time required.'

The correspondence which Mr. Donne has ably edited and abundantly illustrated will bring into strong relief the more pliable and submissive traits in Lord North's character, with the King's friendly and affectionate sentiments to his first favourite Minister. Before examining this correspondence, which extends from the beginning of the end of 1768 to the middle of 1783, it may not be superfluous to recapitulate some of the more important changes which preceded Lord North's assumption of the Government. When George II. died, England was in the full blaze of that glory with which the energetic counsels of the elder Pitt had surrounded her. Victorious in the extreme East and the extreme West, she was both feared and courted on the continent of Europe. France regarded her with awe, Prussia with hope and confidence. Had Pitt long continued to retain both office and influence, it is possible that he would have consummated the humiliation of the House of Bourbon, which faction had prevented the Whig statesmen of Queen

Anne's time from effecting. But the first speech delivered by the young monarch dispelled the hopes of those who longed for that consummation as completely as Queen Anne's speech in 1711 had dispelled the hopes of Marlborough and his partisans. The plan for striking a final blow at the power of France received its fatal check when the capricious Queen informed her Parliament that 'notwithstanding the arts of those who delight in war, both place and time are appointed for opening the treaty of a general peace.' These words could not have startled the ears of Marlborough more than the reference to the 'bloody and expensive war' which Mr. Pitt had conducted must have startled Mr. Pitt himself and the two other Ministers whom George III. had summoned, not to compose or to correct, but to listen to, the first speech which he was about to address to Parliament. Great as was the slight thus shown to the whole Ministry, and especially to its most conspicuous ornament, the slight was further embittered by the knowledge that the obnoxious speech was the composition of the Earl of Bute. The impression made so early in the King's reign remained for many years firmly engraven on the minds not only of the vulgar but of statesmen and Ministers. Bute's influence over the young King was supposed to be as potent as his intimacy with the young King's mother was supposed to be criminal. In the course of this Correspondence, and the review which it suggests of the various political changes in George III.'s reign, we shall see the consequences, sometimes ludicrous, sometimes baneful, which sprung from a belief as lasting and as obstinate as it was unfounded. But it is hardly possible to explain its origin or weigh its consequences without an examination of the King's previous history and education.

Of his father, Frederic, Prince of Wales, the most that is known amounts to this. He was popular with the country because he was obnoxious to the King and Queen, and reciprocated the aversion which they felt towards him. He was probably weak and unstable; but can hardly have been so utterly false in heart and false in tongue as his mother described him to be. His popularity made Leicester House the headquarters of the Opposition, whose leaders looked forward with high hope to the day when their idol should sit on the throne of England. His sudden death which disappointed these hopes, committed the young Heir Presumptive to the exclusive tutelage of the Princess Dowager and her Court. The education which Prince George received un-

der these conditions was more favourable to the development of his moral than of his intellectual faculties. It inculcated religious sentiments and religious observances; but it gave him no knowledge of the history or constitution of European governments, and a very imperfect knowledge of the constitution under which he was himself to reign. George III. was brought up in all but entire ignorance of the conditions on which his family had been called to the throne of England, and the principles by which their sway was to be guided. But this was not all. He was most superficially instructed in those points which in our days the pupils of our national schools are expected to master. Although he made it his boast that he had been born and bred a Briton, his progress in the English language was so defective that not only did he never write it idiomatically, but to his latest day he made marvellous blunders in spelling. Of these two defects, the latter, of which we shall see curious instances, was a defect which he shared with many contemporaries of rank and talent, whose correspondence, often sprightly, clever, picturesque, and entertaining, is disfigured by barbarisms of which nowadays only housemaids and footmen would be guilty. For instance, in the Royal letters we shall come across such words as 'seperate,' 'conferr,' 'owne,' 'alleviate,' 'oppulence,' 'enumerable' (for 'innumerable'), 'cirround' (for 'surround'), and many others equally strange. The style is even more peculiar than the spelling: uncouth, blunt, confused both in the use and the arrangement of words; but never so uncouth or so confused as to conceal the meaning or mar the shrewdness of the writer. However, it was not only in the articles of spelling and composition that George III.'s early education failed. It erred both as much in what it taught as in that which it did not teach. While his preceptor, the Bishop of Norwich, forbore to instruct him in the principles of the Constitution, his sub-preceptor, Mr. Stone, equally forbore out of deference to his ecclesiastical superior. Accordingly the young Prince was left very much to the persons in his mother's Court, from whom he imbibed high notions of monarchical prerogative. Lord Bute has hitherto been held responsible for the bias thus early given to the King's mind. But it is at least probable that other persons besides Lord Bute may have impressed upon his young intelligence the necessity of liberating himself from the dominion of Ministers. George II. had been in the habit of saying, 'Ministers are

King in this country.' And he was not far wrong. Any one who reads the pamphlets and the novels of the first half of the eighteenth century cannot fail to remark what a great personage a leading Peer was in those days. The Peerage comprised the bulk of the landed property, and nearly all the historical traditions of the kingdom. If a Noble Lord took an interest in any candidate for employment, that candidate's fortune was made. If a Noble Lord expressed his resentment or disappointment to any Minister whom he had supported, his forgiveness was to be solicited by entreaties and his support conciliated by concessions. Mr. Massey says, 'When George III. came to the throne, the English Government was, in practice, assuming the form of an exclusive oligarchy. . . . The King, though his prerogative still existed in theory unimpaired, had no more real power than a Doge of Venice or a Merovingian King in the hands of the Mayor of the Palace.' It is no wonder, then, that, when the two first Sovereigns of the House of Hanover had died with the consciousness that they had enjoyed little more authority than was wielded by the *Podestà* of an Italian city, the first resolution of their successor should be not to chafe as they had chafed with impotent rage under the cold relentless thralldom to which they had been subjected.' This correspondence, like many other memoirs of the time, shows that the king ill brooked the dictation of powerful Ministers; but we do not think that, by itself, it shows any secret or underhand measures to get rid of them. We know that it is a theory of certain political writers that in his relations to some of his Ministers, notably to Lord Chatham, Mr. Grenville, and Lord Rockingham, George III. habitually availed himself of a system of intrigue, untruthfulness, and evasion. The origin of this belief is to be found in the character given of the young monarch, of which the following portions should be read together for their mutual verification or correction:—

'He is strictly honest, but wants that frank and open behaviour which makes honesty appear amiable. . . . He has spirit, but not of the active kind, and does not want resolution, but it is mixed with too much obstinacy. . . . He has great command of his passions and will seldom do wrong, except when he mistakes wrong for right; but as often as this shall happen, it will be difficult to undeceive him; because he is unusually indolent and has strong prejudices. . . . Whenever he is displeas'd his anger does not break out with heat and violence, but he becomes sullen and silent, and retires to

his closet, not to compose his mind by study or contemplation, but merely to indulge the melancholy enjoyment of his own ill-humour.'

This description may have been mainly true of the young Prince, but it does not follow that it was equally true of the King. Indeed, what character given of a young man at the age of twenty holds equally good of him in the fortieth or the fiftieth year of his life? No disposition remains unchanged by the manifold incidents of life and long association with mankind. The reserve of the recluse pupil is broken down by contact with different men and different minds: the diffidence of conscious ignorance vanishes before a daily increasing knowledge of events, opinions, and characters; personal prejudice melts beneath the warmth of friendship or acquaintance, indolence gives way to the exactions of duty and occupation; and a moody sullenness is dispelled by the growing interests of an active life. Take the character which we have just quoted. Assume that it was true of the young son of Frederic, Prince of Wales. Yet it is illogical to infer that it was wholly true of King George III. Lord Waldegrave portrays him as indolent. We know — and, if we did not know from other sources, this correspondence alone would teach us — that in his years of sovereignty the King was the least indolent man in his dominions. May not other traits, such as his sullenness, his secretiveness, and his duplicity, have been modified by advancing years and enlarged experience of life? Mr. Massey accuses the King of a secret and tortuous policy; of fomenting the jealousies among the great Whig houses, and organising select bands of favourites to thwart and obstruct his Ministers. We shall see in the review of these letters the unconstitutional views which he held of the Royal prerogative, and the indulgence which he required for the predilections of the Royal Will. But starting from these premises, it is unnecessary to import into the King's conduct the elements of intrigue, duplicity, or falsehood. He had been taught to believe that a king ought to govern as well as reign, and that the kings of England since the Revolution had been puppets in the hands of their Ministers. Entertaining this belief he found himself, on his accession, brought into daily contact with a Minister whose consciousness of power, popularity, and success, combined with a dramatic faculty of expressing pride or resentment or disdain beyond the ability of any actor except Garrick, gave to his

presence all the attributes of a despotic Mayor of the Palace. Is it strange that the King felt the thralldom of this presence irksome, burdensome, and oppressive? Or is it strange that he shrunk from interviews with a Minister like George Grenville, who read him lectures on policy, or a Minister like the Duke of Bedford, who read him lectures on probity? Any person in a middle station of life whom his duties compel to come into daily conference with a superior who browbeats him, questions his statements, and meets his assertions with insolent inuendoes, can appreciate the worry and the annoyance that the King underwent in his interviews with some of his own Ministers. There are few trials in life more difficult to bear than constant intercourse with persons with whom one has no sympathy of feeling. One trial still more unbearable is that of associating with persons of stronger intellects, sterner tempers, and antagonistic tastes. Let any man who has known what it is daily to confront another, with whom he has no common feeling, but who ostentatiously exhibits a conscious superiority either of power, or of intellect, or of will, imagine what it must have been for a young King, brought up in entire ignorance of the constitutional obligations of an English Sovereign, to be holding daily conferences with men whom genius had made arrogant like Pitt, or connexion had made arrogant like the Bedfords and the Grenvilles. Of course the natural feeling in the Royal mind would be dislike of such men, and its natural bent would be to remove them out of sight. That the King endeavoured to rid himself of them is plain; but that he used the duplicity, intrigue, and subterfuges with which he has been so often charged, is not, we think, borne out by the accumulated evidence which the publication of successive contemporaneous memoirs has brought to light. Nor, indeed, was duplicity necessary on the King's part. The humours, the jealousies, and the antipathies of the rival statesmen did more for the ultimate ascendancy of the King than duplicity or astuteness of the King himself could do. In an age when Temple quarrelled with Chatham, and Chatham rated his colleagues and rebuffed his idolaters, and the Duke of Newcastle intrigued against them, a sovereign with a narrow concentration of purpose and energy of will was sure to have his own way in the end. George III. had certain well-known notions and objects; he adhered to them steadily and resolutely. He stood out for them on all occasions so

long as their maintenance had a prospect of being successful. In process of time, the opinions of public men approximated to those of the King. A party grew up in and out of Parliament which shared and abetted them. The divisions and enmities of leading statesmen completed what the King's firmness had begun. Estranged from each other, and distrusting each other, these naturally, each in turn, gravitated to the central sun of Royalty. Habits of self-will, long indulged, and the exercise of traditional power, long enjoyed, may have rendered the great chiefs of political parties as impatient of a young monarch's control as they were of mutual concession. But it is only by a splenetic and angry criticism that George III. can be accused of having used a dexterous 'kingcraft' to 'supplaut,' or 'get rid of' his different Ministers. It was their inability either to hold together among themselves, or to keep a hold on the country that ousted the Ministries of George Grenville, Lord Rockingham, and the Duke of Grafton. The impracticability of one great man — the dissensions of many common-place men — the blunders of all — are quite sufficient to account for the rise and fall of three successive Administrations without seeking for singular adroitness or Machiavellian kingcraft. The facts were these. The circle from which Ministers could be selected was a particularly narrow one. The candidates for the highest office were self-willed and incongruous. Out of London there could hardly be said to exist such a thing as public opinion. In London there was great discontent against all statesmen except Chatham. The King had defined and consistent views on politics with which the vulgar sense of the nation was gradually coming into agreement. He was every day gaining fresh knowledge of public business and public policy; he loved the study of details; and he knew how to attach to himself friends and adherents. In any contest between two such parties, on which side was the victory sure to be?

The inclination for peace which the King had so strongly shown in his first address to the Council was shared by many of his subjects in the middle and upper stations of life. But it was not shared by the lower classes. In fact, there is no more striking contrast between the popular sentiments of that day and of this, than that which is elicited by questions of peace or war. In our day a keen sense of national honour and a patriotic jealousy of foreign insult or encroachment are most keenly felt by the

educated classes. The teaching of men, some honest and some very dishonest, the studied misrepresentation of the objects of every war, the religious or the economical denunciations of all war, the fictitious accounts of the emoluments earned by the military profession, the queer belief of the working classes that their share of contribution to the military establishments of the country is disproportionately large: — all these things have rendered the lower ranks of Englishmen in our days lukewarm in the vindication of national honour, and indifferent to the blazon of military triumphs. In the days of the two first Georges it was different. The lower classes had followed with huzzas and acclamations the French standards which were carried through the city by the men who had conquered by the side of Wolfe on the heights of Abraham, or had braved by the side of Hawke the dark and angry tempest of Quiberon Bay. The mobs of London and of other cities felt that, by the wars which the elder Pitt had planned and conducted, their country had recovered its ancient position in Europe and the world. They were proud both of him and of it. The upper classes viewed war in a different light; and it was by the upper classes that the House of Commons was elected. The old feeling of the Shippens and the Windhams against a standing army under a foreign prince animated some. Dread of taxes and debt and fundholders animated others. Others again felt a vague and obscure apprehension that a glorious war involved the dangerous ascendancy of some too powerful subject. To the majority of the educated classes of the day the King's reprobation of a bloody and expensive war was as acceptable as to Pitt it was unwelcome. The knowledge of this fact, no less than of the authority which had inspired the speech, led to Pitt's resignation not long afterwards, and thus laid the foundation of many of the troubles by which the King's reign was destined to be harassed. When Pitt proposed to avert the consequences of the family compact by declaring war against Spain, Lord Temple alone of his colleagues was ready to support him. Lord Bute and the Duke of Newcastle had no suspicion of the projects of France and no dread of the power of Spain. Pitt and Temple then withdrew from the Cabinet, and with them vanished the terror of a name and a policy which had won respect for England in every court of Europe.

George III. was left with Bute and Newcastle: Bute, under whose eye he had been

brought up, from whose lips he had learned all the political knowledge which he had mastered, and whose sentiments were identical with his own; Newcastle, who had fawned on Pitt at one time, had deserted him at another, and was equally ready to fawn on him or to desert him again, whenever an opportunity should offer. Newcastle, who regarded the retention of office simply as dependent on a proper tact in bribing members of Parliament, went about chuckling at the loss of a colleague who inspired him with awe, and wholly free from any apprehension of his own loss of royal favour. Yet he himself was shortly to feel the overshadowing influence of a rival colleague. As Walpole informs us, 'all kinds of disgusts had been given to convince him how unwelcome his company was.' The 'disinterested young creature,' as the same authority styles him, had no alternative but to resign, and in the summer of 1762 he made Bute's refusal to continue subsidies to the King of Prussia a pretext for quitting the Administration. Before he actually resigned, he threatened to do so several times; but to his great disgust found that the threat made no impression on his colleague, who had a stronger and more certain support than the Pelham connexion. He himself told Lord Hardwicke that, in reply to this threat, Bute 'answered drily that, if I resigned, the peace might be retarded, but he never requested me to keep in office, nor said a civil thing to me afterwards, while we remained together.'

As Mr. Massey has well observed, nothing in the Duke's official life became him like the leaving of it. Office had to him and to Pitt alone of contemporary statesmen not been a source of profit. On the contrary, so far from increasing his fortune he had impaired it by the prodigal expenditure which he had incurred in the service of the Crown. He had spared his own purse as little as he had spared the public purse in buying boroughs, and perhaps members also, to support the Government. An estate of 25,000*l.* a year had thus fallen to the value of 6,000*l.* a year. Yet when, on delivering up the seals of office, the King offered him a pension, it was proudly though courteously declined. Contemporaries who cannot easily comprehend the whole character of a public man, and who estimate rival statesmen by the standard of their own ephemeral caprices, contrasted the dignified refusal of the Duke with Pitt's obsequious acceptance of the royal bounty. To us, regarding the two men after the lapse of a century, nothing seems so absurd as to in-

stitute any comparison between their characters in this sense. When the Duke was gone, Bute became in name, as he had been for some time in reality, the head of the Administration. He was gazetted First Commissioner of the Treasury, and was made a Knight of the Garter. This elevation was destined to cost both him and his Sovereign dear. Bute became the most unpopular of men, and his unpopularity proceeded from causes the most different. He was a Scotchman, and in those days Scotch nationality, when it was not associated with Jacobitism, was associated with the most squalid forms of penury and the most loathsome forms of dirt. Every Scotchman who came to seek his fortune in London was regarded by the vulgar as an adventurer whom indigence had driven from the bleakest of mountains or the most barren of moors to prey on the unsuspecting industry of civilised men. 'The great cry against Lord Bute,' writes Chesterfield, 'was on account of his being a Scotchman, the only fault which he could not possibly correct. His patronage of his countrymen naturally exposed him to much obloquy, and them to much ridicule. Among the myriads of verses printed at that time on the rapacity of Scotch adventurers, Lord Stanhope has recorded these four on the brothers Adam, architects who succeeded in obtaining contracts in London, and one of whom planned the Adelphi Buildings:—

'Four Scotchmen by the name of Adam,  
Who kept their coaches and their Madam,  
Quoth John in sulky mood to Thomas,  
Have stole the very river from us.'

At a later time than this, we find Boswell going into fits of gratitude that Johnson's prejudices had not prevented him from selecting a Scotchman for his friend. If Johnson retained such a prejudice, how was Churchill and how was Wilkes likely to give expression to it? A pen that dipped itself in gall, and a pen that dipped itself in filth, found equally in Bute an object to bespatter and befoul. Bute was not only a native of a bleak and poverty-stricken country, but he was a favourite, was believed to be a favourite of a kind that had not been seen in England since the times of Charles I. His influence over the King was popularly supposed to be derived from his influence over the King's mother; and his influence over the Princess Dowager was supposed to arise from the most tender of intimacies. Grub Street pamphleteers, and coffee-house politicians, and men like Wilkes

and Churchill, at once more gifted and more scandalous than either, talked and wrote, in terms that none could misunderstand, of the modern Mortimer and the mother of Edward III. As often as the daily or half-weekly sheet appeared, there was sure to be a scurrilous jest about a Jack Boot and a petticoat, or a royal minion and Scotch beggary. The unpopularity of the Minister increased daily, and not without reason. He punished opposition on the part of powerful peers by depriving them of distinguished but honorary offices which we have long been accustomed to consider tenable by men opposed to the Administration of the day. Nor was the manner of proceeding less offensive than the proceeding itself. A harsh thing was done in the rudest and harshest way. It was perhaps natural that the Duke of Devonshire should be dismissed from his post in the King's Household after the distinct intimation of his disagreement with the policy of the King's Government. But the manner of his dismissal was gratuitously churlish. And there was no plea but that of spite for dismissing the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Rockingham, and the Duke of Devonshire, from their respective lord-lieutenancies of counties. Still less excuse was there for punishing, as Bute's Ministry did punish, humble connexions or dependents of these families, by depriving them of the pensions which they had earned by faithful service in the civil or military departments of the State. The personal odium already heaped upon Bute and intensified by these acts of vindictiveness is sufficient to account for a step by which he surprised the King and the country. In the spring of 1763 he resigned. Yet Bute had been taking a prominent part in a policy which was really of graver moment to the country than any petulant outburst of spite against obsequious peers or any undue appropriation of influence at Court. It is curious to us who read the pamphlets and letters of that day to see how the greater interest was made subordinate to the less in the contemporary writings and speeches of that age. While highborn peers felt and Grub Street pamphleteers pretended to feel indignation at the ascendancy of a Scotch minion, the object of their invectives was busying himself with negotiating the preliminaries, and recommending to Parliament the conditions of a peace which was just as disadvantageous and inglorious as any that could well have been devised. Yet not only was it not an unpopular peace, but it was even an acceptable one. Pitt, who went down to the House

swathed in flannel and writhing with gout to declaim with solemn earnestness against the tame conclusion of a war which he had commenced with vigour and success unequalled since the days of Marlborough, could only induce sixty-five members of the House of Commons to vote with him. Three hundred and nineteen voted with the Ministry. The nation generally agreed with the House of Commons and the Ministry. On reading this portion of the national history, it seems to us that the popular ignorance of that time must have prevented the due appreciation of the successes achieved by English arms during the war. It is one of the highest tributes to the genius of Pitt that the influence of his spirit animated our forces even after he had ceased to direct them as Minister. To many people of the present day it is not known, and to many people of that day the knowledge may have conveyed no specific meaning, that, in the war which languished on from the time of Pitt's retirement to the Treaty of Paris, the English navy took possession of Havana and the Philippine Islands. The present century can better than the last appreciate the acquisition of dependencies which the statesmen of modern Spain have regarded as equally essential to the glory and the prosperity of their country. England is often taunted with her greed of territorial conquest. Yet it has been her lot in the prosecution of various wars successively to acquire Cuba, Manilla, and Java. All these dependencies, each in itself a rich and gorgeous and valuable principality, she has successively restored to its own government. She restored Cuba and Manilla to the Spaniards at a Peace of Paris, as she restored Java to the Dutch at another Peace of Paris. Cuba is far more fertile than Jamaica. The Philippine Islands are worth all our West India possessions put together. Java is, area for area, more productive than India. All these rich possessions have once been ours. They have been given up by us, not under the pressure of superior force nor at the dictation of triumphant enemies, but deliberately and spontaneously in the hour of victory and conscious strength, when we held high vantage ground, and might have dictated conditions to others, instead of imposing them upon ourselves. Whether the cession was consistent with our own commercial interests, or with the happiness of the Malay and Negro populations who live under the sway of Spain and Holland — whether the restless philanthropy of England would have tolerated a rule such as Spanish offi-



cials and Dutch planters think best adapted to the coloured races of distant dependencies — or whether a premature passion for parliamentary interference might not have upset the machinery of government and destroyed the mutual confidence of heterogeneous races in those distant dependencies, it is now bootless to inquire. One thing is clear. After making all due allowance for the popular ignorance or indifference of the day, it is impossible not to see that, even in the generation which first saw the plutocracy of Bengal nabobs, there was so little greed of territorial conquest, that the uncompensated cession of the most opulent colonies raised not a whisper of reproach against a Minister whose enemies were many, adroit, powerful, and unscrupulous.

Within a month after the peace was signed, Bute retired. But as Pitt had left behind him an influence which the country recognised in the brilliant achievements of its arms, so Bute left behind the memory and suspicion of an influence which were doomed to be as baneful to the King's peace of mind as they were to the harmony of political combination. Not only in this correspondence, but in all other correspondence having reference to this epoch, we see innumerable proofs of the belief which was entertained not more by the vulgar and the illiterate than by men of high station and high attainments, that Bute was still throwing the inauspicious shadow of his counsels and his prejudices over the King's mind, and was, in fact, a power behind the throne, greater than the throne. We see the suspicion promulgated in pamphlets and speeches, repeated in Parliament by Lord Chatham, repeated to the King himself by the Duke of Bedford, repeated in spite of renewed denials on the part of the indignant Sovereign; still forming the point of every oblique *inuendo*, and poisoning the shaft of every malignant invective. We may anticipate the analysis of events during the next ten years by at once expressing our opinion that not only did Lord Bute not exercise this imputed influence over the King's mind but that after his resignation of office he saw less of the King than was generally supposed, had but few communications with him on political matters, and that, as time went on, the communications became extremely rare, and the interviews rarer still. We find, indeed, Bute's successor, George Grenville, accusing the King of treason to his Ministers for having given private interviews to Lord Bute within a few months after Bute had made way for Grenville. But the only political affair in which Bute was about this

time employed by the King, was in forwarding a negotiation with Pitt, whom one of the great Whig chiefs, the Duke of Bedford, had persuaded the King to invite to take part in the Administration, and this negotiation seems to have been as open as it could be. Pitt received an open and unsealed note from the King requesting his attendance at the Queen's Palace on a certain day, and thither Pitt accordingly went in his gouty sedan, the appearance of which in the streets was tantamount to a publication of his visit.

But it was not on one but on every occasion when there was a hitch in the Cabinet or a talk of Ministerial changes that Bute was supposed to be pulling the wires. Mr. Jesse in his very entertaining *Memoirs of George III.* quotes extracts from a private diary, which show that great men like Lord Temple were not above keeping spies to dodge the ex-premier in his coming in and his going out. The extracts are curious as indicating the visits paid by Bute to the Princess Dowager at Carlton House. They are as follows:—

*'Tuesday, June 24, 1766. — From Audley Street the Favourite set out about one o'clock in a post-coach and four for Lord Lichfield's at Hampton Court, and came home again at ten at night; went out directly after in a chair to Miss Vansitar's, maid of honour to P. D. of W. in Sackville Street; staid there a very little while, and then went to Carlton House, and returned home about twelve o'clock.'*

*'Saturday, July 5. — The Favourite to Audley Street from Luton this day to dinner; at half-past six went to Sackville Street, staid there as usual till about ten, then to Carlton House, and afterwards came home about twelve. . . . N.B. The curtains of the chair from Audley to Sackville Street were constantly drawn and the chair taken into the house.'*

The Rockingham papers contain journals of other great men which bear testimony to the same sort of intimacy between the Princess and Bute; but nothing to prove a strong intimacy between the King and his ex-Minister, or a secret influence of the latter over the former. For instance, the Duke of Richmond is told 'that on the 7th of July the Earl was seen stealing from his own garden at Kew to that of the Princess Dowager.' Bute himself always denied not only having any influence over the King's counsels but even any private knowledge of the King's plans. He wrote in 1786 to Lord Hardwicke thus:—

I know as little, save from newspapers, of the present busy scenes as I do of transactions in Paris, and yet am destined for ever to a double uneasiness; that of incapacity to serve those I love, and yet to be continually censured for every public transaction, though totally retired from Court and public business."

The King, as we have already intimated always denied — indignantly denied — not only that he was under the influence of Bute, but even that he was on terms of familiar intercourse with him. Indeed we know from Lord Brougham that the King quarrelled with his aunt the Princess Amelia for having tried to entrap him into an interview with his old Minister at Gunnersbury, and it has always appeared to us that there were strong *prima facie* grounds for assuming that the King would be disposed rather to break off than to continue his intimacy with Lord Bute. A man so sensitive as George III. was both on matters relating to the royal dignity and on those relating to private morals must have been painfully wounded by the scandalous rumours which coupled his mother's name with that of the favourite. If the rumours were true, then every fresh appearance of Bute in the royal presence was a fresh insult. If they were not true, still their notoriety would throw an air of embarrassment over every interview. This theory, so reasonable in itself, derives confirmation from the evidence of the late King of Hanover. Mr. Jesse quotes a letter of his Majesty to Mr. Wilson Croker, which contains these passages:—

'While walking with my late revered father at Kew . . . he often talked of the different difficulties he had been placed in from various changes of Ministries. With respect to Lord Bute there seemed to me always something which denoted a reluctance on his part to speak out on the subject. . . . And I believe it was on account of Lord Bute's having been invited to Gunnersbury unknown to the King that he seldom or ever (*qu. never*) saw the Princess Amelia afterwards.'

If further confirmation be needed, it is supplied by the following extract, with which we have been favoured from the papers of the late Mr. Charles Greville:—

'The Duke of York told me that the late King was walking with him one day at Kew, and he said, "The world tells many lies, and here is one instance. I am said to have held frequent communications with Lord Bute, and the last time I ever saw or spoke to him was in that Pavilion in the year 1764." The King

went over to breakfast with his mother the Princess Dowager; and she took him aside and said, "There is somebody here who wishes very much to speak to you." "Who is it?" "Lord Bute." "Good God! mamma, how could you bring him here? It is impossible for me to hold any communication with Lord Bute in this manner." However he did see him, when Lord Bute made a violent attack upon him for having abandoned and neglected him. The King replied that he could not in justice to his Ministers hold any communication with him unknown to them, when Lord Bute said he would never see the King again. The King became angry in his turn, and said, "Then, my Lord, be it so; and remember from henceforth we never meet again;" and from that day he never beheld Lord Bute or had any communication with him. After they had parted, the former favourite lost every atom of influence he had once possessed over the King's mind.'

Mr. Jesse quotes a letter addressed by him to his friend Horne in 1773, in which these lamentations occur:—

"Think, my friend, of my son Charles being refused everything I asked for him. I have not had interest to get him a company, while every alderman of a petty corporation meets with certain success." Degrees of interest are comparative.'

Lord Bute probably thought it hard that his son should not command a company at twenty, when other young gentlemen had attained that dignity before they left school. But the son whose slow promotion he thus deplored died a Lieutenant-General and a Knight of the Bath at the age of forty-eight. The complaint and the circumstances on which it was founded illustrate not only Lord Bute's loss of influence, but also the advantages which its possession in those days was able to confer.

On the whole it seems probable from the nature of things that Bute's long relations with the Court did give him access to the King after he had quitted office, but that as the scandal of Bute's connexion with the Princess Dowager became more general, and the importance of his influence over the King more credited, the King himself became anxious to break off an intimacy which certainly was detrimental to his interests and his peace of mind, and might also be inconsistent with his honour.

We have treated this episodic matter somewhat at length, because it forms an important element in the history of the first twenty-five years of George III.'s reign, and because the allusions to it in all the speeches of the time are not only frequent,

but violent and acrimonious. We now resume our summary of the history of the period which preceded the formation of Lord North's Ministry. Of Grenville's Administration it has been said that it was, 'on the whole, the worst which has governed England since the Revolution.' It was signalised by 'outrages on the liberty of the people and outrages on the dignity of the Crown.' To us it appears the severest trial to which the King, whose life was full of trials, was subjected. Later in his reign the King had to contend with many misfortunes; with unsuccessful and costly wars; with national distress and national discontent; with the gigantic resources of powerful enemies and the half-hearted friendship of crippled and desponding allies. But in those days he had sympathies and consolations which now were wanting to him. He had in succession two Ministers on whose personal friendship and devotion he could implicitly rely; he had the regard and esteem of the middle classes of the country; he had the advantage of a character at last well known and understood. But during the Grenville Administration he had none of those consolations. His chief Minister was not cordial, or sympathetic, or devoted: but cold, formal, stern and dictatorial. His people were as yet strangers to his own character, and believed the worst of him. Every ministerial act that was obnoxious and unpopular was vulgarly attributed to the despotic schemes of the King; and the King was believed to be held in leading-strings by his mother and Lord Bute. The first outburst of the protracted storm commenced with the publication of what Burke called that 'spiritless, though virulent, performance, at once vapid and sour,' No. 45 of the 'North Briton,' and the agitation about General Warrants. The war between Wilkes and the Government was destined to last seven years; seven years of successive humiliation for the Government, and of triumph to the most impudent and scurrilous of demagogues. This was the first-fruits of Grenville's indiscretion, and was near being his last. A sense of the feelings of the Cabinet induced the King to consider the expediency of dismissing his Ministers. Bute suggested an application to Pitt, and, as we have before remarked, the Duke of Bedford came up to London to make the same suggestion at the same time. Pitt was sent for. He had three interviews with the King; but they were fruitless. Pitt insisted on bringing in certain colleagues, who were intolerable to he King. The King said his honour was

concerned; Pitt withdrew, and the negotiation was at an end. Grenville, of course, remained in office, and began his new reign by lecturing the King on the ascendancy of Bute. He was not long before he embarked on a fresh sea of troubles. The House of Lords addressed the Crown with a view to prosecute the author of the scandalous 'Essay on Woman.' The House of Commons was equally vigorous against the author of the scurrilous 'North Briton.' The Grenville Ministry pitted Parliament and Government against John Wilkes. The moral effect of such strategy it should not have been difficult to prognosticate. Well did Chesterfield write, after the duel into which Wilkes had been hurried by his personalities against Martin,—

'It is a great mercy that Mr. Wilkes, the intrepid defender of our rights and liberties, may live to fight and write again in defence of them; and it is no less a mercy that God has raised up the Earl of Sandwich to vindicate and promote true religion and morality! These two blessings will justly make an epoch in the annals of this country.'

It was indeed an epoch in the annals of the country. But its interest is 'ame and transitory compared with that other epoch which is eternally associated with Grenville's name; the epoch at which he proposed his two famous Resolutions to tax the American Colonies. While he was thus raising the popular spirit of England against the Government, and the popular spirit of the Colonists against England, he was disobliging the Sovereign by stinting him in matters most intimately affecting his dignity and comfort. On the spot where Buckingham Palace now stands, the Queen's House then stood. The ground which is covered by Grosvenor Palace and the palatial squares of Belgravia was marsh and swamp where sportsmen shot wild ducks. It was considered necessary for the privacy of the Palace to include some acres of this ground in the desmesnes. 20,000*l.* was the price demanded. But Grenville's uncourtly parsimony forbade him to ask this small sum for the purpose; a parsimony which has condemned every succeeding Sovereign to the discomfort of inhabiting, and London to the discredit of possessing, a palace which can be overlooked from the attics of a row of adjacent houses. It was not, we believe, any deliberate intention to cause discomfort to the Royal Family which induced Grenville to decline asking Parliament for the requisite grant. Rather it was

a desire to exalt the House of Commons, to show its constitutional control over the public purse, in fact to exemplify its power over the Court in the same way as he wished to exemplify its power over the colonies by taxing America. On the constitutional right of the House of Commons to refuse a grant for buying grounds to improve the King's palace, there could be as little doubt as there was on its constitutional right to tax the dependencies of the kingdom. But if Grenville could only have persuaded himself that the highest political wisdom often consists in not pushing a constitutional right to its extreme point, how different would have been the present aspect of London and the present relations of England to America! On a subsequent occasion a severer wound was inflicted on the King's feelings by the studied omission of his mother's name from the Regency Bill. The omission was ultimately repaired, and Grenville assumed credit to himself for having repaired it; but the King can hardly be ignorant or forgetful of the part he had played during the passage of the Bill through Parliament. The impression made on the King's mind by the transaction — an impression the more profound in consequence of one of those mental attacks which he had lately suffered — no doubt led him to seek again to change his Ministry. The openness of his intention brought upon him one of those insulting reprimands from the Duke of Bedford, which, however they may have been justified at the time by the supposed influence of Lord Bute, would require some far greater reason to justify them in our time. As a comment on this suspicion, it is as well to add that the attack on Bedford House by a mob of Spitalfield weavers, who were irritated by a sensible speech of the Duke's against protective duties, was devoutly believed by the great Whig leaders to have been instigated by Lord Bute! The negotiation, however, which the King had entrusted to the Duke of Cumberland broke down through a misunderstanding or coolness between those two strange personages, Pitt and his brother-in-law Lord Temple; whose wayward caprices and inconsistencies seem to typify the relations of other and inferior statesmen of that day, and to supersede in no small degree the necessity of explaining the dislocation of parties and administration by any systematic intrigues or adroit manoeuvres of the King himself. But a ministry at once unpopular with the country and with the Court could not last, and eventually the Marquis of Rockingham undertook the task which Pitt had declined. About a year was

sufficient to overthrow a Cabinet which was tottering in its very commencement, but which deserves well of history for having succeeded in repealing the Stamp Act. Application was again made to Pitt, who this time condescended to afford his aid though unaccompanied by the co operation of Lord Temple. Pitt himself declined to take the ostensible post of First Minister, to which the Duke of Grafton was appointed; but in lieu of that became Privy Seal, and, shortly after, Earl of Chatham. In this Ministry it was that Lord North first took office, and first brought himself under the favourable notice of the King.

The history of the Duke of Grafton's Administration is the history of the Duke of Grafton's distresses and anxieties, caused by the discontent in America, the contests with Wilkes, the savage onslaughts of Junius, and, not least, the illnesses, caprices, and finally the opposition of Chatham. With clouds gathering in every part of the political horizon, with London in a state of half-sedition, with his own Chancellor and his late colleague speaking against him in the House of Lords, it is not surprising that a man of the Duke of Grafton's luxurious and indolent habits should have preferred obscurity to power. He had doubtless long desired to resign office; and this desire received its final impulse when Charles Yorke, his new Chancellor, met with his mysterious and awful end. The Duke's Administration broke up; but not before it had, by Charles Townsend's scheme of tea duties, undone all the good which the Rockingham Government had effected by repealing the Stamp Act.

Lord North assumed the post of Prime Minister in January, 1770. His was the seventh Ministry which the first ten years of the King's reign saw. It was the stormiest and the gloomiest of the seven. When he became Premier, the exasperation of the American Colonies had just been raised beyond its former height by the ill-judged resolution of Parliament, on the motion of the Duke of Bedford, to revive against the Colonists an obsolete statute of Henry VIII., and to bring over American prisoners for trial by the English courts. On the very day when he brought before Parliament the ministerial proposal for a duty on the importation of tea into America, occurred the first affray in which blood was shed between American subjects and English soldiers at Boston. The lull that succeeded in America was accompanied by commotions in England. The popularity and persecution of Wilkes were successfully arrayed against the Court and the Ministry. For the first

time in recent history, a Lord Mayor of London, at the head of a city deputation, answered his sovereign on the throne in terms of resentful remonstrance. When the storm lulled in England, it broke out afresh in America. First came the dismissal of Franklin from office, and the devotion of that keen and angry spirit to the revolutionary cause — then the Boston Tea Riots — then the fatal conflict at Lexington — then the battle of Bunker's Hill — then ineffectual attempts at reconciliation on either side — and then the Declaration of Independence in 1776. Next followed the alliance between France and America, the capitulation of Burgoyne, and an alternation of successes on either side, until the surrender of Cornwallis rendered the prolongation of the struggle hopeless and odious. The vicissitudes of failure and success which intervened between the capitulation of Burgoyne and the capitulation of Cornwallis were not relieved by any brilliant events in the domestic administration of the country. During the greater part of Lord North's Ministry, the Opposition in Parliament was angry, vehement, and eloquent, while out of Parliament many parts of the country, and especially the city of London, resounded with murmurs, remonstrances, and complaints. The spirit which had been kindled by Beckford and fanned by Chatham was not extinguished. Public meetings were held in Westminster, in Yorkshire, and other places, to denounce the conduct of the Government. At last, when the news of Cornwallis's surrender had been received, and the Opposition continued to repeat motion after motion condemnatory of the prosecution of the war, Lord North succeeded in persuading the King to accept his resignation, and startled the House on the evening on which Lord Surrey was to bring forward a motion more stringent than any which preceded it, by the announcement that his Administration was at an end.

The character of the man who held the helm of the State during this troublous period is worthy of contemplation. There were many conditions which it was bound to fulfil, and in Lord North they were fulfilled. It was necessary that the Minister should command the respect of the House of Commons, while he conciliated the confidence of the King. The King had struggled against the domination of the Grenvilles and the Bedfords. He longed for a Minister who would at least show deference to his rank, and consideration for his feelings. Such a Minister he found in Lord North, who had been brought up with him

in childhood, and acted with him in boyish theatricals. Mr. Massey says, 'The difficulty was to find any public man of character who would accept office on the King's terms; the first condition upon which every Minister had hitherto insisted being the expulsion of the King's friends.' It is likely enough that North put the influence of the King's friends at its proper value, and knew that no personal relations between the sovereign and any number of private individuals could outweigh the influence of a Minister who was powerful in the House of Commons. And this second qualification North possessed amply. Perhaps no Minister has ever retained such large majorities in the face of so many and increasing failures. Mr. Massey goes on to say: —

'No creeping ambition actuated his conduct. When he enumerated his unpopular votes as a proof that he was not ambitious, I have no doubt that he spoke with perfect sincerity; although it so happened that the very course which seemed to him to lead in an opposite direction was the one which conducted him to power. . . . He supported the King against the aristocracy; the Parliament against the people; and the nation against the Colonies. Had Lord North shrunk from the post of danger, it is not likely that any other man could have been found to occupy it. The King must have given way.'

Assuming this portrait to be true, it only proves that Lord North must have possessed in an eminent degree the qualities which are required in a leader of the House of Commons. In a House in which Burke and Barré, Conway and Sir George Savile, were distinguished speakers, the Minister who could hold his own against so formidable a phalanx could have been no common debater. And all the accounts which we have received of that era represent him as powerful in debate, and a master of financial details. With an easy and playful wit he combined a clear and forcible expression; and he recommended both by a singular sweetness and placidity of temper. Often assailed in language which would not be tolerated in Parliament now-a-days, he always replied without bitterness, and generally with good-humoured banter. A personal allusion of Burke serves at the same time to show the reckless license in which even the great parliamentary speakers of those days indulged, and the physical disadvantages under which Lord North laboured. 'The noble lord who spoke last, after extending his right leg a full yard before his

left, rolling his flaming eyes and moving his ponderous frame, has at length opened his mouth.' But the same great orator, in his letter to a 'Noble Lord,' describes him in these terms: 'He was a man of admirable parts, of general knowledge, of a versatile understanding, fitted for every kind of business, of infinite wit and pleasantry, of a delightful temper, and with a mind most perfectly disinterested. His great defect was a want of firmness, which made him unable to resist the influence of those he loved;' though in defending their opinions he often encountered greater difficulties than he would have done in following his own. We shall see, in the course of this correspondence, how often he would cheerfully have resigned office, had his feelings of friendship to the King permitted him. At the same time it is difficult to see that a policy essentially different from that which he pursued in respect to America would have been followed by any contemporary Minister, except Lord Rockingham; and Lord Rockingham's views on this subject were not the views generally entertained by the nation. We may further add that Lord North was an elegant scholar of the Eton type and emphatically a gentleman. And as the King, painfully impressed by his former experience, remarked, 'It was no slight thing having to do business with a gentleman.'

Those who like to see a dramatic unity preserved throughout the relations of life, and those who love to see warm friendships perpetuated to the close of life, will be equally pained at the change which finally came over the mutual sentiments of the King and Lord North. While we read this correspondence, it seems impossible to believe that the time should ever come when the King and his Minister would be no longer friends. Yet that time did come, and came much sooner than either of the correspondents dreamed of. The Minister who had played the part of buffer between the Court and the Opposition, who had won majorities over to the side of the Court, and stood by the Court when they had dwindled to minorities, was himself to become a leader of Opposition, and a colleague both in Opposition and office with the man whose political principles and personal character were peculiarly odious to the King. His name was to be associated with a coalition which even the lax morality of those days deemed flagrantly dishonest, and with tactics which public opinion, then and since, has pronounced to be wholly unworthy of him as a man and a statesman.

He was destined at a later period to act with men who abetted the Heir-Apparent's unconstitutional projects on the throne, and encouraged the unseemly jests of his parasites at its helpless occupant. It is not strange that the King should have felt deeply this bitter return for friendly intercourse and continued kindnesses; or that he should have spoken of Lord North as 'that ungrateful man.' Chatham, indeed, had been treated with great consideration, and had not returned it with the gratitude which the King thought due. But Chatham's nature was arrogant, dictatorial, and ungracious. Besides, Chatham did not ever, like North —

' . . . bear the key of all his counsels,  
And know the very bottom of his soul;  
And almost might have coined him into gold.'

In the ingratitude of Lord North the King experienced the ingratitude of an old and familiar friend; one who knew his every thought and wish. And to us this ingratitude seems inexplicable by any other assumption than that Lord North, with all his cleverness and good-nature, was wholly without sensibility. This is not an uncommon occurrence. Many of the people who pass through life with the character of being 'genial' and 'good-tempered,' owe their reputation entirely to the fact that they are not sensitive and thin-skinned. A man who has a good digestion, strong nerves, a smiling face, and a constitutional insensibility to ridicule or invective, may be a man without tenderness, without scruples, and without gratitude; but in the estimation of the world, he will pass for being a far 'better fellow' than the man whose kindness or scrupulousness is marred by a thin-skinned susceptibility to blame or reproof. Lord North's nature was devoid of all profound emotion; probably, of all profound convictions. It was this want of depth which made him equally forgetful of former slights and former kindnesses; of old friends and old enemies; equally ready to help the King against Fox, and to coalesce with Fox against the King; to tolerate for years a servant who was perpetually giving him offence, and to ally himself with a faction which had for years been reviling and deriding him. This is not a great character, but it is an eminently popular one; and, as in the case of Lord North, there are seasons when it may be very useful.

We will now proceed to examine some of the letters which show in the strongest light the King's personal qualities, political opinions, and estimate of his Minister.

We will begin with those letters in which the King gives expression to his affection for and confidence in his Minister. The first letter we shall quote relates to a matter of domestic interest which had caused the King great pain. His third brother, the Duke of Cumberland, a Prince of handsome features but low stature, mean talents, and small acquirements, had crowned many amours by an intrigue with the Countess Grosvenor. An action was brought by her husband against her seducer, and the jury assessed the damages at 10,000*l.* The sequel of the Duke's history was not calculated to reconcile him to the King. After a notorious intrigue with the young wife of a citizen who seems to have been rather gratified at the scandal, His Royal Highness married the widow of Mr. Christopher Horon, a woman whose attractions, according to Walpole, consisted in her being 'extremely pretty, well made, with the most amorous eyes in the world, and eyelashes a yard long.' The other brother spoken of in the letter is the Duke of Gloucester, the second and once the best-loved brother of George III.

'Richmond Lodge, Nov. 5th, 1770.

'LORD NORTH, — A subject of a most private and delicate kind obliges me to lose no time in acquainting you that my two brothers have this day applied to me on the difficulty which the folly of the youngest has drawn him into; the affair is too publick for you to doubt but that it regards the lawsuit; the time will expire this day sevensnight, when he must pay the damages and other expenses attending it. He has taken no one step to raise the money, and now has applied to me as the only means by which he can obtain it, promising to repay it in a year and half; I therefore promised to write to you, though I saw great difficulty in your finding so large a sum as thirteen thousand pounds in so short a time; but their pointing out to me that the prosecutor would certainly force the House, which would at this licentious time occasion disagreeable reflections on the rest of his family as well as on him. I shall speak more fully to you on this subject on Wednesday, but the time is so short that I did [not] choose to delay opening this affair till then; besides, I am not fond of taking persons on delicate affairs unprepared; whatever can be done ought to be done; and I ought as little as possible to appear in so very improper a business.

'GEORGE R.' \*

The King's personal solicitude for his Minister's health appears in this: —

\* Donne, Correspondence of George III., vol. i. p. 33.

'Queen's House, Feb. 24th, 1777.

'50 min. pt. 5 p.m.

'LORD NORTH, — I am sorry to find your cold is increased, and I strongly recommend ABSTINENCE and WATER as the ablest and safest physicians.' (Vol. ii. d. 55.)

The anxiety of the King depicted in the following letter points to the wish to resign office, which Lord North had some time entertained and avowed to the King, in consequence of the success of the American arms and the conclusion of a treaty between the United States and France: —

'Kew, May 26th, 1778.

'LORD NORTH, — You cannot be surpris'd that the degree to which you have press'd to resign during the space of the last three months has given me much uneasiness, but it never made me harbour any thought to the disadvantage of your worth. Now you are allarm'd least you have offended me, when there is not the least reason for it. As you have declared a resolution of continuing if I cannot make an arrangement to my satisfaction, this declaration of yours has thoroughly satisfied me, and I trust to be in a few days able to decide whether I can make a proper arrangement, or whether, agreeable to your present request, I shall think it best to continue you in your present office: in either case you shall by deeds, not words, see that I have a real regard for you.' (Vol. ii. pp. 197, 198.)

As the year went on, the parliamentary contest became more hot and violent, recriminations between the adherents of the Ministry and the Opposition became more and more virulent. Lord North had to fight almost single-handed against Burke, Barré, and Savile. Burke's motion on Economical Reform enlisted the support of many partisans of the Government. Dunning's celebrated motion directed against the growth of the Crown's influence had been affirmed by a majority of eighteen in a House of four hundred and forty-eight. A general resolution to press vigorously for reform and retrenchment was displayed both within and without the House. But through want of unanimity or of honesty these majorities at last began to dwindle, and the Ministry regained temporary ascendancy. It was after one of these favourable divisions that the King wrote the following letter: —

'Queen's House, May 19th, 1780.

'15 min. pt. 8 a.m.

'LORD NORTH cannot doubt that I received with pleasure his account of Mr. Burke's Bill

having been defeated in the several clauses that were before the Committee yesterday.

'But he cannot be surprised at the real sorrow occasioned by seeing he persists in the idea that his health will not long permit him to remain in his present situation. If I had the powers of oratory of Demosthenes, or the pen of an Addison, I could not say more on the subject than what I can convey in the following few lines: that I am conscious, if Lord North will resolve with spirit to continue in his present employment, that with the assistance of a new Parliament I shall be able to keep the present constitution of this country in its pristine lustre; that there is no means of letting Lord North retire from taking the lead in the House of Commons that will not probably end in evil; therefore till I see things change to a more favourable appearance I shall not think myself at liberty to consent to Lord North's request. He must be the judge whether he can therefore honorably desert me, when infalable [sic] mischief must ensue.' (Vol. ii. p. 321.)

In almost the very last letter addressed to Lord North as Prime Minister, the King thus unbosoms himself respecting the demands of Lord North's successor: —

'Queen's House, March 27th, 1782.

'LORD NORTH, — At last the fatal day has come which the misfortunes of the times and the sudden change of sentiments of the House of Commons have drove me to of changing the Ministry, and a more general removal of other persons than I believe ever was known before. I have to the last fought for individuals, but the number I have saved, except my Bedchamber, is incredibly few. You would hardly believe that even the Duke of Montagu was strongly run at, but I declared that I would sooner let confusion follow than part with the governor of my sons and so unexceptionable a man: at last I have succeeded so that he and Ld. Ashburnham remain. The effusion of my sorrows has made me say more than I had intended, but I ever did and ever shall look on you as a friend, as well as a faithful servant.' (Vol. ii. p. 420.)

It is clear that, though the King took an interest in the details of all public business and all official promotion, there was no one subject in which he felt so great an interest as in the dispensation of ecclesiastical preferment. We know with what intensity of purpose, at a later period of his life he fought against Pitt for the appointment to the Primacy, and won the battle by promoting Bishop Manners Sutton, in preference to his Minister's nominee, Bishop Tomline. In these volumes we see the same solicitude on behalf of those di-

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vines who his Majesty thought would best become the episcopal or any other ecclesiastical dignity. The King writes on appointing one clergyman to the Mastership of the Temple, and another to a Crown living: —

'Queen's House, Feb. 1st, 1771.

'LORD NORTH, — I have learnt from Lord Talbot that the Mr. Watts who is recommended by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London for the pulpit at the Temple is the person I imagined; he is one of my chaplains, a man of great abilities, and, from my knowledge of him, an excellent preacher; I therefore consent to his appointment, which you will direct to be prepared.' (Vol. i. pp. 54, 55.)

'Queen's House, March 4th, 1771.

'53 min. pt. 5 p.m.

'LORD NORTH, — Mr. Scott chusing to decline the living of Worpleston, I very readily consent to Mr. Fountain's obtaining it, and that the former may wait for the living of Simonsburn in Northumberland; you will therefore direct the warrant to be preferred [sic].' (Vol. i. pp. 60, 61.)

The following, on an Oxford professorship, might be well remembered in days when other claims than those founded on special aptitude for the office are allowed to have weight: —

'Queen's House, March 10th, 1771.

'LORD NORTH, — Your account of Admiral Pye having yesterday carried the election at Rochester by so great a majority gives me much pleasure. I have also received your acknowledgment of the note I sent you, desiring you to consult the Chancellor of Oxford as to the properest person for the vacant Professorship, because I think those offices, having been instituted for promoting learning in the Universities, ought not to be given by favour, but according to merit.' (Vol. i. p. 63.)

The following bear upon promotions on and to the Bench: —

'Queen's House, November 29th, 1774.

26 min. pt. 6 p.m.

'LORD NORTH, — I learnt from the chancellor at the House of Lords this day that a clergyman quitted Bath on Sunday morning to solicit him for a living vacated by the death of the Bishop of Worcester on Saturday night; this I rather think is rather premature; but having since heard it pretty positively asserted that accounts are arrived this day from that place assuring he is dead, I trust if true you



will have heard it, in which case I desire you will acquaint the Bishop of Lichfield with his being promoted to the See of Worcester, and Dr. Hurd to that of Lichfield; the Bishop of Bangor is, I believe, now certainly dead, which will occasion a promotion that will certainly open a small bishoprick for the Dean of Canterbury, who, having good preferments, can be contented with any that may be conferred on him.' (Vol. i. p. 218.)

'Windsor, April 30th, 1781.

'It is not probable that the good Bishop of Winchester will live many hours: Lord North will therefore, as soon as he hears of his death, acquaint the Bishop of Worcester of my appointing him to the See of Winchester, and the Bishop of Litchfield to that of Worcester. Lord Hertford has already my directions to notify the Bishop of Litchfield as Clerk of the Closet the moment he shall find that the present possessor is no more. As to the various translations that this may occasion, I desire Ld. North will consult the Archbishop of Canterbury. I own I think Dr. Horne ought to be the new Bishop; Dr. Graham ought to wait for either Bristol, Landaff, or Carlisle. If he can be told that he will have the first of those three that become vacant, he cannot fail of resting contented.' (Vol. ii. p. 368.)

The royal solicitude for the great school which flourished under the protection of Royalty is evinced by the following letter:—

'Windsor, Dec. 2nd, 1781.  
'55 min. pt. 3 p.m.

'LORD NORTH.—I have this instant received your letter. You will recollect that, when I told you that I thought the Provost of Eton was likely to die, I desired you would, whenever that happened, recollect that I wished it might be given to the man whose literary talents might make the appointment respectable. I cannot fairly look on Dr. Dampier as exactly answering that character; besides, for a young man, he is greatly preferred. I would much rather give him a deanery than put him where the person pitched upon ought either to have years or avowed talents; sure it would be very hard on Dr. Roberts.

'I shall therefore only consent to Dr. Davies for the vacant Canonry [sic] of Windsor, and leave the rest open till you have reconsidered it, for Eton should not be bestowed by favour, but by merit.' (Vol. ii. pp. 394, 395.)

'These citations prove that the indolence which had been imputed to the young son of Frederic Prince of Wales was corrected in later years by the conscientiousness of the King and the responsibilities of his position. In no station of life, perhaps, throughout his dominions, was there a man

who did harder work, and liked it better, than George III. It is possible enough that, as a lad under the leading strings of the Princess Dowager and Mr. Stone, he may have lounged and sauntered, because he had little to do except lounge and saunter. No literary habits had been cultivated in him, as we perceive by his marvellous spelling (which, however, was not a bit worse than that of many a fashionable gentleman and lady of his time), and probably all literary amusement was withheld from him. No object of interest was presented to attract his attention and employ his time. His example shows how erroneous it is to judge the character of the future man from the accidental habits of the boy. We are convinced that many a youth has been judged as harshly as Prince George, because, having nothing to occupy his mind or inspire him with energy, he appeared listless, indifferent, and lazy. In the case of George III., his preceptors were greatly to blame for not having strengthened and expanded a mind, naturally quick, shrewd, and eager, by a discipline which would have corrected both his prejudices and his obstinacy. Despite this neglect, circumstances increased the native shrewdness and developed the latent energy of his disposition.

We now turn to those letters which exhibit in the strongest light the King's resolute opinions on the most important events of Lord North's Administration, viz. the conflict with the City arising out of the dispute with Wilkes, and the conduct of the American War. There is no more curious retrospect in modern English history than that of London in the early part of George III.'s reign as compared with the London of the present day. In those days the great merchants and bankers lived within a stone's throw of the Exchange which had witnessed the origin of their fortunes. They did not dream of using the City only as a place of business to be visited for five or six hours in the daytime, and then abandoned for a West-end mansion or a suburban villa. All the energy, spirit, and independence which characterised the commercial leaders of the Metropolis were concentrated within the sound of Bow Bells. The Court of Aldermen, instead of recruiting its ranks from the retail dealers and tradesmen of Cornhill and Cheapside, enlisted into the Corporation merchants like Beckford who had property in the West Indies or country gentlemen like Wilkes. Such a class of men, combining opulence with intelligence and power, was

predisposed to very liberal views in politics. It regarded itself as deprived of its just political influence. Some few of its members had bought boroughs; but, as a class, it was not powerful in Parliament, was powerless in the counties, and was, of course, insignificant at Court: its Liberalism, therefore, was extreme. The City was for the first twenty years of George III.'s reign the focus of opposition to the Court, and teemed with resentful remonstrances on occasions which — strange as it may sound to modern ears — provoked courtly addresses from Manchester and Birmingham. "It is impossible," writes the King (Letter 311), "to draw up a more dutiful and affectionate address than the one from the town of Manchester, which really gives me pleasure as it comes unsolicited." On the unfortunate dispute in which the House of Commons became entangled with the City about the arrest of one of its servants the King wrote thus warmly: —

'Queen's House, March 17th, 1771.

'**LORD NORTH**, — Though I sent Lord Hillsborough to you with my opinion, that, as the Lord Mayor has presumed to set the privilege of the House of Commons of ordering printers to be brought to the bar at nought, and even to issue a warrant for committing the Messenger to the Compter for executing the duty of his office, the authority of the House of Commons is totally annihilated if it is not in an exemplary manner supported to-morrow by instantly committing the Lord Mayor and Alderman Oliver to the Tower; as to Wilkes, he is below the notice of the House.' (Vol. i. p. 64.)

At the same time the following paragraph shows the very sensible view the King had taken of the origin of the quarrel: —

'You know very well I was averse to meddling with the printers, but now there is no retracting; the honour of the Commons must be supported.' (Vol. i. p. 64.)

Again, when the question of ordering the Lord Mayor to attend in his place next night had given rise to one of the most acrimonious debates of the Session, and had been carried by the friends of privilege, the King shows how earnest his own feelings were in the following letter: —

'Queen's House, March 19th, 1771.  
'3 min. pt. 9 a. m.

'**LORD NORTH**, — The conduct of the majority seems to have been of that firm and dignified kind which becomes those that are on right ground. I am not surprized that the

whole House, except Alderman Sawbridge, Alderman Oliver, and Sir Joseph Mawbey, joined in condemning the conduct of the Lord Mayor, and in asserting the privilege of the House, which, if not in an exemplary manner supported on this occasion, must annihilate [sic] the House of Commons, and thus put an end to the most excellent form of Government which has been established in this kingdom. Go on with resolution, and this affair will be happily concluded. It occurs to me that the mode of conducting the Lord Mayor ought to be well considered, that no rescue may ensue. Might not the conducting him by water be the most private manner?' (Vol. i. p. 65.)

These protracted debates must have been very wearisome to the royal mind, which, doubtless, regarded such an effusion of words as a grave impediment to business, and saw its own way clearer. But even while his indignation at the insolence of the Lord Mayor made him impatient of any delay in punishing him, the King showed by the following letter that he had taken the full measure of another and more conspicuous agitator than Brass Crosby: —

'Queen's House, March 20th, 1771.  
'55 min. pt. 9 a. m.

'**LORD NORTH**, — I am sorry the business of committing the Lord Mayor could not be concluded last night, for every delay in a breach of privilege of so enormous a kind seems to indicate to the bystander a less attachment in the House of Commons to its own authority than every well-wisher can desire; besides, whatever time is given to the Lord Mayor is in reality allowing consultation and plans of disturbance to the factious. I owne I could have wished that Wilkes had not been ordered before the House, for he must be in a jail the next term if not given new life by some punishment inflicted on him, which will bring him new supplies; and I do not doubt he will hold such a language that will oblige some notice to be taken of him.' (Vol. i. p. 66.)

The Speaker, be it remembered, had thrice ordered Wilkes to attend; and Wilkes had thrice refused to attend except in his own place as a Member. This contumacy the House, warned by past experience, was too wise to visit with punishment, and ultimately allowed the order to drop. This, as the King justly surmised, must have been a sad disappointment to Wilkes.

We now proceed to cite those letters and paragraphs which illustrate the King's sanguine obstinacy in continuing the struggle with the American Colonies. This correspondence abounds with them. The first letter which we shall quote was written

after the reception of the news that the people of Boston had boarded the teaships of the East India Company in the harbour, had flung overboard their contents to the value of 18,000*l.*, and had tarred and feathered several adherents of the Government:—

'Queen's House, Feb. 4th, 1774.  
' 46 min. pt. 6 p.m.

'LORD NORTH, — Since you left me this day, I have seen Lieutenant-General Gage, who came to express his readiness, though so lately come from America, to return at a day's notice, if the conduct of the Colonies should induce the directing coercive measures. His language was very consonant to his character of an honest determined man. He says they will be Lyons, whilst we are lambs; but, if we take the resolute part, they will undoubtedly prove very meek. He thinks the four regiments intended to relieve as many regiments in America, if sent to Boston, are sufficient to prevent any disturbance. I wish you would see him, and hear his ideas as to the mode of compelling Boston to submit to whatever may be thought necessary; indeed, all men seem now to feel that the fatal compliance in 1766 has encouraged the Americans annually to increase in their pretensions to that thorough independency which one state has of another, but which is quite subversive of the obedience which a colony owes to its mother country.' (Vol. i. p. 164.)

The fatal compliance in 1766 to which the King refers was the Repeal of the Stamp Act; an Act only so far faulty that it did not concede enough. Burke speaks of its enactment as an event which caused more 'universal joy throughout the British dominions than perhaps any other that can be remembered.'

The next letter was written on a proposal made by General Gage that the Penal Acts against the Colonists should be repealed. Mr. Donne quotes the following passage from Bancroft which testifies to the multiplicity of the General's difficulties and his expedients:—

'Gage (says Mr. Bancroft\*), who came flushed with confidence in an easy victory, at the end of four months was careworn, disheartened, and appalled. With the forces under his command, he hoped for no more than to pass the winter unmolested. At one moment, a suspension of the Penal Acts was his favourite advice, which the King ridiculed as senseless; at the next he demanded an army of twenty thousand men, to be composed of Canadian recruits, Indians, and hirelings from the conti-

\* Bancroft, Hist. of U. S., vol. vi. p. 70.

ment of Europe; again, he would bring the Americans to terms by casting them off as fellow-subjects, and not suffering even a boat to go in or out of their harbours. Out of Boston his power was at an end.'

On these proposals the King writes thus:—

'Queen's House, November 19th, 1774.  
' 17 min. pt. 3 p.m.

'LORD NORTH, — I return the private letters received from Lieut.-General Gage; his idea of suspending the Acts appears to me the most absurd that can be suggested. The people are ripe for mischief, upon which the mother-country adopts suspending the measures she has thought necessary: this must suggest to the Colonies a fear that alone prompts them to their present violence; we must either master them or totally leave them to themselves and treat them as aliens. I do not by this mean to insinuate that I am for advice [sic] [advising] new measures; but I am for supporting those already undertaken.' (Vol. i. p. 216.)

Again: when he had received an intimation that the famous 'Olive-branch' mission was contemplated by the Colonists his opinions find expression in these terms:—

'Queen's House, February 15th, 1775.  
' 6 min. pt. 10 a.m.

'LORD NORTH, — I take this method of returning the secret letter from Maryland. The author seems to be a spirited man, and well adapted to the difficulties he may meet with; but where violence is with resolution repelled it commonly yields, and I own, though a thorough friend to holding out the olive-branch, I have not the smallest doubt that, if it does not succeed, that when once vigorous measures appear to be the only means left of bringing the Americans to a due submission to the mother country, that the Colonies will submit.' (Vol. i. p. 229.)

When the struggle had become more obstinate and more desperate the King's aversion to the dismemberment of the empire found expression in the following not very elegantly composed or accurately spelt but perfectly intelligible sentence:—

'If Lord North can see with the same degree of enthusiasm I do the beauty, excellence, and perfection of the British constitution as by law established, and consider that, if any one branch of the empire is allowed [sic] to cast off its dependency, that the others will infallibly [sic] follow the example, that consequently, though an arduous struggle, that is worth going through any difficulty to preserve to latest posterity what the wisdom of our ancestors have

carefully transmitted to us, he will not allow us dependency to find a place in his breast, but resolve not merely out of duty to fill his post, but will resolve with vigour to meet every obstacle that may arise, he shall meet with most cordial support from me; but the times require vigour, or the state will be ruined.' (Vol. ii. pp. 215, 216.)

After France and Spain had openly allied themselves with the insurgent Colonies, the King, in answer to one of Lord North's many suggestions of a change of Ministry, wrote thus:—'Before I will ever hear of any man's readiness to come into office, I will expect to see it signed under his hand that he is resolved to keep the empire entire, and that no troops shall be consequently withdrawn from thence, nor independence ever allowed.' In 1781 only a few months before Cornwallis's capitulation, he thus comments on Fox's motion for a committee to consider the American War:—

'Windsor, June 13th, 1781.  
'25 min. pt. 7 a. m.

'It is difficult to express which appears more strongly, the manly fortitude of the great majority last night in rejecting the hackneyed question of a Committee for considering the American war, or the impudence of the minority in again bringing it forward; for whoever the most ardently wishes for peace must feel that every repetition of this question in Parliament only makes the rebels and the Bourbon family more desirous of continuing the war, from the hopes of tiring out this country. We have it not at this hour in our power to make peace; it is by steadiness and exertions that we are to get into a situation to effect it; and with the assistance of Divine Providence I am confident we shall soon find our enemies forced to look for that blessing. Among our many misfortunes I feel one satisfaction—that we have but one line to follow; therefore, at least, diffidence and perplexity cannot attend us; and we have the greatest objects to make us zealous in our pursuit, for we are contending for our whole consequence, whether we are to rank among the great Powers of Europe, or be reduced to one of the least considerable. He that is not stimulated by this consideration does not deserve to be a member of this community.' (Vol. ii. pp. 376, 377.)

Even two months later, he says: 'Should France not supply America amply, I think it has the appearance that this long contest will end, as it ought, by the Colonies returning to the mother country; and I confess I will never put my hands to any other conclusion of this business.' Lastly, when Cornwallis was hemmed in by the American

troops and their allies, without the means of extrication, without provisions, without hope, the King did not despair. Every one in England—and no one more clearly than Lord North—saw the coming blow. The King alone did not or would not see it. To him, indeed, faith was the evidence of things unseen. When all upon the western horizon was to others but one huge cloud charged with gloom and storm, to the King alone it presented a silver lining of light and hope. Even when Cornwallis had capitulated and success had crowned the arms of the insurgents, the King, still ignorant of the event, wrote thus to Lord North:—

'Windsor, November 3rd, 1781.  
54 min. pt. 11 p.m.

'LORD NORTH will be naturally curious to know what news has been brought this day by Lieut.-Col. Conway. I have within this half-hour seen him, and as far as I have been able as yet to collect from him, that, having had Sir Henry Clinton's leave to come to England when the campaign was supposed to be at an end, and being better able, from having later left that province, than any one at New York, to state the situation of Ld. Cornwallis, Sir Henry had judged it right still to send him with his dispatches. His opinion seems to be that Ld. Cornwallis will certainly leave the Chesapeake and return to Charles Town after having beat La Fayette, and that both these are likely events; that before he sailed a report of this had arrived from Philadelphia; on the whole, he supposes we shall in very few days hear from Ld. Cornwallis, and he trusts Sir Henry Clinton will soon have somewhat to communicate. This I own gives me satisfaction. With such excellent troops, if such an event can be effected, I think success must ensue. I feel the justice of our cause; I put the greatest confidence in [the] valour of both navy and army, and, above all, in the assistance of Divine Providence. The moment is certainly anxious; the dye is now cast whether this shall [continue?] a great empire or the least dignified of the European States. The object is certainly worth struggling for, and I trust the nation is equally determined with myself to meet the conclusion with firmness.' (Vol. ii. pp. 386, 387.)

We have now quoted abundantly from this very interesting correspondence, which derives additional value from the care bestowed by its conscientious editor Mr. Donne. And what is the impression which it leaves on our minds respecting the King's character and capacity? On the whole, it is, we think, not an unfavourable impression. But it is more favourable to him as a man than as a King, certainly as a constitutional King. Firmness hardened into invincible obstinacy, a love of authority and control,

which, could it have been fully gratified, would have left very little room for the action of Parliament; and an habitual prejudice against individual statesmen which is incompatible with the principles of a limited monarchy. Had George III. been born heir to absolute sovereignty, his reign would have been one of the luckiest accidents possible for his subjects: He had certain qualities which win for absolute monarchs the loyalty of their people and the devotion of their personal adherents. His theory of government somewhat resembled that of the governor of a crown colony, assisted but not controlled, by his council. As it was, George III. was after 1790 extremely popular with the bulk of the English people, who knew nothing of his relations towards the leaders of political parties, and cared little for the punctilios of constitutional government. To the traders and bankers outside the circle of metropolitan agitation — to the squirearchy in the country, to the middle-class inhabitants of provincial towns — above all, to the clergy and the yeomanry, it was a matter of supreme indifference that their King was suspected of intriguing to oust George Grenville, or of circumventing Lord Rockingham, or of conspiring to make the Great Commoner unpopular, or holding in reserve a corps of devoted official Janizaries prepared to upset his recognised Ministers. To some of them the worst of these suspicions appeared — and we think, justly appeared — to be destitute of foundation. To the majority they appeared utterly unimportant. They saw in the King a man who practised the virtues which they themselves most admired, and reflected the prejudices by which they themselves were mainly actuated. He was temperate, he was frugal, he was industrious, he was devout, he was courageous, he was affectionate. Did not the King work harder at public business than the generality of merchants worked at their own? Was not his dinner the model of a gentleman-farmer's family dinner? Did not the King ride about the country without pomp, and talk to yeomen and farmers like the good 'farmer George' that he was? Did he not keep his accounts with marvellous minuteness? Did he not date each of his letters with a methodical precision and particularity unrivalled by scribes, bankers, and lawyers? Again, had not they seen him on the day of his coronation, unadvised by precedent or counsel, himself doff the Royal Crown that he might with becoming humility partake of the Holy Communion? They knew too how, on ascending the throne, he had re-

buked a courtly preacher for a too adulatory sermon, and how he had written to Most Reverend Prelates to express his disapprobation of the secular festivities which had violated the traditional sanctity of episcopal palaces. At a period later than that of Lord North's Ministry good and thoughtful persons were melted into tears at the spectacle of the aged monarch going to the great metropolitan cathedral to return humble thanks to the Almighty for His goodness in restoring him from the dread darkness of a malady worse than death, to life, reason, and health. They knew too that on occasions which made Ministers and Privy Counsellors mute through fear, the King alone had breathed courage into the cowed and hesitating circle. It was to his promptitude and spirit that London owed its rescue from the anarchy, at once shameful and terrible, with which the grotesque fanaticism of Lord G. Gordon had afflicted it. It was the King who took down on the spot Wedderburn's opinion that the troops might be legally employed: it was the King who ordered them to be called out: it was the King who declared his readiness to lead them. When an angry mob pelted the royal carriage on its way to Westminster, and his courtiers turned pale at the rude assault, the King alone was calm and undismayed; when fired at in the theatre, he alone of the royal party retained his composure. It was in no vaunting spirit of fictitious bravery, then, that the King had written in 1775, when incendiary hand-bills were circulated about the streets of London to prevent the meeting of Parliament: 'These hand-bills are certainly spread to cause terror: that they may in the timid Duke (sc. of Grafton) I saw yesterday; but I thank God I am not of that make. I know what my duty to my country makes me undertake, and threats cannot prevent me from doing that to the fullest extent.' Indeed, next to gambling and debauchery he seems to have had the most utter aversion to cowardice. He is never tired of sneering at the pusillanimity which made the Duke of Grafton desert him, and contrasting it with the courage shown by Lord North in confronting the dangers and responsibilities of office. If his courage and firmness degenerated into an obstinacy which resisted the eloquence of reasoning and the logic of facts, a few brilliant statesmen or profound philosophers might deride a stubborn temper which the King shared with half the ploughboys and carters in his kingdom; but the great majority of the nation was proud to think that the King had the fortitude to maintain opinions which were

common to themselves and their sovereign. Indeed, as we observed many years ago in reviewing the Memoirs of Lord Sidmouth, the prejudices of George III. were the prejudices of almost all contemporary Englishmen. Did the King set his face steadily against conciliation with America? his obstinacy only reflected the obstinacy of the country. His bigotry towards the American Colonists was no more peculiar to himself than was his bigotry at a later period towards the Roman Catholics. In either case he was only a more vehement partisan of a party which included three-fourths of the educated and wealthy classes. Burke so early as the year 1774 writes in this strain to Lord Rockingham: 'Even those who are most likely to be overwhelmed by any real American confusion are among the most supine. The character of the Ministry either produces or perfectly coincides with the disposition of the public.' Even John Wesley indited a lecture to the Colonists on the wickedness of their insurrection, and concluded with these words: 'Our sins never will be removed until we fear God and honour the King.' We have already quoted passages more than enough to show the King's obdurate pertinacity on this subject. Judging as we do after the event, we are ready to pile epithets of condemnation on an obstinacy which only made the final concession more abject and humiliating. A better knowledge also of the geographical conditions of the country has convinced us that, even had we succeeded in the immediate object of the war, we could not have succeeded in the permanent government of a country so vast, so distant, and so accessible to all the vagrant populations of the earth, as all North America. But if we try to place ourselves in the position of Englishmen living in the year 1775, we may find reason to acquit the King of that blind and stupid insensibility which is so unjustly laid to his exclusive charge, on every point save one. It was not more unnatural for an English monarch in those days to desire to maintain the integrity of his kingdom than it was for the President of the American Republic in our time to desire to maintain the integrity of the Union. Nor did the conflict seem dangerous. At the beginning of the contest, few people could reasonably have doubted that Great Britain must prevail. Not only were the resources of the Colonies so small, but their councils were so distracted, and their jealousies so rife, that a vigorous and well-concerted strategy must have rendered their harmonious action impossible, and have paralysed

their first efforts. Even after Burgoyne's miserable surrender, the Revolutionary Councils were divided by fear or faction, while their armies were weakened by apathy, by privation, by irregular supplies of food and more irregular supplies of money. Ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-paid, in many cases forced by leaders of whom they knew little into a service for which they cared less, the soldiers of the insurgent army might have often been cut up or hemmed in by commanders who combined activity and intelligence with professional knowledge. Only within the year which preceded the final disaster at York Town, the capture of Charlestown had nearly brought back the Carolinas to their loyal subjection. In the very year which witnessed the surrender of Cornwallis, Washington had been sorely tried by the wide-spread discontent of most of his troops, and by the open mutiny of others. Had we possessed a general of acknowledged and commanding ability, the Colonists might even then have been subdued. But it was the misfortune of England to have no commander equal to the emergencies of this war. Well has Lord Stanhope written: 'It was the bane of England, not merely on this occasion but throughout the whole early part of this war, to have for chiefs men brave indeed and honourable, skilled in the details of the service, but in genius fitter only for a second place, not gifted by nature with that energy and firmness essential for a chief command.' Clinton and Cornwallis were superior to Burgoyne and Gage; but Clinton and Cornwallis had a private feud of their own, and were to have fought a duel on the termination of the campaign. Had Clive had the conduct of the war, he would have probably conducted it to a different issue. Accustomed to incorporate foreign and barbarous races with English troops, he might have infused into the dull and listless levies of Hessian mercenaries some of that fire and spirit which he had breathed into his Sepoy followers on the plain of Plassy. But at an early stage of the war Clive had in a paroxysm of madness put an end to his own life. The conduct of the war was therefore left to the Howes, the Clintons, and the Burgoynes. The blindness of the King showed itself not in his original estimate of the probability of success, but in his continuing to retain the same opinion, when he sent such men as the English generals of the day to contend against such a man as Washington. In holding to this view, he he must in 1781 have shown himself exceptionally obstinate and sanguine. And we

cannot help regarding this obstinate hope and its mournful disappointment as the indications of a Nemesis which visited the King for his treatment of Lord Chatham. When we trace the misfortunes of this epoch of his reign we cannot but share in the regret which the City of London so often expressed at the time, that Lord Chatham was not at the head of the Government. He certainly was the only Minister able either to conquer or conciliate America. His name was loved and respected in America. The heads of the Revolutionary party looked up to him and would have been persuaded by his reasoning to effect a reconciliation, while it was yet possible. If a compromise had been proved to be impossible, the country would have profited by the genius of the greatest War Minister that it ever possessed. The Minister who had made loyal soldiers of the Jacobite clans, who had fostered the military genius of Wolfe and of Clive, who had smitten the House of Bourbon in its pride — the same Minister might have averted defeat and re-established the supremacy of England in America. True it is that in the last Ministry in which he had taken part, the symptoms of the mysterious malady which afflicted his latter years had developed themselves with increased frequency and severity. His irresolution, his waywardness, his isolation from his colleagues, his strange irritability and his stranger silence, had driven the poor Duke of Grafton to despair. Still the force and fire which he threw into the debates in which he spoke during the last years of his Opposition, demonstrated that he still retained more than sparks of the energy by which he had not only saved but exalted his country. Whether his mind could then have born the continuous strain of official and parliamentary labour, and whether in the later passages of the conflict with the Colonies he could have secured an honourable compromise, is doubtful. But had he been retained in office by the King, and succeeded in keeping his Administration together, his position would have inspired confidence; and Lord North himself would gladly have made way for him. The King, however, dreaded the return of that dominating and dictatorial Minister. At the beginning of 1778 he writes: I solemnly declare nothing shall 'bring me to treat personally with Lord Chatham,' that perfidious man, as he styles him in the same letter. Whatever might, or might not, have then been the success of Chatham as Minister, his rejection was mainly due to the personal prejudices of the King, assisted by Chatham's own inability to remain long

united to any section of political parties. This obstinacy was highly censurable in the sovereign of a limited monarchy, but, as we have said before, it reflected rather than resisted the general feeling of the King's subjects.

Apart from these personal qualities of courage, industry, punctuality, and devotional feelings, which gave a character to the public conduct of George III., there were incidents in his private life which awakened the affectionate sympathy of his people. The romantic love passage in his youth with the beautiful Quakeress, Hannah Lightfoot, was, we are inclined to think, an idle invention,\* but his ardent attachment to Lady Sarah Lennox, proved that he had a warm and susceptible heart; as the restraint which he imposed upon his inclinations, and the decorous tenor of his married life, proved that his sense of duty was stronger than his passions. While dissoluteness prevailed in almost every foreign Court, and profligacy reigned unabashed in the fashionable circles of London, homely and sober Englishmen reflected with pride that the family which was the purest in morals was also the highest in rank. The King's domestic character rallied the enthusiastic loyalty of the people round the throne in the darkest times. Whether Wilkes scattered his seditious scurrilities among the dregs of the London rabble, or Beckford at the head of the City Corporation insulted the Sovereign on his throne, or men's minds were dismayed by the double horror of foreign war and intestine mutiny, the King's name was a tower of strength to thousands. Nor was it only a recognition of the King's morality and piety that elicited a loyalty as rapturous as that which had welcomed the second Stuart back, and far more lasting. The people knew that their King had borne sorrows and sufferings, such as seldom fall to the lot of men in a private station. The galling insinuations against his mother, made doubly galling by the malignant asperity of faction, had planted a wound which time perhaps never healed. He had been hurt by the marriage of one brother, and pained by the profligacy

\* Mr. Donne and Mr. Jesse have both treated this ridiculous story more seriously than it deserves. Mr. Thomas has recently shown in a pamphlet republished from 'Notes and Queries' that the pretended narrative is a tissue of improbabilities and contradictions, and that no trace of evidence in support of it can be found of earlier date than a paper in the 'Monthly Magazine' for April, 1821. There is great reason to believe that this story emanated from the authors of the Wilmot-Serres forgeries, and that it is about as true and authentic as the legitimacy of the notorious Princess Olive.

of another. One sister had made a miserable marriage and met a painful death. Another was hunted from her home by the armies of Napoleon. Then came that terrible disease, that clouding of the reason — that degradation of the man and the monarch to the condition of a chained animal, the sport of brutal keepers, and, worse than that, the sport of graceless sons and their miserable parasites — and lastly, that utter eclipse of light, sense, and mind, which, more awful than death, presaged the slow approach of death.

When, after years of painful and unparalleled exertion, after sacrificing thousands of lives and millions of treasure, England welcomed to her capital the sovereigns to whose emancipation and victories she had mainly contributed — when the shouting multitudes hailed as the most illustrious figure in that brilliant company their own great chieftain, whose courage and energy had redeemed the honour of the English arms and the liberties of European states — when anthems of grateful triumph pealed in solemn temples and festive halls — then did the minds of many turn from the dazzling pageantry and echoing clamours of this unwanted jubilee to the dark chamber of the palace, wherein paced the lonely King, old, sightless, and mindless, or with only so much flickering reason left as to know its own normal eclipse. Few pictures can be imagined more affecting than an incident which occurred in that time of dreary seclusion. One day, the Prince of Wales coming to the room in which his father was confined, stood at the door and, listening, overheard the old man declaiming the plaintive lines of Milton, —

‘ Oh dark, dark, dark ! Amid the blaze of noon  
Irrevocably dark ! Total eclipse  
Without all hope of day !  
O first-created beam ! and Thou Great Word,  
“ Let there be light ! ” and light was over all,  
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree ? ’

When his people saw and thought of these dread sufferings — when they remembered what he who bore them had gone through — how nobly and courageously he had discharged the duties of his station according to his own imperfect view of them — how he had worked harder than most of his Ministers, and hoped more confidently than most of his people, and, in the tension of political strife, had demeaned himself towards his humbler subjects with all the simplicity of a frank and kindly man — is it wonderful that among all classes and all sects, a loyal

prayer went up for the restoration of the aged monarch, and that from the meeting-house and the synagogue unstudied supplications arose, before the prelates of the Established Church had decided in what terms to invoke Heaven on behalf of the blind and afflicted King ? It is not for us to heap undue eulogy on the memory of George III. We consider some of his political errors to have been most grave, and his theory of kingly government pernicious. But we cannot now, at the interval of nearly fifty years, blind ourselves to the solid virtues which won for him, at the close of his life, a more profound sympathy and more loyal love, than were ever earned by English King before, or by any English monarch, except Elisabeth alone.

FISH STREAMS. — In illustration of the subject broached by the Report of the Fishery Commissioners, an extract of which appears in the *Athenaeum* of August the 17th, I would beg to draw attention to the fact that a cheap and inexpensive machine exists for detaining the residuum which passes with the water from paper-mills ; this machine is extensively used by the Messrs. Cowan in Scotland, and elsewhere also. It possesses the advantages of providing a perfectly limpid and clear water useful in itself for washing papers, and the residuum is a pulp, which, if I am right, when mixed with other pulp in the mill, results in the production of note-paper ; at any rate, I am sure that this resulant of foul water is reconvertable into paper. This machine, which is only known to me as Needham and Kite's patent, has been presented to the Rivers Pollution Commissioners, and tried with success at Huddersfield on the dye-waters. It remains to be seen what their judgment may be, and whether it will be enacted that the use of some such press shall be made imperative on our manufacturers ; but I have been told that its operation on the water from paper-mills was completely satisfactory. At Huddersfield, this machine produced a verification that was unexpected — by me at any rate — in operating on the black dye-water. Much oxide of iron was extracted ; this proved to be one of the ingredients in the black dye, and from the fugitive characters of the other adjuncts to that production, there became recognizable at once the truth of the description, “ of a rusty suit of black.” I am quite sure that either this or some other such invention will be found to impart a very different character to our rivers, and assist in the most material manner in rendering them fit receptacles of animal life. — *J. C. G. in Athenaeum.*



## CHAPTER XLIII.

## OLD FRIENDS ON THE GREEN.

TOM SEDLEY saw the Etherage girls on the Green, and instead of assisting as he had intended, at the great doings in the town, he walked over to have a talk with them.

People who know Cardyllian remember the two seats, partly stone, partly wood, which are placed on the Green, near the margin of the sea — seats without backs — on which you can sit with equal comfort, facing the water and the distant mountains, or the white-fronted town and old Castle of Cardyllian. Looking towards this latter prospect, the ladies sat, interested, no doubt, though they preferred a distant view, in the unusual bustle of the quiet old place.

On one of these seats sat Charity and Agnes, and as he approached, smiling, up got Charity and walked some steps towards him; looking kindly, but not smiling, for that was not her wont, and with her thin hand, in dog-skin glove, extended to greet him.

"How are you, Thomas Sedley? when did you come?" asked Miss Charity, much gladder to see him than she appeared.

"I arrived this morning; you're all well, I hope;" he was looking at Agnes, and would have got away from Miss Charity, but that she held him still by the hand.

"All very well, thank you, except Agnes. I don't think she's very well. I have ever so much to tell you when you and I have a quiet opportunity, but not now," — she was speaking in a low tone; — "and now go and ask Agnes how she is."

So he did. She smiled a little languidly he thought, and was not looking very strong, but prettier than ever — so *very* pretty! She blushed too, very brilliantly, as he approached; it would have been very flattering had he not seen Cleve Verney walking quickly over the Green toward the Etherage group. For whom was the blush? Two gentlemen had fired simultaneously.

"Your bird? I rather think *my* bird? — isn't it?"

Now Tom Sedley did not think the bird his, and he felt, somehow, strangely vexed. And he got through his greeting uncomfortably; his mind was away with Cleve Verney, who was drawing quickly near.

"Oh! Mr. Verney, *what* a time it is since we saw you last!" exclaimed emphatic Miss Charity; "I really began to think you'd *never* come."

"Very good of you, Miss Etherage, to talk about me."

"And you never gave me your subscription for our poor old woman, last winter!"

"Oh! my subscription? I'll give it now — what was it to be — a pound?"

"No, you promised only ten shillings, but it *ought* to be a pound. I think less would be *shameful*."

"Then, Miss Agnes, shall it be a pound?" he said, turning to her with a laugh — with his fingers in his purse, "whatever you say I'll do."

"Agnes — of *course*, a pound," said Charity, in her nursery style of admonition.

"Charity says it must be a pound," answered Agnes.

"And you say so?"

"Of course, I must."

"Then a pound it *is* — and mind," he added, laughing, and turning to Miss Charity with the coin in his fingers, "I'm to figure in your book of benefactors — your golden book of saints, or *martyrs*, rather; but you need not put down my name, only 'The old woman's friend,' or 'A lover of flannel,' or 'A promoter of petticoats,' or any other benevolent alias you think becoming."

"'The old woman's friend' will do very nicely," said Charity gravely. "Thank you, Mr. Verney, and we were *so* glad to hear that your uncle has succeeded at last to the peerage. He can be of such *use* — you really would be — he and you *both*, Mr. Verney — quite amazed and astounded, if you knew how much poverty is in this town."

"It's well he does not know just now, for he wants all his wits about him: This is a critical occasion, you know, and the town expects great thing from a practised orator. I've stolen away, just for five minutes, to ask you the news. We are at Ware, for a few days, only two or three friends with us. They came across in my boat to-day. We are going to set all the tradespeople on earth loose upon the house in a few days. It is to be done in an incredibly short time; and my uncle is talking of getting down some of his old lady relations to act *chaperon*, and we hope to have you all over there. You know it's all made up, that little coldness between my uncle and your father. I'm so glad! Your father wrote him such a nice note to-day, explaining his absence — he never goes into a crowd he says — and Lord Verney wrote him a line to say if he would allow him he would go up to Hazleden to pay his respects this afternoon."

This move was a suggestion of Mr. Lar-

in's, who was pretty well up in election strategy.

"I've ascertained, my lord, he's good for a hundred and thirty-seven votes in the county, and your lordship has managed him with such consummate tact that a very little more will, with the Divine blessing induce the happiest, and I may say considering the disparity of your lordship's relations and his, the most *dutiful* feelings on his part — resulting, in fact, in your lordship's obtaining the absolute command of the constituency. You were defeated, my lord, last time, by only forty-three votes, with his influence against you. If your lordship were to start your nephew, Mr. Cleve Verney, for it next time, having made your ground good with him, he would be returned, humanly speaking, by a sweeping majority."

"So Lord Verney's going up to see papa! Agnes, we ought to be at home. He must have luncheon."

"No — a thousand thanks — but all that's explained. There's luncheon to be in the town hall — it's part of the programme — and speeches — and all that kind of rubbish; so he can only run up for a few minutes, just to say, 'How do ye do?' and away again. So pray, don't think of going all that way, and he'll come here to be introduced, and make your acquaintance, and now tell me all your news."

"Well, those odd people went away from Malory" — began Charity.

"Oh, yes! I heard, I think, something of that," said Cleve, intending to change the subject, perhaps. But Miss Charity went on, for in that eventless scene an occurrence of any kind is too precious to be struck out of the record on any ground.

"They went away as mysteriously as they came — almost — and so suddenly" —

"You forget, Charity, dear, Mr. Verney was at Ware when they went, and here two or three times after they left Malory."

"So I was," said Cleve, with an uneasy glance at Tom Sedley, "I *knew* I had heard something of it."

"Oh, yes!" and they say that the old man was both mad and in debt."

"What a combination?" said Cleve.

"Yes, I assure you, and a Jew came down with twenty or thirty bailiffs — I'm only telling you what Mr. Apjohn heard, and the people here tell us — and a mad doctor, and ever so many people with strait waistcoats, and they surrounded Malory; but he was gone! — not a human being knew where — and that handsome girl, wasn't she quite *bee-ou-ti-ful*?"

"Oh, what every one says, you know, *must* be true," said Cleve.

"What do *you* say?" she urged upon Tom Sedley.

"Oh, I say ditto to every one of course."

"Well, I should think so, for you know you are quite desperately in love with her," said Miss Charity.

"I? Why, I really never spoke to her in all my life. Now if you had said Cleve Verney."

"Oh, yes! If you had named *me*. But, by Jove, there they go. Do you see? My uncle and the mayor, and all the lesser people, trooping away to the town-hall. Good-by! I haven't another moment. You'll be here, I *hope*, when we get out; *do, pray*. I have not a moment."

And he meant a glance for Miss Agnes, but it lost itself in air, for that young lady was looking down in a little reverie, on the grass, at the tip of her tiny boot.

"*There's* old Miss Christian out I *declare*," exclaimed Charity. "Did you ever *hear* of such a thing? I *wonder* whether doctor knows she's out to-day. I'll just go and speak to her. If he doesn't, I'll simply tell her she's *mad*."

And away marched Miss Charity, bent upon finding out, as she said, all about it.

"Agnes," said Tom Sedley, "it seemed to me you were not glad to see me. Are you vexed with me?"

"Vexed? No, indeed!" she said gently, and looking up with a smile.

"And your sister said" — Tom paused, for he did not know whether Charity's whisper about her not having been "very strong" might not be a confidence.

"What does Charity say?" asked Agnes almost sharply while a little flush appeared in her cheeks.

"Well, she said she did not think you were so strong as usual. That was all."

"That was *all* — no great consequence," said she, with a little smile upon the grass and sea pinks — a smile that was bitter.

"You can't think I meant that, little Agnes, I of all people; but I never was good at talking. And you *know* I did not mean that."

"People often say — I do, I know — what they mean without intending it," she answered carelessly. "I *know* you would not make a rude speech — I'm sure of that; and as to what we say accidentally, can it signify very much? Mr. Verney said he was coming back after the speeches, and Lord Verney, he said, didn't he? I wonder you don't look in at the Town-hall. You could make us laugh by telling all about it by-

and-by — that is if we happen to see you again.

“Of course you should see me again.”

“I meant this evening; to-morrow I’m sure we should,” said she.

“If I went there; but I’m not going. I think that old fellow, Lord Verney, Cleve’s uncle, is an impertinent old muff. Everyone knows he’s a muff, though he is Cleve’s uncle; he gave me just one finger to-day, and looked at me as if I ought to be anywhere but where I was. I have as good a right as *he* to be in Cardyllian, and I venture to say the people like me a great deal better than they like him, or ever will.”

“And so you punish him by refusing your countenance to this — what shall I call it? — gala.”

“Oh! of course! you take the Verney’s part against me; they are swells, and I am a nobody.”

He thought Miss Agnes coloured a little at this remark. The blood grows sensitive and capricious when people are ailing, and a hint is enough to send it to or fro; but she said only —

“I never heard of the feud before. I thought that you and Mr. Verney were very good friends.”

“So we were; so we *are* — Cleve and I. Of course, I was speaking of the old lord. Cleve, of course, no one ever hears anything but praises of Cleve. I suppose I ought to beg your pardon for having talked as I did of old Lord Verney, it’s petty treason, isn’t it, to talk lightly of a Verney in Cardyllian or its neighbourhood?” said Sedley a little sourly.

“I don’t know *that*; but I dare say if you mean to ask leave to fish or shoot, it might be as well not to attack them.”

“Well, I shan’t in your hearing.”

And with this speech came a silence.

“I don’t think, somehow, that Cleve is as frank with me as he used to be. Can you imagine any reason?” said Tom, after an interval.

“I? No, upon my word — unless you are as frank to him about his uncle, as you have been with me.”

“Well, I’m *not*. I never spoke to him about his uncle. But Shrapnell, who tells me all the news of Cardyllian while I’m away” — this was pointedly spoken — “said, I thought, that he had not been down here ever since the Malory people left, and I find that he was here for a week — at least at Ware — last autumn, for a fortnight; and he never told me, though he knew for I said so to him, that I thought he had stayed away: and I think that was very odd.”

“He may have thought that he was not bound to account to you for his time and movements,” said Miss Agnes.

“Well, he *was* here; Mrs. Jones was good enough to tell me so, though other people make a secret of it; *you* saw him here, I dare say.”

“Yes, he *was* here for a few days. I think in October, or the end of September.”

“Oh! thank you. But, as I said, I had heard that already from Mrs. Jones, who is a most inconvenient gossip upon nearly all subjects.”

“I rather like Mrs. Jones; you mean the ‘draper,’ as we call her? and if Mr. Verney is not as communicative as you would have him, I really can’t help it; I can only assure you for your comfort that the mysterious tenants of Malory had disappeared long before that visit.”

“I know perfectly when they went away,” said Sedley dryly.

Miss Agnes nodded with a scarcely perceptible smile.

“And I know — that is, I found out afterwards — that he admired her, I mean the young lady — Margaret, they called her — awfully. He never let me know it himself, though. I hate fellows being so close and dark about everything, and I’ve found out other things; and, in short, if people don’t like to tell me their — *secrets* I won’t call them, for every one in Cardyllian knows all about them — I’m hanged if I ask them. All I know is, that Cleve is going to live a good deal at Ware, which means at Cardyllian, which will be a charming thing, a positive blessing, won’t it? for the inhabitants and neighbours, and that I shall trouble them very little henceforward with my presence. There’s Charity beckoning to me; would you mind my going to see what she wants?”

So dismissed, away he ran like a “fielder” after a “by,” as he had often run over the same ground before.

“Thomas Sedley, I want you to tell Lyster, the apothecary, to send a small bottle of *sal volatile* to Miss Christian immediately. I’d go myself — it’s only round the corner — but I’m afraid of the crowd. If he can give it to you now, perhaps you’d bring it, and I’ll wait here.”

When he brought back the phial, and Miss Charity had given it with a message at Miss Christian’s trellised door, she took Tom’s arm, and said —

“She has not been looking well.”

“You mean Agnes,” conjectured he.

“Yes, of course. She’s not herself. She does not tell me, but I *know* the cause, and,

as an old friend of ours, and a friend, beside, of Mr. Cleve Verney, I must tell you that I think he is using her *disgracefully*."

"Really?"

"Yes, most *flagitiously*."

"How do you mean? Shrapnell wrote me word that he was very attentive, and used to join her in her walks, and afterwards he said that he had been mistaken, and discovered that he was awfully in love with the young lady at Malory."

"Don't believe a word of it. I wonder at Captain Shrapnell circulating such *insanity*. He must *know* how it really was, and is. I look upon it as *perfectly wicked*, the way that Captain Shrapnell talks. You're not to mention it, of course, to any one. It would be *scandalous* of you, Thomas Sedley, to think of breathing a word to mortal—mind that; but I'm certain you wouldn't."

"What a beast Cleve Verney has turned out!" exclaimed Tom Sedley. "Do you think she still cares for him?"

"Why, of course she does. If he had been paying his addresses to me, and that I had grown by his perseverance and *devotion* to like him, do you think, Thomas Sedley, that although I might give him up in consequence of his misconduct, that I could ever cease to feel the same kind of feeling about him?" And as she put this incongruous case, she held Tom Sedley's arm firmly, showing her bony wrist above her glove: and with her gaunt brown face and saucer eyes turned full upon him, rather fiercely, Tom felt an inward convulsion at the picture of Cleve's adorations at this shrine, and the melting of the nymph, which by a miracle he repressed.

"But you may have more constancy than Agnes," he suggested.

"Don't talk like a *fool*, Thomas Sedley. *Every nice girl* is the same."

"May I talk to Cleve about it?"

"On no account. No *nice* girl could marry him now, and an apology would be simply *ridiculous*. I have not spoken to him on the subject, and though I had intended cutting him, my friend Mrs. Splayfoot was so clear that I should meet him just as usual, that I do control the *expression* of my feelings, and endeavour to talk to him indifferently, though I should like *uncommonly* to tell him how *odious* I shall always think him."

"Yes, I remember," said Tom, who had been pondering. "Cleve *did* tell me, that time—it's more than a year ago now—it was a year in autumn—that he admired

Agnes, and used to walk with you on the Green every day; he *did* certainly. I must do him that justice. But suppose Agnes did not show that she liked him, he might not have seen any harm."

"That's the way you men always take one another's parts. I must say, I think it is *odious*," exclaimed Charity, with a flush in her thin cheeks, and a terrible emphasis.

"But, I say, *did* she let him see that she liked him?"

"No, of course she didn't. No *nice* girl would. But of course he *saw* it," argued Charity.

"Oh! then she *showed* it?"

"No, she did *not* show it; there was *nothing* in any thing she *said* or *did*, that could lead any one, by look or word or act to imagine that she liked him. How can you be so *perverse* and *ridiculous*, Thomas Sedley, to think she'd *show* her liking? Why, even I don't know it. I *never* saw it. She's a *great* deal too *nice*. You don't *know* Agnes. I should not venture to *hint* at it myself. Gracious goodness! What a *fool* you are, Thomas Sedley! Hush."

The concluding caution was administered in consequence of their having got very near the seat where Agnes was sitting.

"Miss Christian is only nervous, poor old thing, and Tom Sedley has been getting *sal volatile* for her, and she'll be quite well in a day or two. Hadn't we better walk a little up and down; it's growing too cold for you to sit any longer, Agnes dear. Come."

And up got obedient Agnes, and the party of three walked up and down the green, conversing upon all sorts of subjects but the one so ably handled by Charity and Tom Sedley in their two or three minutes' private talk.

And now the noble lord and his party, and the mayor, and the corporation, and Mr. Larkin, and Captain Shrapnell, and many other celebrities, were seen slowly emerging from the lane that passes the George Inn, upon the Green, and the peer having said a word or two to the mayor, and also to Lady Wimbledon, and bowed and pointed toward the jetty, the main body proceeded slowly toward that point, while Lord Verney, accompanied by Cleve, walked grandly toward the young ladies who were to be presented.

Tom Sedley, observing this movement, took his leave hastily, and in rather a marked way walked off at right angles with Lord Verney's line of march twirling his cane.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

## VANE ETHERAGE GREETES LORD VERNEY.

So the great Lord Verney, with the flush of his brilliant successes in the town-hall still upon his thin cheeks, and a countenance dry and solemn, to which smiling came not easily, made the acquaintance of the Miss Etherages, and observed that the younger was "sweetly pretty, about it, and her elder sister appeared to him a particularly sensible young woman, and was, he understood, very useful in the charities, and things." And he repeated to them, in his formal way, his hope of seeing them at Ware, and was as gracious as such a man can be, and instead of attorneys and writs, sent grouse and grapes to Hazelden.

And thus this narrow man, who did not easily forgive, expanded and forgave, and the secret of the subsidence of the quarrel, and of the Christian solution of the "difficulty," was simply Mr. Vane Etherage's hundred and thirty votes in the county.

What a blessing to these countries is representative government, with its attendant institution of the canvass! It is the one galvanism which no material can resist. It melts every heart, and makes the coldest, hardest, heaviest metals burst into beautiful flame. Granted that at starting, the geniality, repentance, kindness, are so many arrant hypocrisies; yet who can tell whether these repentances, in white sheets, taper in hand, these offerings of birds and fruits, these smiles and compliments, and "Christian courtesies," may not end in improving the man who is compelled to act like a good fellow and accept his kindly canons, and improve *him* also with whom these better relations are established? As muscle is added to the limb, so strength is added to the particular moral quality we exercise, and kindness is elicited, and men perhaps end by having some of the attributes which they began by affecting. At all events, any recognition of the kindly and peaceable social philosophy of Christianity is, so far as it goes, good.

"What a sensible, nice, hospitable old man Lord Verney is; I think him *the* most sensible and the *niciest* man I ever met," said Miss Charity, in an enthusiasm which was quite genuine; for she was, honestly, no respecter of persons. "And young Mr. Verney certainly looked very handsome, but I don't like him."

"Don't like him! *Why?*" said Agnes, looking up.

"Because I think him perfectly *odious*," replied Miss Charity.

Agnes was inured to Miss Charity's adjectives, and even the fierce flush that accompanied some of them failed to alarm her.

"Well, I rather like him," she said quietly.

"You *can't* like him, Agnes. It is not a matter of opinion at all; it's just simply a matter of *fact* — and you *know* that he is a most *worldly, selfish, cruel*, and, I think, *wicked* young man, and you need not talk about him, for he's *odious*. And here comes Thomas Sedley again."

Agnes smiled a faint and bitter smile.

"And what do you think of *him*?" she asked.

"Thomas Sedley? Of course I like him; we all like him. Don't you?" answered Charity.

"Yes, pretty well — very well. I suppose he has faults, like other people. He's good-humoured, selfish, of course — I fancy they all are. And papa likes him, I think; but really, Charrie, if you want to know, I don't care if I never saw him again."

"Hush!"

"*Well!* You've got rid of the Verneys, and here I am again," said Tom, approaching. "They are going up to Hazelden to see your father."

And so they were — up that pretty walk that passes the mills, and ascends steeply by the precipitous side of the wooded glen, so steep, that in two places you have to mount by rude flights of steps — a most sequestered glen, and utterly silent, except for the sound of the mill-stream tinkling and crooning through the rocks below, unseen through the dense boughs and stems of the wood beneath.

If Lord Verney in his conciliatory condescension was grand, so was Vane Etherage on the occasion of receiving and forgiving him at Hazleden. He had considered and constructed a little speech, with some pomp of language, florid and magnanimous. He had sat in his bath-chair for half-an-hour at the little iron gate of the flower-garden of Hazelden, no inmate of which had ever seen him look, for a continuance, so sublimely important, and indeed solemn, as he had done all that morning.

Vane Etherage had made his arrangements to receive Lord Verney with a dignified deference. He was to be wheeled down the incline about 200 yards, to "the bower," to meet the peer at that point, and two lusty fellows were to push him up by Lord Verney's side to the house, where wine and other comforts awaited him.

John Evans had been placed at the mill

to signal to the people above at Hazelden by a musket-shot the arrival of Lord Verney at that stage of his progress. The flag-staff and rigging on the Green platform at Hazleden were fluttering all over with all the flags that ever were invented, in honour of the gala.

Lord Verney ascended, leaning upon the arm of his nephew, with Mr. Larkin and the Mayor for supporters, Captain Shrapnell, Doctor Lyster, and two or three other distinguished inhabitants of Cardyllian bringing up the rear.

Lord Verney carried his head high, and grew reserved and rather silent as they got on, and as they passed under the solemn shadow of the great trees by the mill, an overloaded musket went off with a sound like a cannon, as Lord Verney afterwards protested, close to the unsuspecting party, and a loud and long whoop from John Evans completed the concerted signal.

The viscount actually jumped, and Cleve felt the shock of his arm against his side.

"D—— you, John Evans, what the *devil* are you *doing*?" exclaimed Captain Shrapnell, who, turning from white to crimson, was the first of the party to recover his voice.

"Yes, sir, thank you — very good," said Evans, touching his hat, and smiling incessantly with the incoherent volubility of Welsh politeness. "A little bit of a squib, sir, if you please, for Captain Squire Etherage — very well, I thank you — to let him know Lord Verney — very much obliged, sir — was at the mill — how do you do sir? — and going up to Hazleden, if you please, sir."

And the speech subsided in a little gratified laugh of delighted politeness.

"You'd better not do that *again*, though," said the captain, with a menacing wag of his head; and, availing himself promptly of the opportunity of improving his relations with Lord Verney, he placed himself by his side, and assured him that though he was an old campaigner, and had smelt powder in all parts of the world, he had never heard such a report from a musket in all his travels and adventures before; and hoped Lord Verney's hearing was not the worse of it. He had known a general officer deafened by a shot, and, by Jove, his own ears were singing with it still, accustomed as he was by Jupiter, to such things!

His lordship, doing his best on the festive occasion, smiled uncomfortably, and said —

"Yes — thanks — ha, ha! I really thought it was a cannon — about it."

And Shrapnell called back, and said —

"Don't you be coming on with that thing, John Evans — do you mind? — Lord Verney's had quite enough of that."

"You'll excuse me, Lord Verney, I thought you'd wish so much said, and Lord Verney bowed graciously.

The answering shot and cheer which were heard from above announced to John Evans that the explosion had been heard at Hazleden, and still smiling and touching his heart, he continued his voluble civilities — "Very good, sir, very much obliged, sir, very well, I thank you; I hope you are very well, sir, very good indeed, sir," and so forth, till they were out of hearing.

The shot indeed, was distinctly heard at the gay flag-staff up at Hazleden, and the Admiral got under weigh, and proceeded down the incline charmingly till they had nearly reached the little platform at the bower, where, like Christian in his progress, he was to make a halt.

But his plans at this point were disturbed. Hardly twenty yards before they reached it, one of his men let go, the drag upon the other suddenly increased, and resulted in a pull, which caused him to trip, and as men tripping while in motion downhill will, he butted forward, charging headlong, and finally tumbling on his face, he gave to the rotatory throne of Mr. Etherage such an impulse as carried him quite past the arbour, and launched him upon the steep descent of the gravel-walk with a speed every moment accelerated.

"Stop her! — ease her! — d—— you, Williams!" roared the Admiral, little knowing how idle were his orders. The bath-chair had taken head, the pace became furious; the running footmen gave up pursuit in despair, and Mr. Vane Etherage was obliged to concentrate his severest attention, as he never did before, on the task of guiding his flying vehicle, a feat which was happily favoured by the fact that the declivity presented no short turns.

The sounds were heard below — a strange ring of wheels, and a powerful voice bawling, "Ease her! stop her!" and some stronger expressions.

"Can't be a carriage, about it, *here!*" exclaimed Lord Verney, halting abruptly, and only restrained from skipping upon the side bank by a sense of dignity.

"Never mind, Lord Verney, don't mind, I'll take care of you, I'm your vanguard," exclaimed Captain Shrapnell, with a dare-devil gaiety, inspired by the certainty that it could not be a carriage, and the conviction that the adventure would prove noth-

ing more than some children and nursery maids playing with a perambulator.

His feelings underwent a revulsion, however, when old Vane Etherage, enveloped in cloaks and shawls, his hat gone, and his long grizzled hair streaming backward, with a wild countenance, and both hands working the directing handle, came swooping into sight, roaring, maniacally, "Ease her! back her!" and yawning frightfully in his descent upon them.

Captain Shrapnell, they say, turned pale at the spectacle, but he felt he must now go through with it, or for ever sacrifice that castle-in-the-air, of which the events of the day had suggested the ground-plan and elevation.

"Good heaven! he'll be killed, about it!" exclaimed Lord Verney, peeping from behind a tree, with unusual energy; but whether he meant Shrapnell, or Etherage, or both, I don't know, and nobody in that moment of sincerity minded much what he meant. I dare say a front-rank man in a square at Waterloo did not feel before the gallop of the Cuirassiers as the gallant Captain did before the charge of the large invalid who was descending upon him. All he meditated was a decent show of resistance, and as he had a stout walking-stick in his hand, something might be done without risking his bones. So, as the old gentleman thundered downward, roaring, "Keep her off—keep her clear," Shrapnell roaring, "I'm your man!" nervously popped the end of his stick under the front wheel of the vehicle, himself skipping to one side, unhappily the wrong one, for the chair at this check spun round, and the next spectacle was, Mr Vane Etherage and Captain Shrapnell, enveloped in cloaks and mufflers, and rolling over and over in one another's arms, like athletes in mortal combat, the Captain's fist being visible, as they rolled round, at Mr. Vane Etherage's back, with his walking-stick still clutched in it.

The chair was lying on its side, the gentlemen were separated, Captain Shrapnell jumped to his feet.

"Well, Lord Verney, I believe I did something there!" said the gallant Captain, with the air of a man who has done his duty, and knows it.

"Done something! you've broke my neck, you lubber!" panted Mr. Vane Etherage, who, his legs not being available, had been placed sitting with some cloaks about him, on the bank.

Shrapnell grinned and winked expressively and confidentially whispered, "Jolly

old fellow he is—no one minds the Admiral; we let him talk."

"Lord Verney," said his lordship, introducing himself with a look and air of polite concern.

"No, my name's Etherage," said the invalid, mistaking—he fancied that Jos. Larkin, who was expounding his views of the accident grandly to Cleve Verney in the background, could not be less than a peer—"I live up there, at Hazelden—devilish near being killed here, by that lubber there. Why I was running at the rate of five-and-twenty knots an hour, if I was making one; and I remember it right well, sir, there's a check down there, just before you come to the millstile, and the wall there; and I'd have run my bows right into it, and not a bit the worse, sir, if that d— fellow had just kept out of the—the—King's course, you know; and egad, I don't know now how it is—I suppose I'm smashed, sir."

"I hope not, sir. I am Lord Verney—about it; and it would pain me extremely to learn that any serious injuries, or— or things— had been sustained, about it."

"I'll tell that in a moment," said Doctor Lyster, who was of the party, briskly.

So after a variety of twists and wrenches and pokes, Vane Etherage was pronounced sound and safe.

"I don't know how the devil I escaped!" exclaimed the invalid.

"By tumbling on me—very simply," replied Captain Shrapnell with a spirited laugh.

"You may set your mind at rest, Shrapnell," said the Doctor walking up to him, with a congratulatory air. "He's all right this time; but you had better not mind giving the old fellow any more rolls of that sort—the pitcher to the well, you know—and the next time might smash him."

"I'm more concerned about smashing myself, thank you. The next time he may roll to the devil—and through whoever he pleases for me—knocked down with that blackguard old chair, and that great bulking fellow on top of me—all for trying to be of use, egad, when every one of you funked it—and not a soul asks about my bones, egad, or my neck either."

"Oh! come, Shrapnell, you're not setting up for an old dog yet. There's a difference between you and Etherage," said the Doctor.

"I hope so," answered the Captain sarcastically; "but civility is civility all the world over; and I can tell you another fellow would make fuss enough about the pain I'm suffering."

It was found, further, that one wheel of the bath-chair was disorganized, and the smith must come from the town to get it to rights, and that Vane Etherage, who could as soon have walked up a rainbow as up the acclivity to Hazelden, must bivouac for a while where he sat.

So there the visit was paid, and the excited gals of that day closed, and the Viscount and his party marched down, with many friends attendant, to the jetty, and embarked in the yacht for Ware.

## CHAPTER XLV.

## REBECCA MERVYN READS HER LETTER.

THE evenings being short, the shops alight, and the good people of Cardyllian in their houses, Tom Sedley found the hour before dinner hang heavily on his hands. So he walked slowly up Castle Street, and saw Mr. Robson, the worthy post-master, standing, with his hands in his pockets, at the open door.

"No letter for me, I dare say?" asked Sedley.

"No, sir — nothing."

"I don't know how to kill the time. I wish my dinner was ready. You dined, like a wise man, at one o'clock, I dare say?"

"We do — we dine early here, sir."

"I know it; a capital plan. I do it myself, whenever I make any stay here."

"And you can eat a bit o' something hearty at tea, then."

"To be sure; that's the good of it. I don't know what to do with myself. I'll take a walk round by Malory. Can I leave the Malory letters for you?"

"You're only joking, sir."

"I was not, upon my honour. I'd be glad to bolt your shutters, or to twig your steps — any thing to do. I literally don't know what to do with myself."

"There's no family at Malory, you know now, sir."

"Oh! I did not know. I knew the other family had gone. No letters to be delivered then?"

"Well, sir, there is — but you're only joking."

"What is it?"

"A letter to Mrs. Rebecca Mervyn — but I would not think of troubling a gentleman with it."

"Old Rebecca; why, I made her acquaintance among the shingles and cocks  
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on the sea-shore last year — a charming old sea-nymph, or whatever you call it."

"We all have a great respect for Mrs. Mervyn, down here, in Cardyllian. The family has a great opinion of her, and they think a great deal of her, like us," said Mr. Robson, who did not care to hear any mysterious names applied to her without a protest.

"Well — so I say — so have I. I'll give her the letter, and take a receipt," said Sedley, extending his hand.

"There really is a receipt, sir, wanting," said the official amused. "It came this morning — and if you'll come in — if it isn't too much trouble — I'll show it to you please, sir."

In he stepped to the post-office, where Mr. Robson showed him a letter which he had that afternoon received. It said —

"SIR, — I enclose five shillings, represented by postage-stamps, which will enable you to pay a messenger on whom you can depend, to deliver a letter which I place along with this in the post-office, into the hand of Mrs. Mervyn, Steward's-House, Malory, Cardyllian, to whom it is addressed, and which is marked with the letter D at the left hand corner.

"I am, sir,

Your obt. servant,

J. DINGWELL."

"The letter is come," said Mr. Robson, taking it out of a pigeon-hole in a drawer, and thumbing it and smiling on it with a gentle curiosity.

"Yes — that's it," said Tom Sedley, also reading the address. "Mrs. Mervyn — what a queer old ghost of a lady she is! — 'Malory,' that's the ground — and the letter D in the corner. Well, I'm quite serious. I'll take the letter with pleasure, and see the old woman, and put it into her hand. I'm not joking, and I shall be back again in an hour, I dare say, and I'll tell you what she says, and how she looks — that is, assuming it is a love-letter."

"Well, sir, as you wish it; and it's very kind of you, and the old lady must sign a receipt, for the letter's registered — but it's too much trouble for you, sir, isn't it really?"

"Nonsense; give me the letter. If you won't, I can't help it."

"And this receipt should be signed."

"And the receipt also."

So away went our friend, duly furnished, and marched over the hill we know so well, that overhangs the sea, and down by the narrow old road to Malory, thinking of many things.

The phantom of the beautiful lady of Mrs.



lory was very much faded now. Even as he looked down on the old house and woodlands, the romance came not again. It was just a remembered folly, like others, and excited or pained him little more. But a new trouble vexed him. How many of our blessings do we take for granted, enjoy thanklessly, like our sight, our hearing, our health, and only appreciate when they are either withdrawn or in danger!

Captain Shrapnell had written among his gossip some jocular tattle about Cleve's devotion to Miss Agnes Etherage, which had moved him oddly and uncomfortably; but the next letter disclosed the mystery of Cleve's clandestine visits to Malory, and turned his thoughts into a new channel.

But here was all revived, and worse. Charity, watching with a woman's eyes, and her opportunities, had made to him a confidence about which there could be no mistake; and then Agnes was so changed — not a bit glad to see him! And did not she look pretty? Was there not a slight look of pride — a reserve — that was new — a little sadness — along with the heightened beauty of her face and figure? How on earth had he been so stupid as not to perceive how beautiful she was all this time? Cleve had more sense. By Jove, she was the prettiest girl in England, and that selfish fellow had laid himself out to make her fond of him, and, having succeeded, jilted her. And now she would not care for any one but him.

There was a time, he thought, when he, Tom Sedley, might have made her like him. What a fool he was! And that was past — unimproved — irrevocable — and now she never could. Girls may affect those second likings, he thought, but they never really care after the first. It is pride, or pique, or friendship, or convenience — anything but love.

Love! And what had he to do with love? Who would marry him on four hundred a year, and no expectations? And now he was going to tease himself because he had not stepped in before Cleve Verney, and secured the affections of little Agnes. What a fool he was! What business had he dreaming such dreams? He had got on very well without falling in love with Agnes. Why should he begin now? If he found that folly gaining upon him, he would leave Cardyllian without staying his accustomed week, and never return till the feeling had died as completely as last year's roses.

Down the hill he marched in his new romance, as he had done more than a year

ago, over the same ground, in his old one, when in the moonlight, on the shingle, he had met the same old lady of whom he was now in quest.

The old trees of Malory rose up before him, dark and silent, higher and higher as he approached. It was a black night — no moon; even the stars obscured by black lines of cloud as he pushed open the gate, and entered the deeper darkness of the curving carriage-road that leads up through the trees.

It was six o'clock now, and awfully dark. When he reached the open space before the hall-door, he looked up at the dim front of the house, but no light glimmered there. The deep-mouthed dog in the stable-yard was yelling his challenge, and he further startled the solitary woods by repeated double-knocks that boomed through the empty hall and chambers of the deserted house.

Despairing of an entrance at last, and not knowing which way to turn, he took the way by chance which led him to the front of the Steward's-house, from the diamond casement of which a light was shining. The door lay open; only the latch was closed, such being the primitive security that prevails in that region of poverty and quietude.

With his stick he knocked a little tattoo, and a candle was held over the clumsy banister, and the little servant girl inquired in her clear Welsh accent what he wanted.

So, preliminaries over, he mounted to that chamber in which Mr. Levi had been admitted to a conference among the delft and porcelain, stags, birds, officers, and huntsmen, who, in gay tints and old-fashioned style, occupied every coigne of vantage, and especially that central dresser, which mounted nearly to the beams of the ceiling.

The room is not large, the recesses are deep, the timber-work is of clumsy oak, and the decorations of old-world teapots, jugs, and beasts of the field, and cocked-hatted gentlemen in gorgeous colouring and gilding, so very gay and splendid, reflecting the candle-light, and the wavering glare of the fire from a thousand curves and angles, and the old shining furniture, and carved oak clock; the room itself, and all its properties so perfectly neat and tidy, not one grain of dust or single cobweb to be seen in any nook or crevice, that Tom Sedley was delighted with the scene.

What a delightful retreat, he thought, from the comfortless affectations of the world. Here was the ideal of snugness,

and of brightness and warmth. It amounted to a kind of beauty that absolutely fascinated him. He looked kindly on the old lady, who had laid down her knitting, and looked at him through a pair of round spectacles, and thought that he would like to adopt her for his housekeeper, and live a solitary life of lonely rabbit-shooting in Penruthyn Park, trout-fishing in the stream, and cruising in an imaginary yacht on the estuary and the contiguous seaboard.

This little plan, or rather vision, pictured itself to Tom Sedley's morbid and morose imagination as the most endurable form of life to which he could now aspire.

The old lady, meanwhile, was looking at him with an expression of wonder and anxiety, and he said —

"I hope, Mrs. Mervyn, I have not disturbed you much. It is not quite so late as it looks, and as the post-master, Mr. Robson, could not find a messenger, and I was going this way, I undertook to call and give you the letter, having once had the pleasure of making your acquaintance, although you do not, I'm afraid, recollect me."

"I knew it, the moment his face entered the room. It was the same face," she repeated, as if she had seen a picture, not a face.

"Just under the walls of Malory; you were anxious to learn whether a sail was in sight, in the direction of Pendyllion," said he, suggesting.

"No, there was none; it was not there. People — other people — would have tired of watching long ago; my old eyes never dazzled, sir. And *he* came, so like, he came. I thought it was a spirit from the sea; and here he is. There's something in your voice, sir, and your face. It is wonderful; but not a Verney — no, you told me so. They are cruel men — one way or other they were all cruel, but some more than others — my God! much more. There's something in the eyes — the setting, the light — it can't be mistaken; something in the curve of the chin, very pretty — but you're no Verney, you told me — and see how he comes here a second time, smiling — and yet when he goes, it is like waking from a dream where they were, as they all used to look, long ago; and there's a pain at my heart for weeks after. It never can be again, sir; I'm growing old. If it ever comes, it will find me so changed — or dead, I sometimes begin to think, and try to make up my mind. There's a good world, you know where we'll all meet and be happy, no more parting or dying, sir. Yet I'd like to see him even once, here, just as he was, a

beautiful mortal; and sometimes, sir, I despair; though I know, I know I *ought not* — God is so good; and while there's life there is hope."

"Certainly, hope, there's always hope; everyone has something to vex them. I have, I know Mrs. Mervyn; and I was just thinking what a charming drawing-room this is, and how delightful it must be, the quiet and comfort, and glow of such a room. There is no drawing-room on earth I should like so well," said good-natured Tom Sedley, whose sympathies were easy, and who liked saying a pleasant thing when he could.

"And this is the letter, and here is a printed receipt, which, when you have been so kind as to sign it, I've promised to give to my friend, Mr. Robson of the post-office."

"Thank you, sir; this is registered, they call it. I had one a long time ago, with the same kind of green ribbon round it. Won't you sit down while I sign this?"

"Many thanks," said Sedley, sitting down gravely at the table, and looking so thoughtful, and somehow so much at home, that you might have fancied his dream of living in the Steward's-house had long been accomplished.

"I'd rather not get a letter, sir; I don't know the handwriting of this address, and a letter can but bring me sorrow. There is but one welcome chance which could befall me, and that I hope *may* come yet, just a *hope*, sir. Sometimes it brightens up; but it has been low all to-day."

"Sorry you have been out of spirits, Mrs. Mervyn, I know what it is; I've been so myself, and I *am* so, rather," just now, said Tom, who was, in this homely seclusion, tending towards confidence.

"There are now but two handwritings that I should know; one is his, the other Lady Verney's; all the rest are dead; and this is neither."

"Well, Mrs. Mervyn, if it does not come from either of the persons you care for, it yet may tell you news of them," remarked Tom Sedley sagely.

"Hardly, sir. I hear every three months from Lady Verney. I heard on Tuesday last. Thank God she's well. No, it's nothing concerning her, and I think it may be something bad. I am afraid of this letter."

"I know the feeling, Mrs. Mervyn; I've had it myself when duns were troublesome. But you have nothing of the kind in this happy retreat; which I really do envy you from my heart."

"Envy nothing. Happy retreat! Little you know, sir. I have been for weeks and

months at a time half wild with anguish, dreaming of the sea. How can he know?"

"Very true, I can't know; I only speak of it as it strikes me at the moment. I fancy I should so like to live here, like a hermit, quite out of the persecutions of luck and the nonsense of the world."

"You are wonderfully like at times, sir — it is beautiful, it is frightful — when I moved the candle then" —

"I'll sit any way you like best, Mrs. Mervyn with pleasure, and you can move the candle, and try if it can amuse — no, I mean interest you."

If some of his town friends could have peeped in through a keyhole, and seen Tom Sedley and old Rebecca Mervyn seated at opposite sides of the table, in this very queer old room, so like Darby and Joan, it would have made matter for a comical story.

"Like a flash it comes!"

Tom Sedley looked at the wild, large eyes that were watching him — the round spectacles now removed — across the table, and could not help smiling.

"Yes, the *smile* — it is the smile! You told me, sir, your name was Sedley, not Verney."

"My name is Thomas Sedley. My father was Captain Sedley, and served through a part of the Peninsular campaign. He was not twenty at the battle of Vittoria, and he was at Waterloo. My mother died a few months after I was born."

"Was *she* a Verney?"

"No! she was distantly connected; but her name was Melville," said he.

"Connected. That accounts for it, perhaps."

"Very likely."

"And your father — dead?" she said sadly.

"Yes; twenty years ago."

"Was he related, sir, to the Verneys?"

"No, they were friends. He managed two of the estates after he left the army, and very well, I'm told."

"Sedley — Thomas Sedley — I remember the name. We did not know the name of Sedley — except on one occasion — I was sent for, but it came to nothing. But I lived so much in the dark about things," and she sighed.

"I forgot, Mrs. Mervyn, how late it is growing, and how much too long I have stayed here admiring your pretty room, and I fear interrupting you," said Tom, suddenly remembering his dinner, and standing up — "If you kindly give me the receipt, I'll leave it on my way back."

Mrs. Mervyn had clipped the silken cord,

and was now reading the letter, and he might as well have addressed his little speech to the china shepherdess, with the straw disk and ribbons on her head, in the bodice and short petticoat of flowered brocade, leaning against a tree, with a lamb with its hind leg and tail broken off, looking affectionately in her face.

"I can't make it out, sir; your eyes are young — perhaps you would read it to me — it is not very long."

"Certainly with pleasure" — and Tom Sedley sat down, and, spreading the letter on the table, under the candles, read as follows to the old lady opposite: —

"PRIVATE.

"MADAM, — As an old and intimate friend of your reputed husband, I take leave to inform you that he placed a sum of money in my hands for the use of your son and his, if he be still living. Should he be so, will you be so good as to let me know where it will reach him. A Line to Jos. Larkin, esq., at the Verney Arms, Cardyllian, or a verbal message, if you desire to see him, will suffice. Mr. Larkin is the solvent and religious attorney of the present Lord Verney, and you have my consent to advise with him on the subject.

"I have the honour to be,

Madam,

Your obedient servant.

J. DINGWELL."

"P.S. — You are aware, I suppose, madam that I am the witness who proved the death of the late Hon. Arthur Verney, who died of a low fever in Constantinople, in July twelve months."

"Died! My God! Died! did you say died?"

"Yes. I thought you knew. It was proved a year ago nearly. The elder brother of the present Lord Verney."

There followed a silence while you might count ten, and then came a long, wild, and bitter cry.

The little girl started up, with white lips, and said "Lord bless us!" The sparrows in the ivy about the windows fluttered, even Tom Sedley was chilled and pierced by that desolate scream.

"I'm very sorry, really, I'm awfully sorry," Tom exclaimed, finding himself, he knew not how, again on his feet, and gazing at the white, imploring face of the trembling old woman "I really did not

know — I had not an idea you felt such an interest in any of the family. If I had known, I should have been more careful, I'm shocked at what I've done."

"Oh! Arthur — oh! Arthur. He's gone — after all — after all — my darling will never come again — I waiting my whole life away, watching and hoping for you, my darling," she sobbed wildly. "If we could have only met for a minute, just that I might tell you — but, oh! you can't hear, you'll never know." She was drawing back the window-curtain, looking towards the dark Pendyllion and the starless sea — "He was beautiful, my darling, away by Pendyllion. I watched his sail till it was out of sight — watching in the window, till it was quite out of sight — crying alone, till it grew dark. He thought he'd come again — he went smiling — and my heart misgave me. I said that day, crying, alone he'll never come again. I'm never to see my beautiful Arthur any more — never — never — never. Oh, darling, darling, so far away! if I could even see his grave."

"I'm awfully sorry, ma'am; I wish I could be of any use," said honest Tom Sedley, speaking very low and kindly, standing beside her, with, I think, tears in his eyes.

"I wish so much, ma'am, you could employ me in any way. I'd be so glad to be of any use, about your son, or to see that Mr. Larkin. I don't like his face, ma'am, and would not advise your trusting him too much."

"The little child's dead, sir. It was a beautiful little thing; when it was ten weeks and two days old it died, the darling, and I have no one now."

"I'll come to you, and see you in the morning," said Tom.

"And he walked home in the dark, and stopped on the summit of the hill, looking down upon the twinkling lights of the town, and back again toward solemn Malory, thinking of what he had seen, and what an odd world it was.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

## BY RAIL TO LONDON.

ABOUT an hour later, Tom Sedley, in solitude, meditated thus —

"I wonder whether the Etherages" — (meaning pretty Miss Agnes) — "would think it a bore if I went up to see them. It's too late for tea. I'm afraid they mightn't like it. No one, of course, like Cleve now. They'd find me very dull, I dare say. I

don't care, I'll walk up, and if I see the lights in the drawing-room windows, I'll try."

He did walk up; he did see the lights in the drawing-room windows; and he did try, with the result of finding himself upon the drawing-room carpet a minute after, standing at the side of Agnes, and chatting to Miss Charity.

"How is your father?" asked Tom, seeing the study untenanted.

"Not at all well, I think; he had an accident to-day. Didn't you hear?"

"Accident! No, I didn't."

"Oh! yes. Somehow, when Lord Verney and the other people were coming up here to-day, he was going to meet them, and among them they overturned his bath-chair, and I don't know really who's to blame. Captain Shrapnell says he saved his life; but, however it happened, he was upset and very much shaken. I see you laughing, Thomas Sedley! What on earth can you see in it to laugh at? It's so exactly like Agnes — she laughed! you did, indeed, Agnes, and if I had not seen it, with my own eyes, I could not have believed it!"

"I knew papa was not hurt, and I could not help laughing if you put me to death for it, and they say he drove over Lord Verney's foot."

"That would not break my heart," said Sedley. "Did you hear the particulars from Cleve?"

"No, I did not see Mr. Verney to speak to, since the accident," said Miss Charity.

"By-the-by, who was the tall, good-looking girl, in the seal-skin coat, he was talking to all the way to the jetty? I think she was Lady Wimbledon's daughter."

"So she was. Has she rather large blue eyes?"

"Yes."

"Oh! it must be she; that's Miss Caroline Oldys. She's such a joke; she's older than Cleve."

"Oh! that's impossible; she's decidedly younger than Mr. Cleve Verney, and I think extremely pretty."

"Well, perhaps she is younger, and I do believe she's pretty; but she's a fool, and she has been awfully in love with him for I don't know how many years — every one was laughing at it two or three seasons ago; she is such a muff!"

"What do you mean by a muff?" demanded Charity.

"Well, a goose, then. Lord Verney's her guardian or trustee, or something; and they say that he and Lady Wimbledon had

agreed to promote the affair. Just like them. She is such a scheming old woman; and Lord Verney is such a — I was going to say, such a *muff*, — but he is such a *spoon*. Cleve's wide awake, though, and I don't think he'll do *that* for them."

I believe there may have been, at one time, some little foundation in fact for the theory which supposed the higher powers favourable to such a consummation. But time tests the value of such schemes, and it would seem that Lady Wimbledon had come to the conclusion that the speculation was a barren one: for this night in her dressing-gown, with her wig off, and a silken swathing about her bald head, she paid a very exciting visit to her daughter's room, and blew her up in her own awful way, looking like an angry Turk. "She wondered how any person with Caroline's *experience* could be such an *idiot* as to let that young man go on making a fool of her. He had no other idea but the one of making a *fool* of her before the world. She, Lady Wimbledon, would have no more of any such insensate folly — her prospects should not be ruined, if she could prevent it and prevent it she *could* and *would* — there should be an end of that odious nonsense; and if she chose to make herself the laughing-stock of the world, she, Lady Wimbledon, would do her duty and take her down to Slominton, where they would be quiet enough at all events; and Cleve Verney, she ventured to say, with a laugh, would not follow her."

The young lady was in tears, and blubbered in her romantic indignation till her eyes and nose were inflamed, and her mamma requested her to look in the glass, and see what a figure she had made of herself, and made her bathe her face for an hour, before she went to bed.

There was no other young lady at Ware, and Cleve smiled in his own face, in his looking-glass, as he dressed for dinner.

"My uncle will lose no time — I did not intend this; but I see very well what he means, and he'll be disappointed and grow suspicious, if I draw back; and she has really nothing to recommend her, poor Caroline, and he'll find that out time enough, and meanwhile I shall get over some months quietly."

There was no great difficulty in seeing, indeed, that the noble host distinguished Lady Wimbledon and her daughter. And Lord Verney, leaning on Cleve's arm, asked him lightly what he thought of Miss Caroline Oldys; and Cleve, who had the gift of presence of mind, rather praised the young lady.

"My uncle would prefer Ethel, when he sees a hope in that direction, I shan't hear much more of Caroline, and so on — and we shall be growing older — and the chapter of accidents — and all that."

For a day or two Lord Verney was very encouraging, and quite took an interest in the young lady, and showed her the house and the place, and unfolded all the plans which were about to grow into realities, and got Cleve to pull her across the lake, and walked round to meet them, and amused the young man by contriving that little opportunity. But Lady Wimbledon revealed something to Lord Verney, that evening, over their game of *ecarté*, which affected his views.

Cleve was talking to the young lady, but he saw Lord Verney look once or twice, in the midst of a very serious conversation with Lady Wimbledon, at Caroline Oldys and himself, and now without smiling.

It was Lady Wimbledon's deal, but she did not deal, and her opponent seemed also to have forgotten the cards, and their heads inclined one toward the other as the talk proceeded.

It was about the hour when ladies light their bedroom candles, and ascend. And Lady Wimbledon and Caroline Oldys had vanished in a few minutes more, and Cleve thought, "She has told him something that has given him a new idea." His uncle was rather silent and dry for the rest of that evening, but next morning seemed pretty much as usual, only Lord Verney took an opportunity of saying to him —

"I have been considering, and I have heard things, and, with reference to the subject of my conversation with you in town, I think you ought to direct your thoughts to *Ethel*, about it — you ought to have money — don't you see? It's very important — money — very well to be *le fils de ses œuvres*, and that kind of thing; but a little money does no harm; on the contrary it is very desirable. Other people keep that point in view; I don't see why we should not. I ask myself this question: — How is it that people get on in the world? And I answer — in great measure by amassing money; and, arguing from *that*, I think it desirable you should have some money to begin with, and I've endeavoured to put it logically, about it, that you may see the drift of what I say." And he made an excuse and sent Cleve up to town next day before him.

I have been led into an episode by Miss Charity's question about Miss Caroline Oldys; and, returning to Hazelden, I find

Tom Sedley taking his leave of the young ladies for the night, and setting out for the Verney Arms with a cigar between his lips.

Next morning he walked down to Malory again, and saw old Rebecca, who seemed, in her odd way, comforted on seeing him, but spoke little — almost nothing, and he charged her to tell neither Dingwell, of whom he had heard nothing but evil, nor Jos. Larkin, of whom he had intuitively a profound suspicion, — any thing about her own history, or the fate of her child, but to observe the most cautious reserve in any communications they might seek to open with her. And having delivered this injunction in a great variety of language, he took his leave and got home very early to his breakfast, and ran up to London, oddly enough, in the same carriage with Cleve Verney.

Tom Sedley was angry with Cleve, I am afraid not upon any very high principle. If Cleve had trifled with the affections of Miss Caroline Oldys, I fear he would have borne the spectacle of her woes with considerable patience. But, if the truth must be told, honest Tom Sedley was leaving Cardyllian in a pet. Anger, grief, jealousy, were seething in his good-natured heart. Agnes Etherage — his little Agnes — she had belonged to him as long as he could remember; she was gone, and he never knew how much he liked her until he had lost her.

*Gone!* No; in his wanton cruelty this handsome outlaw had slain his pet deer — had shot his sweet bird dead, and there she lay in the sylvan solitude she had so beautified — dead; and the — heartless archer — went on his way smiling, having darkened the world for harmless Tom Sedley. Could he like him ever again?

Well, the world brooks no heroics now; there are reserves. Men cultivate a thick skin — nature's buff-coat — in which, with little pain and small loss of blood, the modern man-at-arms rides cheerily through life's battle. When point or edge happen to go a little through, as I have said, there are reserves. There is no good in roaring, grinning, or cursing. The scatheless only laugh at you; therefore wipe away the blood quietly, and seem all you can like the rest. Better not to let them see even *that*. Is there not sometimes more of curiosity than of sympathy in the scrutiny? Don't you even see at times, just the suspicion of a smile on your friend's face, as he prescribes wet brown paper or basilicon on a cobweb, according to his skill?

So Tom and Cleve talked a little, — an acquaintance would have said, just as usual, — and exchanged newspapers, and even laughed a little now and then; but when at Shillingsworth the last interloper got out, and Tom and Cleve were left to themselves, the ruling idea asserted itself, and Sedley looked luridly out of the window, and grew silent for a time, and pretended not to hear Cleve when he asked him whether he had seen the report of Lord Verney's visit to Cardyllian, as displayed in the county paper of that day, which served to amuse him extremely.

"I don't think," said Tom Sedley at last, abruptly, "that nice, pretty little creature, Agnes Etherage — the nicest little thing, by Jove, I think I ever saw — I say she is not looking well."

"Is not she really?" said Cleve, very coolly, cutting open a leaf in his magazine.

"Didn't you observe?" exclaimed Tom rather fiercely.

"Well, no, I can't say I did; but you know them so much better than I," answered Cleve; "it can't be very much; I dare say she's well by this time."

"How can you speak that way, Verney, knowing all you do?"

"Why, *what* do I know?" exclaimed Cleve, looking up in unaffected wonder.

"You know all about it; *why* she's out of spirit's, *why* she's looking so delicate, *why* she's not like herself," said Tom impatiently.

"Upon my soul I do *not*," said Cleve Verney, with animation.

"That's odd, considering you've half broken her heart," urged Tom.

"I broken her heart?" repeated Cleve. "Now, really, Sedley, do pray think what you're saying!"

"I say I think you've broken her heart, and her sister thinks so too; and it's an awful shame," insisted Tom very grimly.

"I really do think the people want to set me mad," said Cleve testily. "If any one says that I have ever done any thing that could have made any of that family, who are in their senses, fancy that I was in love with Miss Agnes Etherage, and that I wished her to suppose so, it is simply an *untruth*. I never did, and I don't intend; and I can't see, for the life of me, Tom Sedley, what business it is of yours. But thus much I do say, upon my honour, it is a lie. Miss Charity Etherage, an old maid with no more sense than a snipe, living in that barbarous desert, where if a man appears at all, during eight months out of the twelve, he's a prodigy, and if he walks up the street with a Cardyllian lady, he's

pronounced to be over head and ears in love, and of course meditating marriage — I say she's not the most reliable critic in the world in an affair of that sort, and all I say is that I've given no grounds for any such idea, and I mean it, upon my honour as a gentleman; and I've seldom been so astonished in my life before."

There was an air of frank and indignant repudiation in Cleve's manner and countenance, which, more even than his words, convinced Tom Sedley, who certainly was aware how little the Cardyllian people knew of the world, and what an eminently simple maiden in all such matters the homely Miss Charity was. So Tom extended his hand and said —

"Well, Cleve, I'm so glad, and I beg your pardon, and I know you say truth, and pray shake hands; but though you are not to blame — I'm now quite sure you're not — the poor girl is very unhappy, and her sister very angry."

"I can't help *that*. How on earth can I help it? I'm very sorry, though I'm not sure that I ought to care a farthing about other people's nonsense, and huffs, and romances. I could tell you things about myself, lots of things you'd hardly believe — *real, dreadful* annoyances. I tell you, Tom, I hate the life I'm leading. You only see the upper surface, and hardly that. I'm worried to death, and only that I owe so much money, and can't get away, I can tell you — I don't care two pins whether you believe it or not — I should have been feeding sheep in Australia a year ago."

"Better where you are, Cleve."

"How the devil do you know? Don't be offended with me, Tom, only make allowances, and if I sometimes talk a bit like a Bedlamite, don't repeat my ravings; that's all. Look at that windmill; isn't it pretty?"

#### CHAPTER XLVII.

##### LADY DORMINSTER'S BALL.

CLEVE VERNEY was in harness again — attending the House with remarkable punctuality; for the eye of the noble peer his uncle was upon him. He had the division lists regularly on his table, and if Cleve's name was missing from any one of even moderate importance, his uncle took leave to ask an explanation. Cleve had also reasons of his own for working diligently at the drudgery of public life. His march was not upon solid ground, but over a quak-

ing bog, every undulation and waver of which was answered by a qualm at his heart.

Still it was only some nice management of time and persons; it was a mere matter of presence of mind, of vigilance, of resource, to which he felt — at least hoped — he might be found equal, and all must end well. Was not his uncle sixty-six his last birth-day? People might flatter and say he looked nothing like it; but the red book so pronounced, and there is no gainsaying that sublime record. After all, his uncle was not an everlasting danger. Time and the hour will end the longest day; and then must come the title and estates, and a quiet heart at last.

When the House did not interfere, Cleve was of course seen at all the proper places.

On the night of which I am now speaking there was among others Lady Dorminster's ball, and a brilliant muster of distinguished persons.

On that crowded floor in those celebrated saloons, in an atmosphere of light and music, in which moved so much of what is famous, distinguished, splendid, is seen the figure of Cleve Verney. Every one knew that slight and graceful figure, and the oval face, delicate features and large, dark, dreamy eyes, that never failed to impress you with the same ambiguous feeling. It was Moorish, it was handsome; but there was a shadow there — something secret and selfish, and smilingly, silently insolent.

This session he had come out a little, and made two speeches of real promise. The ministers had complimented his uncle upon them, and had also complimented him. The muse was there; something original and above routine — genius perhaps — and that passion for distinction which breaks a poor man's heart, and floats the rich to greatness.

A man of Cleve's years, with his position, with his promise, with London life and Paris life all learned by rote, courted and pursued, wary, contemptuous, sensual, clever, ambitious — is not young. The whole chaperon world, with its wiles, was an open book for him. For him, like the man in the German legend, the earth under which they mined and burrowed had grown to his eyes transparent, and he saw the gnomes at work. For him young ladies' smiles were not light and magic — only marsh fires and tricks. To him old and young came up and simpered or fawned; but they dimpled or ogled or grinned, all in the Palace of Truth. Truth is power, but not always pretty. For common men the surface is

best; all beyond that is knowledge — an acquisition of sorrow.

Therefore, notwithstanding his years, the clear olive oval of his handsome face, the setting — void of line or colour — of those deep dark eyes, so enthusiastic, yet so cold, the rich wave of his dark hair, and the smooth transparency of temples and forehead, and all the tints and signs of beautiful youth, Cleve Verney was well stricken in years of knowledge; and of that sad gift he would not have surrendered an iota in exchange for the charms and illusions of innocence, so much for the most part do men prefer power to happiness.

"How d'ye do, Miss Oldys?" said this brilliant young man of actualities and expectations.

"Oh, Mr. Verney, you here!"

This pretty Caroline Oldys was just five-and-twenty, and in her sixth London season. Old, like him, in the world's dismal psychology, betrayed into a transient surprise, smiling in genuine gladness, almost forgetting herself, and looking quite country-girlish in the momentary effusion. It is not safe affecting an emotion with men like Cleve, especially when it does not flatter them. He did not care a farthing whether she was surprised or not, or glad or sorry. But her very eye and gesture told him that she had marked him as he stood there, and had chosen the very seat on which her partner had placed her of malice aforethought. Fine acting does it need to succeed with a critic like Cleve.

"Yes, I here — and where's the wonder?"

"Why, — who was it? — some one told me only half an hour ago, you were somewhere in France."

"Well, if it was a man, he told a story, and if a lady she made a mistake," said Cleve, coolly but tartly, looking steadily at her. "And the truth is, I wanted a yacht, and I went down to look at her, tried her, liked her, and bought her. Doesn't it sound very like a marriage?"

Ethel laughed.

"That's your theory — we're all for sale, and handed over to the best bidder."

"Pretty valtz," said Cleve, waving his slender hand just the least in the work to the music. "Pretty thing!"

He did not use much ceremony with this young lady — his cousin in some remote way — who, under the able direction of her mother, Lady Wimbledon, had once pursued him in a barefaced way for nearly three years; and who, though as we have seen, her mother had by this time quite de-

spaired, yet liked him with all the romance that remained to her.

"And who are you going to marry, Caroline? There's Sedley — I see him over there. What do you say to Sedley?"

"No, thanks — much obliged — but Sedley, you know, has seen his fate in that mysterious lady in Wales, or somewhere. I once had a letter from him."

"Oh! has he?" He signed to Sedley to come to them.

Looking through the chinks and chasms that now and then opened in the distinguished mob of which he formed a unit, he occasionally saw the stiff figure and small features of his pompous uncle, Lord Verney, who was talking affably to Lady Wimbledon, whom he used to hate. Lord Verney did not wear his agreeable simper. He had that starch and dismal expression, rather, which came with grave subjects, and he was tapping the fingers of his right hand upon the back of his left, in time to the cadence of his periods, which he did when delivering matter particularly well worth hearing. It plainly did not displease Lady Wimbledon, whatever his discourse might be. "I'm to be married to Caroline, I suppose. I wish that old woman was at the bottom of the Red Sea."

Cleve looked straight in the eyes of the Honorable Miss Oldys, and said he, with a smile, "Lady Wimbledon and my uncle are deep in some mystery — is it political? Have you an idea?"

Caroline Oldys had given up blushing very long ago indeed; but there was the confusion, without the tint of a blush in her face, as he said these words.

"I dare say — mamma's a great politician."

"Oh! I know that. By Jove! my uncle's looking this way. I hope he's not coming."

"Would you mind taking me to mamma?"

"No — pray stay for a moment. Here's Sedley."

And the young man, whom we know pretty well, with the bold blue eyes and golden moustaches and good frank handsome face, approached smiling.

"How are you, Sedley?" said Cleve, giving him two fingers. "Caroline Oldys says you've had an adventure. Where was it?"

"The lady in black, you know, in Wales," reminded Miss Oldys.

"Oh! to be sure," said Sedley laughing. "A lady in gray, it was. I saw her twice. But that's more than a year old, and there has been nothing ever since."



"No one could suppose any thing like that of me," said Tom Sedley.

"I beg your pardon; they can suppose anything of anybody," answered Cleve, and, seeing that Tom looked offended, he added, "and the more absurd and impossible, the more likely with some people. I wish you heard the things that have been said of me — enough to make your hair stand on end, by Jove!"

"Oh! I dare say."

They were now turning into the street where Cleve had taken lodgings.

"I could not stand those fellows any longer. My uncle has filled the house with them — varnish and paint and that stifling plaster — so I've put up here for a little time."

"I like these streets. I'm not very far away from you here," said Tom. "And talking of that affair at Caen, you know, he said, by Jove he did, that he saw you there."

"Who said?"

"Tom Blackmore of the Guards."

"Then Tom Blackmore of the Guards lies — that's all. You may tell him I said so. I never saw him — I never spoke to him — I don't know him; and how should he know me? And if he did, I wasn't there; and if I had been, what the devil was it to him? So besides telling lies, he tells *impertinent* lies, and he ought to be kicked."

"Well, of course as you say so, he must have made a mistake; but Caen is as open to you as to him, and there's no harm in the place; and he knows you by appearance."

"He knows everybody by appearance, it seems, and nobody knows him; and, by Jove, he describes more like a bailiff than a Guardsman."

"He's a thorough gentleman in every *idea*. Tom Blackmore is as nice a little fellow as there is in the world," battled Tom Sedley for his friend.

"Well, I wish you'd persuade that faultless gentleman to let me and my concerns alone. I have a reason in this case; and I don't mind if I tell you, I *was* at Caen, and I suppose he *did* see me. But there was no romance in the matter, except the romance of the Stock Exchange and a Jew; and I wish, Tom, you'd just consider *me* as much as you do the old baronet, for my own sake, that is, for I'm pretty well dipt too, and don't want everyone to know when or where I go in quest of my Jews. I *was* not very far from that about four months ago; and if you go about telling everyone, by Jove my uncle will guess what brought me there,

and old fellows don't like *post-obits* on their own lives."

"My dear Cleve, I had not a notion" —

"Well, all you can do for me now, having spread the report, is to say that I *wasn't* there — I'm serious. Here we are."

#### CHAPTER XLVIII.

##### A LARK.

"THERE'S some 'Old Tom,' isn't there? Get it, and glasses and cold water, *here*," said Cleve to his servant, who, patient, polite, sleepy, awaited his master. "You used to like it — and here are cigars;" and he shook out a shower upon his drawing-room table-cover. "And where did you want to go at this time of night?"

"To Wright's to see the end of the great game of billiards — Seller and Culveria, you know; I've two pounds on it."

"Don't care if I go with you, just now. What's this? — When the devil did this come."

Cleve had picked up and at one pale glance read a little note that lay on the table; and then he repeated coolly enough —

"I say, when did this come?"

"Before one, sir, I think," said Shepperd.

"Get me my coat;" and Shepperd disappeared.

"Pestered to *death* about money," he said moodily. "Upon my soul, I think if my uncle *will* make a statesman of me, he ought in conscience to enable me to *live* without selling my vote; see, you have got the things here, and cigars. I sha'n't be five minutes away. If I'm longer, don't wait for me; but finish this first."

Cleve had turned up the collar of his outer coat, and buttoned it across his chin, and pulled a sort of travelling cap down on his brows, and let the silk flaps cover his cheeks, and away he went.

He did not come back in five minutes; nor in ten, twenty, or forty minutes. The "Old Tom" in the bottle had run low; Sedley looked at his watch; he could wait no longer.

When he got out upon the flagway, though not quite tipsy, he felt the agreeable stimulus of the curious "Old Tom" sufficiently to render a little pause expedient for the purpose of calling to mind with clearness the geographical bearings of Wright's billiard-rooms — whither accordingly — eastward, along deserted and echoing streets, with here and there a policeman poking into an area, or sauntering along his two-mile-an-hour duty, march, and now and then

that? People here thought Sir Booth had gone to Italy."

"Well, it was — but you mustn't tell him I told you. There was a Jew fellow down at Malory, with a writ and a lot of fellows to nab him; but the old fellow was off; and the Jew, thinking that Wynne Williams knew where he was, came to his office, and offered him a batfull of money to tell, and he was going to kick him out; and that's the way he found out it was old Sir Booth; and he is awfully afraid of getting into a scrape about it, if the old people heard who the tenant was."

"So he would — the worst scrape he ever was in, with my *uncle*, at all events. And that d—d Larkin would get into the management of every thing, I suppose. I hope, you have not been telling everyone?"

"Not a soul — not a human being."

"There are some of the Cardyllian people that hardly come under that term; and, by Jove! if you breathe it to one of them, it's all over the town, and my uncle will be sure to hear it; and poor Wynne Williams! — you'll be the ruin of him very likely."

"I tell you, except to you, I *swear* to you. I haven't mentioned it to a soul on earth," exclaimed Tom.

"Well, I do think, as a matter of conscience and fairness, you ought to hold your tongue, and keep faith with poor Wynne," said Cleve rudely; "and I think he was a monstrous fool to tell you. You know I'm interested," continued Cleve, perceiving that his vehemence surprised Tom Sedley, "because I have no faith in Larkin — I think him a sneak and a hypocrite, and a rogue — of course that's in confidence, and he's doing all in his power to get a fast hold of my uncle, and to creep into Wynne Williams's place; and a thing like this, with a hard unreasonable fellow like my uncle, would give him such a lift as you can't imagine."

"But I'm not going to tell. Unless *you* tell, or *he*, I don't know who's to tell it — I won't, I know."

"And about Sir Booth — of course he's not in England now — but neither is he in Italy," said Tom.

"It's well he has you to keep his 'log' for him," said Cleve.

"He's in France."

"Oh!"

"Yes, in the north of France, somewhere near Caen," said Tom Sedley.

"I wonder you let him get so near England. It seems rather perilous, doesn't it?"

"So one would think; but *there* he is.

Tom Blackmore, of the Guards, you know him?"

"No, I don't."

"Well he saw old Fanshawe there. He happened to be on leave."

"Old Fanshawe?"

"No, Tom Blackmore. He likes poking into out-of-the-way places."

"I dare say."

"He has such a turn for the picturesque and all that, and draws very nicely."

"The long bow, I dare say,"

"Well, no matter, he was there — Old Fanshawe I mean — Blackmore saw him. He knows his appearance perfectly — used to hunt with his hounds, and that kind of thing, and often talked to him, so he could not be mistaken — and there he was as large as life."

"Well?"

"He did not know Tom a bit, and Tom asked no questions — in fact, he did not care to know where the poor old fellow hides himself — he preferred not — but Madame something or other — I forget her name — gave him a history, about as true as Jack the Giant-Killer, of the eccentric English gentleman, and told him that he had taken a great old house, and had his family there, and a most beautiful young wife, and was as jealous as fifty devils; so you see Margaret must have been there. Of course that was she," said Tom.

"And you said so to your friend Blackmore?" suggested Cleve Verney.

"Yes," said Tom, "there was no harm in *that*. She's not in danger of those d—d writs and things."

"It seems to me you want to have him caught."

"Well, I don't see."

"Why, saying that had just *this* advantage. That prating guardisman was sure to talk of the matter when you gave him that subject, although he would probably never have thought again of having seen old Fanshawe, as you call Sir Booth, in France, if it had not been for that."

"Well, I did not think — I hope not — and I did not know you took any interest in him," said Sedley quite innocently.

"Interest! I — me! Interest, indeed! Why the devil should I take an interest in Sir Booth Fanshawe? Why you seem to forget all the trouble and annoyance he has cost me. Interest, indeed! Quite the contrary. Only, I think, one would not like to get any poor devil into worse trouble than he's in, for no object, or to be supposed to be collecting information about him."

"No one could suppose any thing like that of me," said Tom Sedley.

"I beg your pardon; they can suppose anything of anybody," answered Cleve, and, seeing that Tom looked offended, he added, "and the more absurd and impossible, the more likely with some people. I wish you heard the things that have been said of me — enough to make your hair stand on end, by Jove!"

"Oh! I dare say."

They were now turning into the street where Cleve had taken lodgings.

"I could not stand those fellows any longer. My uncle has filled the house with them — varnish and paint and that stifling plaster — so I've put up here for a little time."

"I like these streets. I'm not very far away from you here," said Tom. "And talking of that affair at Caen, you know, he said, by Jove he did, that he saw you there."

"Who said?"

"Tom Blackmore of the Guards."

"Then Tom Blackmore of the Guards lies — that's all. You may tell him I said so. I never saw him — I never spoke to him — I don't know him; and how should he know me? And if he did, I wasn't there; and if I had been, what the devil was it to him? So besides telling lies, he tells *impertinent* lies, and he ought to be kicked."

"Well, of course as you say so, he must have made a mistake; but Caen is as open to you as to him, and there's no harm in the place; and he knows you by appearance."

"He knows everybody by appearance, it seems, and nobody knows him; and, by Jove, he describes more like a bailiff than a Guardsman."

"He's a thorough gentleman in every *idea*. Tom Blackmore is as nice a little fellow as there is in the world," battled Tom Sedley for his friend.

"Well, I wish you'd persuade that faultless gentleman to let me and my concerns alone. I have a reason in this case; and I don't mind if I tell you, I was at Caen, and I suppose he *did* see me. But there was no romance in the matter, except the romance of the Stock Exchange and a Jew; and I wish, Tom, you'd just consider me as much as you do the old baronet, for my own sake, that is, for I'm pretty well dipt too, and don't want everyone to know when or where I go in quest of my Jews. I was not very far from that about four months ago; and if you go about telling everyone, by Jove my uncle will guess what brought me there,

and old fellows don't like *post-obits* on their own lives."

"My dear Cleve, I had not a notion" —

"Well, all you can do for me now, having spread the report, is to say that I *wasn't* there — I'm serious. Here we are."

#### CHAPTER XLVIII.

##### A LARK.

"THERE'S some 'Old Tom,' isn't there? Get it, and glasses and cold water, *here*," said Cleve to his servant, who, patient, polite, sleepy, awaited his master. "You used to like it — and here are cigars;" and he shook out a shower upon his drawing-room table-cover. "And where did you want to go at this time of night?"

"To Wright's to see the end of the great game of billiards — Seller and Culveris, you know; I've two pounds on it."

"Don't care if I go with you, just now. What's this? — When the devil did this come. Cleve had picked up and at one pale glance read a little note that lay on the table; and then he repeated coolly enough —

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regulated by the unearthly music of love-sick cats among the roofs.

These streets and squares, among which he had in a manner lost himself, had in their day been the haunts and quarters of fashion, a fairy world, always migrating before the steady march of business. Sedley had quite lost his reckoning. If he had been content to go by Ludgate Hill, he would have been at Wright's half an hour before. Sedley did not know these dingy and respectable old squares; he had not even seen a policeman for the last twenty minutes, and was just then quite of the Irish lawyer's opinion, that life is not long enough for short-cuts.

In a silent street he passed a carriage standing near a lamp. The driver on the flagway looked hard at him. Sedley was not a romantic being only; he had also his waggish mood, and loved a lark, when it came. He returned the fellow's stare with a glance as significant, slackening his pace.

"Well?" said Sedley.

"Well!" replied the driver.

"Capital!" answered Sedley.

"Be you him?" demanded the driver, after a pause.

"No; be *you*?" answered Sedley.

The driver seemed a little puzzled, and eyed Sedley doubtfully; and Sedley looked into the carriage, which, however, was empty and then at the house at whose rails it stood; but it was dark from top to bottom.

He had thoughts of stepping in, and availing himself of the vehicle; but seeing no particular fun in the procedure, and liking better to walk, he merely said nodding towards the carriage —

"Lots of room."

"Room enough, I dessay."

"How long do you mean to wait?"

"As long as I'm paid for."

"Give my love to your mother."

"Feared she won't vally it."

"Take care of yourself for my sake."

Doubtless there was a retort worthy of so sprightly a dialogue; but Sedley could not hear distinctly as he paced on, looking up at the moon, and thinking how beautifully she used to shine, and was no doubt then shining, on the flashing blue sea at Cardyl-ian, and over the misty mountains. And he thought of his pretty cousin Agnes Eth-erage; and "Yes," said he within himself, quickening his pace, "if I win that two pounds at Wright's, I'll put two pounds to it, the two pounds I should have lost, that is — there's nothing extravagant in that — and bring little Agnes something pretty; I said I would; and though it was only joke, still it's a promise."

Sedley was a good-natured fellow. Some tradesmen's bills that morning had fright-ened him, and as he periodically did, he had bullied himself into resolutions of econo-my out of which he ingeniously rea-soned himself again. "What shall it be? I'll look in to-morrow at Dymock and Rose's — they have lots of charming little French trifles. Where the deuce are we now?"

He paused, and looking about him, and then down a stable-lane between two old-fashioned houses of handsome dimensions, he saw a fellow in a great coat loitering slowly down it, and looking up vigilantly at the two or three windows in the side of the mansion.

"A robbery by George!" thought Sedley, as he marked the prowling vigilance of the man, and his peculiar skulking gait.

He had no sort of weapon about him, not even a stick; but he is one of the best spar-rers extant, of his weight, and thinks pluck and "a fistfull of fives" well worth a revol-ver.

Sedley hitched his shoulders, plucked off the one glove that remained on, and fol-lowed him softly a few steps, dogging him down the lane, with that shrewd, stern glance which men exchange in the prize ring. But when, on turning about, the man in the surtout saw that he was observed, he confirmed Sedley's suspicions by first paus-ing irresolutely, and ultimately withdrawing suddenly round the angle.

Sedley had not expected this tactique. For whatever purpose, the man had been plainly watching the house, and it was nearly three o'clock. Thoroughly blooded now for a "lark," Sedley followed swiftly to the corner, but could not see him; so as he returned, a low window in the side-wall opened, and a female voice said "Are you there?"

"Yes," replied Tom Sedley, confidentially drawing near.

"Take this."

"All right" — and thereupon he received first a bag, and then a box, each tolerably heavy.

Sedley was amused. A mystification had set in; a quiet robbery and he the receiver. He thought of dropping the booty down the area of the respectable house round the cor-ner, but just then the man in the surtout emerged from the wing, so to speak, and, marching slowly up the perspective of the lane, seemed about to disturb him, but once more changed his mind, and disappeared.

"What is to happen next?" wondered Tom Sedley. In a few minutes, a door

which opens from the back yard or garden of the house from which he had received his burthen, opened cautiously, and a woman in a black cloak stepped out, carrying another bag, a heavy one it also seemed, and, beckoning to him, said, so soon as he was sufficiently near,

"Is the carriage come?"

"Yes'm," answered Tom, touching his hat, and affecting as well as he could the ways of a porter or a cabman.

"When they comes," she resumed, "you'll bring us to where it is, mind, and fetch the things with you — and mind ye, no noise nor talking, and walk as light as you can."

"All right, said Tom, in the same whisper in which she spoke.

It could not be a robbery — Tom had changed his mind; there was an air of respectability about the servant that conflicted with that theory, and the discovery that the carriage was waiting to receive the party was also against it.

Tom was growing more interested in his adventure, and entering into the fuss and mystery of the plot.

"Come round, please, and show me where the carriage stands," said the woman, beckoning to Tom, who followed her round the corner.

She waited for him, and laid her hand on his elbow, giving him a little jog by way of caution.

"Hush — not a word above your breath, mind," she whispered; "I see that's it; well, needn't come no nearer, mind."

"All right, ma'am."

"And there's the window," she added in a still more cautious whisper, and pointing with a nod and a frown at a window next the hall-door, through the shutter of which a dim light was visible.

"Ha!" breathed Tom, looking wise, "and all safe *there*?"

"We're never sure; sometimes awake; sometimes not; sometimes quiet; sometimes quite wild-like; and the window pushed open, for hair! Hoffer he is!"

"And always was," hazarded Tom.

"Wuss now, though," whispered she, shaking her head ruefully; and she returned round the angle of the house, and entered the door through which she had issued, and Tom set down his load not far from the same point.

Before he had waited many minutes, the same door re-opened, and two ladies, as he judged them to be from something in their air and dress, descended the steps together, followed by the maid carrying the black-

leather bag as before. They stopped just under the door, which the servant shut cautiously and locked; and then these three female figures stood for a few seconds whispering together; and after that they turned and walked up the lane towards Tom Sedley, who touched his hat as they approached, and lifted his load again.

The two ladies were muffled in cloaks. The taller wore no hat or bonnet; but had instead a shawl thrown over her head and shoulders hood-wise. She walked, leaning upon the shorter lady, languidly, like a person very weak, or in pain, and the maid at the other side placed her arm tenderly round her waist, under her mufflers, and aided her thus as she walked. They crossed the street at the end of the stable-lane, and walked at that side toward the carriage. The maid signed to Tom, who carried his luggage quickly to its destination on the box, and was in time to open the carriage door.

"Don't you mind," said the woman, putting Tom unceremoniously aside, and herself aiding the taller lady into the old-fashioned carriage. As she prepared to mount, Tom for a moment fancied a recognition; something in the contour of the figure, muffled as it was, for a second struck him; and at the same moment all seemed like a dream, and he stepped backward involuntarily in amazement. Had he not seen the same gesture. The arm moved backward, exactly so, and that slender hand in a gardening glove, holding a tiny trowel, under the dark transparent foliage of old trees?

The momentary gesture was gone. The lady leaning back, a muffled figure in the corner of the carriage, silent. Her companion, who, he thought, looked sharply at him, from within, now seated beside her; and the maid also from her place inside, told him from the window —

"Bid him drive now where he knows, quickly," and she pulled up the window.

Tom was too much interested now to let the thread of his adventure go. So to the box beside the driver he mounted, and delivered the order he had just received.

Away he drove swiftly, citywards, through silent and empty streets. Tom quickly lost his bearings; the gas-lamps grew few and far between; he was among lanes and arches, and sober, melancholy streets, such as he had never suspected of an existence in such a region,

Here the driver turned suddenly up a narrow way between old brick walls, with tufts of dingy grass here and there at top,

and the worn mortar lines overlaid with velvet moss. This short passage terminated in two tall brick piers, surmounted by worn and moss-grown urns of stone.

Tom jumped down, and pushed back the rusty iron gates, and they drove into an unlighted, melancholy court-yard; and Tom thundered at a tall narrow hall-door, between chipped and worn pilasters of the same white stone, surmounted by some carved heraldry, half effaced.

Standing on the summit of the steps he had to repeat his summons, till the cavernous old mansion pealed again with the echo before a light gave token of the approach of a living being to give them greeting.

Tom opened the carriage door, and let down the steps, perhaps a little clumsily; but he was getting through his duties wonderfully.

The party entered the spacious wainscoted hall, in which was an old wooden bench, on which, gladly, it seemed, the sick lady sat herself down. A great carved doorway opened upon a square second hall or lobby, through which the ray of the single candle glanced dusky, and touched the massive banisters of a broad staircase.

This must have been the house of a very great man in its day, a Lord Chancellor, perhaps, one of those Hogarthian mansions in which such men as my Lord Squanderfield might have lived in the first George's days.

"How could any man have been such an idiot," thought Sedley, filled with momentary wonder, "as to build a palace like this in such a place!"

"Dear me! what a place—what a strange place!" whispered the elder and shorter lady, "where are we to go?"

"Up stairs, please'm," said the woman with a brass candlestick in her hand.

"I hope there's fire, and more light, and—and proper comfort there?"

"Oh! yes'm, please; every thing as you would like, please."

"Come, dear," said the old lady tenderly giving her arm to the languid figure resting in the hall.

So guided and lighted by the servant they followed her up the great well staircase.

#### CHAPTER XLIX.

#### A NEW VOICE.

THE ladies ascended, led by the maid with the candle, and closely followed by their own servant, and our friend Tom Sedley

brought up the rear, tugging the box and the bag with him.

At the stair-head was a great gallery from which many doors opened. Tom Sedley halted close by the banister for orders, depositing his luggage beside him. The maid set the candle down upon a table, and opened one of these tall doors, through which he saw an angle of the apartment, a fire burning in the grate, and a pleasant splendour of candlelight; he saw that the floor was carpeted, and the windows curtained, and, though there was disclosed but a corner of a large room, there were visible such pieces of furniture as indicated general comfort.

In a large arm-chair, at the further side of the fire-place, sat the lady who had thrilled him with a sudden remembrance. She had withdrawn the shawl that hung in hood-like fashion over her head, and there was no longer a doubt. The Beatrice Cenci was there, his Guido—very pale, dying he thought her, with her white hands clasped, and her beautiful eyes turned upward in an agony of prayer.

The old lady, Miss Sheckleton, came near her, leaned over her, kissed her tenderly, and caressingly smoothed her rich chestnut hair over her temples, and talked gently in her ear, and raised her hand in both hers, and kissed it, and drawing a chair close to hers, she sat by her, murmuring in her ear with a countenance of such kindness and compassion, that Tom Sedley loved her for it.

Looking up, Miss Sheckleton observed the door open, and Tom fancied perceived him in the perspective through it, for she rose suddenly, shut it and he saw no more. Tom had not discovered in the glance of the old lady any sign of recognition, and for the sake of appearances he had buttoned his gray wrapper close across his throat and breast so as to conceal the evidences of his ball costume; his shining boots, however, were painfully conspicuous, but for that incongruity there was no help.

And now the servant who had let them in told Tom to bring the box and bag into the servants' room, to which she led him across the gallery.

There was a large fire, which was pleasant, a piece of matting on the floor, a few kitchen utensils ranged near the fire-place, a deal table, and some common kitchen chairs. Dismal enough would the room have looked notwithstanding its wainscoting, had it not been for the glow diffused by the fire.

By this fire, on a kitchen chair, and upon

his own opera hat which he wished specially to suppress, sat Tom Sedley, resolved to see his adventure one hour or so into futurity, before abandoning it, and getting home to his bed, and in the meantime doing his best to act a servant, as he fancied such a functionary would appear in his moments of ease unbending in the kitchen or the servants' hall. The maid who had received the visitors in the hall, Anne Evans by name, square, black-haired, slightly pitted with small-pox, and grave, came and sat down on the other side of the fire, and eyed Tom Sedley in silence.

Now and then Tom felt uncomfortably about his practical joke, which was degenerating into a deception. But an hour or so longer could not matter much; and might he not make himself really useful if the services of a messenger were required?

Anne Evans was considering him in silence, and he turned a little more toward the fire, and poked it, as he fancied a groom would poke a fire for his private comfort.

"Are you servant to the ladies?" at last she asked.

Tom smiled at the generality of the question, but interpreting in good faith—

"No," said he, "I came with the carriage."

"Servant to the gentleman?" she asked.

"What gentleman?"

"You know well."

Tom had not an idea, but could not well say so. He therefore poked the fire again, and said, "Go on, miss; I'm listening."

She did not go on, however, for some time, and then it was to say—

"My name is Anne Evans. What may your name be?"

"Can't tell that. I left my name at home," said Tom mysteriously.

"Won't tell?"

"Can't."

"I'm only by the month. Come in just a week to-morrow," observed Anne Evans.

"They'll not part you in a month, Miss Evans. No; they has some taste and feelin' among them. I wouldn't wonder if you was here forever!" said Tom, with enthusiasm; "and what's this place, miss—this house I mean—whose house is it?"

"Can't say, only I hear it's bought for a brewery, to be took down next year."

"Oh, eriky!" said Tom; "that's a pity."

There was a short pause.

"I saw you 'ide your 'at," said Anne Evans.

"Not 'ide it," said Tom—only sits on it—always sits on my 'at."

Tom produced it, let it bounce up like a sock-in-a-box, and shut it down again.

Miss Evans was neither amused nor surprised.

"Them's hopera 'ats—first quality—they used to come in boxes on 'em, as long as from here to you, when I was at Mr. Potterton's, the hatter. Them's for gents—they air—and not for servants."

"The gov'nor gives me his old uns," said Tom, producing the best fib he could find.

"And them French boots," she added meditatively.

"Perquisite likewise," said Tom.

Miss Anne Evans closed her eyes, and seemed disposed to take a short nap in her chair. But on a sudden she opened her eyes to say—

"I think you're the gentleman himself."

"The old gentleman?" said Tom.

"No. The young un."

"I'm jest what I tell you, not objectin' to the compliment all the same," said Tom.

"And a ring on your finger!"

"A ring on my finger—yes. I wear it two days in the week. My grand-uncle's ring who was a gentleman, being skipper of a coal brig."

"What's the lady's name?"

"Can't tell, Miss Evans; dussn't."

"Fuss about nothin'!" said she, and closed her eyes again, and opened them in a minute more, to add, "but I think you're him, and that's my belief."

"No, I ain't, miss, as you'll see by-and-by."

"Tisn't nothin' to me, only people is so close."

The door opened, and a tall woman in black, with a black net cap on, came quietly but quickly into the room.

"You're the man?" said she, with an air of authority, fixing her eyes askance on Tom.

"Yes'm, please."

"Well, you don't go on no account, for you'll be wanted just now."

"No, ma'am."

"Where's the box and bag you're in charge of?"

"Out here," said Tom.

"Hish, man, quiet; don't you know there's sickness? Walk easy, can't you? please, consider."

Tom followed her almost on tip-toe to the spot where the parcels lay.

"Gently now, into this room, please;" and she led the way into that sitting-room into which Tom Sedley had looked some little time since, from the stair-head.

The beautiful young lady was gone, but Miss Sheckleton was standing at the further door of the room with her hands clasped, and her eyes raised in prayer, and her pale cheeks wet with tears.

Hearing the noise, she gently closed the door, and, hastily drying her eyes, whispered, "Set them down *there*," pointing to a sofa, on which Tom placed them accordingly. "Thanks—that will do. You may go."

When Sedley had closed the door—

"Oh, Mrs. Graver!" whispered Anne Sheckleton, clasping her wrists in her trembling fingers, "is she *very* ill?"

"Well ma'am, she is ill."

"But, oh, my God! you don't think we are going to lose her?" she whispered wildly, with her imploring gaze in the nurse's eyes.

"Oh, no please God, ma'am, it will all be right. You must not fuss yourself, ma'am. You must not let her see you like this, on no account."

"Shall I send for him now?"

"No, ma'am; he'd only be in the way. I'll tell you when; and his man's here, ready to go, any minute. I must go back to her now, ma'am. Hish!"

And Mrs. Graver disappeared with a little rustle of her dress, and no sound of steps. That solemn bird floated very noiselessly round sick-beds, and you only heard, as it were, the hovering of her wings.

And then, in a minute more, in glided Miss Sheckleton, having dried her eyes very carefully.

And now came a great knocking at the hall door, echoing dully through the house. It was Dr. Grimshaw, who had just got his coat off, and was winding his watch, when he was called from his own bed-side by this summons, and so was here after a long day's work, to make a new start, and await the dawn in this chamber of pain.

In he came, and Miss Sheckleton felt that light and hope entered the room with him. Florid, portly, genial, with a light, hopeful step, and a good, decided, cheery manner, he inspired confidence, and seemed to take command, not only of the case, but of the ailment itself.

Miss Sheckleton knew this good doctor, and gladly shook his hand; and he recognised her with a hesitating look that seemed to ask a question, but was not meant to do so; and he spoke cheerfully to the patient, and gave his directions to the nurse, and in about half an hour more told good Anne Sheckleton that she had better leave the patient.

So, with the docility which an able physician inspires, good Anne Sheckleton obeyed, and in the next room—sometimes praying, sometimes standing and listening, sometimes wandering from point to point,

in the merest restlessness—she waited and watched for more than an hour, which seemed to her longer than a whole night, and at last tapped very gently at the door, a lull having come for a time in the sick-chamber, and unable longer to endure her suspense.

A little bit of the door was opened, and Anne Sheckleton saw the side of Mrs. Graver's straight nose, and one of her wrinkled eyes, and her grim mouth.

"How is she?" whispered Miss Sheckleton, feeling as if she was herself about to die.

"Pretty well, ma'am," answered the nurse, but with an awful look of insincerity, under which the old lady's heart sank down and down, as if it had foundered.

"One word to Dr. Grimshaw," she whispered, with white lips.

"You *can't*, ma'am," murmured the nurse sternly, and about to shut the door in her face.

"Wait, wait," whispered the voice of kind old Dr. Grimshaw, and he came into the next room to Miss Sheckleton, closing the door after him.

"Oh, doctor!" she gasped.

"Well, Miss Sheckleton, I hope she'll do very well; I've just given her something—a slight stimulant—and I've every confidence everything will be well. Don't make yourself uneasy; it is not going on badly.

"Oh, Dr. Grimshaw, shall I send for him? He'd never forgive me; and I promised her, darling Margaret to send."

"Don't send—on *no account* yet. Don't bring him here—his better away. I'll tell you when to send."

The doctor opened the door.

"Still quiet?"

"Yes, sir," whispered Mrs. Graver.

Again he closed the door.

"Nice creature she seems. A relation of yours?" asked the doctor.

"My cousin."

"When was she married?"

"About a year ago."

"Never any tendency to consumption?"

"Never."

"Nothing to make her low or weak? Is she hysterical?"

"No, hardly that, but nervous and excitable."

"I know; very good. I think she'll do very nicely. If any thing goes the least wrong, I'll let you know. Now stay quiet in there."

And he shut the door, and she heard his step move softly over the next room floor, so great was the silence, and she knelt



down and prayed as people have prayed in shipwrecks; and more time passed, and more, slowly, very slowly. Oh, would the dawn ever come, and the daylight again?

Voices and moans she heard from the room. Again she prayed on her knees to the throne of mercy, in the agony of her suspense, and now, over the strange roofs spread the first faint gray of the coming dawn; and there came a silence in the room, and on a sudden was heard a new tiny voice crying.

"The little child!" cried old Anne Sheckleton, springing to her feet, with clasped hands, in the anguish of delight, and such a gush of tears as she looked up, thanking God, with her smiles, as comes only in such moments.

Margaret's clear voice faintly said something; Anne could not hear what.

"A boy," answered the cheering voice of Dr. Grimshaw.

"Oh! he'll be so glad!" answered the faint clear voice in a kind of rapture.

"Of course he will," replied the same cheery voice. And another question came, too low for old Anne Sheckleton's ears.

"A beautiful boy! as fine a fellow as ever you could desire to look at. Bring him here, nurse."

"Oh the darling!" said the same faint voice. "I'm so happy!"

"Thank God! thank God! thank God!" sobbed delighted Anne Sheckleton, her cheeks still streaming in showers of tears as she stood waiting at the door for the moment of admission, and hearing the sweet happy tones of Margaret's voice sounding in her ears like the voice of one who had just now died, heard faintly through the door of heaven.

For thus it has been, and thus to the end, it will be—the "sorrow" of the curse is remembered no more, "for joy that a man is born into the world."

#### CHAPTER L.

#### CLEVE COMES.

TOM SEDLEY was dozing in his chair, by the fire, when he was roused by Mrs. Graver's voice.

"You'll take this note at once, please, to your master; there's a cab at the door, and the lady says you musn't make no delay."

It took some seconds to enable Tom to account for the scene, the actor and his own place of repose, his costume, and the tenor of the strange woman's language. In a

little while, however, he recovered the context, and the odd passage in his life became intelligible.

Still half asleep, Tom hurried down stairs, and in the hall, to his amazement, read the address, "Cleve Verney, Esq." At the hall-door steps he found a cab, into which he jumped, telling the man to drive to Cleve Verney's lodgings.

There were expiring lights in the drawing-room, the blinds of which were up; and as the cab stopped at the steps, a figure appeared at one, and Cleve Verney opened the window and told the driver, "Don't mind knocking, I'll go down."

"Come up stairs," said Cleve, addressing Sedley, and mistaking him for the person whom he had employed.

Up ran Tom Sedley at his heels.

"Hollo! what brings you here?" said Cleve, when Tom appeared in the light of the candles. "You don't mean to say the ball has been going on till now—or is it a scrape?"

"Nothing—only this I've been commissioned to give you;" and he placed Miss Sheckleton's note in his hand.

Cleve had looked woefully haggard and anxious as Tom entered. But his countenance changed now to an ashy paleness, and there was no mistaking his extreme agitation.

He opened the note—a very brief one it seemed—and read it.

"Thank God!" he said with a great sigh, and then he walked to the window and looked out, and returned again to the candles, and read the note once more.

"How did you know I was up, Tom?"

"The lights in the windows."

"Yes. Don't let the cab go."

Cleve was getting on his coat, and speaking like a man in a dream.

"I say, Tom Sedley, how did you come by this note?" he said, with a sudden pause, and holding Miss Sheckleton's note in his fingers.

"Well, quite innocently," hesitated Sedley.

"How the devil was it, sir? Come, you may as well tell. By heaven, Sedley, you shall tell me the truth!"

Tom looked on his friend Cleve, and saw his eyes gleaming sharply on him, and his face white with a kind of terror.

"Of course I'll tell you, Cleve," said Tom, and with this exordium he stambled honestly through his story, which by no means quieted Cleve Verney.

"You d——d little Paul Pry!" said he in an undertone very viciously through his

teeth. "Well, you have got hold of a secret now, like the man in the iron chest, and by—you had better keep it."

A man who half-blames himself already, and is in a position which he hates and condemns, will stand a great deal more of hard language, and even of execration, than he would under any other imaginable circumstances.

"You can't blame me half as much as I do myself. I assure you, Cleve, I'm awfully sorry. It was the merest lark—at first—and then—when I saw that beautiful—that young lady"—

"Don't dare to talk of that lady any more; I'm her husband. *There*, you have it all, and if you whisper it to mortal you *may* ruin me; but one or other of us shall die for it!"

Cleve was talking in a state of positive exasperation.

"Whisper it!—tell it! You don't in the least understand me, Cleve," said Tom, collecting himself, and growing a little lofty. "I don't whisper or tell things; and as for daring or not daring, I don't know what you mean; and I hope, if occasion for *dying* came, I should funk it as little as any other fellow."

"I'm going to this d——d place now. I don't much care what you do: I almost wish you'd shoot me."

He struck his hand on the table, looking not at Tom Sedley, but with a haggard rage through the window, and away toward the cold gray east; and without another word to Sedley, he ran down, shutting the ball-door with a crash that showed more of his temper than of his prudence, and Tom saw him jump into the cab and drive away.

The distance is really considerable, but in Cleve's intense reverie, time and space contracted, and before he fancied they had accomplished half the way, he found himself at the tall door and stained pilasters and steps of the old red-brick house.

Anne Evans, half awake, awaited his arrival on the steps. He ran lightly up the stairs; and, in obedience to Mrs. Graver's gesture of warning, as she met him with raised hand and her frowning "Hish" at the head of the stairs, he checked his pace, and in a whisper he made his eager inquiries. She was going on very nicely.

"I must see Miss Sheckleton—the old lady—where is she?" urged Cleve.

"Here, sir, please"—and Mrs. Graver opened a door, and he found tired Miss Sheckleton tying on her bonnet, and getting her cloak about her.

"Oh! Cleve dear"—she called him

"Cleve" now—"I'm so delighted; she's doing *very* well; the doctor's quite *pleased* with her, and it's a boy, Cleve, and—and I wish you joy with all my heart."

And as she spoke, the kind old lady was shaking both his hands, and smiling up into his handsome face, like sunshine; but that handsome face, though it smiled down darkly upon her, was, it seemed to her, strangely joyless, and even troubled.

"And Cleve, dear, my *dear* Mr. Verney—I'm *so* sorry; but I must go immediately. I make his chocolate in the morning, and he sometimes calls for it at half-past seven. This miserable attack that kept him here, and the risk in which he is every day he stays in this town, it is *so* distracting. And if I should not be at home and ready to see him when he calls, he'd be sure to suspect something; and I really see nothing but ruin from his temper and violence to all of us, if he were to find out how it is. So good-bye, and God bless you. The Doctor says he thinks you may see her in a very little time—half an hour or so—if you are very careful not to let her excite or agitate herself; and—God bless you—I shall be back, for a little, in an hour or two."

So that kindly, fluttered, troubled, and happy old lady disappeared; and Cleve was left again to his meditations.

"Where's the Doctor?" asked Cleve of the servant.

"In the sitting-room, please, sir, writing; his carriage is come, sir, please."

And thus saying, Mistress Anne Evans officiously opened the door, and Cleve entered. The Doctor, having written a prescription, and just laid down his pen, was pulling on his glove.

Cleve had no idea that he was to see Doctor Grimshaw. Quite another physician, with whom he had no acquaintance, had been agreed upon between him and Miss Sheckleton. As it turned out, however, that gentleman was now away upon an interesting visit to a noble lady, at a country mansion, and Doctor Grimshaw was thus unexpectedly summoned.

Cleve was unpleasantly surprised, for he had already an acquaintance with that good man which he fancied was not recorded in his recollection to his credit. I think if the Doctor's eye had not been directed towards the door when he entered, that Cleve Verney would have drawn back; but that would not do now.

"Doctor Grimshaw?" said Cleve.

"Yes, sir;" said the old gentleman.

"I think, Doctor Grimshaw, you know me?"

"Oh, yes, sir; of course I do;" said the Doctor, with an uncomfortable smile, ever so little bitter, and a slight bow, "Mr. Verney, yes." And the Doctor paused, looking towards him, pulling on his other glove, and expecting a question.

"Your patient, Doctor Grimshaw, doing very well, I'm told?"

"Nicely, sir—very nicely now. I was a little uncomfortable about her just at one time, but doing very well now; and it's a boy—a fine child. Good morning, sir."

He had taken up his hat.

"And, Doctor Grimshaw, just one word. May I beg, as a matter of professional honour, that this—all this, shall be held as strictly secret—every thing connected with it as strictly confidential?"

The Doctor looked down on the carpet with a pained countenance. "Certainly, sir," he said, drily. "That's all, I suppose? Of course, Mr. Verney, I shan't—since such, I suppose to be the wish of all parties—mention the case."

"Of all parties, certainly; and it is in tenderness to others, not to myself, that I make the request."

"I'm sorry it should be necessary, sir;" said Doctor Grimshaw, almost sternly. "I know Miss Sheckleton and her family; this poor young lady, I understand, is a cousin of her's. I am sorry, sir, upon her account, that any mystery should be desirable."

"It is desirable, and, in fact, indispensable, sir," said Cleve, a little stiffly, for he did not see what right that old doctor had to assume a lecturer's tone toward him.

"No one shall be compromised by me, sir," said the Doctor, with a sad and offended bow.

And the Doctor drove home pretty well tired out. I am afraid that Cleve did not very much care whom he might compromise, provided he himself were secure. But even from himself the utter selfishness, which toned a character passionate and impetuous enough to simulate quite unconsciously the graces of magnanimity and tenderness, was hidden.

Cleve fancied that the cares that preyed upon his spirits were for Margaret, and when he sometimes almost regretted their marriage, that his remorse was altogether for her, all his caution and finesse were exacted by his devotion to the interests of his young wife, and the long system of mystery and deception, under which her proud,

frank spirit was pining, was practised solely for her advantage.

So Cleve was in his own mind something of a hero—self-sacrificing, ready, if need be, to shake himself free, for sake of his love and his liberty, of all the intoxications and enervations of his English life, and *fortis colonus*, to delve the glebe of Canada or to shear the sheep of Australia. He was not conscious that all these were the chimeras of insincerity, that ambition was the breath of his nostrils, and that his idol was—himself.

And if he mistakes himself, do not others mistake him also, and clothe him with the nobleness of their own worship? Can it be that the light and music and the incense that surround him are but the tributes of a beautiful superstition, and that the idol in the midst is cold and dumb?

Cleve, to do him justice, was moved on this occasion. He did—shall I say?—yearn to behold her again. There was a revival of tenderness, and he waited with a real impatience to see her.

He did see her—just a little gleam of light in the darkened room; he stood beside the bed, clasping that beautiful hand that God had committed to his, smiling down in that beautiful face that smiled unutterable love up again into his own.

"Oh! Cleve, darling—oh, Cleve! I'm so happy."

The languid hands are clasped on his, the yearning eyes, the smile, look up. It is like the meeting of the beloved after shipwreck.

"And look, Cleve;" and with just ever so little a motion of her hand she draws back a silken coverlet, and he sees in a deep sleep a little baby, and the beautiful smile of young maternity falls upon it like a blessing and a caress. "Isn't it a darling? Poor little thing! how quietly it sleeps. I think it is the dearest little thing that ever was seen—our little baby!"

Is there a prettier sight than the young mother smiling, in this the hour of her escape, upon the treasure she has found? The wondrous gift, at sight of which a new love springs up—never—never, while life remains, to cease its flowing. Looking on such a sight in silence, I think I hear the feet of angels round the bed—I think I see their beautiful eyes smiling on the face of the little mortal, and their blessed hands raised over the head of the fair young mother.

From the Saturday Review.

MEMOIR OF PROFESSOR AYTOUN.\*

MR. THEODORE MARTIN, who was Aytoun's *collaborateur* in the most generally known work which either of them has done, has written a very agreeable and graceful memoir of his late friend. It was not an easy thing to do. Most biographers overflow with an overdone enthusiasm for their hero, and if to this *furor biographicus* is added the strong and honest sentiment which comes of close personal friendship and collegueship, the difficulty of writing with warmth enough to satisfy the writer's own affection for his subject, and yet with good sense and moderation enough not to offend the less partial reader, is sufficiently obvious. This difficulty Mr. Martin has overcome perfectly. The same finished taste which has made him so conspicuously successful as a translator has, in another form made him successful as a biographer. His book is pitched in a moderate tone, and nowhere contains any of that noisy fussiness with which biographers too often insist on protesting about what a giant they are writing. Professor Aytoun had nothing of the giant about him, and Mr. Martin nowhere pretends to say that he was one. He only claims for him the place of a man who made the most of his natural gifts, who wrote, both as a humorist and a poet, things which delighted one generation, and some of which bid fair to delight at least a couple of generations more; who had a wide and wholesome influence both as a teacher in his class and a critic in the press, and whose fine nature endeared him to a large circle of friends to have been dear to whom says much for a man's disposition and character. Mr. Martin's memoir is brief, as Aytoun's life was little diversified with incidents out of the ordinary run. Aytoun was one of a class of men whose numbers are daily growing fewer. He was a follower of literature proper, and for literature's own sake. That is to say, he did not love literature simply and solely as an organ of some one particular set of ideas, political, social, or philosophical. Men who aspire to write now are losing more and more the old-fashioned love of books and letters. They want to be thinkers, or to renovate history or to promote some views on things in general. This may be an improvement on the old notion. In an age which, like our own, is or pretends to be

penetrated with earnestness and practicality though we do not seem to get on much the faster for it all, one could not expect people to preserve the sentimental affection for mere literature which was so strong among writers of one and two generations ago. One evil result of this will be a loss of savour in written style, only indicative of the graver loss to the mind of a fine and delicate artistic feeling, and of a generous sympathy with all the shades and subtleties of sentiment that is anything rather than practical. It does not follow that because a man has this fine and bright feeling — it is one of the last and most delightful results of wise culture — therefore he should be indifferent to the practical side of things or inactive in the current of public affairs. This was certainly not the case with Aytoun. Full of love for literature and its niceties, he was also, like Professor Wilson, his father-in-law, a strong politician. The strength of his humorous qualities in him, if nothing else, bred a constant and lively interest in all the transactions of his time. His various pieces originating in the jobberies, rascalities, and eventual disasters of the time of the railway mania, show that force and sincerity of poetic feeling had not extinguished a warm interest in everything that was going on around him, nor lessened his power of vigorous practical denunciation. With one or two unimportant exceptions, Aytoun's share in public business was from the outside. He was a critic of public transactions rather than an actual worker in them.

Like many other men who have distinguished themselves in letters, Aytoun was originally meant for a lawyer. He was first a Writer to the Signet, as his father had been before him, and then he became an advocate. But neither branch of the profession suited his tastes. His heart was among books. This inclination, which at all times appears to have been strong in him, was confirmed by a residence for some time after leaving college at Asehaffenburg, where he learnt German and made acquaintance with the works of Goethe, and of another writer who had the same stimulating influence upon him as upon nearly everybody else — Tieck. While here he made an English version of *Faust*, which was never published, and tried his hand at some of Goethe's minor poems — a task in which in later years, with Mr. Martin for coadjutor, he became remarkably successful, doing good service in familiarizing the English public with those incomparable masterpieces. Mr. Martin gives an example of

\* *Memoir of William Edmondstone Aytoun, D. C. L.* By Theodore Martin. With an Appendix. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons, 1867.

the pains of which Aytoun thought them worthy. He tried for nine years to translate the *Bride of Corinth* in the original metre, "but had not been able to produce so much as one stanza to his own satisfaction." By the time he was one-and-twenty Aytoun felt on which side his strength lay, and although he paid just attention to the demands of his profession for the next ten years after his return from Germany, he kept steadily to work at various literary ventures. He had judgment and self-knowledge enough to recognize that criticism and poetry were the field in which he was likely to excel far more than in chambers and the Courts of law. During this period his composition was exceedingly multifarious. He published translations of Uhland, of a book of the *Iliad* in trochaics, and of some Romanic pieces. He wrote poems, among them "Hermotimus." He wrote the *Life and Times of Richard the First*. Above all, between 1842 and 1844 he and Mr. Martin wrote these humorous papers in *Tait's Magazine* in which were first published the famous Bon Gaultier Ballads. In a note, Mr. Martin, who first used Bon Gaultier as a *nom de plume*, tells us what Rabelaisian students knew, that the name comes from Master Francois Rabelais—"A moy n'est que honneur et gloire d'estre dict et repute Bon Gaultier et bon compaignon; en ce nom, suis bien venu en toutes bonnes compaignies de Pantagruelistes." At all events, the Bon Gaultier of the ballads is welcome in all good companies of people who like vigorous and racy humour. Some too fastidious persons have been very angry with the authors for a supposed irreverence in these parodies. Mr. Martin protests that parody is a veiled compliment, and that it was precisely the poets whom they most admired that they imitated most frequently. "This was not certainly from any want of reverence, but rather out of the fulness of our admiration, just as the excess of a lover's fondness runs over into raillery of the very qualities that are dearest to his heart." Nobody, he adds, ought to parody a poet unless he loves him, just as, according to Heine's saying, nobody has any business to ridicule mankind unless he loves them. "Never, probably," says Mr. Martin, "were verses thrown off with a keener sense of enjoyment. In writing them we had no thought of the public; and it was a pleasant surprise to us when we found how rapidly they became popular, not only in England, but also in America, which had come in for no small share of severe though well-meant ridicule." This genial co-opera-

tion infected or enriched each of the writers with something of the manner of the other. Aytoun himself was struck by the occasional resemblance of their styles. "There is one of yours," he wrote to Mr. Martin of the translations from Goethe, "which I could have almost sworn to as mine from the peculiarity of the cadence, if I did not know it to be yours." We have often wondered why this kind of literary collaboration, which is so commonly practised, and with so much success, in France, should be so rare as it is in this country. Is it only one of the thousand symptoms or results of our anti-social and isolated disposition? Certainly not every clever man would be so pleasant to work with as Mr. Martin declares Aytoun to have been. First and foremost, he was a man "full of health and vigour, and with a flow of spirits which seemed inexhaustible." Then he had a knack of giving a fresh aspect to familiar things by a quaint turn of phrase or an unlooked-for epithet. He was well-read, had a good memory, and "his vivid imagination warmed the stream of his conversation with a kind of poetical underglow." His nature was too kindly to let him shine in the fierce cold way in which Jerrold shone. Wit was not with him a glittering weapon for stabbing purposes. Mr. Martin only knows of one instance in which he said something that could not fail to give pain. After hearing Thackeray deliver one of his lectures on the Georges, Aytoun said to him splenetically, "Stick to your Jeameses, Thackeray; they are more in your line than the Georges." Mr. Martin explains the severity of this by the fact that Thackeray had spoken evil things of Mary Stuart, who happened to be the object of Aytoun's adoration. There are to this day Scotchmen who resent a disrespectful opinion about Queen Mary with as much heat as they would resent an imputation on the honour of a mother or a wife. Previously to this untoward saying, and perhaps afterwards too, there was a very cordial good feeling between Aytoun and Thackeray. Mr. Martin has published two exceedingly quaint and characteristic letters from the latter to his friend. The first, written in 1847, and on the erroneous supposition that Aytoun was the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, was to beg him to "shout Titmarsh for ever! hurrah for &c. &c.;" in other words, to write a friendly criticism. Ten days later he wrote a second letter, withdrawing the petition so quaintly preferred in its predecessor. "Puffs are good," he says, "and the testimony of good men; but

I don't think these will make a success for a man, and he ought to stand as the public chooses to put him." In the same letter — "The women like *Vanity Fair*, I find, very much, and the publishers are quite in good spirits regarding that venture." Finally —

This is all I have to say — in the solitude of midnight — with a quiet cigar and the weakest gin-and-water in the world, ruminating over a child's ball, from which I have just come, having gone as chaperon to my little girls. One of them had her hair plaited in two tails, the others had ringlets (*here follows a sketch of the children*), and the most fascinating bows of blue ribbon. It was very merry, and likewise sentimental. We went in a fly quite genteel, and law! what a comfort it was when it was over!

Aytoun's own drollery was of a very different stamp from Thackeray's. It was less unctuous, harder, more steel-like. Even in his most rollicking pieces, we hear none of that pleasant chuckling undertone which makes Thackeray so delicious. Aytoun's fun seems the product of intellectual cleverness, rather than of that rich moral meditativeness which lies at the root of all humour of the highest kind. We can see Aytoun hard and perseveringly at work, but somehow we have no notion of him as a man crooning over his work. He would seem rather to have dashed at it at full tilt. His humour has no signs of having, so to say, soaked into him. It is bright rather than rich, intellectual and literary rather than deeply moral. Let anybody with the present volume in his hands turn from Thackeray's two letters to the humorous pieces which, among others, Mr. Martin has placed in his Appendix. He will at once recognise one or two of Aytoun's most distinctive characteristics as a humourist.

Aytoun was appointed to his professorship at Edinburgh in 1845, when he was thirty-two years old. As a professor he was most successful. His pupils numbered thirty when he came to the chair. In 1864, the year before he died, they were a hundred and fifty. He took all possible pains with his class, and even the hateful drudgery of looking over masses of exercises was not too irksome for him. As Mr. Blackwood says of him, he had a wonderful power of work. He laboured sedulously with his pupils. He kept up his competition for such business at the Scotch bar as was open to him. He wrote steadily for *Blackwood*. In 1852 his brilliant and sustained support of Toryism, notably in the Free Trade struggle, in the pages of *Blackwood*, was rewarded, on the accession of Lord Derby

to office, by his appointment to the sheriffship of Orkney and Zetland. Among other advantages, this office gave him additional opportunities for sport, in which, like Wilson, he found intense pleasure. It also enabled him to devote himself still more to literature, and in 1854 he published *Firmilian*, a brilliant parody of the spasmodic school which gave us *Balder*, *Festus*, and the late Alexander Smith's *Life Drama*. The next year and the year after he wrote *Bothwell*, which not even friendship can seduce Mr. Martin into praising, though he honestly quotes a letter from Lord Lytton, containing a rather elaborate and overdone eulogy. Mr. Martin is an accomplished and judicious critic, and his remarks on Aytoun's compositions contribute largely to the interest of his Memoir.

A DIVORCE CASE IN PRUSSIA. — A single example will explain, says *Fraser's Magazine*, what things are even now possible. A married lady, mother of several children, living in entire harmony with her husband, an amiable, easy gentleman, hears at church an enthusiastic young preacher, and is enraptured by his eloquence. On her return home, she tells her husband how thoroughly the preacher's words have come to her heart, and that she is quite persuaded it would conduce to her spiritual perfection to be married to him, and if she can get his consent, she hopes that her husband will not oppose a divorce. What amount of urgency sufficed to disgust the husband into agreement is not a public fact. No man can like to feel that he is keeping a wife against her will, and to be reproached with hindering her spiritual improvement. That the husband did consent, and that the Court thereupon did, without further inquiry, sanction the divorce, is a public fact; also, that the preacher made no difficulty about accepting the enthusiastic lady, with her dowry and her children. We have since heard, but from one informant only, that, after many years of union, the preacher, in turn, sought and gained divorce from his wife, and that she is now gone back into the bosom of her first husband.

**DEATH OF PROFESSOR FARADAY.**—Michael Faraday, the eminent chemist, died at his residence in England, yesterday, aged seventy-three years. He was born in Newington, England, and at the age of fourteen was apprenticed to a bookbinder. His attention was early directed to studies in natural philosophy, and in the year 1812 he attracted the notice of Sir Humphrey Davy, from whom he received valuable assistance. A year later, through Sir Humphrey's influence, Faraday attained a position in the chemical department of the Royal Institution, and in 1824 began to deliver lectures to the students. In 1832 the University of Oxford conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law, and in 1833 he was appointed First Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution. He was also made a Knight of the Prussian Order of Merit and Knight of the Italian Order of Sts. Maurice and Lazarus, and one of the eight foreign Associates of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at Paris, where he was also appointed a Commander of the Legion of Honor in 1855. He was likewise chosen a member of a large number of learned societies in Europe and the United States.

In a letter published some years ago, Faraday tells the story of his introduction to Davy:

"When I was a bookseller's apprentice I was very fond of experiment and very averse to trade. It happened that a gentleman, a member of the Royal Institution, took me to hear some of Sir H. Davy's last lectures in Albermarle Street. I took notes, and afterwards wrote them out more fairly in a quarto volume. My desire to escape from trade, which I thought vicious and selfish, and to enter into the service of science, which I imagined mad: its pursuers amiable and liberal, induced me at last to take the bold and simple step of writing to Sir H. Davy, expressing my wishes and a hope that, if an opportunity came in his way he would favor my views; at the same time I sent the notes I had taken at his lectures. The answer, which makes all the point of my communication, I send you in the original, requesting you to take great care of it, and to let me have it back, for you may imagine how much I value it. You will observe that this took place at the end of the year 1812, and early in 1813 he requested to see me, and told me of the situation of assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, then just vacant. At the same time that he thus gratified my desires as to scientific employment, he still advised me not to give up the prospects I had before me, telling me that Science was a harsh mistress; and in a pecuniary point of view, but poorly rewarding those who devoted themselves to her service. He smiled at my notion of the superior moral feelings of philosophic men, and said he would leave me to the experience of a few years to set me right on the matter. Finally, through his good efforts, I went to the Royal Institution early in March of 1813, as assistant in the laboratory; and in October of the same year went with him abroad as his assistant in ex-

periments and in writing. I returned with in April, 1815, resumed my station in the R Institution, and have, as you know, ever remained there."

Faraday's contributions to science have of the highest value, and he has long been regarded as a standard authority. His investigations in magnetism and electricity were continued for many years, and most important results followed his experiments.

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